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By RICHARD H. McDONALD, Jr.

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THE CALIFORNIAN

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June, 1893, to November, 1893

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IMPORTANT! Notice is hereby given that the entire Eastern and European editions of the CALIFORNIAN MAGAZINE for May were destroyed by fire, near Goodyear, California, on the evening of April 17th.



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Convent Life of George Sand. Citizenship.
The Story of Government. Political Problems.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

Columbian Number

OF THE

CALIFORNIAN MAGAZINE

THE Californian Publishing Co. will make a Special Exposition Number of the magazine for July. Months of preparation have been consumed in the effort to produce a magazine which shall contain a thorough digest of the varied attractions of the Pacific Coast, industrial and otherwise, and which shall surpass in artistic and literary excellence any publication of the kind ever issued west of New York.

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The pages of the July number will be largely increased and provision will be made for the introduction, in the highest style of art, of over one hundred and fifty illustrations.

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Columbian "Californian"

JULY NUMBER

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The Missions of California	By Laura Bride Powers. Elaborately illustrated from new unpublished photographs.
Reporting with Mark Twain	A humorous account of Mr. Clemen's newspaper work on the Nevada frontier, by Dan de Quille.
The Ambition of Cleveland	An important essay by Richard H. McDonald, Jr.
Dawn Through the Golden Gate	Verses by Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras"—fully illustrated.
Peach-tree Joe	A true, pathetic story of the civil war, by Sarah Orne Jewett.
The Farmer in California	A brief review of the wonderful soil-products of California—beautifully illustrated.
A Redwoods Idyll	A charming story told in rhyme, by John Vance Cheney, and abundantly illustrated.
In the Heart of the Sierras	By Lillian E. Purdy, with exquisite reproductions from photographs of the famed Sierra Nevadas.
The Californian Montadura	An article by M. C. Frederick, on Spanish leather-work, with reproductions of some of the best examples.
From Nice to Genoa	An account of a coaching trip, by Fannie C. W. Barbour. Beautifully illustrated.
Lilies of Faith	Poem by Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight."
Salt Lake City	By Harry R. Browne, abundantly illustrated with new photographs and sketches.
In the Sound Country	A description of the Puget Sound region—its wonderful growth and wealth of scenery—by Herbert Heywood. Fully illustrated.
Alaskan Days	A delightful illustrated paper by Arthur Inkersley.

☞ The Subscription price of the CALIFORNIAN MAGAZINE is $3.00 per year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Postage prepaid except on Foreign Subscriptions, which require 75 cents in addition to regular terms.

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So reader, if you want a trip to Alaska and back (from any part of the United States), read our directions, get up your club for the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, and any time from May to September provide yourself with waterproof, umbrella, warm shoes and woolen clothing, take your trip and come home again in the belief that you have discovered the elixir of youth.

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Assets, $175,084,156 61

Reserve for Policies (American Table 4 Per Cent.)		$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities		734,855 67
Surplus		15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums	$32,047,765 34	
Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-Holders	$19,386,532 46	
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as follows

United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such Voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

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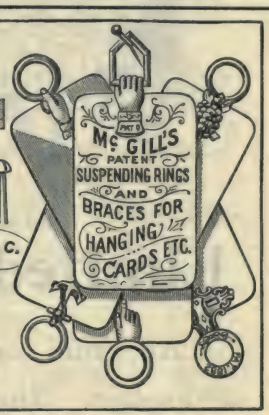
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A NIGHT RIDE DOWN MOUNT HAMILTON.

[SEE PAGE 83.]

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. IV. JUNE, 1893. NO. 1.

YACHTING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.*

BY WALTER MAYHEW.



YACHTING season in California may be said to include the entire year, as beyond a few winter gales the seasons all call to mind the Eastern summer. From June to November is the time of activity, and the famous channel of Santa Barbara and the blue waters from there to San Diego are dotted with white-winged yachts of the southern fleet. No section of the United States presents more attractions for yachting and kindred sports. Off shore from Los Angeles County lie the islands of Santa Catalina, San Clemente, Santa Rosa, San Nicholas and others, some being delightful resorts, summer or winter, and abounding in wind-sheltered harbors, with scenery often approaching the sublime.

The mainland port most affected by the fleet is San Pedro, a little bay, partly artificial, that reaches in from the sea toward the town of Wilmington. Here the yachts winter, some on the "ways," others at moorings, all ready to put to sea at the whim of the owners.

Several yacht clubs have been established from time to time in Southern California waters, but at present the fleet of Los Angeles County sails under the flag of the Catalina Yacht Club that was organized in 1892. This fleet includes among its vessels the fastest yachts on the Pacific coast; crafts that are ready to meet any Eastern yacht that might venture to compete with them, and which are good examples of Pacific coast yacht-building. Among the most notable of the fleet is *La Paloma*, a beautiful sloop owned by Hancock Banning, one of the owners of Santa Catalina Island and the leading spirit in this sport. *La Paloma* is distinctively a racer, and has made a record equalled by no other yacht on this coast. *La Paloma* was built at San Pedro, and in 1889 went to San Diego to meet the yachts of the San Francisco and Pacific Yacht Clubs, and was there classed with the *Annie* and *Sappho*, beating them both—coming in fourteen minutes ahead of the *Annie* and twenty minutes ahead of the *Sappho*. This race was straight away for ten miles, wind abaft, and a ten-mile beat dead to windward, and was most exciting, as it was sailed in half a gale of wind, so that the yachts of the *Paloma* class could not use topsails.

The superior qualities of *La Paloma* were shown in beating to the wind-

*The CALIFORNIAN is indebted to F. G. Schumacher, the well-known photographer of Los Angeles, for the photographs which illustrate this paper.



"RAMBLER."

ward. *La Paloma* is a sloop of graceful lines resting on the water, a veritable picture, and under sail a thing of beauty in all the term implies. Previous to the advent of the *Paloma* the *Annie* was the champion, having borne the pennant for ten years prior to her defeat. The San Francisco Yacht Club presented the *Paloma* with its championship whip, which the latter still flies as a challenge to all comers. New yachts are continually being added to the fleet, among them the *T. Ellis*, a staunch little vessel; the schooner *San Diego*, the sloops *Restless* and *Puritan*, and the beautiful schooner *Penelope*.

The *Aggie*, formerly owned by Mr. D. McFarland, long held the championship for schooners in Los Angeles County waters, but in a race off San Pedro in 1890, the *Penelope* defeated her, though she lost her topmast early in the race, and now holds the championship for schooners in the Pacific.

The little harbor of San Pedro is often dotted with the white wings of the fleet, and from here the start is made for many a delightful cruise. As we slip cable and glide out by the end of Dead Man's Island, no fairer vista for yachting could be imagined. Once clear of the point and the kelp beds, the blue waters of the ocean are seen, defying description. Away inland the sweep of the lofty Sierra Madres are visible, their snowcaps gleaming high above the orange groves of Pasadena and the San Gabriel Valley. Along shore the white beach reaches away, telling of Redondo and Santa Monica, where the surf pounds musically on the sand.

Full and strong comes the wind, and as the yacht bears away, a big mountain appears rising from the sea. This is Santa Catalina, the home of the Catalina Yacht Club, a veritable isle of summer the year around, and a region of unfailing delight to the yachtman or tourist. From the channel, which is about twenty-five miles wide, Catalina looks like two islands, the division being caused by a narrow break or isthmus which connects them. The island rises, as we near it, and is seen to be a mountain range twenty-two miles long, rising from the sea like some strange monster. The sea is a rich cerulean blue, and when beaten into the air by the prow, it rises and comes aboard gleaming and

sparkling in the sun, seeming to have a fragrance of its own. Strange things are seen on this cruise across the channel: here a school of giant gray whales sporting alongside within easy pistol shot; everywhere light, big-winged flying-fishes dashing away like the birds of the sea they are, rising and falling, turning in graceful curves, apparently at will; that mass of foam is caused by the big tunny—the horse mackerel of the Pacific—a magnificent creature six or seven feet long, that dashes as many feet into the air to catch its prey. Lazy sharks of the hammer-head and shovel-nose variety are often seen, while the green turtle is occasionally caught napping, and adds to the larder of *La Paloma*.



"LA PALOMA."

As the yacht approaches the island, the beauties of the latter become more and more apparent. The summer sun has not yet dried the verdure, and from the rocks and hillsides rare flowers bend low their cups, as if enamored with the reflection in the ocean below. Great cañons—rivers of verdure—reach down to the sea between the ridges, and open out in little harbors with beaches of white sand and pebbles, against which the waves gently beat. Toward one of these—the port of Avalon—we are heading and soon make the harbor, passing a high, rocky pinnacle, which stands like a sentinel, and drop anchor to the booming salutes of other craft already in port.

Avalon is an ideal yachting center, the little settlement being charmingly situated at the mouth of a big cañon that forms a perfect half-moon bay, thoroughly protected, as the prevailing wind is from the west; anchorage is perfectly safe, and for small boats and yachts it is a most delightful spot. Here the *Paloma* is at home, as her owner, Mr. Banning, is lord of the isle, which is a magnificent domain twenty-five miles long and from

one to six miles in width. The Hotel Metropole is crowded with guests, and the dancing pavilion on the beach, with the fine bathing and fishing are attractions not slighted by the visiting yachtsmen.

Avalon is the starting point for many tramps and cruises. From the hotel, trips may be made on horseback to various parts of the island; lofty trails may be ascended where incomparable views are to be had of the main land and snow-capped peaks. One may find strange Indian graves, visit deep cañons, view picturesque falls of water, and the new mountain stage route from Avalon to the isthmus may be followed with delight and pleasure. Here the yachtsman may make the acquaintance of Mexican Joe, and be initiated into the mysteries of chile-con-carne and other succulent dainties concocted in the depths of a well-wooded cañon below the falls of La Paloma. A volume could be written on the delights and pleasures of this resort; but we must up anchor, and with a salute from the bright guns of the yachts we are away, skirting along the lea of the island, where we may stop to try conclusions with the jewfish, a monster bass, often tipping the scales at 500 pounds, or catch the lithe yellow-tail, or barracuda, as we bowl along by the seal rocks where these sleek divers lie in the sun.

A cruise around the island is replete with variety. The little harbor on the west coast at the isthmus is a good haven, where one may delve in the ancient graves of old occupants and string beads that hung about the dusky necks of Catalina belles perhaps hundreds of years ago. The west coast of Catalina is the windy side, and breasts the sea with a bold and forbidding front.

The rocky ledges rise distinctly from the sea in fantastic pinnacles, the home of the eagle and seahawk. Here and there small beaches are seen, and back from them green-wooded cañons that wind away into a region among the mountains of surpassing loveliness. Even the solitude has its



"T. ELLIS."



"PENELOPE" AND "AGGIE."

charms for the yachtsman who is trying to escape the cares of business, and the vista of the cliffs of Catalina, when the fog sweeps silently in and the only sounds are the barking of the sea lion and the moaning of the sea, is one long to be remembered.

From Santa Catalina, with a fresh wind, it is but a short run to the islands off Santa Barbara, Anacapa, Santa Rosa and others, all having attractions especially their own, and harbors are passed where the eye can see the bottom, clear and distinct, for fifty or sixty feet. Here, as at Catalina, are ideal spots for the stroller ashore, where the rocky borders are broken up in attractive bays and sunny harbors, ever inviting investigation. If the weird and strange is especially desired, San Nicholas is visited. Here many years ago the natives



"PENELOPE."



FLEET OF THE CATALINA YACHT CLUB.

deserted one of their people, a squaw, who was found by a white man many years later and brought to the mainland, where she died utterly unable to tell much of her sad story. The west coast of this island presents many interesting features, the sand being blown into curious shapes — isolated pillars and columns—monuments of the odd fancies of nature.

Here the west wind beats the sand about like a living thing, and after heavy gales strange relics and masses of human bones are uncovered, to be hidden again by the merciful hand of a later gale. From San Nicholas we may bear away to San Clemente, which to-day is not an inviting spot, and is deserted save by a single herder, who gives welcome to the yachtsman.

At the anchorage here a huge black form catches the eye forty or fifty feet below, and a few moments later the jew-fish line, a ponderous affair, is over, baited with a four-pound grouper.

The big game is easily watched, owing to the remarkable clearness of the water, and soon the tempting bait is taken, and a struggle to the death begins. The hook once jerked into its massive jaws, the big fish rushes away with a fervor that nothing can withstand. When the first burst is finished, the line is taken in hand by several men and the laborious work of catching a jew-fish actually begins. It is a case of give and take, the fierce rushes of the gigantic game making the line smoke as it hisses over the side with irresistible force; a slight lull and the advantage is taken, and up comes the black sea bass beating its great head from side to side in desperate efforts to break the line. Little sport in this; rather hard work. Even when at the surface the great fish lashes the water with powerful blows of its tail and drenches the fishermen who still struggle at the line. Too big to be left, the game is swung to a boom and its four hundred pounds of animation landed upon the deck.

In old times, when the meat was prepared as boneless cod for home and foreign markets, the jew-fish industry was an important feature of these islands, but the catches of to-day do not justify a continuance of the fishery business. Old fishermen say that the Italians frightened the jew-fish off by throwing the heads overboard, which so alarmed the fish that they forthwith deserted the banks, and have never since returned in sufficient quantities

to make the catch a paying one. For the amateur fisherman, however, the supply is quite sufficient.

One great charm in this locality lies in the fact that the yachtsman can, with a fresh breeze, reach the broad Pacific in a few moments, sail into a perfect calm in the lea of the island, and land and reach, in a short space of time, a hunter's paradise. On Catalina, especially, there is the finest quail shooting; the notes of the California plumed quail being heard in every cañon, and the roar of their wings almost the only sound that breaks the stillness in these solitudes. If large game is required, there is the wild goat, not too wild, but just wild enough for the yachtsman ashore, who perforce is not anxious for undue exertion. The goats were placed upon the island years ago, it is said, and now offer good sport to those who care to climb the steep mountains or descend into the deep cañons that cut the ranges. The islands of the channel exhausted, the yacht may bear away, wing-and-wing, for Santa Barbara, and on the return lie off Santa Monica, with its wonderful wharf, or sweep in by the great hotel at Redondo; or, perchance, continue on to San Diego, where Coronado Beach offers a welcome to the yachtsmen, and the local craft turn out to do honor to the visiting craft. So the summer days run away in the Catalina Yacht Club, days of dolce far niente in the true sense; days which are absolutely perfect, and during which the blue sky is never clouded except by fitful fog banks, which, at times, roll in from the open sea to be dispersed by the morning sun.



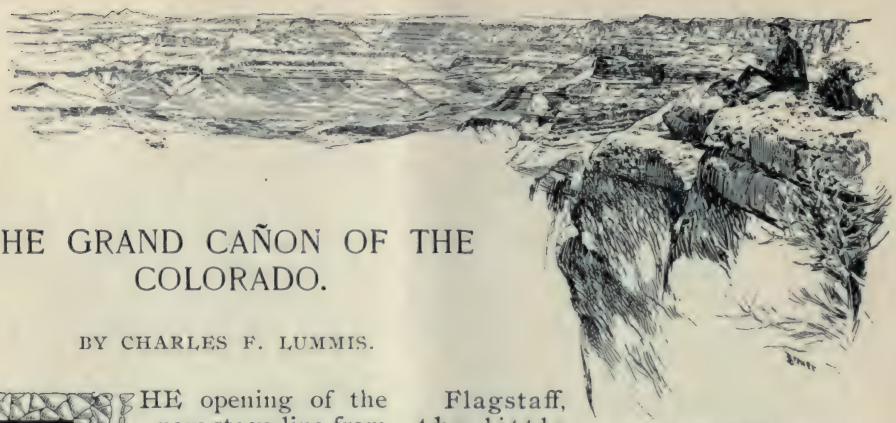
REMINISCENT.

BY CARL BURELL.

O bitter grief that weighs my spirit down,
Till crushed, I fall and lie upon the ground!

O bitter sense of what's unjust—untrue,
Which mem'ry brings so oft to me anew!

Though useless to remember, 'tis but yet
A profitless endeavor to forget.



THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE opening of the new stage-line from Flagstaff has at last made the Grand Cañon of the Colorado easily accessible at its noblest point. For the first time in its history, this sublimest wonder of earth is really open to all sight-seers. Before, the seeing it was at the cost of a journey uncertain, troublesome and exhausting. Now it is easy, even for women and children—as easy as I hope to see it. Far be the day when a railroad shall profane creation's masterpiece, with its infestment of the vulgar, to kill the joy of those with souls. For when a glory of nature is absolutely facile to the herd, it reeks with their inanity and is never again the same. Cheapened sublimity is no more as sublime. What is worth having is worth paying for in some way, and nature's utmost drama is as worthy the protection of some barrier as are our cheap shows. A money admittance might shut out the deserving poor; but the slight physical tax will deter only those whose epidermis is more important than their brains; and they are the class I would see kept out. If people could know what the Grand Cañon really is, an army with banners could not stand them back from it; but all the writers and all the artists and all the photographers cannot tell. Omnipotence itself could only put it there to wait to be seen, and sight is the sole teacher of this most ineffable thing that exists within the range of Man.

THE CAÑON FROM BISSELL'S POINT

Flagstaff, the little lumber town which plays at hide-and-seek amid its stately pines with the noble San Francisco range, is an interesting point of departure from the rail, and may itself well claim some attention. Its scenery is unusual and fine, its climate stimulant as champagne, and its surroundings fascinating. Only ten miles away through the pineries is the great gash of a cañon—a forty-mile split in the level plateau—along whose 600 foot cliffs cling the most easily accessible cliff-builders' ruins in North America. There are many hundreds of these strange, dumb relics of forgotten days; and many of them are excellently preserved. No further from town are equally interesting cave-dwellings. The view from the 13,000 foot peak of Mt. Agassiz—whose top is reached by a good trail only twelve miles long from town—is of almost unmatched extent, and of characteristic beauty. Large game abounds in the superb pine forests, and in the wild cañon of Oak Creek, twenty miles from Flagstaff, is excellent trout-fishing amid such scenery as the gentle Izaak never saw. If one can take time to go down Oak creek, there are the Verde country and the Tonto basin, crowded with matchless wonders — Montezuma's Well, Montezuma's Castle, and the hugest natural bridge on earth. Even the industries of Flagstaff are not uninteresting—the great lumber business, and the quarries whose exquisite red sandstone is being exported in enormous blocks even to Chicago. Down



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GRAND CAÑON.

in the Verde country is an extensive and important mining region ; but the pine-belt has never figured as an ore-producer heretofore. Now, however, promising discoveries of asbestos, gold, silver and copper are being made in the Grand Cañon, and are being gradually developed by earnest prospectors.

The Grand Cañon can be reached only from the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad and at three points. The nearest route is from Peach Springs, where the gorge is only twenty-three miles from the railroad. This route takes one to the bottom of the Cañon, via the Peach Springs and Diamond Creek Cañons, and is the route to be chosen between December and May, as it never has snow. It taps a far less noble part of the cañon than the two easterly routes, but a part still nobler than any scenery outside this wonderland. The route from Williams, whence one may also visit the wildly romantic Cataract Cañon by a ninety-mile drive, is about the same length as that from Flagstaff; and the scenery is very like. But it is a much harder road and offers no such accommodations for the traveler.

The Flagstaff route is really the only one to be taken into consideration. It is open from May 1st to December 1st ; both it and the Williams road being closed by snow during the winter. It has the best long mountain-road in the Southwest ; and the trip is an easier one than that into the Yosemite. Leaving the comfortable hotel at Flagstaff after an early breakfast, we rattle eastward in a very easy-riding stage, skillfully handled. The morning air is a benediction. Clear and fresh as the mountain snows and pines whose breath it brings, it bathes the skin and swells the chest.

One would be all lungs, to swallow it in bigger draughts. We are nearly



A HALFWAY HOUSE.



THE CAÑON FROM HOVEY'S POINT.

seven thousand feet above the sea, and will improve upon that altitude before the day is done. To our left towers the noble bulk of Mt. Agassiz, and his brethren, still snow-crowned in May; ahead, through the columns of the pines, the brown, enchanted vistas of the beginning plains. For three or four miles the road parallels the railway, and then turns northward among the pines and through the smooth, grassy glades. Flocks of the piñon bluejay chatter from tree to tree. Gray squirrels scamper aloft; and in the openings the querulous prairie-dog ogles us and dives down his casemate. Yonder a sleek antelope stares a moment and then trots leisurely away from view. And all the way the white peak, over-topping the tall pines, looks down upon us, more impressive with each turn, more mighty with each receding step.

Fifteen miles out is a little relay-station, and here we get fresh horses and have a moment for stretching. Then off again through the ever-charming aisles of pine, over volcanic ridges, down the verge of desolate plains which look across to the wondrous Painted Desert, and past a file of extinct craters of fascinating curve and color. By eleven o'clock we are at the white tents of the Halfway Station, where the horses are again changed, and we wash, stretch, and comfort the within by an excellent meal—thanking fate for the enterprise which has at last made it possible to get to the Grand Cañon unstarved.

The next fifteen miles is through more open country, with view ahead to the vast, dark line of timber which stretches east and west beyond the range of sight. With the third change of horses we enter the outskirts of this forest, and plunge deeper with every mile. Now and then Mt. Agassiz still sees us through some rift in the pinetops, and his squattier brother, Bill Williams. Fifty miles away now, these five peaks are apparently larger and certainly more beautiful than when we left their base.

The ride has been a delight. Unwearied horses, comfortable seats, fascinating vistas, and the endless joy of that glorious air—words have given out long ago, and now only an occasional grunt of deep physical sat-



HALT FOR LUNCH.

isfaction tells how they are enjoyed.

It is one of the beauties of this route that it brings one to the greatest sight on earth almost without warning. Only once through the columnar trunks we catch a glimpse of a purple front so vast, so shadowy, so unearthly that the heart seems to stop for an instant; and as swiftly the vision is gone. At half-past five we rattle down a wooded hill to a picturesque hollow, glad with the greenness that hems a spring in the desert. There are people and the shimmer of a pool, and snowy tents; and in a moment more we are at the camp, none the worse for our stage ride of sixty-seven miles.

The sun is still upon the pine-tops; and while the driver is putting up his team, and the hotel man is hurrying supper, we run up a slope and in less than a hundred yards from camp stand upon the brink of—It. And where the Grand Cañon begins, words stop. In looking back across the years with all their blunders and follies, it is comforting to remember that at least I have



HANCE AND HIS BURROS.

never thought to describe the cañon of the Colorado. A hint, a suggestion, a faint and ridiculously inadequate comparison are all that are possible. Whoso tries more, a sense of the balance of things is not in him.

The cañon at this point is eighteen miles from rim to rim, and a mile and a quarter in perpendicular depth. tossed in here, neck and crop, it would be lost among what seem to us rocks and not mountains. The cañon is no sheer-walled fissure. It is a gigantic trough, an infinite trap into which seem to have been swept all the huge peaks missing on an upland as big as an empire. It fairly bristles with their mighty crests ; but it holds



"AS THE SUN FALLS LOWER A MATCHLESS CHANGE CREEPS IN."

From this first vantage-ground we see only about forty miles to the east ; but by walking out to the end of a promontory we can command a view of about a hundred miles up and down the gorge. The cañon is an ineffable chasm split across the floor of this vast upland. From the dead level, which stretches hundreds of miles from either side to the very rim, one steps into view of this matchless wilderness of peaks. We stand on a plain and look across over the tops of five hundred mountains, each greater than the noblest peak east of the Rockies. If Mt. Washington were them safe. Not one can peer over its strange prison walls.

As the sun falls lower, a matchless change creeps in. There is probably no other place on earth where one can sit still and have the infinite scene-shifters change the stage-setting so strangely and so fast. With every hour there is a new cañon. Every degree of the sun loses mountains that have awed us, and carves out new ones more terrific still. There are more colors in a day there than man ever saw in any other one spot—" the last still loveliest." One cannot say which is supreme ; the infinite, un-



LOOKING ACROSS THE GORGE.

earthly refulgence of color by midday, or the sunset pallor when color is gone, and when through an air that is itself blue the receding giants peer back heavenly dim. The one overwhelms the eye; the other is vision turning to memory even as we gaze.

There are comfortable fare and good beds and the sleep-insistent air to fortify us for the morrow's tramp. First thing of all, when the sun shall lift across the Painted Desert, be up for a good morning to that view at the campside. Then, when breakfast shall have warmed the body to the mind's wakefulness, off along the rim-rock to a promontory three miles east. There are new marvels at every turn. And at last, where that gray rock juts into the vast abyss, is the one finishing touch—Ruskin's "human interest." A hundred feet ahead of the promontory a titanic column of rock, 2,000 feet high, less than 100 in diameter, towers aloft alone. Its top is 100 feet below the rim, with which a narrow neck of sandstone connects it. And as we admire its columnar grace, there is a sudden clutch at the heart-strings. Yes! Those are masonries upon its flat top!

To find the narrow and gruesome trail—to slide, clamber, cling, balance and at last to gain that wondrous castle is the work of ten minutes. But that is for want of opposition. Were a boy with a pebble to dispute our passage, the pluckiest would turn back.

If ever stone walls held romance, these are they. Upon that aerial islet, whose oval top is seventy-five feet in its longest diameter, was a human home. The outer wall hugs the rim of the cliff everywhere; and behind it are the little rooms. Two unassailable climbing-places to it are there; the rest is impregnable as a star. From the outer (northern) rooms, one can lean over the wall, still breast high, and drop a pebble 2,000 uninterrupted feet. Such was a *home*, in the immemorial days before Columbus when the Pueblos bought safety from the nomads at such a price. But there was something besides fear writ in the hearts of those stubborns who declined the courteous attentions of the scalper—those brown first Americans who lived and looked ever across such scenery as no king of earth ever saw or conceived.

We say we have seen the Grand Cañon—with very much the same liberality of language with which we speak of having "seen" the stars. Our sight is about as exhaustive of the one as of the other. Our eyes blunder over a wilderness of wonders and bring away a few impressions. No man will ever *really* "see" the Grand Cañon—it is inexhaustible, incomprehensible, endless. But it is well to see as much of it as one can. Its boundless majesty does not open to one point of view. Above all, after gazing from the rim, go down to the turbid river and look up. John Hance, the pioneer whose cabin is close to the stage camp, has built an admirable trail clear to the stream. A young man too recently from Boston to feel humble in



A RIM OF THE CAÑON.



DOWN THE TRAIL.

the presence of the infinite, once wrote a gruesome tale of the terrors of this path—of course making himself the adequate hero to overcome them. Whereat I fancy the heavy-laden burros who tramp this trail weekly must have mocked him—not to mention the girls and middle-aged ladies who have made the trip without seeing a chance for heroics. Any trail which climbs over 6,500 feet in seven miles is of course warm climbing; but Hance's trail is harmless, if provocative of perspiration, and it gives an idea of the cañon which Humboldt himself could not have figured out from the rim.



A GLIMPSE OF THE CAÑON FROM HANCE'S TRAIL.

There is one Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Nothing else on earth is like it, or approaches it, or prepares for it, or suggests it. If you would see the first and the last place in the world, go to it. That is, of course, if you are a foreigner. If you are an American, snub the Cañon and dodder off across seas for some sight more befitting patriotic eyes.

DYNAMICAL GEOLOGY OF THE GRAND CAÑON.

BY RICHARD HAY DRAYTON.

TERRACE beyond terrace; palisades rising above palisades; buttes, platforms, domes, temples, towers, pinnacles, in endless profusion, water-worn cliffs and precipices for miles and miles away to right and left of us. A wild confusion of noble architectural forms; a multiplicity of ornamental designs; a divine splendor of rich coloring; a visible representation of the invisible Almighty's unseen industry—peopleless cities falling into

ruins on every side. The effect of time and meteoric forces over material hardness and ponderosity ; the battle-field of a Titanic contest, and the final scene before accomplished victory in the long struggle between active persistency and passive endurance. An exhibition of stubbornness and unyielding, but futile opposition to the inevitable—opposition to slow destruction. Corroding time, erosive elements, and transporting waters on one side ; granite, lime and sandstone rocks on the other—antagonists pitted against each other in the vast arena of the American Desert. Solidity resisting the assaults of light air and instable water; a mighty individuality harassed to death by an infinite succession of fresh foemen individually weak and insignificant. Nature fighting against herself, her right hand assailing her left hand ; a destructive contest resulting in reconstruction, and displaying, during its long continuance, the workings of her economic laws. Such is the disorderly confusion of thoughts and impressions that assails the mind as one gazes on the Grand Cañon of the Colorado from Point Sublime, and the truth seizes upon the soul that it is a portion of the framework of a continent exposed to view by Time's disrobing hand.

What length of time, how many millions of centuries it required for the operation of these laws to cut that great chasm through the bed-rocks of the plains, no man knoweth. Long before the river sawed by corrasion its deep channel, a vast lake had to be drained, and its bed of sedimentary deposits carried away by the slow process of erosion. The drainage of this lake was caused by the gradual upheaval of the region which it occupied leaving a river in the deepest part of its basin. This ancient lacustrine region is now called the Grand Cañon district, a land of cliffs and cañons fashioned by the operations of nature during an incalculable period of geological time. It lies principally in the northwestern portion of Arizona, having a northerly extension into Utah. In its northwesterly and southeasterly direction its length is about 180 miles, while its width from northeast to southwest is about 125 miles. The area included may be roughly estimated at from 13,000 to 16,000 square miles, according to Clarence E. Dutton, Captain of Ordnance, U. S. A., who surveyed the Grand Cañon district during 1880 and preceding years. Across the middle of this district the Colorado by the irresistible process of corrasion has cut its highway with so tortuous a course, that the Grand Cañon is more than 200 miles long, and with such immensity of time that it has eaten into the bowels of the earth from 5,000 to 6,000 feet. The meteoric forces that break up rocks, rain, wind and frost have aided the river in producing the most magnificent and terrific water course in the world, and as soon as lateral exposure of rock occurred, erosion continued the work until the mighty cañon now varies in width from five to twelve miles. It is no narrow gorge, no deep, gloomy gash with perpendicular cliffs from brink to base ; no dreadful abyss wrought by some terrific earth-throe ; no gaping wound in the planets' crust inflicted by a convulsive spasm. No sudden and violent effort formed this wonderful water-channel, this great highway of a resistless river. It is the work of Nature's laws of progression and improvement, a work carried on during an incomprehensible lapse of time. It is a work of vast proportions, of divine magnificence and inconceivable variety of ornamental design and coloring. Doomed to destruction, silent cities grand with cathedrals and castles, domes, pinnacles and towers ; colossal buttes and cliffs slowly yielding to decay ; amphitheater recesses and niches present themselves in unimaginable profusion. And beneath this grand array of architectural structures, on the floor of this stupendous picture gallery of nature, the waters of the Colorado, down cataracts and rapids, with turmoil and

uproar, impetuously rush ever onward, grinding, tearing and biting the hard rocks, and cutting with their sand-charged volume, whirled onward with fierce energy, deeper and deeper into their rocky bed.

In its passage through the cañon the Colorado varies from 250 to 450 feet in width, yet its volume of water is enormous. Its tributaries bring into it nearly all the western drainage of the Rocky Mountains running from north to south of Colorado, and most of the drainage of southwestern Wyoming. The Green, Grand, and San Juan rivers, with their countless affluents, pour their waters into the Colorado above the Grand Cañon and combine to form a fluid mass whose volume is immense, and whose velocity and impetus have been and are irresistible. Mr. Henry Gannette, geographer of the census, estimates the area of the drainage system of the Colorado above the Grand Wash at 165,000 square miles. The pace and depth of the river in its race through the cañon constitute its might. Fluvial velocity depends upon declivity of the river bed, and the fall of the Colorado in the Grand Cañon between the junction of the Little Colorado and the Grand Wash, a distance of 218 miles, is 1,640 feet, giving an average of 7.52 feet per mile. Although the rate of descent varies greatly in different parts of the cañon, this declivity gives a fearful velocity to the water when the rains of winter fill each rill and stream of the Rocky Mountains, and their united contributions rush headlong into the Grand Cañon, causing rises in the Colorado varying from thirty to sixty feet. Then it is that the river displays its corrasive power. Great boulders, many tons in weight, and fallen fragments of all sizes from the impending cliffs are tossed about and whirled along, battering the side walls and each other, grinding up themselves and undermining the cliffs, pounding out niches and holes, deep recesses and caverns. But its corrasive might is not wholly due to the high velocity given to its waters by its great declivity; there is another most important element of destruction, and that is the presence of large quantities of hard sand and fine material which are brought down to the Colorado by its numerous affluents. The scouring, rasping and filing action of this fine sand constitutes a very effective process, and the river is annually cutting deeper and deeper into the subjacent strata.

Thus an inner gorge is carved out, meandering along the wide flooring of the upper chasm—a flooring cut up into innumerable water-chiseled rifts, rents and cracks. The depth of this inner gorge varies from 1,000 feet to over 2,100 feet. Captain Dutton thus describes his impressions and perceptions, while standing on the brink of this chasm, at the foot of the Toroweap Valley: "The river is clearly defined below, but it looks about large enough to turn a village grist-mill; yet we know it is a stream three or four hundred feet wide. Its surface looks as motionless as a lake seen from a distant mountain top. We know it is a rushing torrent.



MARBLE COLUMN, KANAB CAÑON.



COLORADO RIVER NEAR DIAMOND CREEK.

The ear is strained to hear the roar of its waters, and catches it faintly at intervals as the eddying breezes waft it upward; but the sound seems exhausted by the distance. We perceive dimly a mottling of light and shadow upon the surface of the stream, and the flecks move with a barely perceptible cloud-like motion. They are the fields of white foam lashed up at the foot of some cataract and sailing swiftly onward. * * * It seems as if a strong, nervous arm could hurl a stone against the opposing wall-face; but in a moment we catch sight of vegetation growing upon the very brink. There are trees in scattered groves which we might at first have mistaken for sage or desert furze." On another occasion, writing of his view of this chasm from Point Sublime, he remarks: "Its upper 200 feet is a vertical ledge of sandstone of a dark rich brownish color. Beneath it lies the granite of a dark iron-gray shade, verging toward black, and lending a gloomy aspect to the lowest depths. Perhaps half a mile of the river is disclosed. A pale, dirty red, without glimmer or sheen, a motionless surface, a small featureless spot, inclosed in the dark shade of granite, is all of it that is here visible. Yet we know it is a large river, 150 yards wide, with a headlong torrent foaming and plunging over rocky rapids."

And this fearful chasm, that strikes the beholder with a feeling of terror, aye, of horror, is the production of corrasion and erosion. Vast is the effect of erosion; prodigious is the amount of work it accomplishes, and immense the periods of time during which its ceaseless industry is carried on. It is estimated by geologists that from the Grand Cañon district, with its area of about 16,000 square miles, 10,000 feet of strata have been swept away by the process of erosion. For æons after æons the cliffs, terraced by disintegration, receded farther and farther from the shore-line of the ancient sea, till they now exhibit a series of terraces at the high plateaus in southern Utah, where, like Titan's stairways, they lead down to the lower platform through which the Colorado has rasped out its latest water chasm. The uppermost formation of this entire platform is the Carboniferous; but where are the Permian, Mesozoic and Tertiary formations which ought to be lying above the Carboniferous one, and which are found in their proper places in the great terraces alluded to? They have been swept away by the slow process of erosion, to form new land. Destruction and reconstruction

far away from the source of supplies of material have been the principles at work in the denudation of the Grand Cañon district. The whole region has been repeatedly upheaved and submerged. During the period of the last elevation the great inland lake was drained, and the river scooped out its first wide channel and became the great receiver of the drainage system of an immense region. Then began the removal of the lacustrine bed. The slow, deliberate upheaval continued; lateral tributaries poured their avalanches of water into the main river through gorges which they plowed out for themselves; and for untold milleniums the proceeds of erosion were carried into the Colorado and borne away, until the old lake-bed was denuded down to the Carboniferous formation, and in the center of its wide highway the river was gradually cutting a deeper and narrower path to which its waters were confined at their low stages. It was slow work, and for thousands of years the river alternately swept over its ancient bed and retired to its new channel, as the rainy and dry seasons followed each other; but the time came when the new gorge had been carved out so deep that its brinks were rarely overflown, and at last, never. The process of corrasion, however, did not cease, and lower and lower the river has sunk until its surface is many hundreds of feet below the broad pathway of its by-gone youth.

High above the narrow bed to which it has retired in its old age, on right and left of it, stand legions of mute witnesses to the part it played in archaic days in the transformation of a region. It has not only been the vehicle of transportation, but the motive power of those keen tools of Nature — sand and disintegrated rock—a power of simultaneous duality.

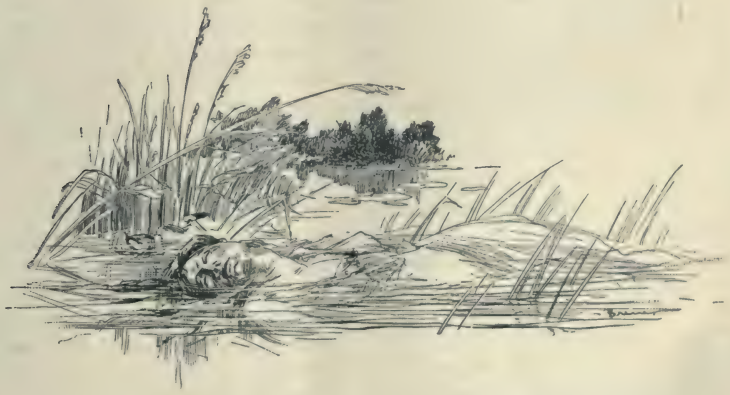
A LEAF FROM THE DEVIL'S JEST-BOOK.

BY CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.



Beside the sewing-table chained and bent,
They stitch for the lady, tyrannous and proud—
For her a wedding-gown, for them a shroud;
They stitch and stitch, but never mend the ren
Torn in life's golden curtains. Glad Youth went,
And left them alone with Time; and now if bowed
With burdens they should sob and cry aloud,
Wondering, the rich would look from their content.

And so this glimmering life at last recedes
In unknown, endless depths beyond recall;
And what 's the worth of all our ancient creeds,
If here, at the end of ages, this is all—
A white face floating in the whirling ball,
A dead face plashing in the river reeds?



OUR TREATIES WITH CHINA.

BY FREDERIC J. MASTERS, D. D.



NE hundred and eight years ago, when the American flag first appeared in Chinese waters, China was hermetically sealed to the outside world. Hedged in by impenetrable walls of exclusion, prejudice and pride, she looked out with arrogant disdain upon the barbarians around her, and desired nothing better than to be let alone. Two hundred years had then passed since Xavier, the devoted Jesuit missionary, standing upon the Macao promontory facing that inhospitable coast from which he had just been repelled, uttered the pathetic words: "O rock! rock! when wilt thou open to my Master!" Fifty years ago her gates were still closed. The rock was still unopened. The middle wall of partition still severed her from the nations of the west.

It is well for us to remember that there was a time when America possessed no charms for John Chinaman. He was content with his own land. It was to him the Middle Kingdom, the center of the universe, and no promised land of the Golden West, in those days, could have allured him. It is also well for us to understand that had we minded our own business, stayed at home and let him alone, John Chinaman would have done the same by us. It was cupidity and a woman's curiosity that prompted Pandora to look inside the box in Epimetheus' house. Through the lifted lid blessings and plagues escaped, which she was never able to gather up and replace. There was a time when China was a sealed casket. The Anglo-Saxon came along, whose business has always been to poke his nose into other people's affairs. Contrary to China's expressed wish, we drove her people out of their shell. Finding things turning out different to our expectations, we are now eager to have them boxed up again. But it is too late. China has been opened, and opened by the white man. Her people have gone abroad upon the earth through the fences that Americans helped to break down, and "all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot get Humpty Dumpty back again."

In 1840, British cannon forced those barred gates that for ages had isolated China from the world. Five ports were opened to foreign trade, and Hong Kong ceded forever to the British crown. The American Government protested against England's high-handed policy, but our people were not slow to occupy the ports opened and to reap the advantages gained at the expense of our cousin's blood and treasure.

Mr. Caleb Cushing was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to China, and arrived at Macao in February, 1844, with a letter from President Tyler to the Emperor of China. Mr. Cushing succeeded in negotiating a treaty known as the Treaty of Wang Hiya which, besides securing the right of American residence at the five treaty ports, established two very important concessions. The first was what is known as extra territorial rights, or the right of United States citizens to be tried in their own consular courts; and the second what is known as the favored nation clause, or the right of American residents in China to the same privileges and immunities as are granted to any other nation. These concessions may be termed our Magna Charta in Far Cathay, and have been

of no small advantage to us and to all other foreigners in China.

In 1857, the British and French allied forces made further demands upon China, in which America was invited, but refused to join. A second war was begun. President Buchanan appointed Mr. W. B. Reed, United States envoy to watch the course of events. He was particularly instructed to assure the Chinese Government that America's attitude was that of a peacemaker, rather than a party to the hostilities he so much condemned. After making virtuous protests against the aggressiveness of England and France, it was a great mistake of Mr. Reed to follow in the wake of the allied fleets up the Peiho, as if resolved to reap all the advantages to be gained by the armed force he deprecated so much. It is certain we got all the benefits of John Bull's conquests without spending a dollar, or a drop of blood. Mr. Reed obtained the second treaty which gave the United States the privilege of sending a minister once a year to Peking, and allowed Americans the right of residence and trade in six more open ports. The first article of this new treaty said: "There shall be, as there has always been, peace between the United States of America and the Ta Tsing Empire and between their people respectively. They shall not insult or oppress each other for any trifling cause, so as to produce an estrangement between them," etc. It is remarkable to note what gushing obsequiousness marked our relations with China during that happy period when the voice of the Chinaman's sewing machine had not been heard in the land, when Chinamen had not learned to make "white labor cigars," and when Californians dreamed of a monopoly of the China trade, with San Francisco the great tea mart of the world. How delighted everybody was to see John come out of his shell and make our acquaintance! How everybody cheered the Chinese contingent marching in the procession that celebrated California's admission to the Union! How the miners chuckled over the laundrymen that gave them clean shirts, or the workmen that made them underwear, and cobbled their shoes! Woe to the hoodlum that had the temerity to fire rocks at the Chinese who marched in procession on the Fourth of July, 1851, and joined in the hurrah for the stars and stripes. Nobody then doubted that John Chinaman was a man and a brother. These were the little brown man's halcyon days never more to return.

Never did this nation stand in such high esteem with China as when Mr. A. Burlingame was United States minister to China in 1863. No other foreign minister ever won such popularity at the Chinese capital as this distinguished diplomat. The posthumous honors conferred upon him by the Ta Tsing Government mean a great deal more than a monument in Westminster Abbey to Mr. Lowell. When Mr. Burlingame returned to China, there was a cry in California for more laborers. The Pacific Railway had to be constructed, there were marshes to be drained, forests to be cleared, tule lands to be reclaimed, and Mr. Burlingame went to assure China that a million Chinese laborers could find a welcome and employment on the Pacific Coast. China of course accepted in good faith these assurances. There was no difficulty in negotiating a treaty between two countries in such sweet accord. This third treaty, which was ratified by the United States Senate in 1868, contained, *inter alia*, one remarkable clause:

"The United States of America
"and the Emperor of China cordially
"recognize the inherent and inalien-
"able right of man to change his
"home and allegiance, and also the
"mutual advantage of the free mi-
"gration and emigration of their
"citizens and subjects, respectively,
"from the one country to the other for
"purposes of curiosity, of trade, or
"as permanent residents."

Reading this treaty in the light of burning Chinatowns, and bonfires celebrating the passing of Chinese exclusion bills, one can hardly believe that only twenty-four years have elapsed since the United States Government set its seal to this covenant.

Down to 1868, all our diplomatic relations with the Ta Tsing Government had been serene and happy; but a change was now at hand, and far away on the Pacific Coast could be heard the low moanings of the coming storm. Patriots who had been in the United States less than six months complained that their country was being ruined by Asiatic aliens. Working men who kept their blue Mondays gloriously drunk, objected to the presence of men who were frugal and industrious, and worst of all, never patronized the saloon. Men who used to spend their Sundays playing poker in some saloon back parlor took high moral grounds for their antagonism to the Chinese because they were heathen. Then began the cry, "The Chinese must go!" Politicians howled it and tramps echoed it. Street cars, walls and fences bore the words:

"THE CHINESE MUST GO."

Processions marched through the streets bearing banners and transparencies with the same device. Foreigners standing at the doors of the saloons pouring forth oaths and tobacco juice in equal proportions, or wiping the beer from their mouths, maintained that the Chinaman must go because he was dirty, smoked opium and did not support the brewing business. As the elections approached, conscienceless demagogues sought to gain political *kudos* by inflammatory speeches, instigating riot, arson, and even murder. Outrages perpetrated upon Chinese were of almost daily occurrence. The Congressional investigation report of 1877 states that hoodlums used to make it their business to stone the newly arrived Chinamen as they sat helplessly huddled together in the express wagons that conveyed them from the steamer, and it was no unusual sight to see them lifted out of the wagon senseless and covered with blood. These are the striking arguments used upon poor John ever since that time to the present, and it is unnecessary to say that they have not convinced him of the loving-kindness of the white man, or of the superiority of our religion and civilization.

The outcry against the Chinese was so long and loud that at last it reached the halls of Congress, and the Government determined to take the initial step in the course of restriction and exclusion of Chinese immigration. A special embassy, composed of John F. Swift, W. H. Trescott and James B. Angell was sent to Peking by President Hayes to secure a modification of that treaty which only ten years before had been pressed upon China with such eager solicitation. The last treaty had guaranteed equal rights to the people of both lands. It was now the business of the commissioners to abrogate as much as they could of that side of the treaty that gave any rights to the Chinese, and at the same time to hold on to every privilege and immunity enjoyed by Americans in China. The imperial government, anxious to oblige this country, received the commissioners with every mark of respect, and with magnanimity granted them every concession they desired. The result of their negotiations was our fourth and last treaty with China. The first article of that treaty says:

"Whenever, in the opinion of the "United States, the coming of Chinese "laborers to the United States or "their residence therein, affects or "threatens to affect the interests of "that country, or to endanger the "good order of that country, or of "any locality within the territory "thereof, the Government of China "agrees that the Government of the "United States may regulate, limit,

" or suspend such coming or residence, " *but may not absolutely prohibit it.*" The second article stipulated that " those Chinese laborers who are now " in the United States shall be allowed " to go and come of their own free " will and accord, and shall be ac- " corded all the rights, privileges, " immunities and exemptions which " are accorded the citizens and sub- " jects of the most favored nation."

It will be clearly observed that in this last treaty three things were guaranteed: 1st, That while the immigration of new coming Chinese laborers might be restricted, the United States confessed it had no right to absolutely exclude them. 2d, That the Chinese already residing in the United States should be allowed to come and go at pleasure. 3d, That they shall enjoy the same rights guaranteed to the subjects or citizens of any other land. It is hoped that the honorable commissioners had no knowledge of the kind of legislation contemplated when they penned the following words referring to the action of the imperial commission: " They have been actuated by " a sincere friendship and an honor- " able confidence that the large powers " recognized by them as belonging to " the United States, and bearing " directly upon the interests of their " own people, will be exercised by our " Government *with a wise discretion*, " *in a spirit of reciprocal and sincere* " *friendship, and with entire justice.*"

Whatever may be thought of this one-sided arrangement, it is sufficient to say that, trusting to the assurances of these honorable gentlemen, the Chinese Government was satisfied with it.

How far these solemn obligations have been fulfilled by this country, the long series of congressional and municipal anti-Chinese legislation since that treaty was signed, and the sickening record of unprovoked, unpunished and unatoned brutality perpetrated upon Chinese in this country, will testify. The ink of the treaty signatures was hardly dry when the Chinese Minister at Washington was compelled to call the attention of the Department of State to the brutal riot that had just taken place at Denver, in which unoffending Chinese in that city had been slain, wounded and plundered, as the coroner's inquest charged, through the apathy and incapacity of the authorities of that city. The minister after quoting the words of the treaty, asked that the guilty parties be brought to justice and the sufferers compensated for the losses to their property and business, Mr. Evarts replied that, under the Constitution of the United States, the Federal authorities could not interfere with the municipal affairs of a State of the Union; that the Government was not responsible for the losses sustained by the Chinese, and he suggested that the Chinese refer their grievances to the regular tribunals of the State. In reply to this dispatch the Chinese minister, with knock-down logic, made the pertinent remark that the Chinese Government did not make treaties with the State of Colorado, but with the Government of the United States. When an anti-foreign riot has taken place in China, American war vessels are sent up the rivers to cover American property with their guns. Thousands of dollars indemnity are paid, and many heads are chopped off in atonement for wrongs inflicted upon our people there, but in Denver nobody was ever punished, and not a cent was ever paid by way of compensation for losses and ill-treatment more barbarous than any American ever suffered in China.

There is no space to tell of the bloody massacre at Rock Springs, and of cruel outrages upon defenceless wretches at Tacoma, Seattle, Eureka, and a hundred other places. The ghastly record would fill a volume. Yet our Government* had pledged its word that " so far as those Chinese " are concerned who under treaty " guarantee have come to the United " States, the Government recognizes

*See Foreign Relations 1881, page 173.

"but one duty, and that is to main-
"tain them in the exercise of their
"treaty privileges against any oppo-
"sition, whether it takes the form of
"popular violence, or of legislative
"enactment." Either the Govern-
ment of this country made promises which it knew it could not perform, or else it miserably failed to carry out its pledges. How we have protected Chinese residents against "popular violence" has been seen; how we have maintained them against unjust "legislative enactment" will appear further on.

In May, 1882, Congress proceeded to take full advantage of the Angell treaty, and passed an Act, the first section of which reads as follows: "That
"from and after the expiration of
"ninety days after the passage of this
"Act the coming of Chinese laborers
"to the United States, be, and the
"same is hereby suspended for ten
"years; and during such suspension
"it shall not be lawful for any Chi-
"nese laborers to come, or having so
"come after the expiration of ninety
"days, to remain within the United
"States."

It will be seen that the law was not aimed at the exclusion of bad characters, such as highbinders, gamblers and tramps, but of Chinese laborers—those whose only crime was honest industry. The gates were thus shut against all newcomers save the merchant and gentry class. The Chinese already in the United States at the time this Act was passed were assured liberty to go and return at their pleasure, after procuring certificates from the Custom House stating that the person therein described was entitled to land in the United States. The writer was in China at the time this Act was passed, and well remembers the effect produced upon the people of that part of China that was the center of the emigration movement to California. He remembers one day preaching in a temple square in the city of San Wei, when suddenly a half brick whizzed close past his head accompanied by the remark: "You people will not have us in your country and we mean to drive you out of ours."

That the Restriction Act did its work effectually and well, the records of arrivals and departures for the six years following will testify. The Act had been in operation less than three years, and it was found from the Custom's record that during that time 40,222 Chinese had departed for China, as against 18,704 arriving here. The law was working all right till some rascally officials—not Chinese—went into the bogus-certificate business; and the courts began to admit "prior residents." The Supreme Court made a mistake when it permitted the landing of those Chinese who could prove they had resided in the United States prior to the Act of 1882, because it opened a wide door for perjury and fraud. It is safe to say that not a single Chinese laborer would have been illegally in this country, had our courts and officials acted in strict accordance with the law.

It was not long before another remorseless crusade was started with the old, eternal war cry, "The Chinese must go." Murder, outrage and violence were the order of the day. Chinatowns in different places were burned and the inhabitants driven out. The writer used to see Chinese chased down the streets of San Francisco every day, pursued and pelted by a hoodlum crowd, while white storekeepers stood at their doors and watched the fun with as much interest as I have seen Englishmen enjoy a fox hunt, and with as little regard for the feelings of the poor fox.

In 1888, a Presidential election was approaching and it was evident that some new legislation would have to be enacted to catch the Pacific Coast vote. Each party vied with the other for the honor of proposing the most rigorous measures against the Chinese. A treaty was hastily negotiated and actually accepted by China, but was afterwards so offensively amended by

the Senate that there was some delay in its ratification by the Chinese Government. There was really no ground to apprehend that China would not accept it. Mr. Evarts said, "There "has not been any approach that this "Government has made to China in "our domestic interests * * * "that the great nation confronting us "has not met in the most conciliatory "and yielding attitude."

The Chinese Government of course, did not understand the ways of our politics and the exigencies of electoral warfare. Hence they saw no reason for departing from their custom of slow and careful deliberation of state affairs. Minister Denby telegraphed that the treaty was still under consideration, but Congress grew impatient. Legislators at Washington with their ear at the Pacific Coast became excited, rushed into session and passed an Act that is admitted to be a disgraceful blot upon the statute book of the United States, being an abrogation of every sacred pledge ever made to China by this country. This law called the "Scott Exclusion Act," provided that no Chinese laborer in this country at the date of its passage, October, 1888, or who at any time prior to that date, had ever been in this country, or who should leave the United States, or had left and not returned should have the right to return; it further cancelled and declared void over 20,000 outstanding certificates, each certificate being nothing less than a promise over the seal of our Government that the holder being the person therein described, should be permitted to land on his return to the United States; it also excluded and sent back to China several hundreds of Chinese laborers, who had embarked in ignorance of the change and who were on the high seas at the time President Cleveland signed the bill. It was known that China had not rejected the proposed treaty, yet the bill was signed and became a law amidst salvos of cannon, bursting of rockets, and ringing of joy bells. Such was the attitude of this country to China in 1888—a very striking contrast to that of 1868. What a swing of the pendulum in exactly twenty years! Think of the love-making, the flatteries, the tender embraces and protestations of indissoluble amity on the part of Miss Columbia in her addresses to the aged Mr. China, culminating in the wedding of 1868; and then see the fair dame in 1888, tired and disappointed, because she had not got all the money out of the poor old gentleman that she expected, then suing for divorce, and even trying to kick the poor old man out of doors. Alas for human fickleness! Speaking of the Scott Act, Mr. Evarts asserted that "it was the first time in "the diplomatic history of this coun-"try of an intervention by legislative "action, while there was a treaty "negotiated by this Government, "pending for adoption by a foreign "country." Mr. Sherman declared that "if Great Britain were to act "thus towards the American people, "he would not hesitate to vote either "for a declaration of non-intercourse "or war.". If any person has any doubt of this act being a violation of treaty stipulations, let him read the decision of the Supreme Court which distinctly says, "The Act is in contravention of the express stipulations of the Treaty of 1868 and of the supplemental treaty of 1880," and goes on to say that while that court could not be a censor of the morals of other departments, the will of Congress, though in plain violation of the treaty, must be obeyed. In the correspondence between Mr. Blaine and the Chinese minister, Chang Yen Hoon, which followed this bill, an ignorant stranger might suppose the dispatches of the latter to emanate from a dignified Christian official, expostulating with some heathen government for its breach of faith. Every American must blush to think that a heathen minister, accredited to our capital, had any ground for addressing such a dignified yet scathing communication

to our Department of State as that from which the following words are quoted: "In my country we have "acted upon the conviction that "where two nations deliberately and "solemnly entered upon treaty stipula- "tions, they thereby formed a sacred "compact from which they could not "be honorably discharged, except "through friendly negotiations and "a new agreement. I was, therefore, "not prepared to learn through the "medium of that great tribunal (the "Supreme Court) that there was a "way recognized in the law and prac- "tice of this country whereby your "Government could release itself from "treaty obligations without consulta- "tion with, or consent of the other "party to what we had been accus- "tomed to regard as a sacred instru- "ment."

He then goes on to remind Mr. Blaine that while it was the United States and not China that had desired a treaty in the first instance, the Chinese Government had faithfully kept their part of the covenant in all its integrity, and had maintained inviolate the rights of Americans in China. There is no question that China has kept faith with this country. Never once has she gone back on her word of promise. There may have been attacks upon foreigners in China in which Americans have suffered, but the Government has always done its best to protect them; and when it has failed, it has admitted its responsibility, has arrested and punished the guilty, and has had the good grace to make what in nine cases out of ten we have not done, full reparation for loss and damage. Some ignorant people have urged that China has broken faith with us, in permitting her people to come to these shores in defiance of the treaty of 1880, whereby she agreed to our proposed laws for the restriction of the immigration of laborers. The answer is short and complete. There is not a single Chinese immigrant in this country who has come direct from China to this country. All the Chinese in this land embarked at the port of Victoria in the British colony of Hongkong, and the Emperor of China has no more power to stop the emigration from that port than he has to stop the emigration to this land from Cork harbor.

It was hoped that when the nation recovered from the excitement of the 1888 election, reflection and better counsels would bring the nation to its senses. Some twinges of conscience did follow, accompanied by a better feeling towards the Chinese.

While some felt humiliated that Congress had gone so far, the majority felt it had gone quite far enough. Alas! our amiabilities and good resolves were as evanescent as the tints of cloud land. When the fifty-second Congress assembled, another presidential election was approaching. Another bait was needed to catch the votes of the Pacific Coast. National honor was nothing compared with the transcendent glory of political power. This time the nation's conscience was so dead that no such preliminary as a modification of the treaty was ever thought of. The first bill introduced proposed to shut our ports against all Chinese but Government officials, and was carried through the House with 179 votes. The less said about this measure the better. Dead though it is, its ghost may one day rise up to confront us as an example of the utter disregard of United States Congressmen for the highest obligations of their nation, in the year of grace 1892.

Scarcely less cruel and unjust was the law known as the "Geary Bill," and which was rushed through Congress with such indecorous haste. So unceremonious was the House in dealing with the question, that only a few moments were allowed for its consideration. The seal fishery preserves in the Arctic, and the American hog interests in Europe were questions of such surpassing magnitude, that the House of Representatives would only allow fifteen minutes to discuss the

question whether this great Christian nation should treat 400,000,000 of Chinese like men or like dogs. Everybody knows the result. The Geary Act makes it necessary for any Chinese who may be arrested under the provisions of the act, to establish by affirmative proof his right to be here, and to subject him to imprisonment at hard labor for a period of not exceeding one year, and subsequent removal from the United States, if he fails to establish the fact that he was in this country at the time the act was passed. It further provides that all Chinese laborers in the United States must apply to the collector of internal revenue within one year for a certificate of residence; and anyone found in the country after the expiration of one year without such certificate, may be arrested, punished and deported from the United States. In regard to Chinese persons who seek to land in this country, and to whom that privilege is denied, it is provided that if a writ of habeas corpus is applied for, no bail shall be allowed, but the applicant shall be imprisoned, pending the hearing of his case. In vain did the Chinese minister protest against the renewal of the Scott Bill, the denial of the right of bail, and the discriminating requirement of registration by them under conditions, in most instances, that it is practically impossible for them to fulfill. In vain was it urged that the Chinese were going fast enough, and that the custom's records showed an excess of departures over arrivals since the Restriction bill, amounting to thirty thousand.

President Harrison signed the bill on the 6th of May last. Whether such an infamous law will ever survive an appeal to the Supreme Court remains to be seen. If that august tribunal can declare constitutional a law that makes no distinction between Chinese who are aliens and those who are citizens; that discriminates against race and class; that imprisons a man as a criminal, who has committed no crime known to the laws of God or man, because no "white" man can be found to prove his residence here on a certain day; then one can only marvel at the extraordinary flexibility of a constitution that citizens and aliens alike are taught to regard as the impregnable and immovable bulwark of the rights and liberties of every person residing in the United States. And what shall we say of a bill that violates that fundamental principle of common law which presumes a man to be innocent till he is proved guilty? Yet here is a bill passed that requires a man to be imprisoned, not until somebody else proves his guilt, but until the defendant arrested on suspicion can prove his innocence. There was once a treaty, still supposed to have some existence, which guaranteed to Chinese resident in this country the same rights, privileges and immunities as may be enjoyed by subjects of the most favored nation. Yet here is a law which treats Chinese as ticket-of-leave men, or as dogs that need to be tagged to save them from the poundman's cage, that inflicts upon them cruel and unusual punishments, deprives them of their liberty and the enjoyment of their property without process of law, and imposes restrictions and penalties upon them that are not likewise imposed upon subjects or citizens of any other nation residing here. Surely such a law has scattered to the winds the last rags of the tattered treaty that was ratified with such acclamations of joy only twenty-four years ago.

Such an instance of national fickleness is not very assuring to those other nations that have made treaties with us. For if a solemn covenant made with one nation can be so lightly set aside, is it not possible that other nations will begin to inquire concerning the value of our word of honor, and the durability of those pledges we have made with them?

What the effect of this continued hostile legislation will be upon the future of our relations with China,

remains to be seen. We have insulted a great country that is waxing mightier every day; we have imperilled our commercial prospects in one of the richest markets of the world; we have jeopardized the life and property of every American in China; and we have treated a nation of hoary antiquity worse than we would think of treating the pettiest savage nation on the banks of the Congo. One thing is very certain, we cannot expect to have China's gates open to us very much longer, if we continue so unfriendly to her. We cannot eliminate from our treaties everything that is of advantage to Chinese, and insist upon retaining whatever is beneficial to our own interests. We cannot continue to treat her subjects like dogs and expect her to treat our people as she now does, like the subjects of the most favored nation. We cannot require her to surround American establishments in China with troops for their protection, when our Government refuses to interfere to protect Chinese from outrage while resident in our States. We cannot insist upon China paying indemnities to Americans as a matter of right, while we disclaim responsibility for anti-Chinese riots here, or only toss them an indemnity "as an act of grace."

The Chinese are a long-suffering people. There is no fear that China will declare war upon us; it is not probable that she will even sever diplomatic intercourse with this country, or exclude our people from her ports, or cancel their privileges of trade in her markets and residence in the pleasantest parts of her cities that they may have chosen for themselves. But there is something she can do, which would make life in China intolerable to our people. She could cancel our extra-territorial rights and immunities, place our people in the same relation to her laws as her own subjects, and disclaim, as we have done, any responsibility for injury and losses sustained by American residents in China.

Whether China retaliates or not, this country cannot afford to persist in a course that takes such a wide departure from the glorious traditions of her history. This country is too brave and good to find pleasure in bullying and oppressing a people who, we think, are too weak to resist. A nation that has so valiantly championed the cause of human rights and human freedom, and has for over a century stood forth among the nations of the world as the bright exemplar of that righteousness which exalteth a nation to the highest pinnacle of greatness, cannot long bear the odium and discredit of having broken faith with a heathen nation that we are sending missionaries to Christianize.

There is something in this world more precious than a nation's treasure, more desirable than new openings for trade, more glorious than political victories; something which, if lost, can never be compensated for by the exclusion of a few thousand Asiatic laborers from our shores. It is national honor, justice, fidelity and truth, the maintenance of our good name among the nations of the world, and the preservation to our children of a national escutcheon that has never yet been tarnished by one speck of dishonor and shame.

Blessed is that nation that sweareth even to its own hurt and changeth not.



THE LAND OF THE SHAH.

BY THEODORE COPELAND.



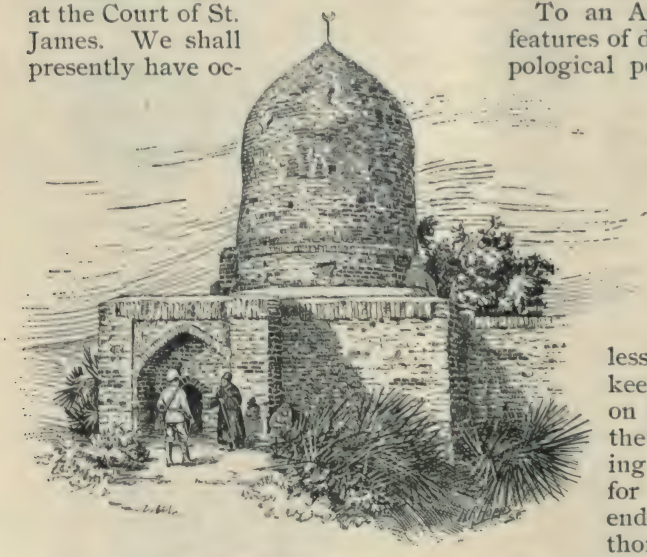
PERSIA is a historic land—a land whose annals are replete with the accounts of a nation's vicissitudes from remote antiquity down to modern times. It has been the scene of unparalleled grandeur and magnificence, the stage on which dynasties have played their parts, the battleground whereon mighty armies have contended, and a very hell of suffering and woe. From time immemorial it has been the hot-bed of uncurbed despotism, and the tyranny exercised by Xerxes or Darius was little in excess of that practiced by the officials of the arbitrary misgovernment prevailing in this enlightened age. Until very lately it was not generally known that the Persian people are so goaded, so maddened by acts of violence and the cruel exactions of a system of government superlatively despotic, as to be on the very verge of rebellion, and in many portions of the country ready to receive with open arms a foreign master, be he Russian or Anglo-Saxon. Hitherto, but little was known of the inside workings of that hoary despotism. The European traveler may have been able to glean considerable information with regard to the habits and customs of the people; he may have gained some insight into certain institutions, civil, social and religious, and have observed the systems of agriculture and other industries; but he remained for the most part in the dark as to the tyrannical horrors on which the government is nurtured, and it has required the pen of a native scholar to expose in its true light the dreadful state of affairs. I refer to the eminent Oriental statesman, scholar, orator and reformer, Sheikh Djemal ed Din, who published an article in the February number of the Contemporary Review, 1892, pleading the cause of an outraged people.



PIPE-BEARER.

The Sheikh is a man of about fifty years of age, and has traveled all over the world, but more especially in Europe, in order to make himself acquainted with the mainsprings of modern civilization, with the object of

applying them to reform in Asia. Like all ardent reformers, he has frequently found himself in trouble owing to the freedom with which he has proclaimed his doctrines. For some time he resided at Constantinople, where he was a member of the Council of Public Instruction, but his hatred of corruption and broad philanthropy were not acceptable to the authorities and he was compelled to leave. Returning to Persia he was at first well received by the Shah, in whose presence his high rank as a Ulema and "Son of the Prophet" gave him the privilege of remaining seated. But it was not long before his enthusiasm in the cause of reform again got him into trouble. The Shah's ministers are not of that philanthropic inclination that offers self-interest as a sacrifice to the welfare of the people. On the contrary, they are the blood-suckers that sap the nation's vitality and murder its prosperity. Djemal ed Din was arrested, hurried away over the frontier, loaded with chains. Having effected his escape to Bagdad, he made his way to London, where he became the guest of Prince Malcolm Khan, formerly Persian minister at the Court of St. James. We shall presently have occasion to quote from his paper, in which he sets forth the horrors of the Shah's mal-administration, and gives utterance to some home-thrusts with regard to the connection of England's interests with the independence and prosperity of Persia.



TOMB OF ESTHER AND MORDECAI AT HAMADAN.

Yet Persia, that ancient land where Jews suffered and Greeks conquered, where the Hebrew "sat down and wept," and triumphant Macedonian phalanxes marched on their road to India, is deserving of a better condition of affairs; and even a moderate degree of development and a few steps taken on the road of progress would convert it into one of the most prosperous and delightful countries in the world. As it is, darkened with the shadow of a jealous despotism which for centuries has excluded the outside light of a progressive epoch, it is a land of ignorance and prejudices, a stagnant morass of inactivity and non-progression. So great is the contrast between the Persian people and those of the great commercial nations of the earth, in habits, manners and mental calibre, that it is hoped that a brief sketch of typical life in the country of the Shah may prove acceptable to the readers of the CALIFORNIAN.

To an American the most striking features of dissimilarity, in an anthropological point of view, between the Persians and his own countrymen are the want of energy, so noticeable in the former, and the superabundance of the same quality possessed by the latter. Indolence and apathy constitute the Persian's main conditions of life; a ceaseless activity and enterprise keep the American eternally on the "go." *Poco á poco* is the Spaniard's motto, his guiding rule in life and life's call for exertion, and the Persian endorses that sentiment most thoroughly. In public and commercial transactions, in



GATEWAY TO THE PALACE OF DARIUS, PERSEOPOLIS.

the daily routine of private life; in government offices, in the bazars and in the home circle the same avoidance of exertion is observable. It is an easy-going land wherein energy is out of tune; where inertness and the delicious idling of time away are enjoyed by all who are not compelled to work. Only the poor producers and working classes display activity.

In Teheran, the capital, and all the principal towns, the bazars are spacious and curious establishments, very interesting to the foreigner. The largest in Persia are those in Ispahan, where an immense trade is carried on. All bazars are well stocked with European goods, those at Teheran being principally supplied with articles of Russian manufacture. At Ispahan, which may be regarded as the commercial metropolis of Persia, British trade is paramount with its supplies of Manchester and Glasgow cottons and English crockery. Other nations of Europe, moreover, do considerable business with this distributing center of commerce. And yet this former capital of Persia, in spite of its favorable position, its splendid climate and the advantages to be derived from the rich cultivation of the surrounding well-watered country, is but the shadow of its former self. In the days of its glory it had a population of 650,000, and was one of the most magnificent cities of the East, with its mosques and palaces and colleges; its glorious gardens, and miles of lofty, covered bazars. But a century ago the Afghan conqueror swept down upon it "like a wolf on the fold," and devoted it to destruction, fifteen days being spent in the perpetration of a pitiless massacre. After this calamity the court was removed to Teheran; the population of the city dwindled down to 80,000, and ruins of minarets and mighty structures cumber the ground, proclaiming the former greatness and grandeur of the old capital of Persia.

In the bazars of any populous city of Persia, you can gain an insight into the indolent character of the Persian tradesman. There you will see the



MAUSOLEUM AT RHEI.

retail vender sitting smoking his *kalian*, or waterpipe, with perfect contentment, and displaying a lofty indifference with regard to purchasers, which may be regarded as a mode of procedure the reverse of that employed by the tradesmen in European marts, and the owners of cheap goods in our own cities. The Persian bazar-man never solicits; all that his dignity and ease admit of his doing is to wait upon his customer when the latter has discovered in what particular shop he can obtain the article of he is in quest. Bargaining is a matter of time and talent, and the haggling and higgling required to conclude a trade with a Teheran shopkeeper, points to the fact that the Persian is not deeply impressed with the principle of the maxim that "time is money." In fact, he is never in a hurry, and is quite willing to consume a day in chaffering over the sale of an article of the more expensive kind. With regard to their honesty, Mr. C. J. Wills remarks: "So high are their ideas of the wealth of Europeans that it would be hopeless to attempt to deal with them personally. Honesty cannot be expected in the Ispahani or Teherani, but the Shirazi may be pretty fairly relied upon."



PERSIAN WOMAN—INDOOR COSTUME.

Class distinction in Persia is very marked, and the etiquette observed on occasions of entertainment is hedged in with formalities. Mrs. Bishop, in her "Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan," truthfully describes the ceremonious punctiliousness of the race. "Everything," she says, "is regulated by an elaborate code of etiquette; even the compliments are meted out by rule, and to give a man more than he is entitled to is understood to be intended as a sarcasm. The number of bows made by the entertainer, the distance he advances to meet his guest, and the position in which he seats himself, are matters of careful calculation, and the slightest mistake in any particular is

liable to be greatly resented by a superior. The Persian is a most ceremonious being. Like the Japanese he is trained from infancy to the etiquette of his class; and besides the etiquette of class, there is here the etiquette of religion.





EXAMPLES OF PERSIAN BRASS WORK.

A Moslem will not accept refreshments from a Christian, even if he is his guest and of equal or higher rank." The etiquette to be observed in pipe-smoking occupies an important place in the catalogue of formalities. Persons of high rank take their own pipes and pipe-bearer with them on the occasion of paying a visit, but such visitors are not provided with a *kalian* of their own, are offered one by their host; for every visitor is regaled with refreshments and pipes, the third cup of coffee or tea and the third *kalian* being the signal for departure. When a visitor is offered a pipe, it is etiquette to refuse to use it before his host has smoked first, if the latter is of higher rank. To smoke before a superior has taken a few whiffs is a breach of etiquette, the perpetrator of which receives unpleasant correction, the host invariably sending the pipe away to be cleaned before he will touch it. When there are many visitors and only one pipe, they smoke in order of rank, each having the politeness to suggest that some one else smoke before him. The etiquette of smoking is most rigid, and violations of it expose the infringers to humiliating snubs and mortifying rebukes. A well-bred Persian knows the place he ought to occupy when he enters the room as a guest or visitor, and rare is the occasion when he is asked to give another man place and "begin with shame to take the lowest room."

The number of servants in the household of a well-to-do Persian is astonishing, and reminds one of the retinues of mediæval days and the old-time aristocrats of the Southern States. There is, of course, the steward, second only to the master in authority. Under this supreme official are the head cook and his assistants, waiters at table and personal attendants, sweepers, messengers, pipe-bearers, coffee and ice makers, dishwashers and washmen, lamp-cleaners, grooms, and under grooms, besides other hangers-on whose positions and duties are somewhat indefinite. It is not an unusual thing for the number of servants in such a household to amount to from forty to fifty. The wages paid to the individuals which compose this retinue of attendants vary, according to each one's position and importance, from about ten dollars to four dollars per month. Perquisites, however, increase this amount, especially those



PERSIAN MERCHANT.

derived from commissions on things bought or sold by the master. This curious custom is universal, applying to all kinds of bargains, and is regarded as a legitimate right of the servant, if he confines his commission to ten per centum. It is useless to contend against this institution. Persians have to submit to it, and Europeans are victimized by it; but when Mrs. Bishop's servant endeavored to extract from fifty to eighty per centum on purchases made by him for her, it was regarded as an outrage on his part.

A Persian palace, and indeed all the houses of the upper classes, are structures of artistic beauty, displaying wonderful architectural design and a gorgeousness of ornamental work and coloring that testifies to the richness of the Persian artist's taste. The great halls and broad staircases, the wide galleries and spacious rooms all richly furnished, some of them with European lounges, chairs and tables, and carpeted with the most beautiful productions of the Persian looms; the ceilings of finest stucco-work, the mirrored walls and fretwork windows glazed with blue and amber-colored glass, glorifying the apartments with soft rainbow hues, present to visitors from foreign lands, spectacles of Oriental splendor and magnificence. This richness of design and æsthetic taste is observable in the dwelling houses of all classes above the workman and the peasant, the mud hovels of these being in sad contrast with even the least pretentious residences of the poorer trades-people. In the country villages the houses are all built of mud, farmhouses and laborers' cottages alike. The former contain several dwelling rooms according to the size of the family. They are one-storied and windowless; the roofs are flat and like the walls are constructed of mud, which rests upon a bedding of poplar rods, rush matting and brushwood laid upon rough rafters. During the hot weather the peasantry occupy the roofs of their huts as sleeping floors. Mrs. Bishop thus describes a typical room of a Persian homestead, one which she occupied herself. "It is a cellar of mud, not brick, either sun or kiln dried. Its sides are cracked and let in air. Its roof is mud, under which is some brushwood lying over the rafters. It has no light-holes, but as the door has shrunk considerably from the



MOUNT DEMAVEND, FROM THE LAR VALLEY.

door posts, it is not absolutely dark. It may be about twelve feet square. Every part of it is blackened by years of smoke. The best of it is that it is raised two feet from the ground to admit of a fowl-house below, and opens on a rough platform which runs in front of all the dwelling rooms. With the misfitting door and cracked sides it is much like a sieve."



THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

The fire-hole is a curious institution in these lowly dwellings. It is an arrangement by which the inmates keep themselves warm by night and day during the rigors of a Persian winter. A circular hole is excavated in the middle of the floor of one of the rooms, about three feet deep and two feet in diameter, but narrowing at the top and bottom. It is smoothly lined with clay, has a flue leading from the bottom to the outside of the building, and is the receptacle of the fire-pot. Over this *tandur*, as it is called, a skeleton framework of wood three or four feet square is placed ; on this is spread a large blanket or cotton quilt under which "the women huddle all day and the whole family at night." All the fuel necessary for this heating contrivance is a few handfuls of desiccated dung, and Mrs. Bishop states that a *tandur*, in which the fire has not been replenished for eighteen hours, still emits a genial heat.

With regard to Persian winters just alluded to, it must be acknowledged that, considering the latitude of the country, they are very severe in the regions of the high plateaux, which

vary in altitude from 5,000 to 8,000 feet. Traveling during the winter time is attended with much suffering, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for the drivers of caravans to be frozen to death, the thermometer sinking all the way from 2° to 16° below zero. The snow-falls are very heavy, and that meteorological phenomenon, the "blizzard," is not peculiar to portions of our own country, but exhibits itself in Persia in terrific tempests of ice-laden squalls, and storms of frozen snow swept from the hills by the furious blasts. The anguish experienced by both man and beast when exposed to the violence of one of these ice-crystal-driving gales is indescribable. Nor are the hardships that have to be endured by the traveler much mitigated by the breaking up of winter and the melting of the snow. He has then to contend with mud, and struggle through seas of slush. The roads, or rather tracks,* are practically impassable at this transition period, and the wayfarer has to find a path as best he can, plunging and scrambling through hills and over plains, his animal knee deep in mud.

Persian costumes vary according to the class and occupation of the wearer. The men all wear an unstarched, collarless cotton shirt with loose sleeves, and often beautifully embroidered about the neck. The lower orders and peasantry are in the habit of dyeing it blue, but servants and the upper classes invariably wear white shirts. Among the higher orders the *zerejumah*, or trousers, are of cloth; ordinarily the material of which they are made is white cotton, sometimes dyed blue and occasionally red. They are very loose, and are held in place by a cord of red or green silk fastened round the waist. A closely fitting garment called the *alkatuk* is worn over these two articles of dress. It is of quilted chintz or print, is collarless and has tight sleeves down to the elbow. Over the *alkatuk* is the tunic, a coat made of a variety of materials according to the wealth or position of the wearer, gold embroidered silk, satin or velvet being the richest. The length of this tunic denotes the class of the wearer, and the lower the class the longer the garment. Government officials and military men wear them down to the knee, while the Persian dude wears his *kemmercheen* still shorter; merchants, villagers, professional men, and indeed, all members of the middle class, wear this article of dress nearly down to their heels. The *kolaja*, or overcoat, is not used in summer, but, nevertheless, plays its part in the ceremonious formalities of which the extravagance of Persian etiquette demands observance. On formal occasions when perfunctory duties have to be performed, or a visit made, the well-bred Persian causes it to be borne by a servant, or even carries it over his shoulder himself. This coat is made of cloth, shawl, or camel's hair fabric, and is lined with silk or cloth, flannel or fur. It is often richly trimmed with gold lace, shawl or fur. Mention must be made of the *juba*, or cloth cloak. "This ample and majestic garment," says Dr. Wills in his "Land of the Lion and the Sun," "is affected by Mirzas (secretaries), government employees of high rank, as ministers, farmers of taxes, courtiers, physicians, priests. The wearers carry a staff as a rule. The *jubas* are made of the finest cloth, very amply cut. They have a standing collar and long sleeves. These sleeves are from one to two feet longer than the arm, and are often allowed to hang down empty when the garment is worn out of doors; but when in the actual presence of guests or a grandee, they are used to keep the hands hidden (a token of respect to those present), and the many wrinkles formed by the excessive length of these sleeves are supposed to be their beauty."

* Persia is lamentably wanting in roads, there being only two worthy of the name in the whole country, one leading from Kûm and the other from Kasvin to the capital, both under one hundred miles in length. Goods are everywhere carried on the backs of animals. Mrs. Bishop, *Journeys in Persia*, Vol. 1, p. 196.



SUMMER PAVILION OF THE SHAH.

Then there are the outer garment worn by travelers known as the Afghan skin-cloak, a marvel of warmth and convenience, in turn being used as garment and bed and bedding; the Kurdish woolen cloak, shaggy and heavy, worn by shepherds, a waterproof protection against wind or snow; and the felt coat of the villager, from half an inch to an inch in thickness, enabling the wearer to defy the storms and icy blasts of the severest winter.

The Persian headgear is equally distinctive. Priests and merchants wear the turban, the former using white muslin, the latter the same material embroidered in colors. The "Synds," or descendants of the prophet, wear green turbans. People of the lower orders wear lambskin hats or even sheepskin with the wool long.

With regard to the costume of women, the same writer says that it is highly indecent when carried to the extreme of the fashion, and Mrs. Bishop, who visited Persia in 1890, nearly ten years after Dr. Wills had left the country, found no reason to disagree with him in opinion on this subject. Though she knew what to expect in the costume of a woman of the upper classes, she admits that she was astonished on the occasion of a visit to a high-toned Persian's house, and would have been scandalized even had women only been present. "The undergarment," she writes, "very much *en évidence*, is a short, tinselled silk gauze, or gold-embroidered muslin, so transparent as to leave nothing to the imagination. This lady (the wife of the host) wore a skirt of flowered silver brocade, enormously full,



A HOLY MENDICANT OF TEHERAN.

ten or twelve yards wide, made to stand nearly straight out by some frills or skirts of very stiffly starched cotton underneath, the whole not even on a waist-band round the waist, but drawn by strings and suspended over the hips, the skirts coming down to within a few inches of the knee, leaving the white, rounded limbs uncovered. The effect of this exaggerated *bouffante* skirt was most singular. White socks were worn. Over the transparent *pirahan*, or chemise, she wore a short velvet jacket beautifully embroidered in gold, with its fronts about ten inches apart, so as to show the flowered chemise. Her eyebrows were artificially curved and lengthened till they appeared to meet above her nose; her eyelashes were marked round with *kohl* (an eye paint made of black antimony) and a band of blue-black paint curving downwards above the nose crossed her forehead, but was all but concealed by a small square of silk crêpe on the head and brow and fastened under the chin by a brooch. * * * * Under the crêpe square, there was a small skullcap of gold embroidered velvet, matching her little zouave jacket, with an aigrette of gems at the side. Her arms were covered with bracelets, and a number of valuable necklaces set off the beauty of her dazzling white neck. Persian ladies paint, or rather smear, but her young, pure complexion needed no such aids. Her front hair, cut to the level of her mouth, hung down rather straight, and the remainder, which was long, was plaited into many small, glossy plaits. Contrary to custom, it was undyed, and retained its jet-black color. Most Persian ladies turn it blue-black with indigo, or auburn with *henna*, and with the latter, the finger nails and palms of the hands are always stained. Her jewelry was all of solid gold; hollow gold and silver ornaments being only worn by the poor. She wore a chain with four scent-caskets to it exhaling attar of roses and other choice perfumes. She was a graceful and attractive creature in spite of her costume."

Such is a picture of a Persian lady in full dress, the description being well worth quoting verbatim on account of the fact that Mrs. Bishop had exceptional opportunities, on account of her sex, of making observations with regard to the inner life of Persian households. The lovely woman thus

described by her would, however, "avert her eyes in horror by no means feigned, from an English lady in a Court or evening dress of to-day."

The women of the upper classes pass much of their time in visiting, and entertaining each other with amusements consisting of singing to an accompaniment played on a sort of tambourine, dancing, and the performance of short scenes from some popular Persian play. When a Persian lady pays a visit to a friend, her hostess receives her in the *andarun*, or women's quarters, and a number of servants having been summoned, the doors of the apartment are fastened. The attendants then proceed to entertain their mistresses in the manner above mentioned, the performances, be it remarked, being of a kind that the unaccustomed eye of a higher civilization cannot look upon without a psychical blush.

But it is time to consider the condition of the people. The picture presented is not an agreeable one to contemplate. We find an industrious peasantry, oppressed and down-trodden, grossly ignorant and bigoted; a merchant class enterprising and sagacious, but cautious and timid as regards display of wealth for fear of attracting the attention of rapacious officials; and we find a wealthy class whose riches are derived from official corruption and the plunder of those under them, legitimatized by long usage and the system of a despotic government. But to gain a correct insight into the political condition of the Persian people, we must refer to the article of Djemal-ed-Din previously mentioned. The Sheikh thus describes the present condition of the country:

"Persia is decimated. Her irrigation works are ruined. Her soil implanted. Her industries undeveloped. Her people scattered. Her noblest sons in prison, tortured, bastinadoed, robbed without pity, murdered without trial, by the Shah and his Vizier. This man, lately the son of his cook, is now the absolute disposer of the life and property of those who remain alive and have anything left. * * * No accounts of the horrors now going on in Persia can be overstated, not a tenth part will ever leak out—underground dungeons, torture-rooms, devils in human shape, greed, avarice, unbridled lust, unscrupulous violence, and the Shah himself the careless spectator or interested perpetrator of the worst crimes that sully human nature, and defile the page of Eastern history."

He then goes on to remark that in former times the Grand Vizier stood between the Shah and his people, representing and justly respecting the interests of both. Being a high noble, he mixed on equal terms with the high Persian aristocracy who lived in patriarchal state on their well-cultivated lands. Now all is changed. The Shah, he proclaims, has ruined the nobles and crushed their authority. The present Vizier is of the dregs of the people, respecting no one and being respected by none, and robbing openly for the Shah and himself. Law there is none, and the cry of the people is for justice and permission to live untortured and unrobbed. The excess to which tyranny is carried is marked by the action of a Persian gentleman who, maddened with the misery of the times, forced his way into the presence of the Shah and committed suicide before his eyes.

Speaking of his companions who, to the number of three hundred, were made prisoners at the time of his own arrest, he informs us that at the time of writing, they were languishing in dungeons from which they were taken at intervals to be bastinadoed, their feet being beaten to a jelly. Others had their ears cut off, their eyes taken out, their noses slit and their joints wrenched, without trial, accusation or hearing, but simply on account of their being desciples of the reformer.

The system of revenue raising is

thus described: "Behold what takes place: a man is desirous of obtaining the governorship of a certain province, say Khorasan or Aidarbjan. His first step is to lay at the feet of the Shah his *pishkash* (offering), the amount of which varies, according to the post sought for, from thirty to one hundred thousand tomans—a toman equals, roughly speaking, seven shillings — nearly $1.75. He then has to guarantee the raising of a sum representing the annual revenue of the particular province exceeding that of the previous year, *i. e.*, the amount for which the late governor was responsible; at this stage, and if he is not out-bidden, or the Shah does not demand more, the applicant for power succeeds in obtaining the curt consent of the Shah expressed in the word, "Bali," all right. * * The aspirant to office has next to conciliate the ministers whose approval can only be brought by more sums of ready cash, or *pishkash*. Having at last succeeded in receiving his appointment he becomes suddenly transformed into an irresponsible tyrant and oppressor. It is his turn now to receive *pishkash* from the underlings who seek places in his train, and in the case of a governor of a province, his retinue generally amounts to 300. He has his chamberlains, his secretaries, his



pipe-bearers, his body-servants, his military servants, his executioners, his master of the horse, grooms, cooks and the rest. From the chamberlain down to the stable boy each in turn has to make his offering to the newly appointed governor, who of course appoints the highest leader. Every-



BAS-RELIEF OF DARIUS HUNTING.

thing being thus pleasantly settled, they proceed to their destination, and the province then becomes a scene of sub-robbery and spoliation, the heavy hand being only lifted when nothing more can be discovered to steal. No governor, nor any single person in his employ ever receives a farthing of salary or wages."

This systematic system of extortion exists in every branch of the government. Promotion in the army is regulated by the same plan. Pay is uncertain and irregular. If a private soldier gets a couple of months' pay during the year he considers himself lucky. The only way he has of living is by robbing the people. No wonder is it that Persia is retrograding and diminishing annually in population by wholesale emigration; that her fertile lands are ruined and neglected. "Poor and mean, squalid, timid, secret and panic-stricken is the small remnant of Persians who remain. Is it the fault of Persia, land of the sun, land of the date, the pomegranate, the barley and the wheat; Persia with her coal mines and none to work them; her wealth of iron and none to smelt it; of copper, of turquoise; her wells of virgin petroleum; her arable land, so fertile that one has but to scratch the soil and harvest after harvest springs up as fast as one can reap; and her so-called deserts which need but the restoration of her irrigation works?"

Deserted villages and wrecked hamlets mark the places where thriving

and happy communities once existed. During the last few years, thousands of Persians have abandoned their native land and sought lowly occupations in foreign countries, and the Sheikh considered that the number of emigrants that had fled from Persia at the time he was writing about exceeded one-fifth of the total population.

Persia has arrived at a crisis in her existence. She is on the eve of a revolutionary movement that may change the apparent direction of her destiny. Whether she will be able to maintain her independence as a nation, with the covetous eyes of aggressive Russia and land-grabbing England fixed upon her, the near future will doubtless decide.



THE DANGER TO THE REPUBLIC.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

FROM the earliest period of which we have any knowledge, men have indulged in philosophizing on the subject of government. The effort has been to discover a system that would produce the highest degree of public happiness. Plato, Aristotle, and others gave their thoughts to devising such a system, and Sir Thomas Moore, in his "Utopia," developed one, as he thought, of the most perfect character. Theoretical government is one thing, but practical government is quite another. Theory, however, is necessarily antecedent to experiment. In this field evolution has in reality been constantly taking place, though at times there have been appearances of retrogression. History demonstrates that in government there can be no standstill; that there must be advancement or retrogression, in accordance with a law of nature. There are elements which prevent carrying theory into perfect practice. No machinery is more subject to accidents, and unseen and fluctuating influences than that of government. When a people possess the necessary degree of intelligence and virtue, it is not difficult to render theory and practice completely harmonious. Philosophers have been the fathers of the ideal popular governments, and their conceptions have preceded every attempt to overturn monarchy and found popular institution.

The French revolution of a century ago was brought about more by writings of philosophers, encyclopedists and litterateurs than by the abuses of the French Monarchy, though for two centuries there had been no States General, and the government had been a practical absolution. No Frenchman did more to develop new and

better ideas of government in the minds of his countrymen than Montesquieu. Up to that time there never had been a Republican government of a high order, according to the American idea, but there had been sufficient experience to disclose what a republic might become when a high order of general intelligence and virtue prevailed. When Montesquieu wrote, he had not the example of the American Republic before him, but only the light that ancient, and a few small spasmodic republics in modern times supplied him.

The experiences of republics had, however, demonstrated the correctness of the principle I have stated, that in government there is inevitably advancement or retrogression, and it has been further demonstrated in subsequent history. It is certain that governments become bad through vicious activity. The first French Republic failed from the latter cause, and the same has been true of many other governments, but a greater number of nations have decayed through inertia. People have often lost their liberties and their manhood through continued supineness. The perpetuity of a republic depends upon avoidance of both extremes. The time will never come when there cannot be change for the better. The founders of our government thought they had devised a perfect system, but within about eighty years from the time the Constitution was adopted, it was amended in fifteen important particulars, and many other amendments have been suggested and urged by intelligent people. The American mind is active, and it is not improbable that changes may be proposed that would, if adopted, prove impracticable or vicious, but we are less liable to injury from change that is not reform, than from evil practices that grow up through general indifference and inattention.

Corruption is the bane of republics. The friends of popular government throughout the world have been more alarmed about the effect of the Panama scandal upon the fortunes of the present French Republic, than about the plots of legitimists, imperialists, and Boulangists to overturn it. The French people have, for twenty years, been able to withstand the efforts of these enemies, but the question has been anxiously put: can the government survive the demoralization and disgust that will ensue from the disclosure of the corruption of numerous high Republican officials?

Montesquieu held that a despotic monarchy is not so bad as a corrupt republic. This opinion does not rest upon theory merely; it is sustained by the world's experience in every age of which we have authentic history. Corruption is the worst form of oppression, for it is not only impoverishing to a people but it leads to general demoralization and criminality, to the subversion of all authority and to anarchism. Despotism may crush, but corruption debases the spirits of a people. If long tolerated, corruption of officials and leaders will extend to and involve the body of the people, and there is no relief from its malign influences, except in revolution and bloodshed. Monarchy has succeeded republics because the latter have become corrupt, and the former has been accepted as the lesser evil.

The same author thought that expenses in a republic should be less than under any other form of government, and for the reason that the people who pay the taxes can control expenditures if they will. A corrupt government is never economical; it is an impossibility that it should be so. An honest government may, in certain respects, indulge in profuse expenditures, but this tendency is easily checked. The burdens which bear most heavily upon any people, as a rule, are those which are imposed through corruption. It is not alone that people may have freedom of action that makes popular institutions desirable; but also that life and property shall be protected, and the public interests promoted at the least cost consistent with efficiency.

Montesquieu again says that "the tyranny of a prince does not bring him

nearer to ruin than indifference to the public good brings a republic." The government of a monarchy or aristocracy reflects the character of the king or ruling class, but that of a republic is the mirror which reflects the character of a people. A popular government is precisely what the people make it, and no such government will be good, to which the people are indifferent. It cannot be said that any people are capable of successful self-government, until they have been tried. Americans believe they have the best government on earth, and they are correct in this belief; but if they are so satisfied with it that they see no need for reform or improvement, there is danger. Because we have a better government than other nations, it does not prove that it is as good as it might be made.

In a republic, officials recognize their responsibility to the people, while their conduct in office is indicative of what they believe the people will tolerate, or what the people demand of them. This may be taken as a general rule, though there are exceptions, for it has occurred that men have been chosen to office who have disregarded the wishes and interests of their Constituents. The same thing will occur in future, but the frequency of such instances depends upon what the people exact, and the punishment they inflict for dereliction. One thing is certain, that a rascal will neglect duty, and become corrupt, if he believes the public will not thereby be seriously offended. As has been said, the character of a government reflects the character of the people for intelligence and virtue, and where corruption prevails for any length of time there must be some defect in the people—there must be a lack of intelligence or virtue, or an indifference to the public welfare, which of itself indicates a want of virtue. In Spanish American countries there are governments popular in form, but they are defective, more especially in manner of execution. There is lawlessness, profligacy and corruption because the governments have no regard for the people, and, on the other hand the people have no respect for the officials. There are repeated revolutions in those countries without being productive of improvement. Unstable conditions there are but reflexes of the popular character. The few only are intelligent, and the corruption of officials has demoralized the masses.

In this country there is greater intelligence, and the people are more generally virtuous than in any other. Thus far there has been general progress in regard to institutions of government. The nation has at all times been full of reforms; there is a constant clamor for reform, and measures are often urged which are impracticable or without value. While we have men of extreme views, those that are erratic, still there is a conservation in the masses that preserves the country from engaging in extravagant movements. There is not the radicalism that would overturn all because a part is bad. Action has generally been so discriminating as to remove the evil and build upon that which is good. The American people move no faster than is required to gain the light that assures to them a tolerably safe footing. As they theorize and reason carefully and accurately they seldom resort to experiment to test the virtues of measures, and consequently it is not often necessary to retrace steps that have been taken. With all their intelligence and virtue, there is a defect that has been productive of every evil in government from which the country has suffered, and that is the proneness to be inattentive to public affairs, to public duty. There always will be persons who seek to promote private interests at the expense of the public, and Constitutions and laws will be framed for that purpose; there are treasury vampires who seek to live on public expenditures, and corporations or individuals who want special privileges. Every success they have met with in the past has been through inattention on the part of the masses, and those officials who have

disregarded or sacrificed the public welfare have relied on the inattention of the people. "When the wicked rule, the people mourn." But there need be no occasion for popular mourning in this country except from the consequences of sins of omission on the part of the people themselves.

The greatest present grievance is the burden of taxation. It is greater in some localities than in others, and where the burden is least, the people have been most attentive to public affairs, and where it is greatest, they have been most neglectful. Where the most expensive governments are found, investigation will show alarming corruption. It is enigmatical that men will neglect public matters when their own personal interests are involved. The man most unlettered cannot but be aware that there are those who devote themselves to making gain at the public expense. Extraordinary expenses grow out of the very machinery of government. This is the case in California. The system is complex and cumbrous, and needs simplification. Corruption in the State, county and municipal governments may be exaggerated, but if it prevails to the extent that is charged, it cannot be more depletory of the public treasures than the official superfluity, or the complicated machinery of government that exists. The people have themselves to blame for all the unnecessary burdens they bear, whether imposed by corrupt practices or an expensive system.

Montesquieu wrote a half a century before our system of government had been founded, and upon the theory that a republican form of government would be as direct and simple as that of monarchy. Upon this theory he was correct in his idea that in a republic, government should be less expensive than in monarchy. Leaving out the expenditures to maintain a great standing army, our government is the most expensive in the world, because it is most extensive in all its phases. We have the national, the State, the county, the municipal, and in some of the States, the township government, and which act in different spheres and to an extent independently of each other. The idea is that concentration is a danger, and to avoid it there must be checks and balances; otherwise despotism will follow. To carry out this American theory, it is necessary that the system should be complex, that officials should be numerous, and taxation comparatively onerous. With all these loads upon them, it is the more essential that the people should be watchful of the conduct of officials, that expenditures may be kept within due bounds, and especially that corruption should be made odious. Unnecessary expenditures must be avoided in every practicable way, not alone to lighten burdens, but because extravagance begets corruption.

To curtail the public expenses is but to simplify and improve the machinery of government. Public officials should be amply compensated for their services, and appropriations for public improvements, for education and charities should not be niggardly; but not a cent should be appropriated for which the public do not get an equivalent in benefits. If the people will but give the same intelligent attention to public as they do to their private business, the government will speedily become as perfect as human judgment can make it. If they are neglectful they may expect that the ruin which is often visited upon a despotic prince will fall upon the Republic.

The early philosophers reasoned upon the theory that a self-governing people would not be dishonest, and would not permit dishonesty in matters of government. They knew that men are often guilty of practices that do not square with morals in dealing with each other, but that they would act perfidiously against their own individual interests, they seem not to have conceived.

It was known by the later philosophers that the Roman people were hoodwinked and debauched by aspir-

ants to consular, tribunitial, and other important offices through the exhibition of games, gladiatorial shows, and the distribution of largesses, but general intelligence of a high order did not then prevail. If they could have conceived a people like those of this country, where there are schools and churches in which the principles of morality and responsibility to a single and perfect Deity are taught, they would have supposed that inattention to public affairs and the prevalence of official profligacy and corruption could not exist.

Montesquieu knew there had been vile practices and corruption in republics, but he could not have imagined how free and independent citizens could become so debased as to buy or sell votes, or commit any other act that would prevent a fair expression of the popular will. Traffic in votes and all frauds in elections are the legitimate out-growths of official corruption. No honest man will pay money for an office simply for the honor it confers, for an office thus acquired is not an honor. Whoever does it thinks he can make the office profitable through some illegitimate practice, and to get his money back, he must do that which is robbery of the public. The men who sell their votes and are paid to stuff ballot-boxes and falsify returns, conjure up a sort of defense for themselves on the ground that the beneficiaries in the end will receive a *quid pro quo* for the money they expend.

If an end can be put to official corruption, profligacy and irregularity, criminal and all improper election methods will cease at once. Whether this consummation shall be realized in a free government depends upon the action of the people themselves. To bring it about they need but give unremitting attention to their public duties. Failure in this on their part has produced the debasement and overthrow of every republic that has disappeared from the map of the world. Inattention and indifference to public affairs are the dangers to which all popular governments are most exposed.

A THUNDERSTORM.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

A moment the wild swallows, like a flight
Of withered gust-caught leaves, serenely high,
Toss in the wind-wrack up the muttering sky.
The leaves hang still. Above the weird twilight
The hurrying centers of the storm unite,
And spreading with vast trunk and rolling fringe,
Each wheeled upon its own tremendous hinge,
Tower darkening on ; and now from heaven's height,
With the long roar of elm trees swept and swayed,
And pelted waters, on the vanished plain
Plunges the blast. Behind the wild white flash
That splits abroad the pealing thunder-crash—
Over bleared fields and gardens disarrayed,
Column on column comes the drenching rain.

SOME SPANISH AUTHORS.

BY ARTHUR B. SIMONDS.

IT has of late become pretty generally known among cultivated readers in this country, that modern Spain produces novels and poetry; and the names of Valéra, Valdés, Galdós, Bazán, Alarcon and Zorrilla are found not only in our magazines, but in college circulars and on the lips of lettered professors. Yet it is seldom or never that we know these writers other than as the intangible apparitions that offer themselves between the lines of a general article or review, on Spain or Spanish society. As men of flesh and blood, possessing definite literary aims and purposes, and as artists reflecting an interesting national life and its types of character, Spanish authors to-day highly merit our attention, not only in their poetry and in their criticism, but still more in their novels.

Spanish poetry, indeed, though still read and enjoyed by its enthusiastic votaries is decidedly on the wane. Zorrilla, who is to the Spanish the national poet that Tennyson or Whittier has been to English-speaking peoples, charms both by his fervent loyalty and by his sincerity in higher sentiment; but his best poems were written some years ago. Most Americans, however, can find freshness and attractiveness in the poet who thus follows in Irving's footsteps:

"Alhambra, royal palace, glory of the Moor! Flower most precious of his chaplet! Shame of those who now abandon you! Habitation worthy of kings, to-day without masters! Sultana without slaves or servants! Why is it men depart from you? Why do they leave you alone?"

Zorrilla has also been exquisite in throwing new charms over the conventional subjects treated in love verses. It is to be regretted a little that the grace of his lines cannot be translated. One form of minor verse—the Abanico, or Fan-sonnet, as it may perhaps be called—has been developed by him with considerable ingenuity and variety; in this poetry he frequently expresses the genuine, if somewhat exaggerated, Spanish feeling of the former days.

"*Adios!* when life and breath fail me, I will desire of the wind the life of your fan;" and again, "To me, poor or rich, suffices the air of your fan."

The novel now flourishes in Spain as it never has flourished since Cervantes unveiled his genius alike for beautiful romance, or for delicate humor, in the delicious tales and the immortal disasters of "Don Quixote." Among contemporary Spanish novelists, though some have entirely exhausted their creative vitality, others are about at their zenith. Furthermore, a few of the most brilliant are not yet middle-aged, and from their constant growth in power, seem to have a yet wider future before them.



JOSÉ ZORRILLA

Pedro Antonio de Alarcon, one of the early leaders of fin-de-siècle realism in Spain, distinguished himself as among the very first to rid himself of the common Spanish dependence

upon French novels and upon the romances of Scott. Alarcon is essentially Spanish in his wonderful story of the "Three Cornered Hat," which contains many excellent individual descriptions and incidents. Take as an example this picture of the handsome Seña Frasquita, the miller's wife:



PEDRO ANTONIO DE ALARCON.

Her features were lighted up beautifully by five dimples: two on one cheek, one on the other, another very small, near the left side of her roguish lips; and the last and a very big one in the cleft of her rounded chin. Add to this her sly glances, her pretty pouts, and the various attitudes of her head with which she emphasized her discourse, and you will have an idea of that face full of vivacity and beauty, and always radiant with health and happiness. Lastly, Frasquita's voice was as sweet as a flute, and her laugh so merry and so silvery that it seemed like the singing of birds on Easter Eve.

Then see how she flirts with the Corregidor, and ends the scene much to the poor dignitary's discomfiture.

"There is no woman like you," he says.

"Well, see here,—there's nothing false here," replied Frasquita, rolling up the sleeve of her bodice, and displaying to the Corregidor the rest of her arm, whiter than a lily and a fit model for a sculptor.

The Corregidor attempted to seize the bare arm which Frasquita was actually thrusting into his eyes; but she, without losing her self-possession in the least extended her hand, just touched the Corregidor's chest, and threw him sprawling on the ground, chair and all.

"*Ave Maria Purissima!*" exclaimed Frasquita, laughing until she could laugh no longer. "It seems that chair must have been broken."

'Why, what's the matter with the Corregidor? Is he injured?" cries Uncle Luke, Frasquita's husband, as he slides down from the tree where his mirth-loving wife had hidden him, and helps the frightened Corregidor to get up.

Juan Valéra is best known out of Spain by his novel, "Pepita Jimenez," the theme of which is the conflict between the earthly and the mystic love of a young man. Don Luis is a theologue who becomes enamored of a lively village señorita. Such an accident is quite alarming to the conscientious young fellow, who has always looked forward to a life of sacerdotal celibacy. For susceptible Don Luis, the result is not long doubtful. The mystic dreams and the aspirations toward martyrdom, which with him were never rooted in very deep earth, wither quickly away; and the novel closes with a picture of a young husband happy in the possession of Pepita and a thriving group of children.

"Pepita Jimenez" is brilliantly and originally written, and deserves its world-wide popularity, but, on account of its defects in construction, is far from being a model for writers. The transitions are seldom gradual enough, and the real end of the book comes before the pen is laid down. A writer of Valéra's power might easily have gotten rid of these failings. Yet we have to remember that Valéra is distinguished in Spain perhaps even more as a critic than as a novelist.

"Pequeñeces," a satire by El P. Luis Coloma, a Jesuit, has also met with enormous sales, and has been parodied, although the parody has not had the success of the original. The author of "Pequeñeces" is a fair describer of religious experiences, and evidently understands the principal types of human nature, being well adapted thus far to the writing of a novel. To an exact observation he adds a method cold and analytic as that of a man of science in his laboratory. His characters are neatly and precisely drawn—they are, as it were, etched upon his pages. Currita, the leading one, is seen clearly to be an ambitious, heartless woman, without a single trace of benevolence or conscientiousness. This fact is a key to Father Coloma's style, and to the

degree of his insight. It is human nature in its angles that we see in "Pequeñeces," rather than character as a vital whole. No woman was ever so wholly bad, we all believe; and we seem sometimes in reading "Pequeñeces," to be listening, not to actual life, but to the tales of a confessional. "Pequeñeces" has also artistic defects. The author is apt to be a partisan in such religious objects as the extension and justification of Jesuitism—a bias hardly helpful to a



PEREZ GALDÓS.

novelist, whether his readers be Catholic or Protestant.

According to the author, the work is intended primarily as a sermon; but one is apt to imagine that very few readers peruse it to receive instruction. As to the truth of the facts, competent critics say that Father Coloma knows pretty well the high Madrid society he denounces. Still, if his view be true, few can admit it as the only one possible; he allows only shadows to appear, but no light.

Emilia Pardo-Bazán, an author of international reputation as a critic of society and of literature, excels as a novelist in pictures of middle-class life. Her stories abound in original touches and homely descriptions. A specimen of her individuality is the portrait of the old gentleman, Don Gaspar, in "Morriña."

With exquisite taste and consummate art, the centenarian had caused his wig to be made of hair white as snow, and the coronet of light, white curls which encircled his ivory brow was like a majestic aureole, very different from the thick patch of hair with which would-be young old men persist in striving to repair the irreparable damages of time.

Rogelio, the young fellow full of comical exuberance, only son of a petting mother, is a figure that seems as familiar in our acquaintance as it is uncommon in fiction.

He loved to torment the Galicians (stable keepers) his compatriots, whom he was never tired of teasing. He would say:

"I, too, swift charioteer, am a Galician*—a Galician of the Galicians."

To which they would answer, "What a droll *señorito*."

Whenever he went to engage a carriage for his mother, the moment they caught sight of him, if he were a block away, they would laugh and wink at one another. And he would appear upon the scene, addressing them somewhat in this fashion:

"Winged Automedon, touch your fiery courser with the whip, that he may fly to my enchanted palace. Already the generous steed, impatient, champs the golden bit. Behold him flecked with snowy foam. But what were you thinking of that you did not perceive my approach?"

"I was reading 'La Correspondencia,' *señorito*."

"What name have thy sacrilegious lips pronounced? By the tail of Satan! A revolutionary, an anarchistic, a nihilistic sheet! Quick! Cast away that venom before thou comest near the honorable dwelling of peaceful citizens. Hasten, run, fly, coachman! Hurrah, Cossack of the desert! On drunkard, demagogue!"

And the more extravagant the absurdities he strung together, the more delighted were the drivers.

Perez Galdós, until very lately the foremost Spanish novelist, is one of the few idealists of his time; though even he, a few years ago, turned to realism. He is also one of the few writers who have lately shown themselves capable of dealing in a sustained manner with tragic subjects. In

*A cant, satirical word, almost equivalent to rustic, sometimes. The natives of Galicia are considered stupid by the Spanish society of the cities.



JUAN VALÉRA.

Galdós' world of imagination we see usually a terrible conflict, ending in death or moral shipwreck, often both.

Some of his books, however, such as "Marianela," are full of spiritual beauty shining out through the sombre clouds of actuality. The rich, blind boy says to the poor, ugly girl who leads him about:

"Yes, you are the most perfect beauty imaginable. How could it be possible that your goodness and innocence, your freshness and grace, your imagination, your sweet and lovely soul, which have all combined to enliven and comfort my dark and melancholy life—how, I say, could it be possible that they should not be embodied in a person as lovely? "Nela, Nela," and his voice trembled with anxiety, "are you not very beautiful—very pretty?"

At the end is the appropriate epitaph:

MARIA MANUELA TELLEZ.
RECALLED TO HEAVEN.
OCTOBER THE 12TH, 186–.

Galdós' insight and sense of reality are exhibited still more vividly when his works deal with problems of society or of religion. In "Doña Perfecta," he exemplifies the conflict between science and religion, not abstractly, but as a fierce struggle between two persons for the possession of a third. Doña Perfecta is a most narrow religious bigot, who desires to part her daughter, Rosario, from her accepted lover, Pepe Rey, a thoroughly skeptical man of science. The intrigue is very intricate, and in the end becomes as fatal to the principal parties as the old Spanish drama of the "Cloak and the Sword."

In "Gloria," also, Galdós takes as his subject the battle in Spain between the church and the advance of scientific ideas. There is in "Gloria" exceeding interest, as the drama takes place in the mind of an innocent and passionate girl of sixteen. Mentally Gloria is not a girl—she is a woman by the southern maturity of her intellect and feelings; and while she retains a childish impulsiveness, she delights in attempts to settle in her own peculiar way the disputes of the age. You have, then, a young creature—bright, sincere, susceptible, intellectual—what more interesting heroine could be imagined? Gloria, however, is not perfect, even to Galdós; and though she is housekeeper, we are not surprised to hear her father call-



EMILIA PARDO BAZÁN.

ing, "Gloria, Gloria, my child, are we to have no dinner to-day?"

But Galdós has not the vogue in Spain which he had once. This change is due partly to his general gloominess of tone, but principally to the

presence in him of artistic defects. Galdós is apt to run to types; his figures have not the variety which living, breathing beings have. He also tends to monotony in passing from one character to another. Pepe Rey in "Doña Perfecta," and Daniel Morton in "Gloria" believe too nearly the same tenets. His women, also—Gloria, Rosario, Doña Perfecta—are all morally weak. Another defect is, that Galdós holds a brief for science against religion; and a novelist, to be permanently successful, never can be such a partisan.

In all these particulars, Galdós is inferior to the other chief light of contemporary Spanish literature, Don Armando Palacio Valdés, who has a greater popularity not only among his countrymen, but abroad as well. And Valdés is worth reading, not only for his humor and his bright bits of description, but because he is evidently a man of character. On the artistic side, to be sure, he is easily open to criticism. He frequently tries to do too much; to push his natural powers too far and attempt to describe the indescribable, as well as (what is a more serious fault) to make too many episodes prominent at the cost of weakening his central theme. Examples of this last defect are found in his novels, "Maximina" and "L'Espuma;" he has happily escaped from it in "La Hermana San Sulpicio." But in any of his stories, from either the moral or the intellectual point of view, Valdés may well be read by anybody.

In the preface to "Sister San Sulpice," Valdés gives a frank account of his literary methods, that is interesting both to the writer and to the reader. His preliminary announcement is: "What I am about to say is not *the* truth—it is *my* truth." He then discusses from his point of view the comparative merits of romanticism and realism, and nowhere, perhaps, have they been more clearly and fairly stated. "It has seemed to me," he says, "that realism is not superior to the romantic or to the classic art; nor is it inferior. These have been the perfect expression of the ideas dominant in their epoch, as realism is in ours."

Valdés, however, is careful to define his notion of realism as being distinct from that of the naturalistic school. "There are," he continues, "a number of shades of love which are not criminal, and which are easily capable of being made interesting. The chief element of the novel is the character-drawing, and in proportion as this is lofty and complete, the greater gifts and the greater vigor are required of the artist to give life to his work. What constitutes the novelist as such, is the knowledge and at the same time the sense of human passions; or, what is the same thing, the soul of the novelist, like that of the dramatic author, must contain all chords. External customs and the nature of a country constitute for the novelist only the background of his painting. As to effectivism, it deserves severe censure," and Valdés has had the honesty and the courage to condemn it publicly when he finds it in his own writings.

His reverence for his gift of humor is of the same high order. "I would sooner break my pen in pieces," he exclaims passionately, "than knowingly make sport of the good, the sacred or the beautiful." And Valdés finds in the idea of the beautiful wherever it exists, a legitimate model for his imitation. "We should not copy the language of the classic writers; what we should imitate is the beautiful and perfect accord which exists in all great writings between thought and expression."

"Scum," like Coloma's "Pequeñeces," is a satire on the upper crust of Madrid society. A good illustration of Valdés' power in exposing dishonesty is found in the character of the Duke of Requeña, a not altogether pleasing example, even to his friends, of the successful and wealthy man of business.

For a few moments the only words to be heard in the room were "Señor Duque, Señor Duque, O Señor Duque!"

Hardly replying to the greetings and smiles, he only muttered rudely, "Poof, a perfect furnace!" and added a Valencian expletive more vehement than choice.

At the same time he unbuttoned his overcoat. Twenty hands were laid on it to help to take it off.

A conversation on matters of business soon takes place between the Duke and another broker.

"I have a heap of Londrès," said Calderon. "Do you want them? I will let you have them cheap."

"No, I don't want them at present. What do you ask for them?"

"Forty-seven."

"Are there many of them?"

"Eight thousand pounds in all."

"Well, I don't really want them, but it is a good bargain. Good-bye."

He went to the bank, assisted at the meeting, and went out with his friend, Moreton, another of the great Madrid bankers. On reaching the Puerta del Sol, they shook hands to part,

"Which way are you going?" said Salabert.

"I am going to Calderon's office to see if he happens to be able to help me to some Londrès."

"Quite useless," said the other promptly, "I have just bought up all he had."

"That is unlucky. What did you give for them?"

"Forty-seven, ten."

"Not very cheap. But I need them badly, so I should have taken them."

"Do you really need them?" said Salabert, putting his arm on the other's shoulders.

"I do, indeed."

"Then I will be your—"

"My dear fellow, I cannot allow it. You want them yourself."

"Not so much as you do; and even if I did, you know my friendship for you."

They shook hands once more, Moreton pouring out a flood of grateful thanks.

The Duke instantly got into a coach.

"Drive to Calle de San Felipe Neri!"—

"Julian, Julian," he shouted, before opening the door into Calderon's office, "I have come to do you a service. You are in luck, you wretch. Send me home those Londrès."

"Ha! ha! so you really want them?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, yes. I always want the thing you want to get rid of. Good-bye."

And the banker went away with as much satisfaction after committing this piece of rascality, after cheating his friend of so many *pesetas*, as the righteous man does after doing a deed of justice or charity.

"Sister San Sulpice," one of Valdés' strongest stories, is written in the form of an autobiography; and a good many details, as well as the general atmosphere, indicate that the material was drawn from the author's own personal experience. The hero, Sanjurjo, is by calling a lyric poet, char-



ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

acterized by the emotion of the poetic spirit, and apt to take himself pretty seriously; but possessed also of the abundant energy of the man of sense.

The story opens at Marmelejo, a town of Moorish aspect, famous for its mineral waters. Here Sanjurjo meets two people who play a prominent part in the rest of the romance; for such the story has good claims to be called. One is Daniel Suarez, a vulgar fellow, with the assurance and the rudeness of his tribe. The other is the heroine —a girl running over with mirth, and inclined to be a little wild. Among the rest of her inconsistencies, she has tried to harmonize her animal spirits with the dress and the habits of a nun. Of course, the results are laughable in the extreme. Sanjurjo gets his introduction to her at one of the springs, where he happens to tumble in, much to the delight and merriment of the sister. Their acquaintance continues, with rapid love-making on the part of Sanjurjo, and considerable jesting from Sister San Sulpice, who asks him

if he isn't aware that it is a sin to flatter a nun. Becoming bolder he at length inquires :

"What is your true name?"
"Heavens! my true name! then have I a false one?"

Finally through Suarez he learns that her name is Gloria, and that she is heiress to a couple of millions. This fact is not without influence on Sanjurjo; for as he afterwards owns, although he tells Gloria that her money gives her no additional attraction, he naively admits that he did not tell quite the truth. When she leaves the watering-place, he, like a true Spaniard, follows her to Seville, trying all the reckless devices for communicating with her that enter his head. At first his bold visit to the head of the convent is met with reverses, and meanwhile, as he is making friends and strengthening his position, there are a great many minor affairs of interest.

Valdés' description of Seville, with its majestic river, its towers on the hills, and the fields and orange groves around it, has obtained enthusiastic admiration from Valdés' foreign critics. Another well-drawn picture is the cigar factory of Seville with the squabble of the *cigarreras*. Very amusing again is the summing up of Joaquinita.

Woman's desire to be married has three stages: from fifteen to twenty the little appetite; from twenty to twenty-five the greater appetite; and from twenty-five to thirty the huge appetite. Joaquinita was already well along in the third stage.

At last, Sanjurjo moves the "powers that be," and gets his beloved out of the convent. We next see him before her house, making love through the grating of the window at eleven in the evening, or occasionally staying at the same place two or three hours later. Reverses and slights occur now and then; but the most threatening is made way with by a reconciliation in a trip down the river planned by a cousin of Gloria's. At length the girl's scheming mother concludes that the penniless young man has gone far enough; and Gloria is actually being carried off, when Sanjurjo, having been warned, raises an outcry in genuine romantic style, and a policeman and a judge are dragged in before Gloria is finally rescued. On this the obstinate relatives yield, and Sanjurjo and Gloria's mother have their business talk, in which the financial arrangements for the transfer of Gloria's wealth are concluded. The novel ends with a visit to Sister Sulpice's former convent. When the nuns express their doubt of Sister Sulpice being married, Gloria at once throws her arms impulsively about her husband's neck and kisses him heartily, before the eyes of the discomfited sisters, who fly with frightened squeals in all directions.

On the whole, the method of character development in "Sister San Sulpice" is at once individual and admirable. The best as well as the best-natured characters, Sanjurjo and Gloria, appear less pleasing at first; while those that are inferior, Joaquinita and the Countess of Padul, attract on their first appearance, but the reader, like Sanjurjo, soon tires of them.

The outlook for the future of Spanish literature, particularly the novel, seems good. The attempts of twenty-five years ago, not always successful from the point of view of sincerity, even when made by professional novelists, have been followed by such an advance towards perfection, that good novels are now written by writers, primarily critics, such as Valéra and Bazán; and steady advance in conception and in results has been made by those who occupy themselves chiefly, as Valdés does, with the writing of novels. For Americans who either love a good story for itself or have ambition to enrich our own literature on the side of the novel, there is and apparently will be for some time to come a great deal in contemporary Spain worthy of their attention. It was the opinion of the late Walt Whit-

man that as there is a Spanish element in our nationality, there should be a Spanish influence upon our literature. As a matter of history, Spain has always been a favorite field for American poets and scholars. Longfellow, Lowell, Ticknor, Prescott, and recently Howells as a critic have enlightened their own countrymen or awakened the gratitude of Spanish hearts by their interest in Spanish literature and Spanish history. For the Spanish nature, misrepresented as unfortunately it has often been by those who know it only at second hand, or through religious or race prejudices, is as beautiful and attractive as its tales, not only long ago, but still to-day, are romantic, and its novelists full of all that is humane and sincere.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY DANIEL MORGAN.

THERE had been a faculty meeting, and after the discussion as to various matters pertaining to the advancement of the interests of the college, a few of the hoary-headed professors remained for social confab. Among them was a man not more than forty years of age whose ethereal features wore a strange look of melancholy. He was a favorite among his older companions, and in fact his sweet, kindly nature won all who knew him.

The professors sat chatting and prodding each other with personal jokes and incidents of a busy practitioner's life, when one of them said, "I'll venture none of you ever had a more interesting experience in the daily rounds of practice than I have had lately, and since the lady concerned will never be known to you, I am disposed to tell it."

"We're always ready to hear anything interesting," replied one of his friends.

Then the doctor commenced his story, and was allowed to proceed without interruption.

"I met her first in the sick room of a patient—a woman who was advanced in years and suffering from feeble heart action. Upon entering the room on this occasion, I hurried at once to the bedside, and saw at a glance that the invalid's life hung by a slender thread. She was partially conscious, but very pale and exhausted. Standing beside her was a woman whose face was full of strength and intelligence, and who interested me at once. Her fingers were gently pressing the feeble pulse, and the look with which she greeted me was expressive of the greatest relief and thankfulness. She had evidently been subjected to a severe mental strain.

"'Doctor,' she said, quietly, 'I have given this woman small doses of brandy diluted with water, at regular intervals. I found her pulse sinking rapidly, and I knew life would not linger much longer without artificial aid. The family being strongly antagonistic to liquor opposed my use of brandy, but I have pursued my own course despite their opposition, and you can judge of my present state of mind.'

"'Madam,' I said, 'you are to be commended both for your bravery and knowledge. Had you not followed the course you did, doubtless these people would be mourners at this moment.'

"'Tell them so,' she replied calmly. Then she left the room. As she did so, I cast a furtive look toward her. In the contour of her face, and in every movement there

were evidences of will power, pride and courage, coupled with strong womanly tendencies.

"After she left I asked a member of the family who she was. 'O, she's a neighbor,' was the reply. 'Everyone around here sends for her in times of illness or trouble. We know little about her except that she is good and generous. She moved here some time ago, lives well and very quietly. All she seems to care for is to go where she is needed. I hope she has done no harm, doctor?'

"'On the contrary, she has done what is best for the patient under the circumstances. Whoever she is, she knows what she is doing, and you owe your mother's life to her knowledge and determination.'

"The danger past, delight gave place to former doubt, and the invalid's family detailed many acts of unsought kindness on the part of the mysterious neighbor, which awakened in me a degree of interest of which I had hardly believed myself capable. Here was a woman, not yet thirty, perhaps, young and vigorous, living apart from the world of pleasure, and only associating with the afflicted.

"Busy days and nights lessened my interest in this strange individual, until I received another call to the same neighborhood, feeling intuitively that I should meet her again.

"I found my patient in the midst of extreme poverty, all the surroundings indicating the final breakdown of an overwrought system against the tide of distress, overwork, poor food, and despair. *She* was there. Like the angel of charity, she was hovering over this forlorn woman, and I saw her in her true light, all the hard lines softened to the tender touch of pity. With gentle hand the moaning sufferer was tended, and words of truest courage fell from those lips, before so gravely silent. She said but little, but that little carried with it solace, comfort and helpful conviction that all would yet end well. Her face was the mirror of her soul, and the sweet calm which she shed about her augured well for the patient. And gentlemen, to this day I feel myself humbled when I recall how her pure, disinterested love for that poor woman forced me to look within myself, only to find a nature cold and unresponsive. I came out of the sick room reborn, a man who knew his own failings and had resolved to overcome them in the future.

"When about to leave the patient, whom we had eased and quieted, I said, 'I will return to-morrow. Will you be here?' 'I shall be here,' she replied.

"As she spoke she pushed back from her forehead the folds of thick auburn hair, which had fallen while she was attending the sick, and I noticed on her finger an immense diamond ring, elegantly mounted. Somehow there seemed to flash from the light of that stone, the conviction that that ring held the connecting link of her past. The whole demeanor of the woman, her charms, her personality, all bespoke power and energy, and whatever that past had been, there now remained little doubt in my mind that she had passed through a fierce heart struggle, the crisis of which had been of no mediocrity.

"I returned the next day to find matters progressing so well that I was not needed, and said as much to the object of my curiosity and interest. She looked up, and with but slight hesitancy replied, 'Doctor, you will be doing me a favor by sending for me in urgent cases where women are poor and needy. You seem humane in your tendencies, and I therefore do not hesitate in asking you to help me in my work for these poor neglected creatures.'

"My heart filled with gratitude at once. I knew now that her main object in life was to alleviate the sorrows of her own sex, and that she was freely giving what woman so much needs, the love and pity of a woman's heart. Her offer afforded me what I had so often felt the want of in my practice—

effective aid in the sick room. You all know how powerless is our science when crippled by poor, unintelligent nurses. Medicine becomes a mere force and loses half of its virtue, when not assisted by the human heart and clear head of some one in charge of the patient. In this woman's help I had all that I needed. Where she had gained the knowledge I knew not.

"She proved invaluable to me in the various cases to which I called her, and showed such intimate knowledge of drugs, of symptoms and prognosis, that I depended largely upon

[redacted]

I can trust you, and I *must* speak
me one, for it is not possible to go
ving this life of eternal warfare
out the aid and sympathy of some
able to comprehend and help

Before I permitted her to pro-
I assured myself by examination,
organic trouble. As I suspected,
long pent-up grief had wrought
damage, and lessened the heart's
n. Feeling no compunction now
ceiving her story, I realized that
elief of sharing her trial was the
y valve her heart needed, and I
my ear to the history of this
c woman. The story she told me
out as follows :

I am a widow. My husband
one calculated to harden the heart
ny woman. His selfish nature
no interest but his own, and all
impulsiveness of my young life
crushed and broken under the

master who defied the law of progress.'

"She waited here a moment, and after a brief rest continued, 'Death was kind to me. It relieved me of my chains, but so cramped and stultified had my nature become, that I sank for a time into a state of inertia; all the flow of thought that heretofore had urged for utterance, all the fine fancies of a brain's conception, wasted! I viewed myself as one who had been wrecked early in life's journey, and I gazed out upon the future as an immensity of space in which I had no power. Days came and went without interest to me, with no awakening, no intimation of the past, so rich in thought, great in desire, and teeming with a sense of the beautiful, the good, and the pure. All that was dead in me—swallowed up in that giant force whose name is selfishness. Life went on in this desolate, wasteful way, until I met one whose coming melted away the barrier which held my soul enthralled, and my whole nature leaped forth, softened and brightened into the broad day of conscious power and happiness. He came to live in our neighborhood, and at the first meeting there flashed forth mutual comprehension.

"'He had broad views of life, was studious, not at all poetical, but his heart was of that responsive nature that wins one instinctively. His life was a round of goodness toward the poor and afflicted; he was lenient in his opinions, strong, magnanimous, and seemed to me a very king. He taught me how to live, and what life meant when lived for others. It was a rare and noble lesson. I supplied myself with medical books and eagerly devoured them, the more readily to combat the foes of health and make myself more valuable as his assistant Little did I dream how *my* work would eventually drift out alone!

"'His stern morality and self-sacrifice, all tended towards the development of the heroic in me. I saw no task too great, no trial too hard, if only I could lift the burdens I daily saw about me. I felt myself grow strong and brave under the guidance of a hand so trained to smooth the roughened road of life's toilers. Under the softening influence of deeds of mercy, was it strange that my better self turned toward that man as my salvation—my deliverer from the waste to which my life seemed tending? I had no thought of love. My heart had been so beaten back by my previous life, that I now believed myself incapable of loving. I told myself it was but the rarest, most beautiful of friendships. I reasoned no more seriously than that admiration held me in close bonds with this man, the personification of all my own heart recognized as truth; and in this blind way I drifted toward what proved to be at once the most beautiful and the most painful epoch of my life.

"'One day I wandered down a deep valley into a nook hidden by willows, whose shadows of fresh young green worked marvelous patterns on the smooth surface of a shining pool below. A wooden bridge crossed the pool, and seats were provided for loiterers like myself to sit and dream.

"'Imbued with the full charm of nature in her natal garb, soothed by the hum of insects, the whole urging of life about me stirred within, and my heart was flooded with the joy of living. In that hour my soul leaped forth, dominating all my senses. Time seemed naught; I was conscious only of a feeling of delight unspeakable, a joy unknown before, and in my higher self alone, could I find expression of this greater happiness pouring into my awakening sense. Then I lived the grandest moment of my life when I stood with receptive soul, reaching out and drinking in the very essence of the divine, the God in nature. Then I knew the real ego. The soul comprehended itself—knew that *it was*! Unconsciously my body swayed with the rhythmic motion of the melody about me, as nature sang her songs and wafted on the breath of

spring the delight of her new life. With it had also come my new life! Overcome with the emotions which the quickening touch of nature had called forth, I leaned back turning my face upward, conscious that from some height alone could emanate the deep joys which now were mine. The leaves whispered softly of a word so long forgotten. I heard again repeated in a strange melody, the sweet message that 'love was life!' and I felt it trembling in my heart throbs, and knew that it had come. Entranced and dreaming I suddenly became conscious of the approach of some one, and starting up, my eyes met sight of *him*, whom at that divine moment seemed master of all. In a state of timidity I could not account for, I was about to fly, but 'twas now too late. He had seen me, and the warm glow which overspread his face, told me only too plainly that he too had drank of the same cup nature had so bountifully prepared, and in his soul I read the reflection of my own. Tremblingly I took his hand, and moving aside to proffer room for him, looked away, shy and confused. I felt as if he had surprised me in some weakness which I fain would hide.

"'Raising his hat as if in homage to some divinity, he said, 'This is glorious!' I could not answer. Indeed it seemed I need not. The very air was freighted with more than I had words to tell. We remained silent then, in a communion known only to those whose souls are in accord, and to whom at such an hour, speech seems sacrilege. In those moments I lived years. My imagination played about in endless fancies, the sweetest joys absorbed my being, and I lived in that hour—O, God! how deeply!

"'At last turning toward me and in softest speech he said, 'Alethia, have you ever dreamed of an hour like this? Have you ever drunk so full a draught of sweet contentment?'

"'I was silent. The wild beating of my heart told me that now was the supreme moment—love was crowning all with completion. 'You are silent,' he said, 'are you not happy?' Tears were my only answer.

"'Tears, Alethia?' he gently exclaimed. Still they coursed down my face. I had no voice. He wiped them from my eyes, and took my hand with a look that read my every thought and was full of wondrous love.

"'This was but the beginning of a new happiness.

"'We were to be married soon, but some important matters necessitated an indefinite postponement. We were content to wait. Time was of no consequence. When I knew that what I most valued, his love and intellectual life, were already mine, I could wait for further consummation. But some angry fate seems ever to pursue those who know this perfect love. From me it was torn in an hour, and I defy death to produce one horror to equal mine.

"'Circumstances had thrown upon his hands some near relatives. They feared the marriage would deprive them of some measure of financial support, and to avert this calamity they resorted to slander. One weakness marked his character—that of perfect trust in these women, and a momentary doubt of me stung my pride. Then desperate and wild with the sense of injustice, I did not stop to reason, but fled without a word. The reaction was too great. I fled from the sight of all my glorious past into a cold and uncongenial world where I might still my aching heart by caring for others.

"'Months passed ere I mastered myself, but once again I felt renewed in me the longing for the old life, and I went forth tendering my help to the stricken, smoothing out the rough places for those whose path lay along the stony way my own feet had so lately trodden.

"'I often recall his acts of generous devotion—his pure simplicity; and urged on by the memory of his goodness, I consecrate each day anew to

some deed of charity done in the name of Him who loved so truly all his fellows. We were both to blame, that I knew. But perhaps 'tis best to suffer.'

"She had really talked more than my better judgment should have allowed, but somehow I could not interrupt her. 'Poor girl!' I murmured at last, laying my hand upon her head. She looked up at me with quiet, grateful eyes. Then she said with a smile, 'But I am braver now. I shall take up life refreshed and strengthened by your sympathy.'

"'Is there no hope of a reunion?' I asked presently.

"'None,' she replied.

"After this she had another attack. She fought it bravely, but the disease made serious inroads upon her system and each day I saw with deepened regret the fatal signs of ——"

At this juncture there was a commotion among the faculty and Dr. Montgomery rose suddenly to his feet. His face was pallid, and grasping the back of his chair, he exclaimed, "Professor, I am ill. This room is stifling. May I see you a moment alone?"

The Professor assented and the two left the room together.

"Tell me," gasped Dr. Montgomery when they were alone, "is she dead?"

"Who?" asked the Professor, for the moment not thinking of associating the attack with the story. "Alethia? Oh no. But—but you—what can it matter to you?"

"Then she is still living? Thank God! And she loves me—loves me—ingrate that I am!"

Overcome with emotion the young physician burst into sobs, while a sudden flash of recognition spread over the Professor's face.

"Then it was you she loved?"

"Yes, yes, but—"

"Softly, my young friend," interrupted the Professor. "She is neither dead nor insane, but very weak, and I have sent her out of town to recuperate. She *did* contemplate a trip abroad. But I rather fancy," added the old doctor, slyly, "that she may be induced to abandon the idea."

LIFE-SAVERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY GERALD MATTHEWS.

DURING the expansion of commerce and maritime enterprise, and the slow development of naval architecture since the time when Noah — who probably never saw the sea — constructed far inland his three-storied house-boat, there never yet has been a period, even in the most flourishing days of the greatest commercial nations of the past, when so many ships plied to and from on ocean highways.

The Phœnicians might visit the Kassiterides, the ships of Tharshish might sail to the land of Ophir in quest of gold for King Solomon; the fleets of Carthage may have anchored in ports of the mysterious Atlantis; and Rome with her triremes and war-galleys may have swept piratical craft from the Mediterranean and sent her fleets of merchantmen to every known port; but it is not asserting too much to express the conviction that the aggregate total of ships possessed by all the ancient maritime nations put together, and counted at the most flourishing epochs of their respective existences, was very far short of the number of sea-traversing vessels of to-day.

In spite of the cautiousness and

skill of the ancients, shipwreck was of frequent occurrence, as the experience of Jonah, Mardonius and St. Paul demonstrate, and with the increase in the number of ships a corresponding increase of maritime disasters naturally occurred. Nevertheless, the number of such calamities as take place now-a-days bears a less proportion to that of the vessels than the rates prevailing in former times. This is due to the improved structure and better sea-going qualities of modern ships, to the employment of steam as a propelling power, and to the elaborate establishment of lighthouses at dangerous points on seacoasts. Still more satisfactory is the decreasing ratio with regard to loss of life by shipwreck, a result obtained by the institution in all civilized countries of the lifeboat service.

For the invention of the lifeboat the sea-faring world is indebted to a London coachbuilder named Lionel Lukin, who, in 1785, fitted up a Norway yawl as such, patented it, and described it in a pamphlet entitled "The Insubmergible Boat." Although encouraged by the Prince of Wales, he met with little success. The indifference of the English public in regard to disasters at sea was so complete, that Lukin's humane plan received no attention, and he died neglected. In 1789, the *Adventure* was stranded near South Shields, at the mouth of the Tyne, England, and one by one the crew was seen to drop from the rigging into the raging breakers by thousands of spectators, who were unable to render the least assistance, as no boat could possibly be launched. This dreadful scene roused the people of South Shields, at any rate, from their nightmare of apathy; a committee was formed, and a premium offered for the best model of a lifeboat. Henry Greathead, a boat builder of that port, was the successful competitor, and in the same year above mentioned constructed a lifeboat which did good service. The Duke of Northumberland interested himself in this life-saving invention. By 1803 thirty-one lifeboats had been built by Greathead—eighteen for England, five for Scotland, and eight for foreign countries, and he himself had been rewarded by the gift of £1,200 voted for him by Parliament.

Nevertheless, it was not until 1823 that the interest of the public was properly aroused. In that year a stirring appeal in the lifeboat cause was made by Sir William Hillary, Bart., who, while dwelling in the Isle of Man, had witnessed the horrors of shipwreck so frequently that he determined to devote himself to the establishment of a life-saving institution. His enthusiasm and energy met with success, and, aided by Mr. Thomas Wilson and Mr. George Hilbert, both members of Parliament, he succeeded in founding the "Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck."

After much fluctuating success and periods of neglect, and some severe disasters to lifeboats and their crews, the institution stands to-day, under the name of the "Royal National Lifeboat Institution," the grandest of England's charitable societies. It is at once a reproach to the British government, and a glorious honor to the British nation. It might be supposed that the rulers of a country, at whose ports the arrivals and departures of vessels average annually 600,000, and on whose 5,000 miles of dangerous coast 2,000 wrecks occur every year, would make an appropriation for the maintenance of so philanthropic a service. Such is not the case. It was benevolent humanity that organized the institution, and it is private benevolence that supports it. From the date of its formation to the year 1881 inclusive, the lifeboat institution of England was the means of saving 28,724 lives. In round numbers the annual average number of lives saved is 900.

In the construction of a lifeboat, two qualities must be given to it which makes it distinct from every

other kind of vessel, and these are the power to right itself if capsized, and the capability of immediate self-discharge when filled with water. It must, moreover, possess in an unusually high degree all the important qualities which belong to ordinary boats; namely, buoyancy, stability and strength. In addition to these requisites, which ensure its being able to live in seas where other boats would perish, it must have storage room for a large number of people; be capable of being driven with speed against a heavy sea, and admit of being easily launched. By the improvements that have been made from time to time since the date of Luken's invention, the lifeboat of the present day is probably as near perfection as possible.

Lukin's primitive lifeboat was wanting in two most important qualities; the self-righting and self-emptying principles, though he obtained for it buoyancy and stability, the former by means of projecting cork gunwales and inside air-chambers, at the bow and stern, and the latter by a false iron keel. In the lifeboat of to-day the buoyancy is secured by a water-tight floor air-case in board round the sides, and two large elevated air-chambers, one in the bow and one in the stern. To these two air-chambers, together with the gravitating action of a heavy iron keel and ballast, is due the self-righting power; while the stability, or resistance to upsetting, is chiefly obtained by means of ballast, the amount being carefully calculated.

The self-righting and self-emptying boat was adopted by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution in 1851. The president of the Institution had offered a prize of 100 guineas for the best model of a lifeboat, and with an additional 100 guineas to defray the expenses of building a boat on the model chosen. Two hundred and eighty models were sent in from the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Holland, and the United States. Mr. James Beeching, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, England, gained the prize.

The self-emptying quality is of vital importance. Previous to its application the lifeboat was frequently rendered temporarily useless by being filled by a heavy sea breaking over it. It could only be restored to usefulness after loss of much time occupied in the tedious process of bailing. The principle now applied is such that when a billow overwhelms a boat and fills it, the water in one-half minute has been discharged. The floor of the lifeboat is so placed that its surface is two or three inches above the level of the sea when the boat is loaded. In this floor are six holes, six inches in diameter, into which metal tubes are inserted, passing through the bottom of the boat. These tubes are provided with valves opening downward, preventing the water from spouting in from below, but allowing it to run out.

A lifeboat must possess a strength of fabric that will enable it to withstand treatment that would destroy ordinary boats. In its construction the best material is used, and it is made up of two distinct sets of planking, which have a layer of prepared canvass between them, combining thus great strength and elasticity. With regard to facility of launching and taking the shore, this requirement is met by an adjunct, the transporting carriage. This contrivance, with its accessories of blocks and tackle, admits of its being conveyed over any kind of road and along beaches, and of its being launched, ready manned, through a raging surf.

In face of the prospective greatness of the United States as a maritime nation, and with a knowledge of the dangerous character of our seaboard and lake shores, which together are over 10,000 miles in extent, the government at Washington long displayed a lamentable and culpable neglect in regard to taking ordinary measures for the prevention of loss of life at sea. In 1820 it maintained only fifty-

five lighthouses, while no portion of the coast had been surveyed, commanders and masters of vessels having chiefly to depend upon the charts and sailing directions of foreign nations used in navigating our waters. Nor was any survey made until 1832, in which year the United States Coast Survey was organized and began its accurate and comprehensive work. By 1837 the number of lighthouses had been increased to 208, yet little or nothing more was done for the next five and thirty years to diminish the perils of shipwreck. It is true that in December of that year an act was passed authorizing the President "to cause any suitable number of public vessels adapted to the purpose to cruise upon the coast in the severe portion of the season, to afford such aid to distressed navigators as their circumstances and necessities may require," and that revenue cutters were employed in that duty; but it was not until 1848 that the government gave any attention to rendering aid to stranded vessels by the establishment of life-saving stations along the coast. Honor be to the Hon. William A. Newell, whose humanity urged him to make an eloquent appeal to the House of Representatives in behalf of sea-faring people. He depicted all the horrors of shipwreck on the New Jersey Coast, scenes which he had witnessed himself; described the life-saving capabilities of the surf-boat, the mortar, and line rockets; and so solemnly pointed out the necessity of putting the plan in practice, that in August, 1848, an appropriation of $10,000 was made "for providing surf-boats, rockets, carronades and other necessary apparatus, for the better preservation of life and property from shipwrecks on the coast of New Jersey, lying between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor."

Captain Douglas Ottinger, the inventor of the life-car, was charged with the superintendence and management of the service, and light stations were established within the limits prescribed. Nevertheless, little progress was made; and the inefficiency of the service in 1853–54 was notorious, being signalized by disasters attended with frightful loss of life. Efforts were then made, but with small success, to improve the service. The records of the Department at the time show that the Government had furnished the coast of the United States with eighty-two lifeboats, in the distribution of which one had been supplied to the Pacific coast. This is the first intimation of lifeboat service on our coast.

The defective and badly organized condition of the stations continued until 1871, when several fatal disasters having occurred within their limits, the attention of the Department was attracted to the carelessness on the part of the employees in the service with regard to their duties, and to the inefficiency of the boats and apparatus. It was evident that a large outlay of money would be necessary, in order to make the service properly efficient; and for the first time Congress, on these facts being represented to it, made an appropriation adequate to the importance and necessity of the service. In April, 1871, $200,000 were appropriated, and the present effective system was organized. New stations were built; old boats and equipments were renewed and additional ones furnished; the patrol system between stations was introduced; incapable officers were removed and efficient men were substituted in their places; selected crews were employed, and a series of instructions setting forth the duties of officers and men was promulgated.

From this time the success of the institution has been so marked that, whereas previous to 1871 no other branch of the public service was held in so little esteem, ten years later the reduction in mortality by coast disaster and the heroism displayed in the face of death by members of the Life-Saving Service have won for it justly merited praise and regard. During that period the loss of life from coast

shipwreck had been reduced nearly seventy-five per centum.

It is not claimed that the saving of life was entirely the work of the Life-Saving Service, but it is referable in a great measure to its operations, and the noble example set by the courageous spirits employed therein. Due credit must be given to those volunteer efforts of individuals whose depth of humanity renders them incapable of taking into consideration the risk of their own lives, when those of others may be saved. Their broad, philanthropic sense of duty impels them fearlessly with all kinds of peril. Nor must humane societies be forgotten, especially the Massachusetts Humane Society, which was organized as early as 1786 by benevolent persons and was dependent upon volunteer crews. It is a sad task to have to narrate a terrible disaster which lately occurred to one such crew.

On the 25th of February last the brig *Sagua*, loaded with sugar and bound from Cuba for Boston, shortly after eight o'clock in the evening, struck on the Sow and Pigs' Reef, off Cutty Hunk, one of the Elizabeth Islands, which separate Buzzard's Bay from Vineyard Sound. There was a fearful sea on, but notwithstanding that, and the emphatic warnings of the captain of the Life-Saving Station, a boat belonging to the above-named society was made ready and a volunteer crew of six men managed to put off. Their struggles with the angry waves and fury of the tempest were terrific, and during the whole of their long desperate pull they were in incessant danger of being engulfed by the monster billows. Of that heroic crew only one man survived to tell the story of that passage from the shore to the wreck. With supreme efforts they finally succeeded in getting under the lee of the *Sagua*, and a rope was thrown out to them. At that moment a mighty wave capsized their boat and all were struggling in the ice-cold water. Joseph Tilton succeeded in catching a rope that was thrown out to him and was dragged on board; all the others were drowned. The captain, Timothy Aken, Jr., also tied a rope around himself, but so insecurely that it slipped, and he was lost in the furious breakers. Somewhat later communication was established with the land and those on board the brig were saved ; but when it became known that all but one of the lifeboat crew was lost, the scene was heartrending as widows and orphans, relatives and friends searched the shore all night for the bodies of the drowned.

As before mentioned the sea and lake coastline of the United States is more than 10,000 miles, and these 10,000 miles of shore not only present every variety of form and physical feature, but are subject in different localities to all the vicissitudes of weather. On the Atlantic Coast the dangers to which seafaring people are exposed are immensely in excess of those which prevail on the shores of the Pacific. On the one side narrow bays, intricate channels, sharp capes, low reefs, and submarine ridges, rugged cliffs and sunken rocks, and networks of shoals and ledges abound ; then there are stretches of hundreds of miles of sand beach intersected and broken up into islands by narrow inlets and pools separated from the mainland by long strips of bays. This dangerous portion of the Atlantic Coast is ever changing its physical appearance under the influence of the storm, the unsteadfast sand-bars and dangerous shoals incessantly shifting and changing position under the blows of the tumultuous sea. The fearful tempests of the North, and the wild hurricanes and tornadoes of the South render these inexorable shores peculiarly dangerous to mariners.

On this side, on the contrary, the Pacific Coast is remarkably regular, bold and unbroken ; its indentations are few, and its navigation free from those intricacies and difficulties which trouble the seaman on the Atlantic. Moreover, the climate is uniform and

mild during the greater part of the year, and the winds prevail with great regularity. Such being the case the weather can generally be prognosticated, and navigation in these waters does not carry with it so much of danger and hazard as in most seas. Nevertheless, during certain periods dense fogs prevail; at other times fierce gales occur, and occasionally very violent storms. At such times disasters are not infrequent in the neighborhood of prominent headlands and near the entrances to the Columbia River, the straits of Fuca and San Francisco Bay. To the above-named causes of disaster may be added the treacherous nature of the surf on the coast, and several accidents attended with loss of life to members of the service have occurred within the last two years. From the records kept by Major Blakeney, Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service, Twelfth District, it appears that Fred Carstens and A. Anderson lost their lives at Point Reyes Station by the capsizing of the lifeboat on December 12th, 1890; and that on April 12th, 1892, at the Coquille River Station, Oregon, Edward M. Nelson, the keeper of that station, and William H. Green and John K. Sumner, surfmen, were killed in the breakers, owing to a similar accident. Quite recently the surf at Point Reyes has added another victim to its rapacity. The particulars,



THE LIFEBOAT CREW.

pregnant with warning, are as follows:

It is the duty of the captain of every life-saving station to drill his men whenever the conditions of weather and sea are favorable, and Captain George Jorgensen, in command of the Point Reyes station, considering that such conditions existed on the morning of March 1st, last, launched the boat without encountering the least difficulty in the surf, and exercised the crew for half an hour or more. When the practice drill was ended, the boat was headed toward the beach and had reached within thirty yards of the landing-place when an immense roller



READY FOR THE START.

or heavy wave, struck her on the side and tossed her completely over. The entire crew was buried beneath the boat, but all with the exception of George Larsen managed to get clear and reach the shore. The unfortunate man was almost immediately rescued from the breakers but in an unconscious state. Before medical aid could reach him, he was dead. He had not been drowned, but died from the injuries inflicted by the life-boat striking him as it rolled over.

Two independent investigations were made into the circumstances attending the lamentable occurrence, one conducted by Coroner Edward Eden of Marin County, and the other by Captain W. C. Coulson, acting assistant-inspector of the Twelfth District of the Life-Saving Service. Both investigations terminated in the same conclusions, namely that the death of Larsen was entirely accidental, and that no blame was attached to Captain Jorgensen. All the members of the crew testified that the sea was unusually smooth on the morning of March 1st, and that for months previous, it had not been so favorable for practice drill. During the time they were out and on their return it had remained so, and it was only when they were close to shore that the big sea struck them. They were unanimous in their statement that the accident was unavoidable, and that Captain Jorgensen displayed a high degree of skill and cool courage during the crisis.

Though the surfman on these western shores is not called upon so frequently to risk his life as his confrère of the Atlantic Coast, his position is no sinecure, nor is his occupation a pleasing pastime. He has to patrol in all kinds of weather the desolate beach by night, and keep incessant watch by day over the wide waste of waters before him, ever on the alert to hasten to the assistance of vessels in distress, while at the same time he is almost as lonely in his surroundings as the lighthouse man in his isolated home. Nor let it be supposed that the records of assistance given by him to the shipwrecked form the sum



LAUNCH OF THE LIFEBOAT.

total of his services. "Prevention is better than cure," is an old adage, and has a wonderful elasticity with regard to its application. Its practical bearing is well held to view by the Life-Saving Service. By the vigilance of surfmen and their timely warnings, many and many a vessel is saved from shipwreck, while others are towed by tugs away from the vortex of destruction into which they would have been drawn, but for the aid sent to them through the watchful care of the lifeboat man. At most lifeboat stations in the vicinity of sea-ports, telephonic communication has been established with the Maritime Exchanges, and this rapid means of forwarding information of a vessel's danger enables tug-boats to prevent disasters which it would be impossible for the lifeboat to avert. Let us take one instance of such an occasion which happened near the Golden Gate.

On March 9, 1899, half a dozen outward bound vessels were becalmed late in the afternoon at the entrance to the harbor. A heavy sea was running, and they drifted helplessly before it toward the beach, being finally compelled to anchor in order to prevent going ashore. They had been driven so close together, that when they brought up, they were in imminent danger of fouling one another. The keeper of the Golden Gate Station observed their perilous position and caused a telephonic message to be sent from the signal station to the City for assistance. Three tugs soon steamed out, towed the three most exposed vessels to a good offing, and a disaster was avoided. Let us now see the surfmen at work.

About half past four o'clock on the 21st of the same month, the small sloop *Mystery* was observed from the Humboldt Bay Station to be becalmed and drifting out toward the bar. In a short time, the life-savers were alongside of her in their surfboat. There were six people aboard, but having neither oars nor anchors they were at the mercy of the waves and tide, and were being slowly drifted to destruction. The station men took the craft in tow to the nearest beach, landed her crew, and wading near the shore hauled the sloop and their own surfboat round a point to a place of safety. But for the prompt aid of the life-savers, there can be little doubt that the *Mystery* would have been swamped on the bar and every soul on board of her have been lost.

On the 27th of the same month the station men at Shoalwater Bay took off the passengers from the steamer *Tom Morris* which had stranded on Empire Skit, and by their ready aid and exertions the *Morris*, which was beginning to pound under the actions of a heavy sea, was got afloat and saved from other damage than a slight injury to her rudder. On this occasion, the life-savers toiled for eleven hours. The same lifeboat crew were instrumental in saving the steamer *Dolphin* of Portland, Oregon, from destruction. She had stranded in a thick fog on Sand Island near the bar, and her dangerous position being noticed by the life-savers, the keeper, knowing that in face of the strong flood-tide that was running, and a fresh westerly wind that was blowing, his crew could do nothing unaided, applied to the Captain of the tug *T. M. Coleman*, for assistance. About three o'clock in the afternoon the tug, with the lifeboat in tow, was in the vicinity of the stranded steamer. The sea was rising and the vessel was being worked farther and farther on to the dangerous shoal, but the tug could not approach nearer to her than three hundred yards. The station men, however, soon stretched a hawser between the two vessels, and the *Dolphin* was afloat again in less than an hour. Besides her crew, she had twenty-four passengers on board, and as the sea was fast increasing in violence at the time of her release, she would undoubtedly have become a total wreck, with loss of life, but for the prompt assistance of the surfmen.

But occasions occur when the toilsome efforts of the life-saver fail to

reward him with success. Such an instance happened on the 3d of January, 1890. On the evening of that day, about six o'clock, five fishermen, in a lateen-rigged boat, were returning after dark to San Francisco, when they were capsized close to the high precipitous bluff, Point Bonita. Only one of them survived to tell the story of the deplorable accident. The night was dark and squally, and the smack being struck by a strong puff, careened over and sunk by the stern, leaving the bow out of water. There



WAITING FOR A ROLLER.

the men took refuge, and presently two of them threw off their clothes and swam for the rocks off the point. One of them, Antonio Nicolas, succeeded in gaining a rock; the other sank, and the remaining three were also drowned. The light keepers on the point heard the cries of the castaway, and made efforts to attract the attention of a passing craft to him. In time, a message was sent by telephone from the military headquarters at the Presidio to the Maritime Exchange, conveying information of the man's perilous situation. Then the news spread, somewhat vaguely, and about 9 o'clock the surfman on the north patrol was positively informed of the fact. He lost no time in reporting the matter to the keeper of the station who immediately ordered the lifeboat to be run out on its wagon. It was impossible to launch the boat in the terrible surf in front of the station; the only thing to be done was to haul the boat to Baker's Beach inside Point Lobos, several miles to the north.

The labor which the surfmen of the Golden Gate station performed on that dark, stormy night of January was herculean in its victory over difficulties. Dragging the boat carriage at first along a road of steep grade, they had finally to abandon the highway and cross a tract of sandhills, brush and mud. The toil was terrible, but only the prelude of that to follow. Having arrived at a deep gully which extended down to the water's edge, beset with swamp-beds, chaparral and rocks, they could no longer avail themselves of the boat carriage, and down that steep, dark ravine the surfmen carried the lifeboat by hand, and launched it about midnight. Then the tide was not in their favor, and they pulled hard for an hour or more before they crossed the Golden Gate and were in the gloom beneath Point Bonita, search-



ALL ABOARD!

ing the rocks for the castaway. Having satisfied themselves that no living being was on any of them, the boat was headed inshore, and one of the crew sent up the bluff to the lighthouse, where he was informed that the man had been rescued by a tug.



TRANSPORTATION CART.

The crew then pulled back to Baker's Beach. Then leaving their boat in charge of one of their number, and exhausted with their night's labor, they wended their way to the station, which they reached at five o'clock in the morning. It only remains to add that the editor of one of the principal daily papers, hearing of Antonio Nicolas' desperate strait, had sent a tug to his rescue, which took him off the rock about an hour before the surfmen arrived at it.



AN ANXIOUS WATCHER.

According to the "Annual Report of the Operations of the United States Life-Saving Service" for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, there were at that date ten stations on the Pacific Coast, which constitutes the Twelfth District. They are as follows: Neah Bay, Shoalwater Bay and Cape Disappointment Stations in Washington; Point Adams and Cape Arago Stations in Oregon; and Humboldt Bay, Point Reyes, Bolinas Bay, Fort Point,



WAITING FOR THE RETURN.

and Golden Gate Park Stations in California. On April 15th, 1885, Bolinas Bay Station was destroyed by fire and has never been re-established. There is reason to suppose that the destruction of the station was the work of an incendiary. A strong north wind was blowing at the time, which caused the flames to increase with such rapidity and violence as to render futile all efforts on the part of the keeper and others to arrest them. The building and contents were soon consumed, nor is there any probability that they will be replaced, the location being of little importance as a position for a life-saving station.

The first station to be opened was that of Shoalwater Bay, November 26th, 1877; then followed the stations at Cape Disappointment and Neah Bay, February 15th and September 5th, 1878, respectively; while that at Golden Gate Park was opened on the



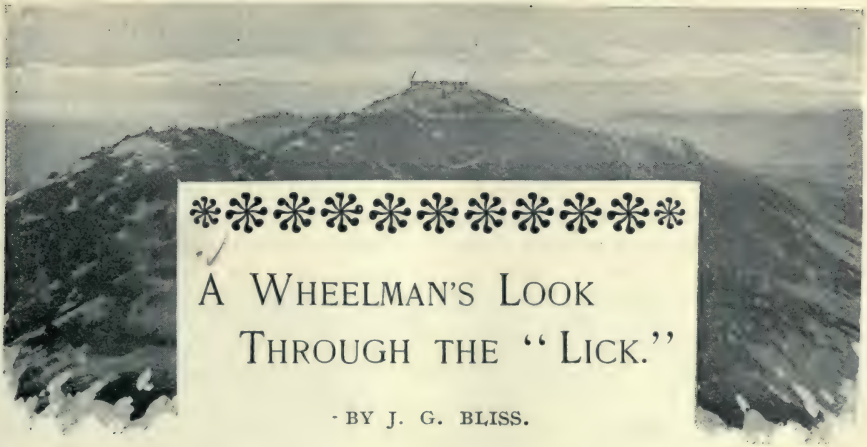
THE LIFEBOAT IN THE SURF.

13th of August following. Since the publication of that report, three more stations have been established in Oregon, namely at Coos Bay and at the mouths of the Umpqua and Coquille Rivers, so that the Twelfth District now contains the names of thirteen stations on its list, though for all practical purposes one of them is abandoned.

A few brief statistics will give the reader an idea of the amount of sea-coast disaster on the Pacific shores of the United States. During the ten years ending June 30th, 1890, on the coasts of California, Oregon and Washington, 317 vessels were stranded, the respective numbers being California, 204; Washington, 61; Oregon, 36; and 16 at the mouth of the Columbia.

With regard to comparative local danger to shipping, Humboldt Bay follows the mouth of the Columbia with thirteen, and Shoalwater Bay with eleven casualties.





A WHEELMAN'S LOOK THROUGH THE "LICK."

BY J. G. BLISS.

ALL CALIFORNIAN readers are familiar with the magnificent telescope and observatory situated on Mount Hamilton, and known universally as the "Lick," in memory of its generous founder, James Lick, long since deceased. But, although a comparatively free-for-all institution, it cannot, unfortunately, be the privilege of all to examine the fine observatory, and look through the grand instrument, resting grim and silently over all that is mortal of its generous donator. Fitting, indeed, is so noble and unique a monument, enjoying, as it does a far closer communion with the Heavens above than can any other edifice ever erected over the tomb of man.

Although isolated to a considerable extent from all ordinary routes of travel—being twenty-six miles from the nearest railroad—it is surprising how great a number of visitors to California avail themselves of the weekly privilege of a gratuitous peep through the wonderful lens of this space-annihilating instrument; 150 being the average number of pilgrims who hebdomadally wend their way to the illustrious shrine of the immortal Lick.

San Jose is the nearest city to the observatory, the latter being reached from that place only by private conveyance, or by taking seat in a daily stage plying between the mount and San Jose; unless, indeed, as in our own case, you happen to be the owner and rider of that surprisingly convenient article of travel—the modern cycle. The way our trip was made was as follows:

Leaving Alameda on a beautiful July morning, we trundled leisurely to San Jose, forty-eight miles distant. The country road along which we propelled our noiseless vehicles is level almost the whole distance to San Jose, and is an excellent one for wheelmen. Though extending through the flat, low-lying land that skirts the eastern margin of the Bay of San Francisco, and running for miles and miles within sight of the marshes seamed with sinuous sloughs, that cut up the tall swamp-grass into a network of curious patterns and designs, this highway is not found wanting in charms by the observing traveler. As we bowled along to San Leandro, on our left in silent repose lay the hills of the Diablo range, over which the sun had just risen, and whose tops he was burnishing with his golden rays. On our right, dim in distance, on the other side of the bay, could be seen the indistinct outlines of the mountain ranges which form the backbone of the peninsula, while here and there, with our ever-changing point of observation, broad patches of shimmering water kept flashing into view. Villa after villa is passed with its fruit-laden orchards and rich lands; for San Leandro is one of Pomona's pleasant garden spots.

Beyond San Leandro, the flat country lying between the water and the foot-hills widens out, exhibiting a vast

level of agricultural soil, which yields great crops to the farmer. Far beyond the plain, and high above the distant hills, rises Mount Hamilton. Having passed by Haywards (to the west of it) we approach Alvarado, and out on the marsh, a mile or two away, we see the bright sheen of canvas tents glittering in the morning sunlight. As we proceed, more and still more of them break into view. They are in scattering irregularity, and we wonder what people are these who love "to dwell in tents" on the marshes, and speculate as to what their occupation may be. Reader, these tent-like objects are salt-stacks; but if you had looked upon them without knowing what they were, as we did, you would mentally have converted them into tents, and peopled them with industrious inhabitants pursuing an unknown vocation.

Proceeding farther up the line of the bay, Newark and Alviso near its head, are reached and passed. It is here at these head-waters, where several San Francisco shooting-clubs have their duck-grounds, to which the mallard and teal resort and which the canvas-back and other toothsome web-footed bipeds make their resting places on their journey to that lodestar and El Dorado of the *Anatidae*—the valley of the San Joaquin. Leaving the bay with its dreary, sad-colored border of marsh, we push forward to San Jose. As we enter the Santa Clara Valley the scene gradually changes. The dull monotony of wide and almost treeless wastes gives place to beautiful stretches of park-lands, succeeding one another in picturesque varieties of nature's landscape gardening. Oak-timbered woodlands, presenting endless combinations of groves and groups of trees, or scattering evergreens, appear in panoramic succession, rivaling each other in the morning freshness of their sylvan vigor, and in the mute assertion of their individual loveliness. As we approach San Jose, stately villas surrounded by lawns and well-kept grounds adorned with exotic trees and plants, and gorgeous with the colors of many a favorite of Flora, bespeak the wealth of the owners and the richness of the soil. It was not without a fair and honest claim that to this valley was awarded the title of the Garden of California.

Shortly after ten A. M., we trundled leisurely into the city and idled away the remainder of the day among its charming surroundings. Early next morning, we pulled out and steered our course for Mount Hamilton.

A mile or two of easy, rapid riding through the suburbs carries us to the base of the first series of hills through which winds our sinuous way for twenty-six miles to the peak. A straight road of four miles' length, leading directly to the foot-hills has, to the eye of a cyclist at least, a deceptive appearance, beguiling him with pretension of descent. A slower and harder revolution, however, soon exposes the illusion, and we find that we are leaving the valley and have already commenced our mountain climb. Presently we are compelled to dismount and proceed afoot; thenceforth the cycle ceases to be a means of conveyance and becomes our *impedimenta* and distress. However, when one makes his return on the wheel—which I did not, as will be recorded later—the exertion of the up-trip must be more than compensated for by the glorious ride down.

Shady nooks, resonant with the murmurs of cool, trickling streams, ofttimes tempt the heated and dust-coated wayfarer to rest, and afford him during these intervals of repose, uninterrupted views of the country he has left behind, and of the smiling towns and villages which sparkle like gems in the valley beneath him. But we must push on, though long and dusty be the way.

The glistening, copper-colored dome of the observatory, only a few miles distant in an air-line, keeps flashing its invitation to us at frequent turns in the long winding road; but our practical cyclometers cease not to disabuse

our minds of hallucinations, and hold out no promises of a speedy arrival. Smith's Creek Hotel, six miles distant from the bright deceiver, is reached at last, to the door of which hostelry we ride up with a flourish, contrasting strongly with the meek demeanor and jaded appearance of the travel-stained wayfarers, whom the bevy of young ladies now occupying the cool shades of the veranda, had passed in their carriage an hour before, resting by the wayside a couple of miles below. Here we stall our wheels, deciding to prosecute the remainder of the journey afoot.



ON THE MOUNT HAMILTON ROAD.

About four o'clock we make a fresh start, leaving the road at a point just opposite the hotel and taking the trail over the mountain. Steep climbing we find it, and along a very narrow path, which, in places, runs so alarmingly close to an abyssmal descent on our right, as to make us hug the hill on the near side with something akin to affection. Finally, we step within the grateful shade of the observatory, and our climb is ended.

The amount of freedom permitted visitors in this institution is something surprising. Room after room, teeming with valuable scientific instruments, may be visited without interruption or restraint. Here are costly chronometers and siderial clocks ticking off the fleeting seconds with dignified exactness. In the hall are interesting photographs of our satellite, and of planets taken by the Lick instruments. Here, also, we find a clock which, at a certain instant every day, regulates every clock on the Southern Pacific Railroad, within the Pacific Coast time division. Here, too, stands the seismograph, with its ever-ready pen stationary at the ter-

mination of the final recording stroke of the erratic lines formed by the last earthquake; while a hundred other interesting articles are to be found throughout the building.

Professor Holden's residence is close to the observatory and facing the east, those of his corps of assistants being scattered at intervals throughout the grounds.

The twelve-inch equatorial telescope, though a mere toy in comparison with the gigantic Lick, is an instrument of high-class quality, and occupies a smaller dome at the north end of the building. This dome is reached by a spiral iron stairway, and from the balcony outside of it, we obtain a splendid view of the surrounding country.

Retracing our steps, and wending our way along the cool, beautifully-lighted hall, we come to the cynosure of all, the world-renowned Lick telescope. Nobody interferes as we step inside the lofty dome, and we enjoy to our hearts' content an uninterrupted view of the great star-revealer. We find ourselves in a perfectly circular, lofty, dome-shaped structure, with an immense slit in the revolving roof, through which protrudes the thirty-six inch lens. One's first wonder, after a proper feeling of reverence for the great minds who can conceive, construct, and put to its proper uses so grand an instrument, is how they manage to clean the lens, which seems to be no inconsiderable distance on the way to heaven itself—visions of an employee creeping monkey-like along the great tube appearing to our untutored mind. A little later the puzzle is explained to us, and we are told that the ponderous piece of mechanism, weighing some fourteen tons, may, by a turn of the thumb and finger, be instantly reversed, its face polished and then reversed again, so perfectly is it poised and adjusted.

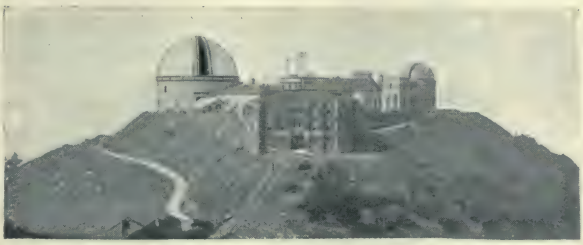
A circular floor, reminding one of the top of a huge gasometer, moves with the dome around the pedestal that supports the mass of iron and ingenuity before us. Connected therewith is the immensely powerful clock



SODA SPRINGS, SMITH'S CREEK.

work that holds that glass-eyed monster unwaveringly upon whatever object it may be trained.

Stages and vehicles of every description, all loaded with passengers, are now beginning to arrive, and a string of jaded-looking animals are already hitched along the entire front of the observatory building. It is Saturday, the only day of the week on which the general public is permitted to look through the telescope. Darkness begins to spread its mantel over the earth, and in the concave firmament overhead, bright planets show themselves, and the rays shed by distant suns thousands of years ago become visible messengers, bringing to us news from the stars. In the now-darkened dome, at least 150 sight-seers, ourselves among them, take their seats upon the circular bench within the iron railing which surrounds the floor of the instrument. A whisper goes around that Mars is the planet in the field to-night. This, to us, is pleasing information, inasmuch as we have read a vast amount of fact and fiction combined regarding that interesting planet, and are anxious to see what it looks like through the space-absorbing *Lick*.



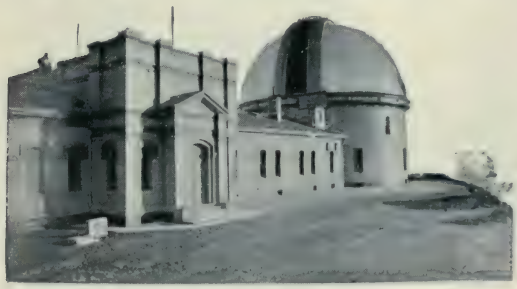
GENERAL VIEW OF OBSERVATORY PEAK AND BUILDINGS.

Across the circular floor in front of us is a set of steps much resembling a well-made flowerstand, upon which, according to the angle of the instrument, you take your position so as to command the eyepiece. A group of about a dozen persons at a time is admitted to the floor from the surrounding circular string of humanity that is patiently awaiting admission in detachments. Imagine such a group of visitors already around the obliging sub-professor. He is explaining to them collectively the beauties and wonders of Mars, as individually they take their position in turn at the eyepiece. Occasionally the light from the Warrior planet is seen to flash and scintillate from out of the narrow eyepiece, upon the features of some fair beholder, illumining her radiant face with martial glory as she applies her eye to the tube. Our position in the circle was not favorable for an early peep at the planet, and we had to wait for nearly three hours, watching the slowly moving line, before our turn arrived. While crossing this long bridge from expectancy to realization, we discussed the wonders and possibilities of the mighty instrument with an old Californian, who informed us that *he* "knew Jim Lick when he was in no fix to give away telescopes, nor nuthin' else," and upon suggesting that when Mr. Lick did get ready to donate such an article, he certainly gave a good one, our perverse and argumentative friend remarked, "Yes, and he lies dead at the bottom of it." Not wishing to go any deeper into the subject, we turn our attention to the smiling janitor who has just whispered, "Your turn next."

For some little time we gaze on the distant globe, and the brain is hot with the thoughts that crowd upon it, as the mysteries of creation, the laws of construction and development, and the origin of intelligent life challenge the soul with their dark secrets. One last lingering look, as though upon the face of a dear, departing friend whom we may never see again, and we reluctantly withdraw our reverential gaze from the planet Mars.

For the accomplishment of this great undertaking—the construction of a "telescope superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made,

with all the machinery appertaining thereto"—and the erection of a suitable observatory, Mr. Lick left $700,000, it being expected that after the cost of the establishment and all accessories, there would remain a surplus of at least $300,000, for the endowment of the institution. The expectation proved fallacious, for when



GREAT DOME AND MAIN ENTRANCE.

the work was completed fully $600,000 had been spent. Large as the sum is, the result is most satisfactory; but when due weight is given to the natural difficulties to be overcome and the expensive kind of manufacture that was demanded, it is surprising that the first calculations should have been based on estimates that promised a lower figure.

The selection of a site for his projected observatory was a matter that caused Mr. Lick much embarrassment, and several localities, from a low, smoke- and fog-veiled site on Market street, San Francisco, to one in the Sierra Nevada, 10,000 feet above sea level and elevated beyond the cloud reach, in turn attracted his attention. Finally Mount Hamilton was chosen as the mountain pedestal that was to support alike his gift to the State and his own mausoleum. In the selection of this site the donator made it a condition that the county of Santa Clara should construct to the summit, a mountain road superior to any existing in California—terms which were faithfully carried out at a cost of $78,000. Though this roadway is too steep for a wheelman ascending to the observatory, its grade has been so scientifically laid, that at the steepest it is not more than six and one-half feet in the hundred.

In July, 1874, Mr. Lick executed a trust deed, and gave his attention to the maturement of his project. But dissatisfaction arose between himself and the trustees he had appointed; vacillation and inactivity followed, and on October 1, 1876, Mr. Lick died, having executed a new deed—the third one—just one month previously, appointing a new board of trustees, and turning over the future observatory to the State University instead of to the Academy of Sciences, as had been his first intention. In 1887, his remains were placed in a sepulcher in the base of the pier which supports the great telescope.

For three years the trustees were fettered and unable to begin work, owing to that apparently inevitable litigation to which a deceased millionaire's estate is subject from some cause or other. In 1880, however, claims having been adjusted, work was begun in earnest. An area on the summit of the mountain was leveled, affording space enough for the observatory and accessory buildings. Two summers were consumed in this preliminary work, an immense quantity of rock having to be removed. Some distance below this platform on a level flat, kilns were erected, and over 3,000,000 bricks were manufactured and used in the construction of the buildings. In five years these were all completed, with the exception of the great dome, which could not be put up in toto until its world-famed inmate had been placed in position.

Meantime, with the vicissitudes that all great undertakings are liable to, the great lense was in process of manufacture. Alvan Clark & Sons were recognized as the most successful makers of large lenses, and during the time of the helpless inactivity of

the Lick trustees, that firm had produced for the Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, Russia, a thirty-inch glass, the largest lens in the world. In order to fulfil the conditions of the gift, the trustees required a larger glass than this, and the Clarks were induced to enter into a contract to supply a thirty-six inch one for $50,000. Beyond this they would not go. Feil & Co., of Paris, undertook to cast the glass, and in 1882 this had been successfully done; but the crown glass was cracked in packing. Then followed two years of defeated efforts to recast the great vitreous block, until finally in the year 1885, a block as perfect as human skill could produce, was shipped to the Clarks. Another year was spent by the latter in cutting out and perfecting the lens, a work of infinite patience, and requiring the most delicate exactness. Messrs. Warney & Swazey of Cleveland manufactured the mounting, a marvelous production of fine mechanism, and the Union Iron Works of San Francisco turned out the great dome. The cost of the Lick Telescope with its accessories was about $200,000. This triumph of manufacturing skill is sixty feet long, and the tube alone weighs four tons. It rests upon an iron column thirty-seven feet high, and so perfect is the adjustment of the mechanical details that the monster can be directed to any point in the heaven's vault as easily as an opera glass in a fair lady's hand.



THE LICK TELESCOPE.

In 1888, the observatory was formally turned over by the trustees to the University, and with it 1,901½ acres of land. This area has since been increased by State and National grants to 2,581 acres, an amount of land not too large to effectively secure the buildings against destruction by brush fires.

The mountain-summit platform on which the observatory stands is reached by a long flight of stairs leading from the flat immediately below, and on which are situated cottages in which the astronomers and mechanics of the establishment reside. This flat is the limit of approach by vehicles. Having surmounted the steps, passing on our way



HALFWAY CURVE ON MOUNT HAMILTON ROAD.

upward a large brick building appropriated to the use of the astronomers, and whose upper story is on a level with the surface of the platform, we stand in front of the observatory, or rather its main building. It is composed of two domes connected by a hall 121 feet long, flanked on the west side by study rooms for the computers, instrument rooms, clock rooms, and work rooms of different branches connected with an astronomical establishment. Nor must the library with its collection of mathematical and astronomical books be forgotten. The dome which the Lick telescope occupies is situated at the south end, and rests on the top of a tower built firmly into the solid rock. This pillar of support holds, suspended in equilibrium, no less than eighty-nine tons of movable structure, operated by hydraulic power, the floor being raised or lowered with the same ease and accuracy as an elevator, and the vast dome, seventy-eight feet in diameter, being swung round at pleasure as easily as the dude can twist his finger rings. The use of the smaller dome has already been mentioned. Detached from this main building are the Transit Instrument and the Meridan Circle houses, the former containing a four-inch transit and zenith telescope, and the latter a Repsold instrument. To enumerate all the accessory instruments with which the observatory is provided, would be tedious and supererogatory; but the reader may rely upon the fact that there are photographic and spectroscopic apparatus, chronographs and clocks, earthquake indicators and divers meteorological instruments in all the necessary abundance.

Mount Hamilton's summit is 4,209 feet above the sea-level, and at that altitude the sky is very favorable for astronomical observations, a cloudy or misty atmosphere being of rare occurrence. The position of the observatory is above the fog stratum, and at early

mork the astronomer can look down upon the opaque fog-banks stretching over the valleys far below him, while the atmosphere around him is as clear as his heart can desire. The views from the Lick Observatory are extensive and grand. A ruffled sea of rugged hills stretches around; to the west lies San Jose in the miniature of distance's reduction, and northward of it gleams the Bay of San Francisco, looking like a solid mirror set in the earth, and framed with delicate green and neutral-colored embellishments. Tamalpais rears his scarred brow beyond, three score and six miles away; and eastward, a hundred miles distant, the Sierras raise their summits, the only elevations that look down upon us. Southward, mountain landmarks break successively into view at ranges varying from six to sixty miles, and that bright silver line, eighty-seven miles away, is the shining edge of the sea horizon beneath which, with a telescope, we can see ships sailing to and fro on ocean's waves.

In conclusion it will not be out of place to make mention of the work done at the observatory and its distribution among the corps. Professor Holden, besides the duties of general superintendence and those connected with the charge of forwarding the result of each individual's work, is librarian, scientific correspondent and editorial supervisor of the publications of the Astronomical Society. According to the official report, the weekly work at the great telescope is thus divided: two nights it is used by Prof. Holden and Assistant Astronomer and Secretary Colton for photographic purposes; two nights it is employed for spectroscopic observations, and two nights it is used by Barnard and Schaeberle for miscellaneous work. The meridian circle is in charge of the latter, and the twelve-inch and six and one-half inch telescopes in that of the former. Professor Campbell attends to the time service. It only remains to remark that the limited means at the disposal of the University for the management of the establishment only enable the regents to keep a small staff of astronomers; and the greatest telescope in the world and the best located observatory are insufficiently provided for in working force, which is not the half of that employed in any one of the prominent establishments of the kind, either in the United States or Europe.

It was late when we left the building and began the downward trip. It was so dark that I determined to ride down as far as Smith's, making the start from there afresh in the morning. The coach I happened to catch contained a party of Raymond excursionists, among whom were several jocular gentlemen who evidently considered the driver fair game.

The road down from the summit is in all probability the finest cut road in the world, but it is steep, abounds in sharp turns and terrific precipices, and is not a road one would select to go down at full speed. Yet when the four-in-hand turned down into the road, the driver spoke to the leaders and away we went at a run.

"It's perfectly safe," said the driver.

"You don't call this fast driving, do you?" said a tourist who sat by me. "Why, this is nothing. Why don't you stir them up?"

The driver glanced at the speaker, mashed his hat firmly on his head and brought a crack from his whip like the report of a revolver, at which the horses sprang forward in a mad gallop. Crack came the whip again, and with a terrific sway the heavy coach swung around the curve and went tearing down the road. Fitful shrieks began to come from the "insides," and the tourist who had made the remark was clinging to the rail with desperation and a face that looked white, yet he said not a word.

Trees, spectral trunks, great oaks and sycamores flew by, clouds of dust rose and hid the landscape so that the horses seemed rushing into a fog bank.* Over bridges we went, the thunder of

* See frontispiece.

hoofs rising in the night with a weird and forbidding sound. The pace kept increasing; the horses were at a dead run, sweeping round curves with a frightful swing, now coming up under the brake with a terrific crash, then tearing madly on in the wild race for the lights of Smith's away below in the gloom.

If the silent tourist on the box seat, holding on for his life, was a lover of nature, he had a rare and rapidly passing panorama. Great trees with long branching arms reached out, seeming to intercept the road. Gulfs of gloom opened up suddenly as the coach dashed around curves. Spectral sycamores stood white and distinct, where on every side masses of verdure made the night more impenetrable—a black gulf all about, down which they seemed skurrying. On plunged the coach—horses and driver seemingly gone mad. Once only did the tourist draw a long sigh, and that was when the coach reared at a desperate curve and made the turn on two wheels. After pivoting around in a remarkable manner, we rushed away in a cloud of dust over the little bridge into the blending and welcome light of Smith's Inn.

THE LETHE OF TOIL.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

"Give me labor and the light,"
 Sighed one, gaunt and weary-handed
 Sorrow-worn and trouble-branded—
"Spare me vigil and the night."

O, for mid-day's honeyed balm!
 O, the welcome crash and rattle
 Of the noonward storm and battle!
O, the inner strength and calm!

Soul of mine, what seest thou
 Ere the evening thread thou breakest
 In the warp and woof thou makest,
While the sweat hangs on thy brow?

Naught indeed of vain complaint,
 Naught of cark and care unproven
 Mid the web deep interwoven,
Till thy toil doth make thee faint.

Every mute and tireless thread
 Running out and in together;
 Seers that prophesy not whether
Foul or fair be overhead.

Give me labor and the light.
 Lo, in toil a sure forgetting
 Of life's fretting and regretting.
Spare me vigil and the night.

HYPNOTISM—A NORMAL FACULTY.

BY WILLIAM A. SPALDING.

PHILOSOPHERS and cranks are prone to classify mankind on opposite sides of the line of their particular hobby. Swift divided the human race into two classes—the fat and the lean. Our dominie thinks they should be classified as those who believe in the true religion and unbelievers. Old Moneygrub arranges them as the rich and the poor; while our friend Politix says the only two classes are the ins and the outs. At the last judgment we are all to be classified as the sheep and the goats.

I am about to propose a new classification, more comprehensive than any hitherto attempted, inasmuch as it includes both the human race and the lower orders of animals. These two great classes are the hypnotists and the hypnotized. I mean by this that magnetism is an inherent power or faculty of the animal creation. Through this creation there is not an undeviating line, on one side of which all representatives are magnetizers and on the other all are subjects of magnetism; but each individual has a polarity and a potential of its own which adjusts it to its environment. Thus, while one organism may be positive and active as to a second organism, to a third it may be negative and passive. The same principle is advanced concerning the polarity of individual molecules constituting a mass of inert matter.

I believe in hypnosis as an accomplishment of the human faculties, and this proposition is no longer disputed by advanced science. The learned men of our age have had a hard struggle to bring themselves to this belief, and they have not yet divested it of its mysteries. They simply say that hypnosis is accomplished by certain processes, yet they have not fathomed the whys and wherefores.

Hitherto it has been customary to consider the powers of hypnotism and thought-transference as supernatural, or at least abnormal. When the world accepted the idea that neither the Evil One nor the angels had anything to do with it they said, "Then, at least, it is accomplished by a prodigy in human form." Now, I think, the world is about to give up this latter idea.

As a result of investigations which I have recently made with a hypnotist and mind reader of extraordinary abilities, I have been induced to adopt his theory that this peculiar power which we may say depends on personal magnetism is vested to greater or less degree in every human being. We are all hypnotists and all hypnotic subjects. Our magnetic powers differ only in degree. Any man or woman may find somebody whom he or she can hypnotize, and every man or woman may be hypnotized by somebody else. Nay, more, we are all unconsciously practicing hypnotism all the while, and we experience its effects every time we make or receive a mental impression. When I meet a man whose magnetism proves a complement of my own I say that I instinctively like that man. When his magnetism is antagonistic, I take an aversion to him, and probably he dislikes me on sight. We shall not like each other as long as we live. When a public speaker shows a marked ability in holding the attention and swaying the sympathies of his audience we say he is a magnetic talker. Our simile strikes deeper to the secret of his success than we have been wont to imagine.

There could be no better attestation that this power of magnetism is a

purely human faculty than the fact that it is used for evil as well as for good purposes. Did you ever stop to consider the methods and the achievements of the confidence man? Why is it that he is able to swindle with equal facility the greenhorn from the country and the city-bred man who has heard all about his practices and ought to be warned of him on sight?

A year or two ago there was a case of confidence swindling in the city where I reside, which excited attention all over the country. A prominent and wealthy politician of New York, who, in his palmy days, had been a leader of his party, who had occupied a seat in Congress for several successive terms, and who had been the confidant and friend of a President of the United States, was in Southern California to recuperate his broken health. We will call him Mr. H. While his physical condition was considerably reduced, he was supposed to be as clear in his mental faculties as ever. As he walked the streets one day a notorious confidence operator accosted him and made him believe that he (the confidence man) was the son of an old friend of his. The sharper "steered" his victim to one of the most palpable bunco games that was ever devised, and thus robbed him of several hundred dollars. As soon as Mr. H. got out of the rascal's clutches he realized how he had been victimized, and reported the case to the police. "How I came to be so be-deviled," he said, "I can't conceive; I surely ought to have known better." And everybody else thought so, too.

How many thousand cases of this sort might be cited from the criminal records of the country!—cases where men of good judgment and honesty, well informed on the ways of swindlers, have been duped in the most approved style of the bunco art. These men can never explain how they came to be so egregiously fooled and robbed.

Perhaps the most audacious series of swindles that has ever come to light is that reported within the past two years by a correspondent of the Boston Herald. These episodes occurred at a Mexican town named Mier, on the Rio Grande river, about 150 miles from its mouth. The story is so concisely and pointedly told that I cannot do better than use the correspondent's words. He says:

* * * About ten days ago Perez arrived here and stopped at the hotel. Nothing unusual was noticed about him until dinner time the day after his arrival, and then it was not Perez that attracted attention, but the queer antics of the waiter who served him. Without Perez saying a word, the waiter, after placing his dinner on the table, crossed the dining hall to a table where a gentleman was dining, and brought to the table of Perez two bottles of wine with glasses.

The gentleman demanded to know why the wine was removed. The waiter said that Perez had ordered him to do so. This Perez denied. The wine was returned. In a few moments the same waiter removed a roast from in front of the same man, and placed it before Perez.

The man despoiled became furious. He kicked the waiter out of the room, the waiter all the time protesting that he had only obeyed the order of Perez. Perez, with a face as white as chalk, said that he had given no order, had done nothing to insult anyone, and then left the room.

Shortly afterwards the man who had become angry in the dining-room approached Perez and said that he was satisfied that the waiter was drunk or crazy, and apologized for what he had said. While speaking he took out his watch, a fine one, and after hesitating a moment, much to the surprise of the crowd that had gathered, expecting to see a shooting-scrape, he loosened the chain from his vest and handed the watch to Perez, insisting that he accept it as a present. It was accepted.

Perez next visited a bar-room, accompanied by two persons who had seen the watch given to him. He ordered wine. When he offered to pay the barkeeper said it was paid for. Perez's companions insisted that it had not been paid for, but the barkeeper refused to accept a cent.

While standing at the bar both men noticed that the bartender had been watching Perez intently. Turning from them he took from a shelf a handsome silver-mounted revolver, and after exhibiting it, handed it to Perez, begging him to keep it.

But these incidents were nothing to the wonder excited when, later in the evening, packages of various sizes began to arrive at the hotel, all addressed to Perez, with the

names of the donors and their compliments. All might still have gone well with the stranger had not a magnificent bouquet arrived with a lady's name attached. There happened to be standing near, a friend of the lady who sent it. His Southern blood was fired at once. He called on her and she said that she was standing near the window with the flowers in her hand; that Perez passed, looked up at her, and asked her to send the flowers, and she had done so; why, she did not know.

The Mexicans are always to a certain extent superstitious, and after an excited consultation it was decided that Perez was either a wizard or a devil, and that he must be gotten rid of at once. Some one suggested that they tie a stone to his neck and pitch him into the river. The proposition was instantly accepted, and would have been at once carried out had it not been for the presence of a few cool heads in the crowd.

A committee of ten was appointed to interview him. Perez, when informed of the object of the call, became so agitated that he could not speak, and seemed about to faint. Finally, in a hurried, trembling voice, he protested that every article given him had been voluntarily presented. This he proved by two who had called and made him presents. As to the lady, he said he had never spoken to her, and did not know her name. He had seen her standing at the window with the flowers; had, without speaking, admired them, and she had sent them to him. The committee withdrew, far from satisfied.

Perez was privately advised to leave town, but before he could do so he was again in the hands of the committee, who told him that unless he would explain more fully they proposed throwing him into the river. He saw they fully intended to carry out the threat, and he made this statement:

"As I can prove, I was born twenty-seven years ago, three leagues from Durango, on my father's ranch. He sent me to school at Durango until I was twelve years old, when, as I was intended for a priest, I was sent in charge of a priest to Rome. I attended several leading colleges and pursued my studies until about three weeks ago, when I returned to Mexico. I was never made a priest. While in college years ago I and four room-mates began the study of mesmerism, or hypnotism. Our aim was to perfect ourselves in the art so that we could by a glance or a wave of the hand compel any person within range of vision to do any act we willed. I soon became so proficient that I could control almost anyone.

"At first the sense of power was delightful, but gradually I found that, if I looked at an article I wished and admired, the owner of it would present it to me. I tried every means on earth to control my power. My classmates, none of whom possessed my power, were as submissive to me as spaniels. I left Rome and came home.

"I do not need the presents. I have money. Take them back for God's sake."

Perez has been allowed to go, but the question is: What sort of a modern Mephistopheles is he?

Notwithstanding the fact that the above is only "a newspaper story" and unsupported by affidavits, I am disposed to give it credence. It bears upon its face the stamp of that truth which is stranger than anything that fiction would attempt. It is quite reconcilable with the well-established achievements of hypnotism. It also throws a great flood of light upon the secret of the confidence operator's enticing ways. Perez is not the only dishonest person who has acquired this strange power, but he seems to have carried it to greater extremes than his fellows, and, moreover, has been forced to confess his secret.

Not long ago we had an account of a fellow who went about victimizing people in a way quite as inexplicable. His method was to make a small purchase at a shop and hand the keeper what the latter believed to be a five or ten dollar bill. The man would place the bill in his money-drawer and count out the change. When he opened the drawer afterwards he would be astonished to find, in lieu of the supposed bill, only a crumbled piece of newspaper. The swindler practiced this bold deception on a number of people in an Eastern town, and among them was the postmaster, from whom he thus purchased stamps and received change in good money.

I do not mean to say that confidence men generally practice hypnotism as a science, in the manner of Perez or the operator named, but I do believe that they generally possess strong animal magnetism which they exercise intuitively.

As yet we know little about the process of hypnotism. A professional operator with a good subject to work upon will look steadily into the latter's eyes for a moment, then stroke his head or body with a downward motion,

make a few passes in the air before his face, close his eyes, and the subject is under the hypnotist's control. There are methods of hypnosis much simpler than this. When an operator has once gained control over a subject, he may throw that subject into a trance by a mere pass of the hand; or he may induce that condition by a mere mental injunction. Instances have been recorded where the hypnotic trance has been induced when the operator was miles away from his subject.

The accounts given us by Eastern travelers of the astounding feats accomplished by Hindu thaumaturgists leave little doubt that those wonder-workers are experts in hypnotism; that they are able to throw a whole assemblage of people into a sort of trance-stage on sight, and thus make them believe they see feats performed which are not performed at all. I have read of a test wherein a photographic camera was turned upon one of these exhibitions, and frequent snap shots were taken throughout the proceeding. But the negatives reproduced none of the remarkable scenes which the human witnesses noted. The camera was not a hypnotic subject.

Perhaps I have pursued the theme of human hypnotism far enough for the purposes of this paper. Those who have informed themselves about its wonders and believe in them will say they knew all this beforehand. Those who are skeptical will be skeptical still. I am not under contract to convince anybody.

It seems to me that there is a branch of the subject which has not been so thoroughly exploited as that which we have just discussed. I refer to that animal magnetism which inheres probably with all living creatures, in varying degree, and which they employ in some cases in a manner that suggests animal hypnotism.

The powers of fascination which a snake exercises to secure its prey are well recognized in natural history. A bird that happens to come within this malign influence is transfixed to the spot, and allows the snake to crawl up and seize it. The bird is not influenced, probably, until it sees the snake—perhaps not until it looks into the eye of the snake. Were it in possession of its normal faculties it could easily seek safety in flight. But it is deprived of its power to move; we say it is "charmed."

But while the snake is able to hypnotize a little bird or a small animal, there are other creatures which do not fall under its fascination. A dog, a deer, a horse, a human being, each has enough magnetism of its own to resist the magnetism of the snake. But note the fact that the opposing powers are such as to create the most irreconcilable hostility between these creatures. The deer is not an animal of prey, and not naturally hostile to smaller animals, but when it sees a snake it will stamp the reptile to death in a perfect frenzy. The same instinct is found in a horse, a mule and a donkey.

Mankind participates with the deer and other animals in this instinctive hostility to the reptile kind. It matters not whether a man has ever heard of the biblical curse upon the serpent's head and the ordained antipathy of the human heel—the man and the snake were not born to be friends. The average individual will kill a snake on sight if he thinks he is able to do so, and he thus follows his natural instincts. A man is stronger in his magnetism than a snake, and does not fall under its influence. A snake cannot charm a man as a general proposition, but some men can and do charm snakes.

Next to the snake, I think the cat is the greatest hypnotist that we find among the lower orders of animals. Probably this faculty inheres in the whole feline tribe, from the lion and leopard that terrorize the jungle to the pussy that purrs upon the door-mat. Were it not for these powers of fascination, a cat, with all its adroitness, would not be a good bird-catcher.

The average bird is quicker than a cat, has as keen a sense of hearing and sight, prompt instincts of self-preservation, and, in the twinkling of an eye could fly out of the feline's reach. But many birds sit spell-bound, and are caught and devoured. A cat which gets access to the cage of a canary is quite sure to have the bird for its dinner. The cat can reach only a little way through the wires, and the bird is active enough to keep beyond the reach of its enemy, but, somehow, the bird is caught.

A cat cannot charm a dog, but the opposing magnetisms of the two creatures make them almost implacable enemies.

A cat cannot charm a human being, but most people have felt that there is a strange, uncanny influence in the feline. Some people are fond of cats; some have an intense antipathy to them. Madame de Rémusat relates an incident in the life of Napoleon I. which shows that the aversion which he had for the feline race amounted virtually to an insane frenzy. He was born for the mastery of men, but he was afraid of a cat, and never tolerated one about him. On one occasion when the Emperor was in a room with a company of people, he suddenly threw up his hands in the greatest agitation, exclaiming, "*Un chat! Un chat!*" He trembled from head to foot, and seemed almost to be going into a spasm. The intruding cat was quickly chased from the room, when the Emperor recovered his equanimity. If this incident be true, and I have no right to doubt it, the great Napoleon was an exception to the rest of his kind. A cat might have charmed him and killed him.

I cannot doubt that all animals possess magnetism, and that in some it is naturally developed to such an extent as to furnish them a means of defense and attack. This endowment is no more improbable than the endowment of an eel and certain fishes with the power of communicating an electric shock. Why not magnetism as well as electricity? The two forces are so closely allied, that wherever we find one developed by artificial agency we are sure to find the other. By stroking the back of a cat in a dark room we produce a shower of electric sparks. The cat is a noted generator of electricity, and a noted magnet as well. It is in short an animal dynamo.

Now, if we concede this magnetism to the lower creatures; if we go further and find that they actually employ this function in hypnosis, we have gone far towards laying the basis for an argument that all representatives of the animal kingdom are more or less endowed with hypnotic powers. It is one of the natural functions of man, the animal.

In the evolution of our race and its advancement along other lines, the hypnotic powers have been neglected, and with most people they rank as mere instincts, or as rudimentary faculties. But as evolution in time brings up all arrearages which have occurred in the development of a one-sided race, it is possible that these neglected faculties are about to be brought to us in full force. The advance guard of the procession of evolution has passed. Civilization has had its witches and necromancers, and has burned them. It has had Mesmer, and it denounced and ostracised him. And still the march of evolution has gone on, and those freaks, whom we now call hypnotists, have multiplied. We recognize them as men with an extraordinary development of natural functions. They begin to strike a responsive chord in the minds of many people. All civilized races are now ready to receive this new development.

"Mind-reading," so called, thought-transference and telepathy are but a manifestation of hypnotism. In thought-transference, the mind-reader is in a measure self-hypnotized, and in this condition he accepts mental suggestions and impulses from a normal person whose hand he touches.

In this case the one who passes as the subject of the mind-reader is in reality the hypnotist—the operator; the mind-reader is the passive subject—the one operated upon.

Just as the human race possesses natural faculties of hypnotism, so also they possess natural faculties for mind-reading. The one process is the converse or complement of the other.

So I think I am justified in declaring that civilized man is approaching the acquisition of what will prove to him a new set of faculties. They are not really new, for they have lain dormant in him all along, scarcely recognized, and hitherto employed only as instincts. From these instincts he will develop a sense which may be as readily at his command as hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling.

In other words, we are adding another human faculty to the category. Henceforward we may say that man is endowed with six senses, one of which is magnetism.

THE CALAVERAS CAVE.

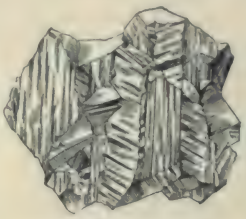
BY LILLIAN E. PURDY.

THE Calaveras and Mariposa sequoias, the Natural Bridges, the rich Gold Mines, the great Yosemite Valley—all had been visited, when, buried deep in the heart of the Sierras a calm and sacred sanctuary was brought to view, the new Calaveras Cave.

Of the few notable caves in California, perhaps Bower and the New Calaveras present the most striking contrasts; for the former is open to the sky, with a growth of trees whose towering tops are on a level with the surface above, while the latter is wholly underground, containing no plant growth save that of lichens and other fungus forms. Bower Cave is situated in Mariposa County, and though of proportions far inferior to those of Calaveras, is remarkable for its peculiar structure, resembling an artificial excavation rather than a natural cavern, and for its lake of dark green water, which is considered bottomless. Fresh, green ferns and shrubs thrive upon its banks. At one side is a flight of stairs leading to an underground chamber of somewhat diminutive dimensions, when compared with the extensive apartments found in the cave of Calaveras County.

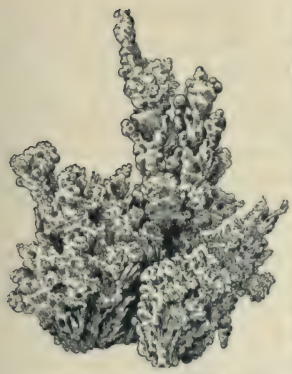
The journey to the new Calaveras Cave may be accomplished by taking the Stockton and Copperopolis Railroad to Milton, thence by stage through Angel's Camp and Vallecito, reaching Murphy's in the early evening.

After traversing a winding, picturesque road of gradual ascent for a distance of one mile and a quarter from the town of Murphy's, we reach a small amphitheater surrounded by low brush, and situated at the summit of a hill. In this enclosure are found the openings of the cave, one of which is natural, while the other is artificial.



SPECIMEN OF CRYSTAL.

The varied scenic effects in this vicinity at once impress themselves upon us. Below sleeps the somewhat deserted mining-town of Murphy's, whose inhabitants, accustomed to the natural wealth about them, seem to heed not the sights that charm and enthuse the tourist; beyond, and extending in all directions, are mountains, projecting their thickly wooded



CORALLINE STRUCTURE.

peaks majestically above the town; behind these mountains and far, far in the distance, are dim, hazy peaks, whose faint outlines almost blend with the azure tint of the sky above. We are on the summit of the divide between the Stanislaus and Calaveras rivers, with Table Mountain, celebrated for the allusions made to it in the writings of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, directly within our view, while still farther below sweeps the cañon of the San Domingo.

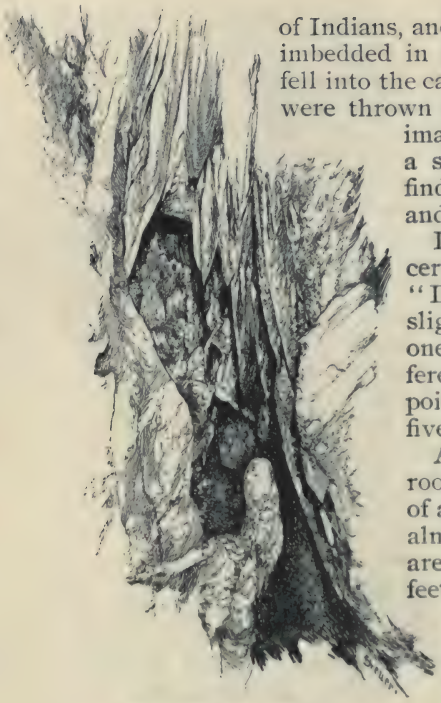
As we look at the opening of the cave, a sense of timidity steals over us, for we can see simply a "black hole" in the ground, only large enough for a person to pass through comfortably. But we lose all fear, when, attired in rubber coats and hats, with candle in hand, we have descended the first flight of stairs and begun to contemplate the curious formations found below. Down, down the numerous stairs, about forty feet, into the earth. And what meets our wondering gaze? An immense "Gothic Chamber," the stalactites of which form beautiful pendants and draperies on the walls and roof. The floor is composed of heaps of limestone boulders, and stalagmites of various shapes. One extremity of this division of the "Gothic Chamber" seems lost in darkness and obscurity, but the other leads into the adjoining apartment. The south wall is almost perpendicular in direction, but is corrugated in places, appearing like pillars, or again, in thin sheet-like masses. The stalactite of the latter character attracting special attention is the "Piano," which, when struck, gives forth musical tones.

The greater number of stalactites in this chamber are of a cream or brownish tinge, but some are snowy white. Drawing aside a curtain formed of lichens and the roots of shrubs, we see a bank of dazzling crystals, some of which are colorless, while others are tinted with the red or blue of different minerals—a veritable mass of diamonds, rubies and sapphires, set among pearls.

We have but to descend a few steps, when before us is the "Fairy Grotto," guarded by the "Two Cherubim." The latter are formed from the dripping of a few small stalactites twenty feet above them.

Very near this point is the spot where many of the human bones were found at the time of the discovery of the cave. From the finding of these bones the cave derives its name, "New Calaveras," (New Place of Skulls.) These skeletons, probably





SOLOMON'S THUMB.

of Indians, and six in number, are supposed to have become imbedded in the earth by storms. Whether the Indians fell into the cave accidentally and perished, or whether they were thrown in we can never know; but one can readily imagine the savages to have chosen the cave as a sepulchre for their dead. At all events, the finding of these skeletons is a historical item, and may bring to light some important fact.

It does not require a vivid imagination to discern in the group of stalagmites near by, the "Demijohn," with neck complete and handle slightly broken. This stalagmite is seven and one-half feet in height, and is six feet in circumference. The "Demijohn" marks the lowest point of the "Gothic Chamber," and is seventy-five feet below the surface of the earth.

As if guarding the entrance to the succeeding room, appears a pair of outspread wings like those of an angel; they are of extreme delicacy and are almost transparent. These "Angel's Wings" are at a distance of two feet apart, and are nine feet long and three feet wide, being variously shaded by minerals. Placing a light behind one of the wings, a wonderful play of color may be observed. From brown and red the color changes to white; then a blue tint is seen, until all the rainbow hues are distinguishable.

We now pass through a narrow opening between the "Angel's Wings," and are at the top of a long flight of stairs in the second chamber — "The Organ Loft." Descending, descending! We seem to be reaching the very depths of the earth! We are now 130 feet below the entrance, and have not yet reached the farthest limit. The foremost attraction in this room is the organ, the immense pipes of which are from ten to twelve feet in length, producing musical tones when struck. To one side, in a small cavity, is a collection of curious stalactites resembling snakes, and aptly named "The Drunkard's Dream." In the "Organ Loft" apartment is found much of that peculiar mineral formation resembling coral.

"The Bear's Den," named from the skeletons of bears found there, (presumably of some extinct species,



ORGAN LOFT.

for they are larger than those of any bears now in existence) is comparatively small, and contains few attractions, so we pass rapidly through to the "Flower Garden." This beautiful room is beyond description. The coral-like deposits here are of marvelous delicacy and beauty, and the infinitesimal crystals sparkle like diamonds. Every variety of flower and foliage—every kind of fruit is represented in the "Flower Garden." Here, you see a cluster of roses; there, a spray of honeysuckle, twining its delicate tendrils around a moss-covered stem, while from the ceiling quantities of fruit hang temptingly. One bank forms a bed of snowy white chrysanthemums compactly arranged. What could be more beautiful than those delicate coral plants and flowers! The ceiling of this room is broken and fissured, but all the deep chasms are lined with the coralline structure, which is too fine and fragile to have been formed by aqueous erosion, but probably is the result of some chemical attributes in the moisture. There are no stalactites or stalagmites in this chamber.

The next room into which we are conducted is the "Chapel," which may be viewed from a small platform built upon a boulder. Almost concealed beneath a heap of huge rocks is the "Milk Pan," a sheet of white, with surface rough and hard as flint. But, perhaps the most important feature of the "Chapel" is the "Lambrequins," which are composed of sixteen stalactites hanging in thin graceful folds, the beautiful patterns being wrought out with crystals. These curtains are brownish in color and almost transparent.

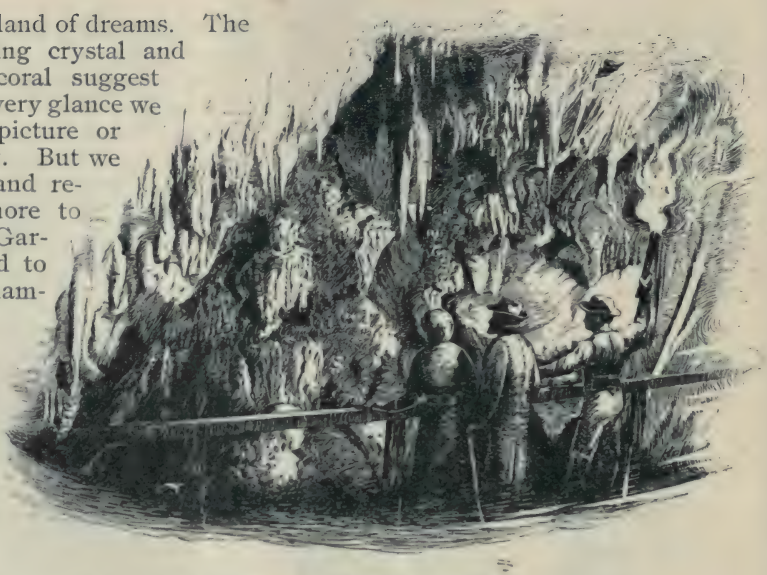


ENTRANCE TO ORGAN LOFT.

After descending the eighteenth flight of stairs, we are in the "Coral Grotto," the extreme limit of the explored region of the cave, and are 150 feet below the earth's surface. The fleecy, arched roof, the down-covered boulders, the dazzling, glittering banks—one is lost in contemplation of the wealth of beauty that surrounds him.

"Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer."

We are in a land of dreams. The masses of shining crystal and the sprays of coral suggest fairy land. At every glance we behold a new picture or read a new story. But we must push on, and returning once more to the "Flower Garden," we ascend to the "Crystal Chamber."



DIAMOND CASCADE.

The floor of this room is formed not only of boulders, but also of stalactites, which from their weight have fallen from above, and have become covered with lime crystals. Portions of the banks resemble great drifts of snow. A few steps above, still in this cañon, is an appropriately named formation, "The Bridal Veil Falls." The foundation seems to be of a stalactitic character, but the outer covering is pure white and without luster. The position of the "Falls" is oblique, and as you look upward, your imagination can readily picture the water falling in one filmy sheet over a ledge of rock.

A narrow, winding stairway leads us from the "Falls" to the last chamber of the cave, "The Dome." This circular room is fifty feet in height, having an average diameter of fifteen feet. Here, a combination of the stalactite and crystalline formation is observable. Curious forms jut out from the walls, while curtains and lacy draperies adorn the ceiling. The eye wanders through a perfect labyrinth of objects, until finally, midway of the ascent, it rests upon the "Xylophone." Hundreds of stalactites hanging from the roof of a little cavern afford, when struck, the production of all possible tones. A musician may readily play any tune after a little practice, and the sound of the clear liquid music echoing through the "Dome" is wonderfully effective.

Before the final ascent is made, we turn to survey the road over which we have traveled. "Solomon's Thumb," a curious, solitary projection, stands out in bold relief, while the less important limestone formations "dwindle far below." A last glance, and we turn to climb the final stairway.

Up, up we rise, until we are conscious of a strong current of air, when we know we are approaching the exit of the cave. Rays of daylight stream down upon us, and a few steps more bring us upon the surface again. It has required two hours to make the circuit of the cave, and we have passed over 377 steps, but what we have seen treasured away in this "black hole" compensates for any loss of physical strength, and affords many an hour of pleasant reflection.



TITLES WON BY THE PEN.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

IN England and indeed throughout Europe, in the days preceding the Renaissance, almost the only men of consideration were soldiers, lawyers, courtiers and ecclesiastics. The ecclesiastics won for themselves a goodly share of the highest honors of the State by their learning, ability and tenacity. In an age of general ignorance they were the only scholars, and they exercised the power naturally falling to the sole depositaries of knowledge. Occasionally court poets might be men of some personal influence, or courtiers might affect a certain literary elegance, but men were rarely, if ever, honored with titles because of their literary ability alone. The contempt for the mere man of letters still survives to no inconsiderable extent among the higher classes of England, where the young man of wealth and fashion is usually a sportsman rather than a scholar. In the "public schools" in which the public men of the country are trained and moulded, the boy who is over-industrious at his books and participates little in games, is rather looked down upon by his fellows, and dubbed a "sap"—the term not being intended to suggest sapient but rather to imply a not-to-be-commended fondness for mean drudgery. On the other hand, the captain of the boat, or of the cricket eleven, is looked up to with respect far exceeding that felt for the head master, and amounting almost to reverence.

There still lingers a feeling that the literary man, like the artist, is a sort of irresponsible creature, not quite irreproachable as regards the cut of his garments, the cleanness of his nails or the spotlessness of his linen. The men of the palette and of the pen are supposed to feel or to affect a certain disregard for the conventionalities of society, and to be frequently so hard pressed to procure the necessaries of life as to have little left wherewith to supply its elegancies. In all times, and countries, too, the man of action, who is in the thick of life's battle, is disposed to think lightly of the man who sits in his study and covers paper with words.

But nowadays, scholarship and skill in sports are by no means necessarily divorced; Anthony Trollope was an enthusiastic fox-hunter, Andrew Lang is an ardent fisherman, and many first-class Oxford and Cambridge men have rowed in the Eight, or played in the Eleven of their University. Further, the great increase of wealth among the middle classes of England and the enormous fortunes recently acquired in the United States, have contributed to widen the avenues of profit for the successful artist and litterateur, so that those who have the ability or the good fortune to become the vogue, reap rich rewards and are enabled to live lives of luxury. Sir John Millais, the great painter, earns "the wages of an ambassador," and lives like a nobleman. The vast extension of periodical literature, which is almost wholly a growth of

recent years, has opened hitherto undreamt-of sources of gain to literary work, especially for men of established reputation and bearing names well known—it little matters in what connection—to the public. All this has enabled the men at the top of the literary or artistic tree to live expensively, and has increased their fitness for high social position.

Nor must we overlook the fact that the strongly democratic tendencies of the time have caused titular recognition to be extended to nearly all the professions. Soldiers, sailors, courtiers, and diplomatists are naturally marked out for royal favor, their services being of such a kind as to bring them frequently into contact with the rulers who are the "founts of honor." Lawyers have never failed to secure their full share of rank and title. As the Lord Chancellor is ex-officio President of the House of Lords, the lawyer who obtains the apex of his profession is always made a peer. Bishoprics and Archbishoprics also convey spiritual peerages, though, as these date from a time when England was a Roman Catholic country, and priests were condemned to celibacy, the Bishop's wife and family have never had any share in the titular honors of the husband and father. *Now*, when almost every cleric is a Benedict, the result produced is somewhat anomalous. The Archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, is a Most Reverend and a Right Honorable; he is addressed as "Your Grace," and takes precedence of all the dukes except those of royal birth, yet his wife is simply "Mrs. Benson," and his sons and daughters are not "Honorables."

The Presidents and some of the leading members of the Royal Academy are presented with knighthoods or baronetcies — the former being a merely personal honor, which dies with the holder, while the latter is hereditary. Both alike entitle a man to prefix *Sir* to his own names, and *Lady* to the surname of his wife. The famous painters Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais are both baronets, as was also the late Sir Edgar Boehm, the sculptor. The late Sir Gilbert Scott, whose skill and taste restored so many of the old cathedrals and churches of England, was a knight. The president of the Royal Society, the most important learned society in the country, is usually knighted; as also is the Astronomer-Royal. Distinguished engineers receive titles upon the completion of works of great magnitude, difficulty and public importance. Thus Sir Mark Isambard Brunel, the constructor of the Thames Tunnel, was made a baronet, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the designer of that leviathan of the sea, the *Great Eastern*. Sir John Fowler, a civil engineer of great skill and experience, received a baronetcy upon the opening of the bridge over the Firth of Forth, one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering. Musical composers, such as Sir John Goss, Sir Sterndale Bennett, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, are knighted. The last-named, besides composing the operas by which he is known all over the English-speaking world, was principal of the National Training School for Music, and British Commissioner for Music at the Paris Exposition. Sir Archibald Geikie, the well-known writer on geology, was knighted on being appointed Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom in succession to Sir Andrew Ramsay. Another man of science is Sir Henry Roscoe, Professor of Chemistry at Owens College, Victoria University, Manchester, who was a member of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction from 1882 to 1884, and in the last-named year was knighted. Yet Charles Darwin died unbedecked, and Huxley and Tyndall are not entitled to prefix *Sir* to their names; but this is because, eminent as they are, they have not happened to do any work of a strictly national kind, or to occupy any of the

offices which usually constitute claims to titular recognition.

Great physicians and surgeons have fared pretty well in the distribution of honors. I need only mention the names of Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir William Jenner, and Sir William Gull. A baronetcy is, however, the highest rank yet attained.

Yet all these honors, though conferred upon men of great intellectual attainments, many of whom were, or are writers of high repute upon scientific, social, political and artistic topics, are not to be regarded as rewards of literary ability. Sir Henry Sumner Maine was an eminent legal writer, who was a knight commander of the Star of India, but he was not so because he had been Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge, and Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford; nor because he wrote "Ancient Law," "The Early History of Institutions," and "Village Communities," but because he was for seven years law member of the Supreme Government of India, and Member of Council of the Secretary of State for India. Sir Monier Monier-Williams, the author of many works connected with Sanskrit and Hindustani literature, and compiler of a great Sanskrit and English dictionary to be published by the University of Oxford, was made a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire in 1886 on the opening of the Indian Institute founded by him at Oxford.

Sir Henry C. Rawlinson was a soldier in the service of the old East India Company, and was employed on several important missions, especially in Persia and Afghanistan. He was Consul in Bagdad, and Consul-General in Turkey, and was knighted in 1856. In conjunction with General Wilkinson and Canon Rawlinson, he published the best English translation of Herodotus. He is famous for his Oriental scholarship, his diplomatic and military ability, and for his learned labors in the interpretation of cuneiform inscriptions. He has lately been created a baronet, and though literary eminence and high scholarship doubtless contributed in some degree to the honor, yet it must be observed that he had many other claims, as a soldier, a civil servant and a diplomatist.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the London Morning Post, is a Baronet, and the honor might seem to have been conferred upon him as the owner of an influential and fashionable metropolitan journal, but a little examination will show that other considerations must be taken into account. He is the son of a well-known member of Parliament, and in 1880 was a candidate for election by his father's old constituency; he was defeated, but five years later was elected for South Kensington. His baronetcy is, therefore, to be attributed to his political position chiefly, and only partly to the fact that he occupies an important place in the newspaper world.

Up to this point, though we have encountered some cases of honors conferred upon men of high literary reputation, we have met with no clear instance of a title bestowed on a person who was only a man of letters and nothing else. Without going back to any earlier time than the present century, the first indubitable example of a baronetcy earned by literary eminence alone, unaided by social or political influence of any kind, is that of Sir Walter Scott. After winning the poet's laurel with "The Lady of the Lake" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Walter Scott put forth anonymously in 1815, "Waverly, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since." For the next ten years he poured forth that series of brilliant fictions which constituted an era in literature, and won for their author an imperishable renown. In 1820, without any effort on his own part or on that of his friends, he was created a Baronet, by the King. He died twelve years afterwards, and was succeeded by his son Walter, a soldier,

who died in 1847 without children, thus failing to perpetuate the family which his great father had fondly hoped to found. Another Scotchman there is, whose baronetcy appears, so far as I am able to ascertain, to have been earned by literary reputation only. This is Archibald Allison, a Scottish barrister who wrote "A History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons, 1815," a work of great labor and research, executed with extreme fairness. He afterwards added six volumes to his History of Europe, and wrote a "Life of John, Duke of Marlborough." He was created a Baronet in 1852.

Edwin Arnold was born in 1832, and was educated at King's School, Rochester, and at King's College, London. Thence he went up to University College, Oxford, as a scholar, and won the Newdigate English verse prize with a poem entitled "The Feast of Belshazzar." In 1853 he was chosen to address the Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. For a short time after his graduation he was second master in the English division of King Edward's School at Birmingham, but he soon left to become Principal of the Sanskrit College at Poona, in the Presidency of Bombay, India. He is the author of a metrical translation of the great Sanskrit work, "The Hitopadesa," and since 1861 has been on the editorial staff of the Daily Telegraph. In 1875 he published the Indian "Song of Songs," a metrical paraphrase from the Sanskrit. For all these services to Indian literature and education he was made a Companion of the Star of India, on the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India. In 1879 "The Light of Asia," a poem on the life and teaching of Buddha, was published, and soon after this the King of Siam made him a knight of the White Elephant; he has also been decorated by the Sultan and the Shah of Persia. In 1888 he became Sir Edwin, being made a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire by the Queen. He may be considered to furnish a genuine example of a literary knight.

Theodore Martin was the son of a Scotch solicitor, and practiced law in his native city, Edinburgh, for some years. At the age of thirty he went to London, and became a contributor to Fraser's Magazine under the signature of "Bon Gaultier." He is an excellent scholar and linguist, as is clear from the varied nature of his work. He has published the best translation we have of the complete works of Horace, translations of selections from the Danish poet, Henrik Hertz, of the first and second parts of Goethe's Faust, and of the Vita Nuova of Dante. He was requested by the Queen to write a life of H. R. H., the Prince Consort; this was published on March 15th, 1880, and five days later the Queen herself conferred a civil Knight Commandership of the Bath upon him. The Order of the Bath is very rarely conferred on any but distinguished diplomatists, soldiers, sailors or politicians, and Sir Theodore Martin is probably the only merely literary man who holds a Cross of the Bath.

This slender list of literary knights and baronets has, however, just been doubled by the creation by Lord Salisbury, on going out of office, of three new baronets and one new knight. Edward Lawson, the principal proprietor of the London Daily Telegraph, a consistent supporter of Unionism, was made a baronet; as also was Captain Armstrong, the proprietor and editor of the Globe, the oldest London evening paper. Sir John Jaffray, proprietor of the Birmingham Daily Post, one of the ablest papers in England, is a man of fortune, as well as of great literary ability. He founded a large hospital near Birmingham, and wields a greater personal influence in the midland town than any other of its citizens

except the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. His baronetcy is the reward of very successful business enterprise, combined with hard work as a journalist, a public spirited citizen, and a consistent though independent advocate of Unionism. Dr. William Smith, the editor of the Quarterly Review, of the Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, of the Bible Dictionary, and of the Dictionary of Classical Biography and Mythology, received a knighthood, an honor paid to him as a literary man and a scholar rather than as a leading member of the Fourth Estate. Yet, even with regard to these honors, well deserved as they are, and marking, as they undoubtedly do, a new departure, it is to be observed that they are won by the rich and politically influential proprietor of the great newspaper, and not by the man who writes the editorials. It is the owner of the Daily Telegraph, and not George Augustus Sala, who gets *Sir* prefixed to his name.

So far we have discussed instances in which literary men have been made knights or baronets, and it is interesting in this connection to quote the remarks of Anthony Trollope, himself a successful man of letters, and a very frank, outspoken man besides. In volume II of his fascinating autobiography we read: "I have often heard it said that in England the man of letters is not recognized. I believe the meaning of this to be that men of letters are not often invited to be knights and baronets. I do not think that they wish it, and if they had it, they would, as a body, lose much more than they would gain. I do not at all desire to have letters put after my name, or to be called Sir Anthony, but if my friends Tom Hughes and Charles Reade became Sir Thomas and Sir Charles, I do not know how I might feel, or how my wife might feel if we were left unbedecked. As it is, the man of letters who would be selected for titular honors, if such bestowal of honors were customary, receives from the general respect of those around him a much more pleasant recognition of his work."

If literary knights and baronets are not numerous, literary peers are, of course, still fewer. The recent death of the poet Tennyson has caused people to recapitulate the cases in which eminent literary men have been peers, and to discuss again the propriety of rewarding men of letters with rank and title. When we begin to think of literary men who have been peers, three names rise at once to one's mind: Lord Byron, Lord Macaulay and Lord Lytton. A little reflection suggests the name of Lord Houghton, father of the newly appointed Viceroy of Ireland. The poet, George Gordon Byron, was, however, the sixth Baron Byron, and his greatness as a poet brought him no additional rank. Let me examine shortly the public lives of the other three.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, born in 1800, twice won the prize for an English poem at the University of Cambridge; he became a Fellow of Trinity College, and was admitted to the bar in 1826. Four years later he entered the House of Commons; as a member of the Supreme Council of India, he codified the laws of that great country. He was Secretary for War in Lord Melbourne's ministry, and Paymaster-General of the Forces. In 1852, the people of Edinburgh elected him as their representative in Parliament without his having offered himself as a candidate. In 1857, he was raised to the peerage. Though he will always live in the memory of English-speaking people as a brilliant historian, and as the founder of the new school of modern history, yet it is clear that his services in India and as a Cabinet Minister, coupled with his fame as an orator, were such as fairly to entitle him to a peerage.

Henry Bulwer, son of General Bulwer, like Macaulay, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, won the Chancellor's prize for an English poem. He was member of Parliament for

St. Ives and afterwards for Lincoln, and was always a strong Whig. Having published "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman," "The Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," and "The Last Days of Pompeii," he was, on the coronation of the Queen, created a baronet, as a representative of English literature—John Herschel being chosen for a like honor as a representative of English science. Succeeding to the estate of Knebworth on the death of his mother, a wealthy heiress, he added Lytton to his name. In 1852, he again sat in Parliament, and Lord Derby, when he came into power in 1858, made Sir Henry Bulwer-Lytton Secretary of State for the Colonies. On coming into office for the third time, Lord Derby raised him to the peerage as Baron Lytton. Though literary eminence made Mr. Bulwer a baronet, it is plain that work as a Cabinet Minister and wealth won him his peerage, which his son, by service as Viceroy of India, has since advanced to an earldom.

Richard Monckton Milnes, son of R. P. Milnes of Fryston Hall, Yorkshire, was a litterateur of some note, and one of the most widely accomplished Englishmen of his day. He wrote "Memorials of a tour in Greece," poems entitled "The Flight of Time," "Palm Leaves," etc. In 1837, he was elected member of Parliament for Pontefract, and in 1863 was raised to the peerage as Baron Houghton. His barony, however, is to be attributed rather to his parliamentary service, and to the fact that he was a man of wealth and high social connections, than to his fame as a man of letters.

The last titled writer that calls for consideration is Alfred Tennyson. He was son of the rector of Somersby in Lincolnshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, which has been a veritable nurse of English poets. He began his poetical work at a very early age, and continued it, without turning aside to any other form of literature, throughout the whole of his long life. In 1851, after his fame was firmly established by "Mort d'Arthur," "Locksley Hall," "The May Queen," "In Memoriam," and "The Princess," the laureateship fell vacant. Tennyson was appointed poet laureate, and held the office to the day of his death. In 1883, he was created Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, Sussex, and of Freshwater, Isle of Wight. His peerage was conferred upon him solely as a reward for his poetry, and it is the only one that has been won by a man who was a poet and nothing else; who had never sat in Parliament or done any service of a political or public nature whatever. Alfred Tennyson remains up to the present time the only example of a purely literary peer; and the conclusion to be drawn from a survey of the facts here presented is, that while literary reputation alone sometimes wins the personal honor of knighthood, and occasionally the transmissible honor of a baronetcy, it has in one instance only, of itself, when unaccompanied by other claims, been recognized by elevation to the House of Lords. Titular honors in England are won almost entirely by wealth and public services, usually of a political kind; and when the winners of titles have been men of high literary reputation, this has been an accidental circumstance, contributing perhaps to their elevation, but by no means the efficient cause of it.



SILVER LAKE.

PICTURESQUE UTAH.

BY GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.

THE MOUNTAIN regions of Utah are said by many travelers and artists to possess attributes of beauty unrivaled by those of any other country. The immense sweeps of landscape, whose distances are not to be estimated by any one unaccustomed to regions of this nature, are surprising, and are possessed of a grand and rugged simplicity that affords a special opportunity to the artist who is fond of laying his colors on his canvas in broad, sweeping strokes. Mountains upon mountains seem to rise, receding into hazy distances, while great valleys roll away in gentle slopes, or pause abruptly at the bases of grim precipices. Alpine lakes abound, and great roaring streams and cataracts tear down through the gulches to the valleys below—splendid forces when turned to purposes of usefulness.

The mountains are demonstrative of immensity in every respect—the splendid lines carved in their sides sometimes sweeping from highest peak to base. Their formations are unique, differing from those of other mountainous regions, partially on account of the aridity of the climate, which is not productive of the same vegetation usually found among other mountain ranges. At certain points, where mountains are usually well clothed, there is no deciduous foliage. The Wasatch and the Uintahs present the appearance of grassy plains sloping gently to the base of the mountains, while numerous cañons break their continuity at intervals. These cañons are formed by the action of the elements on the mountain mass, whose erosion cuts through the breast of the range regardless of the kind or hardness of the rocks of which it is formed. They seem to radiate from certain centers, their lower parts displaying usually a stretch of rather ordinary scenery, while the uppermost parts are wild, and emerge into a climax of grandeur in towering cliffs and rushing water.

Big Cottonwood Cañon leads up from the valley of Salt Lake, winding away through the mountains in a most enticing manner. A broad, tu-

multuous stream dashes down beside the roadway towards the valley below, while on either side grow the scrub oak and the wild rose, intermingled with occasional masses of other wild vegetation and clinging vines, many of which bear beautiful and often fragrant flowers.

The finest scenery commences along the Narrows as you ascend between overwhelming heights, where, after a sudden turn, may be seen the magnificent dimensions of Young's Peak, one of the most splendid mountain masses in the Territory. At a considerable height the main cañon is abandoned, and the traveler is obliged to ride horseback up the steep slope. When the ride is accomplished, he finds himself among the noble beauty of the lake regions, and in the very heart of the Wasatch Mountains. The lakes rest in a succession of amphitheaters, three of which are quite large and closely linked together, and are known as the three sisters, Lillian, Blanche and Florence, while forming a background are the Pillars of the Wasatch, a gigantic rocky mass, which, in its immensity, its splendid cleavage and beautiful coloring is almost peerless. They seem to overhang the lakes, which themselves lay on rocky ledges descending rather precipitously to the cañon below. The surroundings abound in the rugged grandeur of cliffs and precipices, and also in many of the softer elements of beauty. On the southern side of Lake Blanche are rich meadows and forests of quaking asp and pine, which sweep down to the water's edge. There are also flowers of rich and varied hues, and tangled underbrush, interwoven with heavy vines. Not far distant, leaping down the gorges or over the surrounding walls, are the cascades that feed the lakes. The banks are resplendent with purple asters and buttercups, and at the bases of the pines are unnumbered white columbines—flowers that grow wild in few other countries.



HEAD OF THE STAIRS—BIG COTTONWOOD CAÑON.

Among the lakes near the head of Big Cottonwood Cañon, Silver Lake at Brighton is probably the most well known. It is easy of access, lying in a spacious vale surrounded by meadows. It is in the neighborhood of a good hotel, where many come to spend the summer for rest and enjoyment, or to regain health under the exhilarating influence of the pure atmosphere. It is at an altitude of 9,000 feet.

The twin lakes, Minnie and Annette, lie a few miles south, and are extremely picturesque. The mountain chain towering above them is almost invariably covered with snow, particularly in the gorges, the banks of which are bordered with fir trees. The meadows of buttercups, bluebells and columbines slope away at the eastern end, while the feeding cascade gushes down from the near snow-beds.

A footpath leads up still farther to some of the lakes near the head of Big Cottonwood among the usual forests of pine and quaking asp, with stretches of flowers and mossy banks on which are luxurious growths of fern, while the air is permeated with the delicate odor of wild musk. A little farther up, the cascade which feeds Big Cottonwood Cañon, runs from the lakes and leaps thundering over the cliffs. Here, amidst some of the most romantic scenery of the Wasatch, lie the lakes, the lowest of which is Lake Phœbe, shadowed on every side by pine trees. A sweeping peak rises in the background, while in the distance are snow-crowned ridges. Lake Mary, the largest of this series, spreads its placid waters near by, while to the left is Lake Annette, resting upon a shelf of the mountain in a secluded spot. This last named lake, as well as Lake Blanche, has been chosen, on account of its matchless effects of color and atmosphere, as a subject for sketching by many artists.

A quarter of a mile farther on lies Lake Martha. It is not, like the others, surrounded by rough rocks, but by slopes of green, while on its southern side is a forest of pines. In the midst of its waters is a small island bordered with white boulders and crested with young pines. This island has often been compared to an Indian crown, which it greatly resembles.

Lake Catherine, a pool of melted ice and snow, is between one and two thousand yards above, and is the highest one of the series. It is the origin of Big Cottonwood Creek. In July and August its edges are vast beds of gleaming snow, and its waters are of the glacial, ethereal green. This lake, being at a very high altitude, the vegetation about it differs greatly from that of the lower lakes.



LAKE MARY.



LAKE PHŒBE.

It is at the limit of the timber line, the mountains above being bare and scarred, with lines where the avalanches have rolled for hundreds of years.

On what is known as the Little Cottonwood side of the divide, up another slope and along the trail that leads to American Fork Cañon, is Lake Minnie. The dark cliffs that rise above it to the east are massive and majestic, and form a wonderful setting for the watery gem. From Lake Minnie a steep, irregular trail leads to the divide, the highest point accessible in the Wasatch, from whence may be had an excellent view through American Fork Cañon. To the east stretch the Uintahs, fading in the distance to long, misty lines, to the north the settlements of the Weber Valley are visible, while to the northwest may be seen, like gleaming ribbons, bits of Great Salt Lake, bordered by the Oquirrh Mountains in faint tints of blue and lavender. Utah Lake and Juab Valley reach away to the south, and through the opening of Little Cottonwood Cañon rise the colossal proportions of the mountains surrounding Alta, where the winter avalanches have torn down and destroyed so many lives and so much property at their base in Dead Man's Gulch.



A GLIMPSE OF LAKE FLORENCE.

Amongst the large mountains at the northern extremity of the Wasatch Range stretches Bear Lake, twenty-five miles long, and about twelve miles wide, surrounded by well-timbered mountains and great plains of grass. The water is cold and clear, and abounds in fine mountain trout which affords the sportsman ample occupation in season, and is in great demand in the markets of Utah.

A series of beautiful lakes, divided by snowy heights, reposes near the head of Logan Cañon. From each one of them flows a stream which finds its way to Logan River. Lake Lucy, the most beautiful of this series, occupies a hollow between two gigantic rocky masses, where it is shadowed almost the entire day by forests of thick, healthy pines. They partake of much the same characteristics as the other mountain lakes and their surroundings, in scenic effects, vegetation and geological formations.

The Uintah Mountain Range is the greatest of which Utah can boast—its highest peak, Mt. Gilbert, rising to an eminence of 14,000 feet, 2,000 feet higher than Mt. Nebo, the highest peak of the Wasatch. The mountains run east and west, and are so steep that they are devoid of roads except for one near Bald Mountain, which runs from Fort Bridger to Fort Thornburg. But this road is now almost entirely abandoned, and the only way of crossing the range is by old, half-obliterated Indian trails. When a passage is effected to the heart of the mountains near Reed's, Gilbert's and La Motte's Peaks, one finds himself in the midst of magnificent timber land which the despoiling lumberman has not yet penetrated. Among these regions are many glacial lakes, and here rise most of the largest rivers of Utah, those flowing east finding their ways to Green River, and the remain-

der to Great Salt Lake. These placid pools, surrounded by rich green foliage, form an artistic contrast to the great barren, rocky cliffs and the gulches which are white with snow almost the entire year. From the mountain peak, La Motte, a magnificent view greets the vision. The land of Wyoming stretches in dreary wastes to the north, while to the northwest, beyond Bear Lake, may be traced the course of Bear River through prairie lands and amongst hills. To the west range the Wasatch Mountains, which the eye may follow from the peaks near Willard and Ogden, down past the Cottonwoods, American Fork and Mt. Nebo. Southward, across the cañon, rise the stately outlines of Reed's Peak, its base concealed in dense foliage through which a group of lakes is sometimes visible. Stretching far eastward from this peak are the Uintahs' myriads of lofty shapes, broken and rifted with deep, storm-torn chasms.

Lake Anna, lying in a basin at the eastern foot of La Motte, is believed to be the largest body of water at its elevation in North America, its surface being almost 12,000 feet above the sea. It is at the extreme of the timber land, and the pines growing about it are stunted and grotesque on account of the difficulty of their survival at this extreme altitude. The verdure that surrounds Lake Chapin, a mile or two away, and a few hundred feet less in altitude, is much more profuse and beautiful, lending a greater charm to the landscape.

Bear River is a remarkable stream of water. Its sources are numerous and various. Its upper portion is divided into three parts, but these are subdivided into numerous streams, the main stream being near the summit of the mountains. Most of the tributaries may be traced to lakes of glacial origin in elevated amphitheaters, walled around with rocky cliffs, alike in their larger features, but differing in particulars. One of these amphitheaters on the western side of the main fork of the Bear is at the foot of Reed's Peak. It is a beautiful spot, surrounded by glades through which course streams of clearest, coldest water, and where there are profuse forests of pine trees, while far above towers the peak, like a colossal sarcophagus upon a broad, firm pedestal. Its resemblance to a human form in repose is striking and impressive. From head to foot the figure measures over a thousand feet, and the so-called tomb is a quarter of a mile wide and several miles in circumference.

At the eastern extremity of the Uintah Mountain Range, the Green River cuts through a grand chasm, the gorge known as the Cañon of Ladore. On either side of the river are perpendicular walls several thousand feet high, devoid of bank on either side. A scientist has satisfactorily demonstrated that this river was running before the mountains about it were uplifted, and that they arose so slowly that the river cut its way as fast as the line upheaved. Otherwise the river could not have forced its way through these impenetrable mountains.

One of the most remarkable water courses of this region is Brush Creek Gorge. It slashes the mountain with a fissure a thousand feet deep, the top of which in some places is but fifty feet wide. It is inaccessible, and dizzying to look from above into its terrible depths, where the waters are thundering and dashing.

In the southern part of the Territory the mountains differ somewhat from the others, both in contour and vegetation, the latter of which is suggestive of semi-tropical climes. There are large flowering cacti, a species of cactus palm, and instead of firs, one finds cedar trees very much like the cypress of Eastern lands. There are none of the Alpine lakes, and little of that cañon scenery prevalent in the Wasatch Mountains, beyond the southern climax of the Wasatch at Mt. Baldy near Marysvale.

Returning to Great Salt Lake and



EMMA FALLS.

its environments, we find in the scenery surrounding it extreme ruggedness and simplicity of outline. The waters stretch from shore to shore, covering an area of 2,500 to 3,000 square miles, amidst mountainous islands and cliffs.

The dreary lifelessness of these islands and the stifling heat during the summer months, are thus vividly described by Mr. H. L. A. Culmer, an artist and writer of Salt Lake, in a paper entitled "Desolate Shores."

"A burning sun, high in heaven, flinging his fierce shafts upon a parched and fruitless earth; his rays reflected a hundred times from a broad watery expanse that gleams also upon the hot land; hills, white, rocky and bare; dismal hollows dotted with cedars—a few living weakly amidst a ghostly concourse of their dead fellows, whose stark and ashen limbs writhe grimly about their shattered trunks; a grimy beach, darkened with millions of decaying larvæ and strewn with clumsy crumbling boulders; the silence of a desert.

"Such are the common aspects of the mountainous islands of the Great Salt Lake. They are elements of scenes fraught with melancholy, death and utter desolation. To wander along these dreary shores, silent and alone, is to commune with nature in her bitterest moods, and to hunger and thirst for the beauties she so lavishly displays elsewhere. There are surely no other places on the face of the earth so devoid of every charm, so totally lacking in human interest or association. The deserts of Asia and America have their histories—dreary enough, it is true, but yet associated with human experiences, even though they be of suffering and travail; but these wild and wind-swept shores have risen from the surface of a bitter sea, and have never, till now, known the tread of human foot or sound of human voice.

"Whosoever has desire to witness the earth's poverty and degradation, let him traverse these gray wastes one single summer's day, when all the outer world is smiling and fruitful, and let him contrast what meets his gaze with God's munificence in other places. Toiling wearily over rotten rocks, whose unshapely hulks have been scooped out and hollowed into a thousand caverns by centuries of salt sea winds, he will come at intervals upon ragged plains where the only plant that thrives is the thorny sage. He will see this straggling vegetation stretch from the hills down to the beach, growing among the crevices of the rocks even to the water's edge, and there, where the salt crusts upon its branches, he will see it set upon by swarms of great black spiders, who weave their nets of filmy white over it all, and lie in wait for the myriad gnats, their prey; and then he will see the lazy surf feebly flinging its flakes of soiled foam, skimmed from distant shoals, to be strewn along this dreary beach. From these sights he will turn with sinking heart and wander on his way, scorched with the blaze from sea and sky, impatient for relief, yet finding none. No grateful shade, no limpid spring varies the hot march or offers chance to slake his burning thirst; a vast sea stretches to the horizon, mocking his desire, for he dare not lave in its depths, nor taste its poisonous waters. Lizards hasten across his path, and stay upon some rocky crest to watch him with their glittering eyes; mosquitoes swarm to his annoyance, and he hastens on to avoid the pains they would inflict. At last, weary and depressed, he may find a hollow in the hills of the wilderness, where a feeble spring of warm and brackish water seeps from the rocks, flows a few feet and sinks again in the thirsty soil. Here he will rest, despondent and alone, surrounded by the frail skeletons of coyotes less fortunate than he, that have wandered hither to perish when even this weak spring was dry.

"Now what magic power shall compass these desolate shores to transform them into realms of beauty and

delight? Naught but the power which can touch with omnipotent wand the bleak and barren sands and turn them into gold. That scene which at noon was drear, may become rich and glorious in the changing phases of the day.

"It is God's providence to bestow upon the desert in the evening a flood of radiant beauty, in compensation for the emptiness of mid-day. Trembling vapors which the hot sun has distilled now hover over the land to catch the sunset hues, filling the shady hollows of the hills with purple and blue, and of water bearers to their relief; and these will come trooping overhead from the east, their breasts flushed with faint and opalescent tints that are soon to develop through a glorious scale of saffron, scarlet and crimson, and bathe with a ruddy glow the whole sea and sky and land. They cross the heavens a grand and thrilling spectacle, curtains of fire that flow towards the sun and droop to cover his face with a veil of scarlet and gold. Fold after fold passes rapidly onward, blotting out all the glory in the west,



LAKE BLANCHE.

reddening the shafts of light that are cast upon the mountain tops. Low to the west, on the distant lake, lie streaks of amethyst and amber, through which the sun shall descend, alternately kindling these islands into a golden blaze, its flames vibrating on every twig and rocky edge; or immersing them in purple shadow, whose depths are yet again colored by reflecting lights from rosy clouds that are scattered across the sky. Then, many a summer evening, the Wasatch Mountains, in compassion for the sterility of these shores, will send forth a company except a great red ball that slowly sinks through the gathering mist, and all grows gray. The color has faded from the heavens and gloom is settling over the land.

"For a few minutes the peace and quiet of cool twilight is broken only by the sad cry of the moaning dove and the lazy lapping of the waves along the beach. Then, from far out at sea, comes a faint sound like the distant roar of a multitude of voices; it increases in depth and volume with every instant, and from the northwest there sweeps a wild blast, that gathers

up the sands of the beach and drives them whirling along the shore. The surface of the lake quivers for a moment, as though struck by a mighty hand, then sends a succession of swelling waves, that gather strength as they approach and break upon the land. Soon the white caps come rolling in from afar, running a mad race landward, bringing with them a flock of screaming gulls white as the foam itself, and whose erratic flight carries them now through the hollow of a wave and now vaulting upwards to the skies. There is a grand commotion where the steep reefs extend out into the sea, for ponderous billows are rolling in upon them and crashing against their sides with a tumult that is deafening. The foam gleams pale in the gathering night, as the breakers leap among the rocks; it streams down their drenched sides in a thousand tiny torrents, and mingles with the restless surf that booms in upon the beach in ever increasing strength and fury. And so the day closes among whistling winds and driving clouds along these bleak and desolate shores."

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

BY C. HORATIO JESSEN.

HIGH on her forehead there dangled a bay leaf,
Fresh and as fair as the creature who wore it;
Greenly it fluttered as flutters a stray leaf,
Culled by the zephyrs and carried before it.

Love was a child then, but love is a boy now—
Feebler the pinion once feathered for flying;
Much that was passion is more of a joy now,
Pure as a lake in its mountain-bed lying.

High on her forehead there dangles a bay leaf
Reft of what rendered it worthy the giving;
What was a green leaf is now but a gray leaf,
Nature lies lifeless while love is still living.

AROUND THE SOUTH POLE.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

APART from the consideration of those motives and impulses which are derived from the instigations of science or self-interest in man's mental and spiritual make-up, curiosity and courageous determination to gratify it are qualities so strongly emphasized as to impel him, in defiance of common sense, to engage in undertakings fraught with difficulty and danger, and productive of no direct material recompense. Hardship and peril cease to act as deterrent oppositionists when ambition—the offspring of competitive inquisitiveness—takes possession of an aspiring mind. It was under the influence of thirst for knowledge — another expression for inquisitiveness—that Mungo Park took his life in his hand and penetrated far into the interior of Africa; and since his time hundreds of other explorers in this and other lands have done likewise urged by the same impulse. The Australian desert and the steppes of Asia, the wildernesses of North America, and the dense forests of the Amazon basin have opposed in vain entrance into their forbidding wilds. The mystery which surrounds an unexplored region has such fascination and allurement that whether a Stanley proposes to march through the Dark Continent, or a Perry prepares an expedition to the North Pole, eager volunteers present themselves in the hope of gaining admission into the ranks of the explorers. Hitherto only two regions of the earth have defied human effort in its endeavors to penetrate to their centers—the regions of the North and South Poles. It was to satisfy curiosity that the first expeditions to the South Frigid Zone were undertaken.

While the North Pole has long been repeatedly brought before the notice of the public, and has been visited so often by scientific navigators that the geography of its surroundings is almost as well mapped out as that of



PACK-ICE IN THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS.

the British Isles, only very little is known of the South Polar region. It seems natural that this should be the case, when we consider the respective relative positions of the two points with regard to the more densely inhabited portions of the earth. The one is situated almost in the center of the land hemisphere; the other occupies a corresponding position in the water hemisphere, surrounded by a waste of wild seas and lying thousands of miles away from any inhabited land. So utterly isolated is the South Pole, so lonely is it in its solitude, begirt as it is by a vast expanse of tempestuous ocean, that one would hardly feel astonishment if it had failed to attract the curiosity of mankind. Such, however, has not been the case. At a very early date expeditions were sent into the Antarctic Ocean, and last September the Dundee Whaling Fleet, consisting of the steamers *Balaena*, *Active*, *Diana* and *Polar Star* sailed from England for the purpose of whaling in high southern latitudes.

This fleet is scientifically equipped and expectations are entertained that considerable additions will be made to our scant knowledge of the South Polar regions. Scientific instruments and other necessary equipments have been supplied by two learned societies of England, which also gave to the scientific staff which went with the fleet instructions for their guidance. A competent naturalist, an experienced physical observer and a photographer are of the party, and Mr. Burn-Murdock, the painter, accompanied them, expecting to bring back with him characteristic paintings of Antarctic icebergs and scenes. The fleet will doubtless make a most interesting report. Let us review the exploring efforts previously made in that desolate "end of the earth."

Old geographers entertained the quaint idea that in the Southern Seas great continents existed as a necessary condition of terrestrial construction in order to counterbalance those in the north and maintain the earth in stable equilibrium. From time to time search for these imaginary lands was made. It is believed that 300 years ago Juan Fernandez, in prosecuting such a search, reached New Zealand, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, while engaged in a similar wild-goose chase after vast stretches of land, found a few small islands. Other mariners boldly sailing into those mysterious seas made like discoveries of equal unimportance. Then Captain Cook penetrated as far into the Antarctic Circle as ice-floes and icebergs would permit him in an endeavor to solve the question. But he found no continent, and only added to the list of uninhabited islands already discovered. The geographers were disgusted that nature should have neglected to construct an Antarctic continent, and scratched from off their maps the great mainland of the Southern Seas which had figured so long on their charts. Succeeding navigators did no better, though one of them, Captain Weddell, R. N., sailed as far south as 74° 15′ S. in February 1823. Somewhat later whaling expeditions were sent into the Antarctic waters by Messrs. Enderby of London, and finally the American and several European governments began to take an interest in these regions. In 1839 Lieutenant Wilkes, in command of the United States' ships, *Vincennes* and *Peacock*, pushed south in search of new lands, and about the same time Admiral Dumont was sent in the same direction by Louis Philippe with the French corvettes, *Astrolabe* and *Zélée*. Other vessels joined in the search and parts of the ocean were visited that had never been explored before. Little additional information, however, was gained, and the results were in no way adequate to the endeavors.

We have now reached the time of the memorable expedition under the command of Sir James Ross, which covered the period of 1839–43, and was undertaken with a view to mak-



THE GREAT ICE BARRIERS OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

ing magnetic observations, and for the purpose of determining the position of the south magnetic pole.

Captain Ross, who was knighted on his return from this expedition, was born in London, April 15th, 1800. When twelve years of age he entered the English navy under his uncle, the Arctic voyager, Sir John Ross, whom he accompanied on his first voyage in search of a northwest passage. He also served under Parry, gaining much experience in Arctic voyaging. He was possessed of those qualities that are necessary for success in all great undertakings—a justly discriminating mind, a proper appreciation of his position as a commander, the faculty of close and correct observation, inexhaustible patience and unflinching courage. Sir James Ross died at Aylesbury, April 3d, 1862.

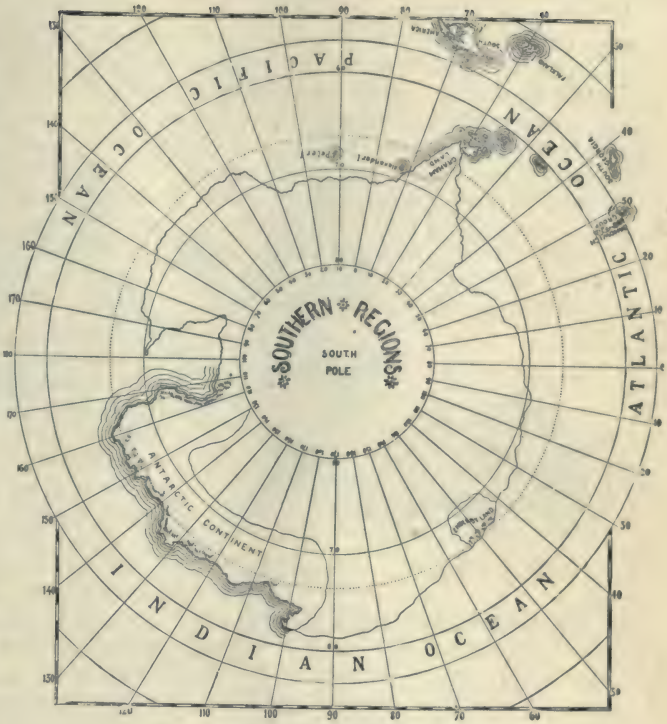
In 1838 the British Association had suggested an expedition on a scientific basis to the government, which, responding to the appeal, caused two old bomb vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, to be fitted out for the purpose. The command was given to Captain Ross, with Captain Crozier as his second in the *Terror*, and in September 1839, the two vessels sailed from Chatham, and, having touched at the Cape of Good Hope, reached Kerguelen Island in May 1840. Here the expedition remained more than two months engaged in surveying the island and making scientific observations.

On New Year's day, 1841, the Antarctic Circle was passed, and Ross pushed persistently toward the pole in spite of pack-ice which beset the vessel a few days afterward. On January 10th, they got clear of the ice and on the 23d were in latitude 74° 20′ S., having thus passed the most southern latitude reached by Captain Weddell in 1823. Continuing on his course Ross arrived at an island in latitude 76° 8′ S., and landed with extreme difficulty. He found it inhabited by vast numbers of penguins, and having made the usual observations, named it after Sir John Franklin. How little he imagined when he paid this appropriate tribute of respect to the renowned Arctic explorer that the very same vessels which he was then in command of, would, a few years later, bear Franklin away on his last voyage, and that no trace or relic of their ice-ground wrecks would ever be found.

It was a weird and uncanny region in which these hardy mariners found themselves—a region of horrors and deceptions, with its fog-constructed phantasmagoria of intangible shapes, its labyrinth of fierce currents and the awful roaring of wave-struck bergs and ice-clad rocks; with its paramount cold and its lack of human, quadrupedal and vegetable life. Ghosts of islands appear and disappear, and the phantom form of a mainland comes and goes, mocking the navigators, luring them with false hopes and cheating their eyesight with false impressions. Lieutenant Wilkes was deceived by the realistic appearance of these fictitious lands, fabrics of but mist and air, and even reported the discovery of a mainland where land there was none, as was convincingly proved afterward. Speaking of these optical illusions, Captain Ross narrates an instance well worth quoting. He says: "In the evening a remarkable appearance of land was reported. During several hours a number of pointed hills, apparently covered with snow, were seen assuming an appearance so calculated to deceive the inexperienced eye that, had we been prevented from proceeding farther, it would doubtless have been asserted on our return to England, that we had discovered land in this position. This appearance was, however, nothing more than the upper part of a cloud, marking by a well-defined but irregular line, the limit to which vapor can ascend in these latitudes. Below is vapor in every degree of condensation; above, the clear, cold space which vapor can never attain." So realistic was this illusion that some of the new

hands on board the ships could not be persuaded that the appearance was not land until they "had actually passed over the place of their baseless mountains.'

Another cause of deception is the capsizing of immense icebergs, and the exposure to view of a surface covered with earth and stones. Ross saw one of these phenomena. He suddenly noticed an island where three or four hours previously a prodigious iceberg had been visible, but which had disappeared. The island was about one hundred feet high and free from snow. So perfect an imitation of land did it present that the fact of its being the iceberg observed was only ascertained by landing upon it. The vast mass had rolled over and shown a new surface covered with ice-bound boulders, gravel and earth.



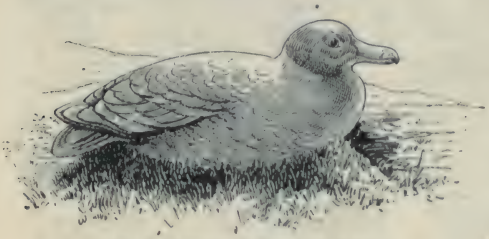
MAP OF THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS.

To sailing vessels, such as those with which Ross made his explorations, the sweeping currents and wave-drift of the immense surging ocean that surrounds that south polar land are dangerous in the extreme. On one occasion the *Erebus* and *Terror* were becalmed and drifted toward a dense archipelago of huge icebergs, against which the mighty swell of the vast and deep ocean beat with appalling violence. "Every eye was fixed with the tremendous spectacle, and destruction seemed inevitable." So wrote Sir James of that terrible experience. Drifting to inevitable death was enough to fix men's eyes, as they watched the distance lessen that separated them from those gigantic bergs which remorselessly hurled back in shattered confusion the load-groaning waves. For eight hours this mental agony continued, and still the stagnant air moved not. The ships had drifted helplessly with the current to within some hundred yards —so few that the number could be expressed by a single numeral—of the spot where the ghastly Death-King of that frigid zone was awaiting them, when the benumbed air shook off its torpor and began to stir. Under the influence of the gentle breeze the ships were kept off the ice, and as the wind gradually increased, the commanders by nightfall had worked their way out of the dangerous position into the open sea.

On January 27th, the ships came in sight of a mountain 12,400 feet high, while to the east of it another mass rose to the height of 10,900 feet above

sea level. To the former was given the name of "Erebus," and to the latter that of "Terror." Beyond them and to right and left of them the tops of other mountains could be seen, and there was no doubt that an extensive mountain range existed on the newly discovered land, pointing to the fact that its area must be of vast dimensions. At last a mainland had been found!

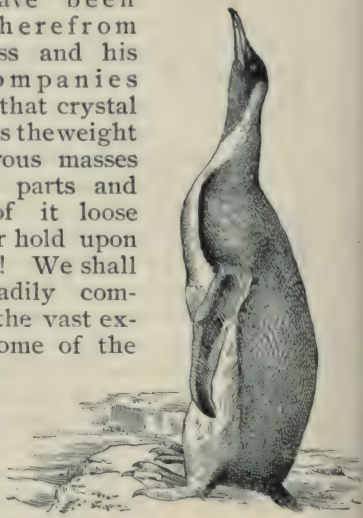
Mount Erebus was an active volcano and the expedition witnessed its intermittent eruptions and gazed upon



GREAT ALBATROSS ON ITS NEST.

the fire that blazed from that great furnace chimney of the earth. It was a rare sight, that juxtaposition of flame and ice, that contrast between fire and snow and furious contest between the extremes of heat and cold. "A volume of dense smoke was projected at each successive jet with great force, in a vertical column, to a height of between 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the mouth of the crater; when, condensing first at its upper part, it descended in mist or snow and gradually dispersed, to be succeeded by another splendid exhibition of the same kind in about half an hour afterwards. * * * The diameter of the columns of smoke was between two and three hundred feet as near as we could measure it. Whenever the smoke cleared away, a bright red flame that filled the mouth of the crater was clearly perceptible; and some of the officers believed they could see streams of lava pouring down its sides until lost beneath the snow which descended from a few hundred feet below the crater, and projected its perpendicular, icy cliff several miles into the ocean."

And now these bold seamen were buoyant with the hope that they would be able to effect a landing on this Antarctic shore, believing that the icy obstacles could be overcome by courage and perseverance. Alas for their aspirations! The mainland over which Mounts Erebus and Terror reared their heads was as safely guarded against intrusion as the donjon of a castle. A perpendicular sea-wall of ice from 150 feet to 200 feet in height, flat as a table at the top, and presenting neither crack nor fissure for foothold, opposed the explorers and defied them. Only birds could reach the summit of that hard, smooth cliff of glittering crystal. Hoping, ever hoping to find some gap in this marvelous ice barrier, Ross sailed eastward along it for 450 miles, but found no break in it; its seaward face was ever the same — wrinkleless and smooth. It was calculated that this wonderful coating of that polar shore was 1,000 feet thick, and as there was a depth of nearly 2,000 feet of water where the ships coasted along it, it was conjectured that the ice barrier was formed upon a ledge of rock, and that its outer edge projected beyond its base of support and did not rest upon the ground. What Titanic icebergs have been formed therefrom since Ross and his ships' companies gazed on that crystal sea wall, as the weight of ponderous masses has torn parts and parcels of it loose from their hold upon the rocks! We shall more readily comprehend the vast extent of some of the Antarctic bergs by being aware of the existence of this pro-



KING PENGUIN.



A TIPPING ICEBERG.

digious ice factory which turns out icebergs miles in length.

In prosecuting this search for a landing-place, the vessels reached latitude 78° S. But the approach of winter put a stop for the time to further examination of the coast. Young ice was beginning to form, and it was time to depart. No human being has ever wintered among the Antarctic ice. Aided by a strong breeze, Ross forced his way through and turned his prows towards Hobart Town. In the summer of 1841–42, he again steered to the Great Ice Barrier, and recommenced his examination of it, escaping many imminent dangers. The result was the same, though on this occasion he attained a latitude of 78° 11′ S., the highest ever reached before or since. A third visit was paid to that desolate land in December, 1842, but no addition to previous discoveries was made, and on March 11th, 1843, the expedition recrossed the Antarctic Circle for the last time and returned to England, arriving there in September of the same year. With all his perseverance and strenuous efforts made under circumstances of great and constant danger, Ross was unable to determine the position of the South Magnetic Pole—one of the main objects of the expedition. The great continental ice-cap proved an insuperable barrier.

Since the date of Ross' expedition, little additional information with regard to the Antarctic zone has been gained. In 1874, however, the *Challenger*, during her voyage round the world on a scientific expedition, cruised in the Southern seas and even entered the Antarctic Circle, making many interesting observations on the formation of South Polar icebergs, the marine fauna and the avi-fauna of that region, and on the summer climate.

Ice was first sighted on February 10th in a latitude corresponding to that of Christiana in Norway. It was a berg of the typical kind, a flat-topped mass covered with snow and bounded by perpendicular cliffs. It had probably come from the great iceberg factory, the barrier that baffled Ross. As the *Challenger* steamed farther and farther south, the icebergs increased in number. At first those in sight were counted, but when the total amounted to from forty to over a hundred the plan was abandoned. Imagine what the sight must be with scores of these great ice islands around, of different forms and coloring according to the length of weathering they have experienced, and their different formations and stratification. The scenic effect is wonderful. There are icebergs with caves and caverns, with crevasses and gullies; there are one-storied and two-storied bergs; others with horizontal platforms and sea-beaches, classified as bi-tabular icebergs. Some of the more aged exhibit pinnacles and columns in testimony of the long weathering process which they have undergone. In such ancient

specimens the similarity of the effect of water on iceberg and rock is striking. "The resemblance in the weathering of a berg," writes Mr. Moseley, "by the action of waves to that undergone by a rocky coast, under the same circumstances is complete. Caves, cliffs, pinnacle-like outliers, and a shore platform at the base of the cliffs, are formed in closely similar manner in each case." As the surf beats on these iceberg shores, dashing in and out of the caverns and gullies which the waves have excavated, the roar is tremendous and increases the awe that man must feel as an intruder into regions not intended for him.

Then the coloring of these southern icebergs is magnificent in the extreme. Their general ground color under ordinary light is a pale blue tint, which is embellished with parallel streaks of the purest cobalt blue, and bright, polished wash-lines fringed with icicles, while the crevasses and hollows are of the deepest sky blue. No artist on board was "able to approach a representation of its intensity." As a set-off to the excessive richness and depth of this coloring, the sea at the foot of the bergs is of a dark indigo, the effect of contrast. But it is under the influence of light and shade, of cloud-shadow and sunlight, and in the glow of the rising and the setting sun, that the gorgeousness and true glories of these Titanic floating crystals are to be seen. Under the scowl of a passing cloud the bergs, as the shadow, eclipsing the sunlight, creeps from one to another, put on in turn a mantle of the deepest black, while their companions glitter brilliantly around them. As the shadow moves away the darkened ice breaks out again into brightness and beauty. In the rich, red sunsets, views of which the crew of the *Challenger* frequently enjoyed, icebergs lying directly between the observer and the illuminated sky appeared as black masses with hard outlines; but those situated to right and left of the sinking sun reflected back his splendor in colors of red and golden yellow, of crimson and pink, and clothed themselves in the brightest hues. With reference to the deceptive appearances of icebergs, Mr. Moseley remarks: "Bergs in the far distance, in ordinary daylight, when lighted up often have a pinkish tinge, and then look remarkably like land. The deception is very complete. No doubt Commodore Wilkes was deceived by it."

On February 16th, the *Challenger* crossed the Antarctic Circle, but as the vessel was not built for polar voyages, the commanders, Captain Nares and Captain Thompson, not having received instructions to proceed farther south, turned back after having passed about six miles beyond it. Before the ship reached a latitude beyond the limit of the icebergs, she encountered great difficulty, in spite of her steam power, and more than once was in a critical position owing to snow storms and heavy gales. One of the most remarkable sights witnessed was a snowbow which was seen arched high up in the sky during a light fall of snow, at the time of a brilliant sunset. "It did not show regularly arranged prismatic colors, but only a uniform bright pinkish yellow hazy light. It was brighter at its lower extremities like a rainbow."

With regard to the marine fauna, Mr. Moseley informs us that not a single seal was seen during the trip. In the neighborhood of the Antarctic Circle, whales of the "Finback" species were very abundant, as also was a smaller cetacean which he considered to be a kind of grampus (Orca), but which he could not identify with any described species.

The avi-fauna were not numerous as to species. As the ship neared the pack-ice, the petrel, *Thalassaeca glacialoides*, became common, and as soon as the ice was reached, the beautiful snow-white petrel, *Pagodroma nivea*, was found. The sooty albatross, *Diomedea fuliginosa*, the giant petrel, *Ossifraga gigantea*, and the Cape pigeon were also seen, but left the

vessel when it entered the ice-pack. Penguins were very common, but so shy that they could not be caught. Birds were seldom seen on the icebergs, though a flock of Cape pigeons was occasionally noticed roosting on the top of one. These birds parted company with the voyagers in about the latitude of Kerguelen Island. The last iceberg seen by the crew of the *Challenger* on her return from this trip was on March 4th, in about the same latitude as Heard Island, namely,



NIGHT IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

53° 10′ S., which is also that of the eastern entrance of the Straits of Magellan.

From the nature of their distinct environments considerable differences naturally exist between the Arctic and Antarctic regions, both in meteorological and phenomenal points of view. The former is comparatively land-locked, and the shores of Greenland are practically the very limited source of all the bergs that find their way into the Atlantic. The icebergs of the north are of puny size compared with the great crystal plateaux that range the Southern Seas. This is accounted for by the fact that the bergs of the Arctic zone are fragments of glaciers which thrust themselves through deep and narrow fiords into the sea, where their extremities keep breaking off in masses of various sizes and shapes. In the South, the range of iceberg-producing coast is immense, and the iceberg cliff, hundreds of miles in extent, supplies them in corresponding size and quantities. During the present Antarctic summer, the drift of icebergs northward has been unusually great, having advanced in enormous numbers from 250 to 400 miles beyond their customary limit, approaching almost within sight of the Cape of Good Hope, and proving a serious impediment to navigation near the coast of New Zealand. Possibly the Great Ice Barrier has been so wrecked and ruined in places that the crews of the Dundee whaling fleet may have been able to effect an entrance through some breach into the untrodden land of the South Pole. In that case we shall know more of the great land mass discovered by Ross, and access to the South Pole may prove easier than that to the North Pole has proved to be.

Practically little more is known of the Antarctic zone than what was reported of it by Ross. Its temperature is much below that of the Arctic

regions, owing to the greater quantity of ice, and to the fact that the currents flowing into the South Polar Seas are smaller and less moderating than those flowing into the Arctic. Nobody has approached nearer to the South Pole than Ross, and he did not get within 800 miles of it. All that we know of it amounts to this: The icy barriers that guard its domains far eclipse anything of the kind in the North Frigid Zone; and lofty mountains, transcending in height anything of the kind discovered by northern explorers, exist on the Antarctic mainland, which is covered with snow all the year round. Add to this the facts that no human being has his abode nearer to it than the fifty-sixth degree of latitude (corresponding nearly with the latitude of Edinburgh and Copenhagen); that no vegetable growth except lichens appears beyond the fifty-eighth degree; that no land quadruped exists beyond the sixty-sixth degree of latitude, and we have a synopsis of what is known of the South Polar regions.

GAMBLERS' GULCH.

BY JUDGE T. E. JONES.

THE old saying that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," was exemplified in my own case as a miner. For nearly four years I had traveled from place to place in the rich mines on the western slope of the Sierras, wandering in search of the "better diggings" which always vanished at my approach. In 1854, however, I resolved to settle down at the next mining camp I came to, and it followed that in the fall of that year, after a summer in the ague beds of the Sacramento Valley, I reached Weaverville, prepared, both in spirit and purse to carry my resolution into effect.

The Weaverville of to-day, with its cleanly-kept streets, its rows of substantial brick buildings shaded by spreading locusts and other trees, and its tasteful residences and gardens, does not look much like the Weaverville we entered—two tramping miners with blankets on our backs—thirty-eight years ago. One long, broad street, lined on either side with houses of logs, shakes, canvas, and of rough, unplaned lumber, greeted our vision. Men were here by thousands, pouring in and out of the various places of business, and gambling. Of the latter dens, the "Independence," the "Diana" and the "Golden Gate" were most prominent. The first and last named were two-story buildings, as were two of the hotels, which gave them a prominence over the other houses among which they stood.

My partner was a young Easterner, Charley Stallard, with whom I had become associated in the Southern mines in one of the odd ways partnerships were formed in those days. In the confidence of partners we had told each other our hopes and expectations, and from these I learned that he worshiped a girl back in the old home, but the difference in their stations in life had kept him silent. His trip to California was undertaken in the hope that matters might in some way become equalized. He studiously abjured the evils to which his companion miners succumbed, and great was my surprise when I found him seated one night at the monte table, gambling. Our home was on Poverty Flat, a mile from the town, to which we generally came two evenings in the week for mail and express matter, and market supplies. I was inclined to

laugh at this new "fad" at first, but at last he became so engrossed in his occupation that time and again I had to wait for him, or go home alone. He got into the way of leaving the marketing and other business to me, when we reached town, while he went in search of the game, alas! too easily found.

One spring evening we separated as usual, Stallard briefly indicating where he could be found when I was ready to go home. I got through with my errands, strolled around for a while, and then went to the designated place. Much to my surprise Charley was taking no part in any of the games being carried on and I jumped to a conclusion at once.

"Broke?" said I.

"No. Haven't bet a cent to-night —don't feel lucky."

"Ready to go?"

"Not quite; I waited here because I knew you'd come. Let's see what's going on at the Independence."

We crossed the street, and upon entering the building saw at once that something unusual was transpiring. At one of the central tables a large crowd had gathered.

"What's up? Some fellow getting away with the bank?" I asked of an acquaintance who stood near.

"New game. Woman dealing; a darn pretty one at that," was the reply.

This was enough to excite our curiosity. We worked our way up to the table. A good looking fellow, dressed with the scrupulous neatness of the gambling fraternity of those days, sat in the chair next to that usually occupied by the dealer of the game. At the center of the table handling the cards was a woman, but she wore her broad-brimmed hat in such a way as to prevent us from getting a good look at her features.

They were playing a French game —lansquenet—not much in vogue. I never played at the game and hence lack that understanding of it which comes only by actual experience. My recollection of it is that the dealer risked no money at all—he simply furnished the table, light and cards. One or more players would supply the money to start a bank, others would bet against it. If the bank won, the dealer would take out a percentage and the game went on again. If the bank lost, of course the dealer got no percentage, but he lost nothing, which, taken altogether was very pleasant and profitable—for the dealer.

The crowd seemed to be drawn together more from curiosity than any other motive, and it was some time before anyone responded to the appeal of the dealer to "make a bank." Finally, a red-shirted miner passed in a couple of dollars; the money was taken in one moment and in another won. From the comments I then heard, I concluded that the bank-makers had been out of luck, and the betting element preferred to stake their money against the bank, rather than to make one. Presently another put in a dollar, and that was swept away. Hardly had the dealer paid the money over when Charley gave me a nudge and said, "I guess this is my game." Drawing his buckskin purse from his pocket he picked out a ten dollar coin, and throwing it over to the dealer said, "I'll make a bank."

"Ten dollars in bank, gentlemen, who'll take it?" cried the dealer, dropping the coin into his drawer and counting out its equivalent in silver coins. "Three dollars, thank you, seven left; two more, three, one, one. Bank taken; play."

The woman reached for some cards, of which ten or a dozen packs had been shuffled together, and picking up a bunch that might contain any number from forty to sixty, commenced to deal. The mode of dealing was to lift off three cards, one at a time, and lay them face downward; the fourth card was turned face upward, and decided the game.

"An eight spot. Odd wins and even loses," shouted the gambler, as he transferred one dollar to his drawer.

"Nineteen dollars in bank, gentlemen. Five; ah, five more; and five more. Who'll take the other four? Ah, thank you, game is made, play."

Again the woman handled the cards and again an even-numbered card turned up as the fourth one.

"Thirty-five dollars in bank," shouted the gambler as he transferred three dollars to his drawer. "Who'll take it? Five, six, twenty-four left; that's the four and leaves only twenty.

"Had n't you better draw out part, Charley?" I suggested.

"No, let it all go," he responded hoarsely. "I'm in luck to-night."

It was not what he said, so much as the excited tone in which the words were uttered that attracted the notice of those around us. Even the dealer quit appealing to the crowd to "take it, take it," and the woman waked up to steal a glance at him.

"Great Heaven!" said Stallard,



"AT THE CENTER OF THE TABLE, HANDLING THE CARDS, WAS A WOMAN."

Pitch in boys; you can't win if you don't bet. Ah, ten more; good for you, pard, you're game. Who wants the last ten?"

The crowd was not so eager to bet against the bank, now that the bank was having its innings, but the remaining ten were taken in small bets, and again the deal proceeded.

"Seven-spot for the bank," cried the gambler, excitedly, as the woman, after laying off three cards, turned up the seven-spot of hearts. "Sixty-five dollars in bank, gentleman, the percentage wins for the first time to-night. Sixty-five dollars in bank; who wants it?" he continued, as he dropped five dollars more into his drawer.

grasping my arm nervously as he spoke.

"What's the matter, man?" said I. "If this is the way you take it, draw down your money and let's go home."

Looking in the direction in which Charley's eyes were cast I saw the woman raise her head and glance at him; her countenance changed in an instant and she dropped her eyes to the table as before.

"Give me the money," said Charley, reaching out his hand. "I've enough."

"Press your luck, man; always press good luck. Don't draw down when you're winning."

"Give me the money," returned Stallard fiercely. The gambler gathered up the pile of silver, changed

some of it to gold and handed it across the table. Charley took it and dropping it listlessly into his pocket, turned to go, still clinging convulsively to my arm.

"What the deuce ails you, man?" said I, when we were clear out of the throng.

"I can't tell you now, Tom; I will when we get home. That girl!"

"Well, what do you know of her?"

"Know of her"—Charley had got thus far in his reply when there came the sound of a light, hurried step, and as we turned, the woman grasped him by the shoulder.

"Charley, you recognized me?"

"Recognized you! Adele!"

"Then, Charley, for God's sake—for the sake of the times when we were children together, never breathe a hint of where you saw me, lest it should reach my mother's ear. Promise me that."

"I promise you, Adele. But when a woman lowers herself as you have done—"

She interrupted him with flashing eyes. "I have married a gambler and make a show of myself among brutal men to aid him in his calling. That is the extent to which I have lowered myself. If you think I have fallen deeper, you mistake."

I did not hear his reply, as I had already moved a few steps onward. They talked earnestly for a few moments, and when Charley started toward me, he paused, turned and said, "Sunday afternoon, Adele?"

"No; Sunday morning. The afternoon," she added bitterly "is a gambler's harvest time." Then she turned and went back to the saloon.

Charley and I soon gathered up our purchases and started for home. I was in hopes he would tell me something of the girl, but he did not, and for some reason I was loth to question him. When we reached the cabin Stallard pulled the silver and gold out of his pocket, and throwing it on the table said, "I'm not even on this gambling racket, but I've made my last deal."

Sunday morning Charley went to town, leaving me in camp. It was late in the afternoon when he came back, and I saw at once that what had occurred at the interview between him and the gambler's wife, had left him in a very thoughtful mood. But he still maintained a provoking silence regarding the affair, and it was not until we had eaten supper, seated ourselves on either side of the fireplace to enjoy our pipes that he commenced to talk. Even then it was more as if communing with his own thoughts than talking to another.

"We were little lovers, once. We went to school together and used to go home hand in hand. When the wild strawberries were ripe I knew where the best patches were, and Adele and I gathered them together. Her people were well to do—mine very poor. I realized this as I grew to manhood. I felt that I could gain the first place in her affections, but I knew that it would be selfish and ungenerous in me to do it, or to bind her by any promise she might afterwards have reason to regret. I left our humdrum place to better myself, and put myself in a position to be worthy of her. When I got to New York, Stevenson was just forming his California Regiment. I was only a boy in years, but I lied about my age, was accepted and came here.

"Fortune was always against me. Others in the mines around me were washing out gold by ounces and pounds—I, working just as hard could only find dollars. She grew up to be a beautiful woman. Her hand was sought by many, but she cared for none—why, she does not say, and I leave the answer for you to guess. Her father urged her to marry one of his own money-making kind, and hounded her until she consented. As the time for the marriage drew near, Adele became more and more disgusted with her intended husband, and begged to be released. But the selfish fool would not consent, and the father was

worse, if anything, telling her that if she did not do as he wished, he would forever renounce her. The day she was to be married she ran away from home. By some damnable mischance she met Castro,the thing she is married to. He was specious and pleasing and they went to New York, were married and came here. Only after the marriage did he come out in his true colors. Too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal, he was not ashamed to take his wife's jewelry and sell it for a gambling stake. You see the kind of life he is leading, and making her lead here. Poor Adele!"

II.

Spring passed by, and the first month of summer was upon us. But it brought no change in our prospects on Poverty Flat. Charley had kept his word nobly about gambling; not a cent had he ventured since the night of his first interview with Adele. In fact he did not go to town at all, the marketing and chores being left for me.

One pleasant June morning found me ill and unable to attend to my share of the work. Charley was tenderness itself during the few days of my invalidism and carried on my work and his own with untiring energy. Among other things he had to go to town for our mail and the mining supplies. I noticed that he did not spend any unnecessary time on these trips and that upon recounting the current gossip he never mentioned Adele or her husband.

One evening he returned from town in a very short time and I fancied somehow that he had important news to convey. I was not mistaken, for he had scarcely laid down his bundle when he said abruptly, "The lansquenet game is broke."

"Broke?" I said with a laugh. "We'll next hear of some keno-dealer getting broke. I guess the game has only quit for better times."

"It's true all the same. The boys got tired of making banks for him and he hauled out his own sack and made banks himself. They've been beating him right straight along and on Tuesday cleaned him out. He opened his game again last night, but did n't get enough to pay table rent; and you know the fellows that keep the house don't do a credit business."

"He'll be after you for a stake yet."

"He'll not get it all the same. I've quit gambling myself and won't lend money for any one else to gamble with. You can depend upon that."

Standing on the back porch of the Court House in Weaverville and looking to the northeast, one can see a small mountain, from the summit of which a little swale begins its descent toward the town; others unite with it, and by the time it reaches the comparatively level ground at the base of the hill, it has become a ravine of proportions sufficient to merit a name. Gamblers' Gulch is short, and dry except when the rains are falling. It earned its title at an early date, and although I venture to say there has not been a pick struck into its bed or banks for the last thirty years, the name clings to it still.

Tradition is silent as to the time Gamblers' Gulch was discovered and worked, but as to the manner of the discovery there is nothing lacking except the name of a certain gambler. It seems that one Osborne and his partner, knights of the green cloth, went to bed one night with the unhappy thought in their minds that they were "dead broke." Some of the red-shirted gentry had made a "cow" which was played against their bank with such good luck and judgment that the bank was swept away. Next day they pawned their jewelry, borrowed from their friends who had anything to lend, and even "soaked" their gambling outfit to get up another bank. The miners divided their "cow," except the original amount, and again the bank was

tackled with the same result as before.

Osborne and his friend found themselves at their wit's end. The thought came to them to go out prospecting among the miners. An accommodating merchant readily gave them credit for a pick, pan and shovel, and by some hook or crook they took their way up Ten Cent Gulch, to which Gamblers' Gulch is a tributary. Here they found at work some of the men who owned stock in the "cow" a few nights before and who, pointing to the little ravine I have mentioned, advised them to try a pan of dirt from it. Osborne had mined some, and the first panful of earth taken from the bedrock and washed by him showed that they had, indeed, a good claim. They hired a miner who owned a rocker to work the claim with them, and for a number of days they realized a hundred dollars a day each.

Your genuine "sport" of the olden time would rather win ten dollars at cards by his skill, luck or knavery, than to earn ten times that sum by labor, and so when Osborne and his chum got enough dust for their purpose they quit work to re-establish the bank. To guard against possible contingencies, and as an evidence of ownership they left the pick and shovel in the claim. But they never had to come back. Fortune favored them, and their new bank prospered. It was not halcyon days with all the sports, however, and before very long more of the gentry found themselves in an impecunious condition. Osborne directed them to the place where the pick and shovel had been left, gave them the pan and sent them out to retrieve their broken fortunes. They in turn were followed by others until not a week passed by but saw some broken-down gambler digging away in Gamblers' Gulch. The miners respected the claim, and none ever thought of taking it away from any one of its many occupants.

Gamblers are not scientific miners. All they want is a "stake," and when that is secured, pick and shovel are left for the next one that has occasion to use them. None of these men thought of fitting up the claim in mining style and working it out. Osborne and his chum worked only the shallow bed of the ravine; those who followed him did the same until the pay gave out, which soon occurred. The next comers delved into the little flats and low banks on either side, gradually widening out until on one side the bank was ten or twelve feet deep above the bedrock. To remove this bank with pick and shovel was too slow and laborious a process, and soon the face of the bank was dotted with "coyote holes," gouged in by the workers on one crevice or another, and followed in a dozen feet or more till the limit of the pay streak was passed. Old miners who saw the work shook their heads and prophesied that some day there would be a terrible accident there, but thus far the gamblers had borne charmed lives.

In a couple of weeks I was all right again, and one night I announced to Charley that I was going to town and would probably take my place in the claim next day. Charley, contrary to my expectations, decided to accompany me.

The same scenes presented themselves as before, except that the lansquenet table was replaced by a roulette game. Meeting an old Missouri friend, I found he was present the night Castro lost all his money; in fact had borne away a part of it, himself. He chuckled at the idea of having sent the fancy-shirted gentleman to work.

"To work," I repeated, "what is he doing—hired out?"

"Not much. He and his wife go up to Gamblers' Gulch every day."

"Slim picking, I should think. The gulch has been pretty well cleaned up."

"Oh, there's some good spots there yet, but they are hard to get at. Take a head of water though, and a fellow could get a pretty good season's run.

"You hear that Charley?" said I.

"Hear what?"

"Bradley tells me your lady friend has turned miner. She and Castro are working the Gamblers' Gulch."

"Better for her than being in a place like this. I'll go and see them to-morrow."

"Why not to-night?"

"I want to see them together, and I want you to be there. I've got no money for him to gamble with, but I have a few hundred to help them, or rather her, to get into the way of making an honest living."

"I've a double purpose in having you come with me, Tom," said Stallard the next morning when we were well on our way to the Gulch. "I have staked off a claim up above here. Was up here two days while you were sick. I hope you'll like it; if not, good-by to Poverty Flat."

Gamblers' Gulch is about a mile above the point where Ten Cent Gulch debouches into the receiving stream. At that time of the year, the snows had disappeared from the watershed of Ten Cent and its tributaries, and only the water from the springs flowed down the gulch at any point. We passed a few miners who were working with rockers, and very soon we came to the mouth of Gamblers' Gulch. We saw Adele seated by a water hole, panning out the last of a panful of earth. So absorbed was she in her work that she did not hear our approach until we were almost beside her, when she rose up in some alarm.

"Don't be frightened, Adele," said Charley, laughing. "We're not jumping your claim."

"I'm glad to see you, Charley," she said as she laid down the nearly emptied pan. "I've been in torment for the last three days."

"I heard of your trouble, Adele; but it was only last night that I learned you had turned miner."

"The trouble you refer to is nothing. If the change of the last few days should be the means of making Mr. Castro adopt a different mode of life, I could rejoice at what others would call trouble, and welcome it as a blessing in disguise. Its not that which worries me. It is Searles—he has followed me to California."

"Where's Castro? Does he know it? How did you find out he was here? What does he want?" Charley rattled off, excitedly.

"You take my breath away with your many questions. Hark!" We listened in silence for a moment and could hear the occasional faint sound of a pick striking the ground up the gulch. "Castro is digging out another pan of earth for me to wash. The two have met but failed to recognize each other. Why he has come to this State, God only knows. I had a letter from him a few days ago; he writes like a crazy man, and says he will have vengeance on me and those who have robbed him of me. He and George are sure to have trouble."

We now went up the gulch and the sound of the pick grew very near, though the worker was hidden in one of the numerous coyote shafts which pierced the bank. Mrs. Castro stopped in front of one of them and called him to come out.

"In a minute," was the answer. "Throw me the pan and I will fill it and bring it with me. How was the last?"

"Good." She emptied the dust into a corner of her handkerchief and then entered one of the little tunnels. In a moment she returned. "He will be out soon," she said, and added, "its very warm up here, let's sit in the shade of those manzanitas until he comes."

"Rather a dangerous place to drift in," said I, "but men will take all sorts of chances for the sake of the dross."

"Ah, ha! Here you are, are you? I knew I'd find you." The voice came from above us on the opposite side of the gulch, and looking up we

saw the figure of a man standing on the bank opposite. Hatless, with long, unkempt hair and beard, his clothing soiled as though the earth alone had been his bed for months, the man stood on the edge of the perpendicular bank and gesticulated wildly.

"My God," exclaimed Adele, in a low voice, "it's Searles."

"I've found you — found you!" yelled the maniac. "Did you think you could escape me by putting a little continent between us? Ho, ho! Not if it had been the world—I'd have followed you anywhere. And now for my reward." Quick as a flash he drew a pistol from his bosom and fired at our group. The ball struck the earth between Adele and myself, throwing the earth into our faces.

"Run behind the manzanitas, Adele," cried Charley, as we sprang to our feet. "They will deflect a bullet. Tom, we must get the best of that fellow, or he'll kill us all. Rock him."

He grabbed two or three of the gravel stones lying loose upon the surface as he spoke, and I immediately followed his example. Charley's aim was truer than mine—one of the rocks struck Searles on the shoulder; the pistol was discharged again, but without harm, and fell to the ground.

"What's this?" cried Castro, emerging from the drift and pushing the full pan of earth before him, "What's all this shooting about?"

He stooped as he spoke to lift up the pan of earth, when a sudden cloud of dust arose and the front of the drifted ground on which Searles had been standing fell with a dull sound, covering Castro from sight and flinging Searles upon the bedrock below.

Charley and I pulled Searles out from under the loose earth and laid him in the shade, and then Charley ran to town for assistance, while I remained with Adele. A score of ready hands were soon on the ground, with picks and shovels, digging earnestly away at the point we indicated as the last place where Castro was seen. An old sluice-box was knocked to pieces, from which an improvised litter was formed on which Searles was carried to town, and we led Adele up the hill by the narrow path which crossed the Catholic cemetery and conducted her to her lodging house.

In the afternoon the body of the dead gambler was brought in, and the following morning his mangled remains were laid away.

Searles escaped with a broken leg and a few bruises, and, strange to say, either his narrow escape from death or the awful tragedy he precipitated, restored his unbalanced mind. I called to see him, and as he lay in his cot, I saw there was no expression of recognition in his countenance. I told him I was present during the tragedy, and he at once expressed a desire to talk with me, which he did calmly and sensibly.

"I was a fool to let the matter take hold of me the way it did, but I could not help it. When I left her father's house the day I expected to claim Adele as my bride, I was indignant but sorrowful, and when I learned she had fled from me with him—a married man—"

"A married man," I repeated.

"That's what he was."

"But Adele did not know it. She went with him on the cars to New York, was married there, and took the steamer the next day for California."

"The more shame for him, then. But I got wild over the idea of being abandoned for a thing like that and swore to kill them both, if I followed them to the end of the world. That one idea was in my mind all the time, and I have been following the two ever since. If he and Adele were married, he only added another crime to those he had to answer for already. But I am glad now that no one's blood is on my hands, and will thank you to tell her so."

I promised to do so and left him.

In a few days Adele left for one of

the southern counties where some of her former schoolmates were living. Charley would gladly have furnished her with the means to return to her Eastern home, but she was pronounced in her determination never to enter her father's door again. By the time she was gone I had recovered strength to go into the mines again, and the first use I made of it was to move from Poverty Flat for good and all.

Our new claim was a successful venture and we were not long in recuperating. Charley kept his word, for the gaming table saw him no more, but he never spoke of returning East, and the thought came into my mind that he intended, at the proper time, to ask Adele the question he should have asked years before. And I guessed rightly, for one night in June, sitting, not by the fireplace as before, but with our pipes alight reclining under the glittering stars, he told me that he would soon ask Adele to come and share his home. This brought afresh before our eyes the tragedy of the year before, and we recalled each incident minutely. Then I told him what Searles had told me, in regard to Castro being a married man.

"It may be so," said Charley. "If it is, Adele was innocent, for she showed me what she believed to be her marriage certificate. Not that I doubted her word, but she had forgotten the name of the clergyman. Poor Adele!" Then in a moment Charley grasped me by the hand saying warmly, "You and I, old Pard, have been together since the time we met on the river, and each formed his first partnership in Trinity. We'll stay together yet, both in cabin and claim."

And so it proved. The little cabin on the claim was exchanged for a home better adapted to that over which a woman was to preside, and here we stayed until the unrelenting hand of Death was again stretched forth and the husband and father taken away.

Of the thousands who then roamed through the forests, climbed the hills, delved in the cañons, drifted in the flats or turned the river from its bed in the mad search for gold in the mountain-bound county, how many remain? A few still linger near the scene of their early mining experiences, but year by year the meager number grows less. Of the miners then upon the Ten Cent, I am fain to believe that none other than myself is left to tell the story of the tragedy at Gamblers' Gulch.



Questions Of the Day

MR. BLOUNT'S MISSION.

[AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR.]

THE wisdom of making haste slowly in the matter of the proposed annexation of Hawaii becomes more apparent with each week's news of the real situation of affairs in the Islands. Already the tide of public opinion, which at first was overwhelmingly in favor of annexation at once and upon any terms, seems to be turning; and if the altered tone of the public press is any indication of the true condition of affairs, the plan first suggested by the CALIFORNIAN in its April issue, or some modification of it, will most likely be adopted for the settlement of this affair.

The selection of Mr. Blount by the President to act as his Commissioner to Hawaii was a most happy one, as he has proved beyond a doubt that he means to get at the bottom facts, regardless of the advice and clamor of interested parties. It is impossible at this writing to say just what action the Commissioner will take in the settlement of affairs, as he has succeeded in maintaining a degree of self-control in the expression of any opinion that is as admirable as it is rare. In the tense condition of the political atmosphere, Mr. Blount's extraordinary reticence may cause an explosion; but it is to be hoped that the calm councils of the cooler heads may prevail yet a little longer, and the little community be spared any exhibition of violence. There seems to be a universal disposition on the part of other nations to allow the United States to settle this affair without interference or molestation, and whatever action this Government may decide to take, it cannot be said in the future that it was done through coercion, or for lack of time for due deliberation.

Freed from the complicating details of political intrigue and party rancor, with which we have nothing to do, the Hawaiian situation, as Mr. Blount found it, and as he will doubtless report to the President, may be briefly summarized as follows:

On the 16th day of January, 1893, profound national peace reigned, there being no external or domestic subjects of controversy or discord. Treaties of amity and commerce were in force between Hawaii and all the great powers of the earth and many of the smaller nations. The kingdom was a member of the Universal Postal Union, having its accredited representatives in the Congress at Geneva. The little country was represented at the principal capitals and seaports of the world by diplomatic and consular agents, while corresponding representatives of various countries hoisted their flags in Honolulu. The best of relations appeared to exist between the kingdom and its nearest great neighbor, the United States. The courts of the country were administering the laws without molestation or menace. The school system was in perfect running order, and the various schools throughout the kingdom, and especially in Honolulu, were in session, and were admitted by all to be doing good work generally, under able teachers. Travelers and tourists passed at will without let or hindrance. At the banks, business houses and newspaper offices, the usual course of business was going on without interruption. A band concert was given at the Hawaiian Hotel at eight o'clock in the evening, and the grounds of the Hotel and adjacent streets

were thronged with men, women and children enjoying the music on this beautiful moonlight night. No hint of danger to the life or property of either subject or alien had been heard. At about five o'clock in the afternoon of this day, a strong force of marines with a howitzer and two Gatling guns landed from the U. S. S. *Boston*, then in port, and marching up King street halted between the Government Building and the Palace. The movement was so unexpected and uncalled for, that a curious crowd, composed of all classes from the street gamin to the professional man, attracted from his office by the unusual procedure, quickly collected to learn what it was all about. No one seemed to know. After a delay of an hour or two the troops located in a hall on private property within half pistol shot of the Government Building, and remained there during the night. The crowd being unable to learn the cause of the move quietly dispersed, the most of them going to the band concert at the Hawaiian Hotel.

On the day following (January 17th) at about twenty minutes before three o'clock P. M., thirteen men proceeded from the office of W. O. Smith on Fort street, to the Government Building, and as they passed the front of the United States troops, Charles L. Carter, one of the thirteen, delivered to the commanding officer a letter from Hon. John L. Stevens, United States Minister, and immediately rejoined his party which then took position in front of the Government Building. Then Cooper, the leader, read without delay the proclamation deposing the Queen, and announcing the formation of a Provisional Government, the full text of which has already been published. At this time the usual business was being carried on in the building. The business of the day being pretty well over, there were only a few people in the building, and the clerks of the several offices were at their desks writing up the day's work, wholly unconscious of what was going on till called out by the office messengers. In the course of a few moments, armed men, to the number of about twenty-seven, were seen running in from the side and back entrances and quickly occupied the corridors of the building. The clerks and loungers in the premises were dumfounded at the whole affair. The news spread quickly by telephone over the city. The Government at this very moment had a guard at the barracks not 300 yards distant from the scene, of eighty-seven men, thoroughly equipped, disciplined, officered and drilled, and also a very efficient police force of about one hundred men, with a full supply of arms and ammunition at the police station for their use. The first impulse of the Government was to order the officer in command of the Barracks to occupy the Government Building and arrest the thirteen proclaimers, together with all who were carrying arms without authority. But as this meant a collision, and the U. S. troops would from all points of attack be under fire, the Minister of Foreign Affairs immediately communicated with Mr. Stevens, who informed him in writing that it was his intention to support the filibusters with the U. S. troops, if any effort were made by the Hawaiian Government to assert its authority and to occupy the Government Building. During the time consumed in communicating with the U. S. Minister, over 200 of the old members of the native volunteer regiment, which was disbanded by the Reform Government in 1887, and who were well drilled and anxious for service, collected at the Barracks, and over one hundred natives and foreigners, friendly to the Government, assembled at the Station House to offer their services to the Marshal. There was a full supply of arms and ammunition at both places to arm and equip all present, and to spare. A Gatling gun with a full supply of ammunition, boiler-plate shield, etc., was in the entrance hall of the Station House, while four breech-loading field pieces and four Gatling guns were at the Barracks with a large supply of best ammunition of all kinds. At both places the friends of the Government were rapidly increasing in numbers, and so far as the immediate issue, was concerned, there would have been no difficulty in the Government reasserting its authority at once. The officers and men at the Barracks and the Marshal and police with their friends at the Station House were both ready and anxious to try the issue, which could in no sense have been doubtful. Hon. Paul Neuman and other friends of the Government, at this juncture, in view of

the attitude of Minister Stevens, advised the surrender to the U. S. troops. The Queen's proclamation and protest, already published, was the result of their advice, and the Government surrendered everything, trusting to the magnanimity and sense of justice of the American people for a correction of the outrage committed.

The filibusters immediately organized and proclaimed what they were pleased to term a Provisional Government, with an "executive council" of four men and an "advisory council" of fourteen. These together resolved themselves into a Star-chamber, arrogating legislative powers, holding secret sessions, enacting laws, paying out moneys from the Public Treasury at their own will, enlisting a standing army, driving the Queen from the palace, disbanding her guards, stopping altogether her allowance in the civil list, seizing the revenues of the Crown Lands, and in effect, declaring themselves by proclamation and enactment to be possessed of the peculiar animal fecundity of that lower order of reptiles—of which the tad-pole is a type—which without perceptible inconvenience reproduces a tail or other member which may have been accidentally misplaced. In like manner the Provisional Government in secret session, without the slightest reference to the public wishes, fills any vacancy in its number occasioned by whatever cause.

One of the first acts of the new regime was to compel all officials to take the oath of allegiance to it as a Government, more especially the native Hawaiians, and remorselessly dismiss all of whom there was the least doubt—treating an expression of patriotism on the part of an Hawaiian born as a crime, and inaugurating a business boycott against any member of the community not wholly in sympathy with it. The ranks of the "Regular Army" were filled with waifs and strays, ex-convicts, fugitives from justice in other lands, deserters from the merchant vessels in port, and vagrants who were under police surveillance when the filibusters came into power, scarcely any of whom can claim American citizenship. In less than two weeks after the èmeute, the lack of discipline and mutinous character of the heterogeneous crowd composing the "Regular Army," frightened the filibusters and Minister Stevens into proclaiming a protectorate over the country; and on the 1st day of February, accordingly, the American flag was raised over the Government Building. As the Hawaiians and their friends were unarmed and perfectly helpless, and were quietly awaiting the decision from Washington, the protection could only have been against their own ungovernable minions. Notwithstanding all these acts of aggression, so out of harmony with the notions of universal freedom of these later days of the nineteenth century, the Hawaiian people following the advice of their Queen, and their white friends have patiently submitted, never doubting that substantial justice would be done them and their nation as soon as the true state of the case was known by the authorities at Washington.

In consequence of this feeling, the arrival of Hon. James H. Blount as a Commissioner with "paramount authority" in all matters affecting relations with the Government of the Hawaiian Islands was hailed with delight by the native Hawaiians and their friends, and his immediate withdrawal of the Protectorate was accepted as an evidence of good faith foreshadowing an early re-establishment of the *Status Quo* of January 16th, 1893. The impenetrable mystery and reticence which the Commissioner maintains, however, is exceedingly disappointing and annoying to the people of whatever political party. Unintentional as it may be on his part, this attitude of inaction may precipitate a bloody conflict, which has simply been averted heretofore by the extraordinary feeling of confidence with which the native Hawaiians look to the United States for the reversal of the wrong done them. It is the firm conviction of the Hawaiians and their friends that simple justice demands the United States authorities should restore the conditions to exactly the point and status existing on the 16th of January, when American guns at the command of Minister Stevens made it possible for the filibusters to seize the reins of Government. Every day's delay strengthens the Provisional Government, which is now making every effort to secure the signature of native Hawaiians to Memorials in favor of annexation, and approving of the present form of Government. To this end they are using

every threat and menace they dare, as well as holding out impossible inducements, and making promises never intended to be fulfilled. In its mad efforts to procure these signatures, the Annexation Club, having its headquarters in the building occupied by the United States Consulate, has placed upon its rolls as citizens and voters every seaman and deserter from the shipping in port; sick men temporarily located at the hospitals; and every other waif and stray found on the streets of Honolulu, whose ignorance or cupidity will permit of their being properly "instructed." Further than this a Junior branch of the Annexation Club has been formed for the purpose of obtaining the signatures of every minor capable of writing his name, and it is gravely proposed to submit this precious document obtained by coercion of school children, to Mr. Blount and the people of the United States, as additional evidence of the strong public sentiment favoring annexation. The public press on the islands has been suddenly augmented by the addition of newly-born papers, all of which are in favor of union with the United States on any terms. The slogan of the party in power has been promulgated. It is "Annexation or Anarchy." In their desperate anxiety to enlist the sympathy of Mr. Blount, the editors of the annexation papers have committed the unpardonable offense of trying to influence his opinion, by appeals to his supposed racial prejudice against "nigger rule." With but few exceptions the correspondents of the American dailies sent into the field to gather news, have wilfully and persistently distorted facts in order to bring their reports into line with the editorial views at home. This fact is so apparent that it needs only a glance to detect it. Let any one of the great dailies change its views as to annexation, and forthwith by next mail the Hawaiian correspondent sends along an opinion to suit the altered condition of the Editorial sentiment. In this way the people of the United States relying on the Public Press for information have been misled in forming an estimate of the true condition of affairs in the Islands. When the news came that the United States flag had been raised over the Government Building at Hawaii and a Protectorate assumed by our Minister, a wave of public enthusiasm swept over the country which could not be stayed. Conservative papers which counseled delay were condemned as un-American, and statesmen having the moral courage to decry the unseemly haste with which the first steps toward annexation were taken, or whose clear sense of justice cause them to believe that there was a possibility of a "job," were denounced as enemies to progress, if nothing worse. The result of all this demand for sensational news was not unexpected. The public clamored for annexation news, and got it. But in order to write only one side of a story, it sometimes happens, as in the present instance, that accuracy of statement is not always adhered to.

Much has been written and said by the enemies of Hawaiian independence with regard to the insupportable extravagance of Hawaiian Royalty, and the $3,000,000 debt of the little country is put in evidence to prove the truth of these strictures. Care has always been taken, however, to conceal the true causes of the drain on the Hawaiian Treasury. A true statement of the case would run something like this: The sugar barons, in order to insure their enormous dividends, must have cheap labor, and the native not caring to prostitute himself to the slavery of plantation field-work at wages ranging from ten dollars to fifteen dollars per month, refused to pass under the labor-contract yoke for two or more years, and sought his subsistence in fishing, sea-faring, cultivating his taro patches, or other work more congenial to his tastes and less likely to abridge his freedom. But labor must be had, and Chinese and Japanese were brought into the country by the thousands. To help out the indigent planter, the treasury was tapped from 1864 to 1888, under the specious heading of "Encouragement to Immigration," to the tune of $1,254,797. This was not the worst feature of the "Encouragement" scheme. In 1881, the fever to secure cheap labor ran so high that all reasonable quarantine regulations were trampled in the dust, and some 6,000 Chinese were landed from tramp steamers in the port of Honolulu, bringing with them an epidemic of small-pox which resulted in the laying of over 300 Hawaiian corpses forever to rest in the sands of the Quarantine Station. To

stamp out this epidemic cost the Hawaiian Treasury a sum of $110,000, which should be added to the above item for "Encouragement." Another item which should not be overlooked, is the fact that a former Minister of the Interior, at present acting as one of the Commissioners sent to this country to negotiate the treaty of annexation, used, during his incumbency in office, the deposits of the Postal Savings Bank as a grab-bag, squandering in unproductive and useless public improvements nearly $1,000,000, which should have been kept on deposit in the Treasury. If these various sums which have been used for purposes in no way for the support of royalty, are added together, it will be found that the Hawaiian National Debt could have been avoided. The securing of cheap labor, together with the reciprocity treaty, made the accumulation of immense fortunes possible for the sugar planters who, with few exceptions, have invested their surplus in Europe or America. The operations of the McKinley Bill having cut down their dividends of from fifty to eighty per cent. to a fair commercial profit, the sugar barons are now reaching out for the tempting bait of the two-cents a pound bounty on sugar raised in the United States. *This is the keynote of the whole annexation scheme.* Were it not for the insatiable greed of this already too favored portion of the little country, who have for years arrogated to themselves every virtue and grasped everything worth having, and who are now trying to rob the Hawaiian of his country and flag, the United States would never have known of the present scheme to annex the Hawaiian Islands

One of the stock arguments of the annexationists is that a large amount of American capital has been invested in the Kingdom. The actual fact is that outside of whatever capital Claus Spreckels may have brought to the country, there is not one dollar of American capital invested there. Every cent of the large accumulations of such men as C. R. Bishop, H. P. Baldwin, the Wilcox brothers, W. H. Rice, the Castles, the Cookes, W. O. Smith, S. M. Damon and a host of others, has been dug out of Hawaiian soil and has been the result of cheap Asiatic labor and the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. Yet in the face of the fact that the foregoing statement can be so easily proved, the sugar planters are continually trying to make people in the United States believe that American lives and American capital are endangered, because of the ignorance and the inability of the Hawaiian to carry on self-government. Mr. Blount has doubtless found out by this time that property, life and good order are not now and never have been in the least danger in the Hawaiian Islands, except at the hands of the filibusters who are holding office—not by the will of the people, but by the mistaken action of a too-zealous Minister of the United States.

That this action should be at once disavowed must seem to every patriotic citizen of the United States not only eminently right and proper, but absolutely imperative if we are to sustain our character of the Great Free Republic. In order to clear the way to future action, whatever it may be, there is only one course to pursue. The United States cannot afford to allow the fair, white page of a hundred years of honorable history to be smirched by the record of a single action which savors of injustice to a weak and inoffensive people.

The kind of patriotism which suffers "humiliation" on account of Mr. Blount's prompt withdrawal of the ill-advised and never necessary Protectorate over the Hawaiian Islands, is too narrow and circumscribed to deserve much notice. The hauling down of the United States Flag, under the circumstances, ought not to cause any really patriotic citizen of the United States any feeling of chagrin. On the contrary, it should be a matter of pride that ours is a country which can stand up before all the world and dare to do right. Nor ought the matter of reparation end here. Whatever may have been the state of affairs when the American troops were landed and a Protectorate assumed, it should be re-established exactly as it existed, before another step is taken in the settlement of the question of annexation. Then, freed from the restraint of the present government officials, and protected if necessary from intimidation, coercion or fraud from any other source, let the people decide what they want. If it is argued as against this plan that they are not capable of a sensible vote, then it certainly

follows that the country is not fit to become a State of the Union. If the moneyed men of the Islands claim to have the exclusive right of the elective franchise by reason of their wealth or superior intelligence, the answer is that the Constitution of the United States which proclaims that before the law all men are equal without regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude, has been upheld by the verdict of four years of bloody war. We do not want to have this question to settle again.

The primary question of the nation's honor having been settled, that of annexation may be considered at leisure. It is not the purpose at the present time to discuss the merits of this proposition in these columns. All the matter pertaining to it is being carefully prepared and will in due time be laid before the United States Senate for examination. In the meanwhile it is safe to predict that neither President Cleveland nor his Commissioner, Mr. Blount, are going to annex Hawaii without the consent of the people, and that no other country will step in and gobble up the Islands while we are deliberating as to the best steps to take in the matter. ALLAN DARE.

AMERICAN CHIVALRY.

A foreigner who recently received much attention in this country, has, like many others, recoiled upon us in a manner not altogether pleasant to American sensitiveness. The subject of his lament was his appalling discovery of the total lack of chivalry, or even ordinary courtesy between Americans of the male sex. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the critic insinuated that the gentleman, as the term applies in Europe, was a rare bird in America. It would seem a waste of time to reply to such an attack ; yet it may be worth while to say that it is the general impression among those who have wandered well over the globe that there is more courtesy and more true chivalry among men in America than in any other land under the sun.

If the American does not shine before the world in this respect, it is because his modesty prevents the publicity. The writer recalls an incident illustrating the courtesy of the American gentleman that has possibly never appeared in print.

The Monitor *Tecumseh*, under Captain Craven, was ordered to Mobile Bay during the war to aid Farragut, and on the way stopped at Fort Jefferson. At a dinner given to the Commander, the latter remarked within hearing of the writer that if the Monitor went down there would be a poor chance, as the means of exit were extremely limited. A few weeks later, the *Tecumseh* made the charge up the bay, struck a torpedo, rose heavily, and in a few moments went to the bottom. When she was going down there was naturally a rush for the narrow stairway. Craven and the pilot, who were in the turret, met at the bottom at a moment when there was time only for one man to escape before the ship made her final plunge. The two men faced each other for one terrible second, when Craven drew back with the words, "After you sir." This act of politeness cost him his life ; the pilot sprang through the opening, while the officer went down before the rush of water that poured in. Can true chivalry reach a nobler plane than this ?



They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
* * * * *
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.
—*Lowell.*

ONE of the greatest laws outside of justice is that of economy. The true meaning of the word economy seems to be little understood, for it is appropriated by those who subject themselves to a species of starvation of mind, body and soul, their great mistake consisting in their failure to economize anything save that which seems to most immediately represent material gain. The fear of suffering and the greed for personal wealth and prosperity have proven incentives to a selfish competition in which everything else is forgotten. The physical, moral and intellectual forces are neglected, and before the toiling pilgrim is aware they have become so corroded that he is unable to recover the necessary equilibrium to successfully continue his career. He has failed to realize the importance of the equal development and the interdependence of every faculty. He has neglected those whose tendency is to broaden his comprehension and elucidate and strengthen his judgment. Having entered a narrow channel, his nature has become cramped and perverted, and his sphere has become narrowed. He forgets his obligations to his fellow creatures, and recedes so far from touch with them that he ceases to realize their individuality, excepting as they come in contact with him and serve his own selfish purposes. It is impossible for him to understand that he is not economizing by using others for the furtherance of his own ends, regardless of their welfare. He fails to perceive the great spirit of unity pervading all things, so that the misplacement of the minutest particle is infinite in its influence, and that an injury, however slight, to any human being, revenges itself on all humanity, particularly the perpetrator. The great law of justice is inexorable and carries within itself its own compensation, regulated by a natural economy. Only upon these scales can human events be balanced, and only through their balance may prosperity and happiness be attained. This is beginning to be realized to some extent, and the most advanced thinkers seem at present seeking just and economic laws to apply to every condition of life. The results of their efforts and investigations are given to the world through the different mediums employed by our most eminent writers, artists, musicians, statesmen, politicians and other laborers, to aid those who are unable to grasp the great principles of life, save through the interpretation of others.

George C. Lorimer, in a well-written volume entitled, *What I Know About Books*,[1] speaks of the danger and ineffectualness of promiscuous reading. He thoroughly understands the tendency of the lover of books when selecting his volumes, to purchase more than he can handle, and the fascination which many of them exercise by a mere suggestive appeal to his thoughts and ideas. This temptation should in a measure be resisted, as even these intellectual allurements distract from the power of concentration to a plan of work, and their very presence invites the attention and intrudes upon the hours of industry. The occupations of one's recreation hours should be planned with as much method, care and precision as those of labor, and chosen with regard to the strictest economy and profit. Lorimer dwells upon the importance and power of books, saying of them that they are "more potent than bullets in righting wrongs and slaying oppressions." He also calls the attention of his readers to the limited time and opportunity for the absorption of the great heritage of knowledge, and gives some valuable hints concerning the most economic use of books. He considers the first requisite that of knowing one's self and requirements as well as possible, then selecting reading matter to bear most directly upon them. The present methods of

[1] James H. Earle, Publisher, 178 Washington St., Boston.

education of children, usually employed, do not seem conducive to self knowledge. The ambitions and prerogatives of parents, and the rules of teachers are sometimes strongly at variance with the natural inclinations and possibilities of a child's mind, and in many cases when it reaches maturity much of what has been taught is of little benefit. There seems to be more of an effort at present among thinking people to study and understand the child mind, which though apparently so simple, is very enigmatical because its faculties are undeveloped, and it has not the remotest comprehension of itself.

Many books and schemes of education for children are being published and put into other tangible forms. Among them are Robinson's *Arithmetics*,[1] Primary, Rudimentary and Practical, in which the principles and applications of this study and reason developer are arranged in simple and compact form. Another book prepared for the use of school children is an edition of Scott's *Marmion*[2] which has been published among the "English Classics for Schools." Marmion is one of those tales which is interesting to young and old, for it possesses the charms of incident, adventure, history, philosophy and poetry.

Maria Ellery MacKaye has published a good translation of the *Convent Life of George Sand*,[3] which was taken from "L'Histoire de Ma Vie" written by George Sand, "mystic pupil of the English convent,—the dreamy adventurous country girl," and "the aggressive, uncompromising celebrity of 1831; the apostle of social and domestic liberty, arraigning the legalized tyranny of the husband, while illogically clinging to marriage." Aurore Dupin, afterwards Madame Dudevant, who wrote under the name of George Sand, has a very interesting history. She was a descendent of Frederic Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and from her mother's side she was the descendent of a Parisian bird fancier. In the little volume containing the description of her life in the English Augustinian Convent in Paris during the time of Cromwell, she calls the attention of the reader to the peculiarities of the growth and development of a child's mind, and the importance of placing the education of children in the hands of persons competent to understand, sympathize with and instruct them. She says of those whose natures are at variance with these requirements, "No doubt some repulsive persons become so conscious of the effect they produce that they are thereby incapacitated from helping others, feeling that they make duty disagreeable merely by recommending it, and thus they come at last to care only for their own salvation, irrespective of others."

Two attractive and wholesome books for young people are *Facing the World*,[4] by Horatio Alger, Jr., and *Two Ways of Becoming a Hunter*,[5] by Harry Castleman. Both of these authors are well known and appreciated, having published many interesting books of travel and adventure. The experiences of the young heroes of these stories are full of color and interest, and benefit to the young readers, as they present many good examples for the proper course of action to pursue in unexpected emergencies.

Citizenship,[6] containing "some suggestions as to the obligations, the difficulties and the preparation of voters," by Chas. A. Brinley, gives some excellent practical suggestions for politicians. He believes that the political education should commence at an early age, primarily by surrounding one with noble and wholesome associations and influences. He says "History, not in detail, but in its broad aspects, exhibiting the development of civilized man from savagery, the influence of local conditions, of physical geography, climate, race and neighbors; explaining the forces of custom and religion; showing the evolution of social relations and government and the growth of political ideas—should be taught wherever and whenever it is possible, as a preliminary to special teaching as to the questions of obligations of the hour." He also says that in order to avoid errors and facilitate movements among voters, "The State or Municipality ought to furnish a clear and compact statement of the privileges of voters, of political divisions, and of the requirements of the law in regard to every act of which a man, as voter, is legally capable." It should be issued, he says, in a manual to be "republished or supplemented whenever it ceases to be accurate." His suggestions are undoubtedly good, and calculated to impress the reader with the importance of the obligations of our people to the country and the government.

Lyman Allen, M. D., has written an inter-

[1] American Book Co., N. Y., Cincinnati and Chicago.
[2] American Book Co., N. Y., Cincinnati and Chicago.
[3] Roberts Bros., Boston.
[4] Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.
[5] Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.
[6] Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

esting volume entitled *Political Problems*.[1] It is a series of practical "Essays on Questions of the Day." He speaks at some length on the corruption pervading politics and society, and the opposition to anything which will rob their votaries of the possibility of gaining personal ends through the corruption of public instruments. He calls attention to the morbid tone of the daily press, in which every sensational episode and every crime is faithfully recorded and dwelt upon, while great reform movements and deeds of heroism or sacrifice are not sought after unless of a sensational character. The author does not advocate tariff, seeming to consider it beneficial only to those engaged in "protected industries," and that it is of little benefit to the laboring classes, which is demonstrated, he says, by the want and adversity existing among them. He also speaks against the evils of large corporations and monopolies, and for national ownership of those inventions which are entirely public servitors.

Concerning the coinage question he says, "The nation should make and should issue all money, and should have all the profit accruing therefrom, and all the people—not silver mine owners more than bankers—should receive the benefit." He demonstrates the injustice of the lack of equal suffrage, political and civil rights for both sexes. He believes that the presence of women in the political field would elevate the standard of purity in the management of public and governmental affairs. The woman who learns to cast a vote or fill a public office conscientiously will, by reason of the common sense and good judgment that would enable her to occupy such positions, lose nothing of her womanly dignity, and will be better qualified by her experience to educate her children and conduct her household. While in some ideas Allen is inclined to be extreme, most of them are well balanced and broad. He says: "We should be slow to ridicule or denounce any one without due consideration for advocating some new method or plan for improving the physical, the material, the social or moral condition of mankind, simply because it strikes us as being absurd or unwise."

The Story of Government,[2] by Henry Austin, is a handsome volume which gives some interesting facts concerning the systems of government among animals, the code of government and honor among gypsies, brigands and thieves, the government of empires, oligarchies, monarchies feudal and constitutional, theocracy or priestly rule, secret orders, republics, and the effect of those governments in which women have participated. He endorses woman's suffrage, showing how she has successfully participated in governmental affairs among different people from time immemorial. The work is illustrated with over 250 engravings, and many double page plates by the best American and European artists. The book is highly recommended by such people as Douglas Frazer, Mary A. Livermore and Edward Everett Hale, and is pronounced authentic and reliable. The author gives us an opportunity to obtain a broad view of the development and condition of government generally, and we are enabled to look beyond the platitudes and bias of present conditions.

Byron, that melancholy, misanthropic, disappointed poet, whose aspirations and expectations of life were so soon blighted, would have been a peerless figure in the history of poesy had he not allowed these disappointments to so overshadow his mind that he was not equal to a great effort of concentration, in which he should bring forth the grandest capabilities of his mind and soul, regulating his own life according to a high code of honor, and throwing its light forth to aid in the agitation and accomplishment of reforms during his time. He realized that such changes were needed, but he also had a keen realization of the insensibility and cruel ingratitude of those benefited, which is the cause of much suffering and sometimes a veritable crucifixion of him who conscientiously carries out his ideas of improvement. He says in his poem to Prometheus:

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit;
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
A Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence;
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself—and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which ev'n in torture can descry
Its own concentred recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

C. L. B.

[1] Californian Publishing Company. San Francisco.
[2] A. M. Thayer & Co., Publishers, Boston and London.

THE PATH OF PRAYER.

Among the gnarled pines of old Japan
That shade a hill where patient crickets sing,
I chanced upon a terraced path which ran
Upward beneath a mystic covering.

A hundred sacred gates the pathway keep,
Each shaped of two straight beams and one across,
With rigid angles mounting up the steep,
Their dull red hue bepatched with ancient moss.

At either side, thick in the grassless mold,
Two fluttering lines of white still rise beyond—
Small written slips of paper that unfold
As banners pendent from a mimic wand.

And while I wondered, suddenly a name
Flashed to me, and I knew the Path of Prayer
Where Kwannon, Queen of Mercy, nightly came
To read the sad petitions planted there.

I mused upon that gentle race anew,
With love and pity aching in my breast,
And then—I knelt where evening shadows grew
To place my small petition with the rest.



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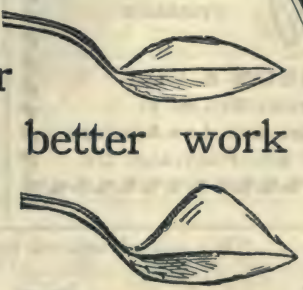
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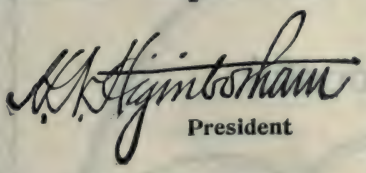
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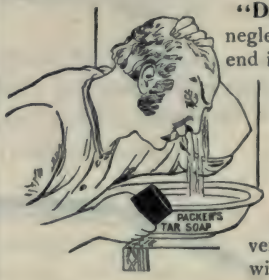


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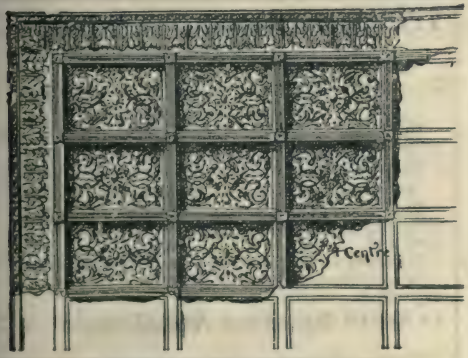
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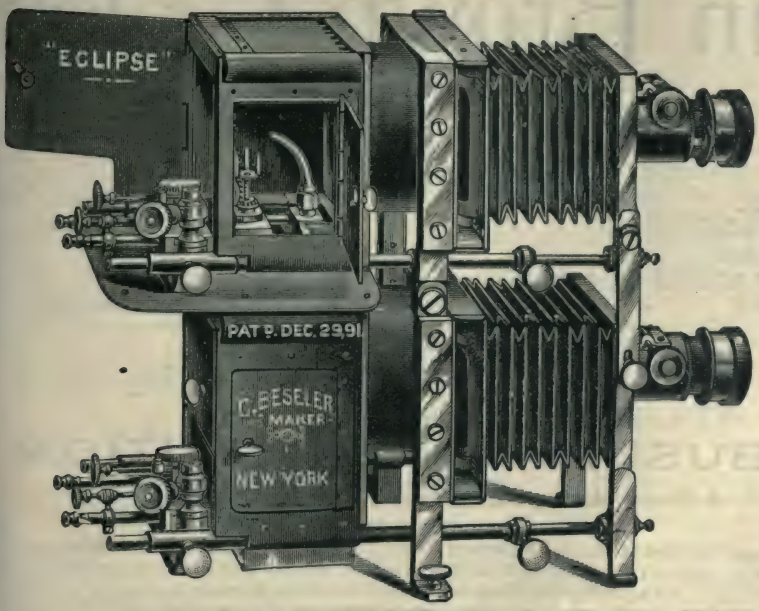
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As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of te people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was tak in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winr of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs ad other fruits.

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ded to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor he many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, e s left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the xpense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income stead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment o intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as uch as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of e colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessons the expense of acquiring such a roperty to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of -operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the d is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to urchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by ng the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down uch lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more niform results may be secured, besides everyone knows that the greatest bar to individual nterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of eople who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent nd owners.

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4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet) of the purest and best quality.
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6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

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The People's Home Savings Bank has adopted a very effective plan for accumulating a good sum of money by small savings. The bank has a large number of small nickel-plated safes, oblong in shape and about half the size of an ordinary cigar-box. These will each hold about $35 in silver coin, and their use is becoming general in San Francisco. To get a safe, you simply deposit a dollar with the People's Home cashier and take it home, where you drop in an occasional dime or more, and wake up some morning to find that you have $35 of surplus coin on hand. The only way you can get at this is to take the little safe to the People's Home Savings Bank, where the key is kept, and there unlock it. The dime-savers then deposit the money in the People's Home Savings Bank, and thus lay the foundation for a fortune.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*



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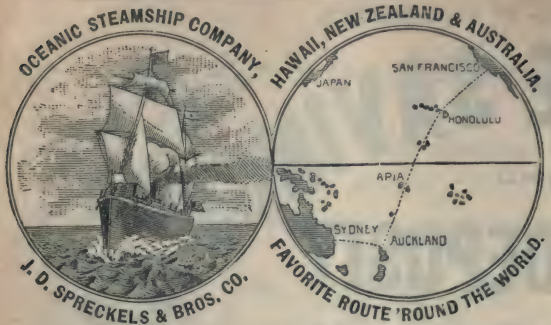
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THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING CO.

THE CALIFORNIAN

JULY 1893

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

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QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

A Revival of the Chinese Question.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

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A. A. McPHAIL, SC.

WHEN Ben Franklin declared his intention of going into the newspaper business his mother tried to dissuade him. She said there were two newspapers in the country already, and that was enough. This terse conclusion of Franklin, mère, was rigorously exemplified a little more than a year ago, when the proposition of launching another bark on the sea of magazine literature was entertained.

The success of the "Californian Magazine" was assured, however, from its inception, and its steady increase in popularity justifies the publishers in enlarging their plans and the general scope of the magazine in every direction. As a result of this new departure, arrangements have been made by which contributions will appear during the ensuing months from many celebrated writers, among whom are:

Julian Hawthorne,	**Harriet Prescott Spofford,**
Gertrude Atherton,	**Capt. Charles King,**
Octave Thanet,	**Joaquin Miller,**
Theodore Van Dyke,	**George Parsons Lathrop,**
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etc., etc., etc.

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A series of handsomely illustrated articles on **Guadaloupe, Vera Cruz, Village Life in Mexico,** and the Mountains, Rivers and Natural Parks of **Colorado** are in course of preparation, and will appear during the present year.

Early numbers of the CALIFORNIAN will also contain a reply to Congressman Bland's article in the "Arena," on the **Silver Bill,** by **Hon. W. W. Bowers,** Republican Congressman of the Southern District; papers of unusual interest by **Hon. Abbot Kinney** and **Hon. Morris M. Estee,** on the **Question of State Division,** pro and con, besides important essays by **Richard H. McDonald, Jr.,** on the momentous political subjects of the day.

Remenyi, the celebrated violinist, will prepare an article containing interesting reminiscences of his professional career in two hemispheres; **Charles Hallock** will write of the **Hudson Bay Co.** and **Alaska,** and **Ex-Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon** will give his personal recollections of **General Grant.**

The August "Californian"

Will be a remarkably brilliant number. It will contain illustrated articles on the Ascent of Mount Shasta, Trout-fishing, Cuba, Artemus Ward (giving the humorist's definition of "genius," and his futile efforts to engraft the idea upon the unimpressionable mind of Mark Twain), California at the World's Fair, A Navajo Blanket, Spirit Photography, (a reply to Dr. Elliott Coues' article in the CALIFORNIAN on "Can Ghosts be Photographed?") Types of Kentucky Beauty, William Blake, Siam (superbly illustrated), The Woman's Press Association of California, etc., etc.

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Surplus		15,168,233 94

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Premiums	$32,047,765 34	
Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-Holders	$19,386,532 46	
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

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United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien	69,348,092 54
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Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

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Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

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A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor

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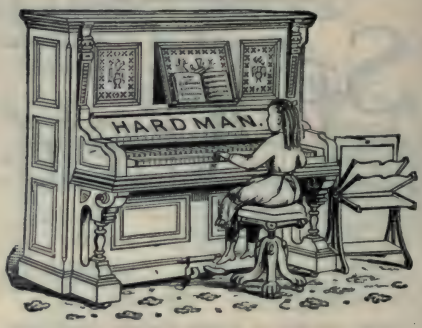
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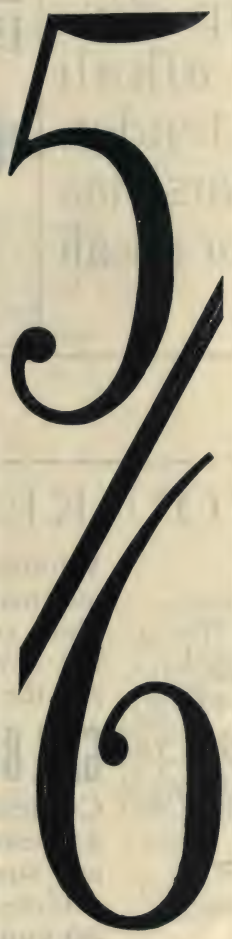
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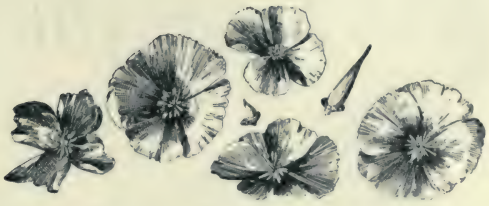
THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

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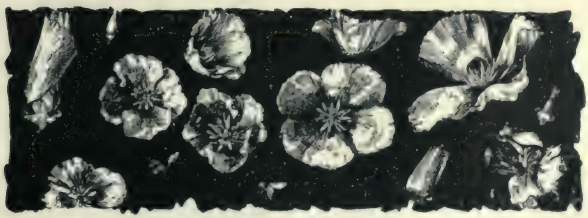
THE CALIFORNIA POPPY.

"Copa de Oro."

BY INA COOLBRITH.

Thy satin vesture richer is than looms
Of Orient weave for raiment of her kings.
Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious things
Re-gathered from the long forgotten tombs
Of buried empires, not the iris plumes
That wave upon the tropics' myriad wings,
Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings,
Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms.

For thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins
Of this fair land; thy golden rootlets sup
Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun.
Her golden glory, thou! on hills and plains
Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup
Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun.



The Missions of California

·1542 1893·

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.



OLD FOUNTAIN.

THOSE sad-eyed pilgrims who bade adieu to the cliffs of Albion two centuries since, and sped across a trackless waste of ocean, sought shores anew that they might find liberty—liberty of thought and of speech—a heritage divine that the laws of their land had denied them.

From the hour they set foot upon Plymouth Rock, that little band of pilgrims has been immortalized. Their sacrifice of home and fortune upon the altar of freedom has won the respect and admiration of two worlds. But behold another pilgrimage, a century later, to the other border of the new continent—a pilgrimage of men who suffered exile from motives yet higher and nobler. They sought not freedom, nor fortune, nor fame—these followers of Christ—but only that the land of their adoption be delivered from the darkness of paganism and savagery.

The planting of the cross was their one unselfish aim. There was naught of mundane recompense to hope for—deprivation and bitter sacrifice alone was their portion—yet fearlessly, almost with joy, they shouldered the cross and went forth to the crusade.

Coincident with the landing of the *Mayflower* upon the Atlantic coast, there came to Mexico a little band of Jesuit Missionaries, who established themselves in monasteries throughout the country, augmented from time to time with recruits from Spain. In the midst of their labors a peremptory decree was issued, expelling the Jesuit Order from all Spanish provinces. Turning over their monasteries to the Franciscans, a class more in favor at court, they left the new field to the disciples of the "Seraphic Father," and sought more tolerant shores.

The new order, famous for its beneficence, lost no time in importuning Carlos III. for authority to establish



OLIVE-MILL, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

missions in the new country to the north of them. Prayers innumerable and exhaustive found their way to court, but owing to internal strife, they fell upon diplomatic ears unheeded. Grave rumors now spread abroad that military occupation of Alta California was imperative, least Russia seize upon it as her prey. Then to the great joy of the zealous monks, the coveted permission was granted—Padre Junipero Serra, the *presidente*, in his intense zeal failing to detect the subtle union of statecraft and religion, discerning only the desire of his sovereign to carry light unto the benighted savage.

Without delay, arrangements were made for the invasion of the cross. Gathering together all the live-stock, implements and seed-grain that could be spared from the Mexican mission, together with the necessary ecclesiastical appurtenances, Padre Serra and his band of pilgrims bade adieu to their beloved Mexico and set out for San Diego, there to unfurl the ensigns of God and the King. After bitter hardships and deep perils, the naval and military expeditions reached their goal almost simultaneously.

On July 16, 1769, the Mission of San Diego de Alcalá was formally established. The officers and their gathered troops assembled at the site selected for the presidio, which was destined for a time to serve as a chapel. Willing hands set to work to erect an altar of branches, from which arose curls of purple incense that floated off over the blue waters beyond.

A trio of bells was swung over the green boughs of a neighboring oak. Joyfully were they rung by the ardent Serra, who cried aloud in his ecstasy, "Come ye Gentiles — come unto the faith of Christ." Hill and vale reverberated with the strange sounds, reaching the ears of the Indians who hastened to the beach in alarm and wonderment, presenting an uncanny picture to the anxious Spaniards. Undersized, thick-set, low-browed, heavy jawed, and with no indication of mental or moral elevation, they were not calculated to thrill the hearts of the missionaries with enthusiasm. Nothing daunted, however, Serra set to work to acquire the language of the Dieguines, and ere many months, the friar could be seen beneath a spreading cypress on the brow of the hill, teaching and preaching, like the good St. Francis, with groups of dusky savages crouched about him, drinking in his words of inspiration with the deepest awe. What more fitting a spot, thought he, to worship God and to expound His love than here beneath the trees—His handiwork.



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—A BIT OF THE CLOISTERS.



MISSION OF SAN FERNANDO.



CLOISTERS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

"Why
Should we in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised?"

Here it was that the largest number of his conversions were made—inspired, no doubt, to the glorification of His name, by the blue canopy that spread above him, and the fields of buttercups and poppies beneath.



A CEMETERY DOOR.

Later the mission site was moved inland, to a spot known as "Cosoy," and once again to "Nipaguay," where the crops grew abundantly, and the flocks and herds thrived upon the fertile fields.

Meanwhile, the secular education of the Indians was going on, hand in hand with the spiritual. Some were instructed in the mechanical trades, such as carpentering, blacksmithing, stone-cutting, weaving, etc., many of them attaining proficiency in their respective branches. The tillers of the earth had learned the use of modern implements, and the virgin soil was yielding its rich return.

As years wore on, attention was bestowed upon higher attainments—it becoming no unusual thing to listen to a neophyte leading in prayer, or assisting in the service of the mass. Nature had endowed many of them with excellent voices, and these were trained to chant the deep Gregorian.

Thus did the good padres labor on from dawn till dusk, content and happy in their voluntary exile, while yet there remained work in the Master's vineyard. And notwithstanding the many Indian uprisings and the occasional massacre of a padre, others were ever eager to push forward to fill the vacant cell.

Meanwhile, various outposts of civilization were being established. Governor Portolá and Padre Juan Crespí, with sixty-four soldiers and muleteers, marched north to the coveted port of



IN THE GARDEN—SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

Monterey—there to plant an important mission and establish a presidio.

After passing through beautiful valleys, over verdure-clad hills, and across stretches of grassy plains, encountering on the way numerous Indian villages of curious little thatched dwellings, a cross was planted upon a spot thought to be Monterey, as described by Sebastian Viscaino, the explorer. Uncertain of its identity, however, the party returned to San Diego, quite disheartened and chagrined, and all but the sturdy padre bent upon abandoning the enterprise and returning to Mexico. A return march resulted from the persistent entreaties of Juan Crespí and the zealous Serra, which resulted in locating beyond all doubt the long sought-for port. There indeed stood the wide-spread oak tree, whose branches still kissed the white-capped waves at high tide; here it was that in 1602 three Carmelite friars (hence Carmel) offered up the sacrifice of the mass and consecrated the country to God. Here, on the self-same spot, over a century later, would they plant the cross.

On June 3, 1770, the Mission of San Carlos de Borromeo was formally established. An *enramada* was constructed, beneath whose grateful shade the mass was celebrated, the water blessed and the joyous Te Deum chanted. The low murmurings of the praying padres having ceased,



MISSION SAN GABRIEL.

Portolá stepped into the midst of the assemblage, and amid the boom of cannon, took formal possession of the port in the name of God and the King. Thus were the edicts of Carlos III. obeyed, and the dreams of the missionaries in a fair way to be consummated.

The Eslenes were somewhat higher in the social scale than were their brethren in the south, having among them a few orators and many warriors, but possessed of no native lore. The dialect of the nation once acquired, Serra and Crespí labored faithfully on, fully recompensed by each conversion. In the belief that contact with the soldiers at the presidio was detrimental to the welfare of the neophytes, the mission was moved to Carmelo Valley, about three miles distant, where the grassy meadows afforded fine pasturage for the already increasing herds, and gave a renewed impetus to agricultural pursuits.

Thus were the two centers of western civilization established, and from these, the remaining nineteen germinated.

In the few years that had passed, life about the missions had become routine. At daylight, all animal life was astir. Every one save the sick or infirm repaired to the chapel to assist at mass. Then came the breakfast of *atole*, or ground barley, served to the unmarried in the *pozolera*, to the married in their rancherias, whither they carried their rations at daybreak. The *mavera*, or keeper of the granary, performed the duties of commissary, distributing to each male that proportion of supplies to which he and his family were entitled. Thus it will be seen that communism in a modified form was one of the early institutions of our infant civilization.



VALLEY AND MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA.

At noon, the bells in the town rang out the angelus, when instantly every head was bared and bowed. Then man and beast repaired to the *pozolera* for the midday meal, which consisted of the ever present *atole* in one of its various forms, supplemented by mutton or beef. At times, milk was distributed freely, and always to the sick or aged. Nuts and fruits from the surrounding hills were usually added to the meal—these being gathered by the neophytes during short periods of absence from the mission.

During the heated hours of the

afternoon, it became the custom in many of the southern missions to lead about the fields a burro, laden with jars of sweetened water and vinegar with which to regale the toilers. At five o'clock, the duties of the day were over, and man and beast plodded homeward. Happier communities than these of the missions during the years of their prosperity would be hard to picture.

At sundown, the angelus called the faithful to prayers; then quietly, solemnly, the neophytes, workmen and the padres repaired to the chapel, where the litany was sung and the evening blessing imparted. Then came a light evening repast, after which gentle sleep spread over the mission and all was quiet.

Prominent among the mission buildings were those used for sleeping apartments—the unmarried males occupying one, under the jurisdiction of the major domo, and the girls another, known as the *monjerio*, or nunnery, presided over by a hideous old Indian woman, called *Llavera*.

Picture, if you can, a low stone structure built so as to permit of a court in the center. Here amid ferns, flowers and fountains the Indian maidens laughed, chatted and spun. All the blankets, towels, napkins, *rebozos*, etc., used at the mission, and much used at the presidio were the products of their deft fingers, and all of the beautifully embroidered altar cloths issued from the *monjerio*.

Despite the vigilance of the old Indian woman, many of the laughing, dark-eyed maidens of the *monjerio* won the love of soldiers of the presidio and became their wives. Thus was laid the foundation stone of the future society of California.

This mésalliance of the Indian and the Castilian did not find favor in the eyes of the padres, however, who desired that the blood of Castile might be perpetuated in all its purity; so they decided upon a novel method of inducing marriage among the natives. All the unmarried neophytes were summoned to church and arranged along the wall. Then would the padre hasten to the *monjerio*, and ask aloud of the maidens, "Which of you, my daughters, desire to marry?" Hesitating for a moment and sorely trying the padre's patience, they would finally spring up from their spinning and trip into the chapel, to find their future spouses awaiting them.

Unlike the present inexorable laws of society, the girls were permitted the choosing. Great was the agitation of the prospective benedicts, as they awaited their fortunes, good or ill; and desperately did they seek to arrest the attention of the younger and prettier maidens, as they roguishly cast their black eyes up and down the row of candidates.

In this manner, many marriages were joyfully consummated. Within each mission domain, there grew up hundreds of happy homes, and thus were planted within these little rose-covered adobes, the seeds of civilization, enlightenment and even culture.

Home became a fixed institution, and she who presided over it gradually assumed the position she was destined to grace in the years to come. Ere long she became queen of the household and the honored of the fireside—no longer the watch dog of her master's wickiup.

These transitions from the savage state gladdened the hearts of the patient, plodding padres, who saw in visions of the future all the children of the forest gathered into communities, presiding over thrifty farms and orchards, and living in peace and plenty.

Meanwhile, Serra and his indomitable colleagues had established a chain of missions extending from Carmel to San Diego—fertile oases of civilization, these, in so vast a waste of darkness.

San Antonio de Padua, beneath the shadow of moss-hung oaks, had gathered together a prosperous community of Indians who devoted themselves



THE PALMS OF SAN FERNANDO—MISSION IN THE DISTANCE.

principally to the raising of fine horses for the mission. What beauties they were! and so highly prized that the friars were made wretched in their almost vain endeavor to maintain a monopoly of them. As it was, hundreds of the proud-stepping animals were spirited away to the mountain fastnesses of the gentiles, and there turned loose. Thus it was that in later years, wild horses were quite as frequently met with in travel as were bears or coyotes.

Then came San Gabriel, fairest of all the missions. Her orchards and vineyards, her gardens and her quaint buildings made the mission a delight to the eye of the dusty traveler, who, whatever his station in life, was ever made a welcome guest. It was quite necessary, however, that the guest be capable of absorbing religion and bread with equal facility, for the *ministro residente* was usually one of intense religious proclivities; especially was this true of Padres Cruzado and Sanchez. These two earnest workers died at their post, where they had toiled on patiently and faithfully for twenty years or more, and within the ancient sanctuary they await the final summons.



THE CORRIDOR STEPS, SANTA BARBARA.

Soon after the establishment of a mission at San Luis Obispo, the peninsula that lay in the embrace of the waters of the bay and ocean, and sloped away from the green hills of San Mateo, were brought under the sway of the cross.

The adobe church of the Dolores, with its white pillars, and its red tiled roof, and the ruined graveyard in its shadow, are the relics of the mission of San Francisco de Assisi, established September 9, 1776, by Francisco Palou, best known to us as the enthusiastic biographer of Junipero Serra, his *presidente*.

Who has ever stood amid the wonderful ruins of San Juan Capistrano and not dreamed himself back a hundred years, to the blissful pre-pastoral days when the temple was reared? The proudest edifice of its day, it is no less dignified in its dissolution. At no time, however, are the ruins so solemnly impressive as when viewed by the soft light of a summer afternoon; then is the world of nature silent, and one's thoughts may revel undisturbed. Just as



the temple fell on that murky morning of 1812, crushing beneath it forty poor neophytes who had gathered to worship, it lies before you. For these hundred years its cloisters have echoed the querulous cry of the quail, and sheltered the bat from the glare of the noonday sun. After the great temblor, services were held in a little adobe apartment adjoining, that by some special dispensation escaped destruction. For years thereafter the Indians gathered here to offer up their simple supplications, ere the tasks of the day began.



GRAPEVINE NEAR SANTA BARBARA, PLANTED BY THE MISSION FATHERS.

Ever alert to discern fertile districts that would give support to large communities, Padre Tomas de la Peña determined to establish a mission on the winding banks of the beautiful Guadaloupe. Santa Clara, patron saint of Assisi, was to be honored by the new institution. Beneath the bluest of skies, and upon a carpet of flaming eschscholtzias, making a veritable field of gold to tread upon, little wonder that here the good padre halted when searching for mission sites.

Santa Clara became second to none in spiritual and temporal prosperity. In 1784, a magnificent church was erected, then the finest in the Californias—Padre Murguia, *ministro residente*, performing the dual rôle of architect and laborer. Sad to relate, it proved to be his tomb. Four days before its dedication, he was buried beneath its walls. At a later date this structure was supplanted by another. the chapel that is preserved to us of to-day.

Among the populous Indian villages along the Santa Barbara Channel, the Padre Presidente caused to be established three missions under one jurisdiction — San Buenaventura, Santa

Barbara and La Purisima Concepcion. Deeming it impolitic to disturb the tribal authority that maintained such excellent decorum as was observable in their villages, the missionaries permitted the neophytes to live on for many years in their neat little conical huts. In these cradles of civilization had been gathered, since their establishment in 1782–7, nearly 10,000 converts; these by the decree of secularization in 1835, were freed from the padres' jurisdiction and became, ostensibly, Spanish citizens.

These fair mission gardens, whose perfumes were wafted over hill and vale by the ocean breezes, gladdened the eye of the voyagers who chanced to anchor near by. Vancouver went into ecstasies over the gardens of San Buenaventura, which he declared were more beautiful than any he had ever beheld; and their orchards, too, were marvelous. The young trees in the virgin soil produced prolifically—the sensuous banana and cocoanut trees thriving with vigor beside the apple, peach and pear trees. Amid tinkling fountains and soft zephyrs and sweet perfumes, who could realize that the transformation was one effected in fifty short years! Then came the clouds of secularization. When the storm burst over the missions, they were shorn of their beauty and divested of their wealth; and behold them today, spectres of their former glory, but eloquent epitaphs of the deeds of their founders.



CHAIR BROUGHT FROM SPAIN BY FATHER JUNIPERO.

Yet another mission was to be planted within sight of the surging ocean, in honor of the fair Santa Cruz. Founded Sept. 22, 1791, by Padres Alonzo Salazar and Baldomero Lopez, it was ushered into being most auspiciously. Sugert, chief of the natives in the region, entertained no fears of the *chinchinabros* (white men), and had communicated his friendliness to his tribe.

When at sunrise the bells were swung over a bending branch, they were rung by the gathered savages, who watched the ceremonial of establishment with consuming interest; the thundering of guns apparently having no terrors for them.

Such clear skies became clouded ere long, and many were the storms the lonely padres had to weather through. Floods came, the gen-



THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

tiles arose against them, and disasters followed in their wake. At last, overcome by deprivation, disappointment and sorrow, the founders sought the seclusion of the college in Mexico, whither they repaired to die. Others, however, pressed forward to succeed them at the mission by the sea.

Mournful Soledad! Lonely and deserted it stands to-day—a monument to a lost people. Few traces, either in records or ruins remain. Established at a spot known as "Chuttusgelis," beneath clumps of spreading oaks, it was even in its prime a sad institution. The church, of which a few struggling walls remain, was completed somewhere around 1797. Later, its straw roof gave way to one of tiles. The winds seem to take on a plaintive wail as they sweep over these sorry ruins, ever singing a requiem over the padres who lie beneath the shadows of the tottering walls.

After a lapse of nearly a century, the adobe church of the mission of San Jose still survives. With beautiful vineyards and blossoming orchards stretching away to the foothills, which, by the way, were once all its own possessions, the mission is yet a picturesque spot, interesting in its decline for the romance of its past. In 1800, San Jose was at the zenith of her glory, about 500 Indians having been gathered from the hills and valleys, and inducted into the ordinary routine of civilized life.

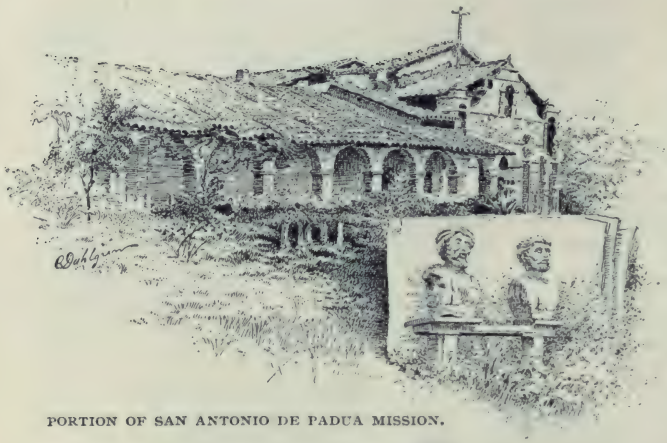
The missions of San Juan Bautista, San Miguel and San Fernando followed each other in establishment, but much of their subsequent history is enveloped in darkness. Rumors are current that many of the mission records have found their way into the treasure vaults of the early Californians, where as heirlooms, they are zealously guarded. A more probable theory is that the friars, through carelessness or press of duty, neglected to preserve many of the important documents.



SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA.

Of these later missions, San Fernando was the most prosperous. Her vineyards vied with those of sunny Spain, and even as late as 1840, 2,000 gallons each of superior wine and brandy were produced.

With all her wealth and pride, however, her doom, like all the rest, was sealed. The padres who had labored there so earnestly turned away lest they should be called upon to witness



PORTION OF SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA MISSION.

the overthrow of their life-work. With secularization came dissolution. In 1846, the once proud mission went under the hammer. It was sold to one Eulogio Celis for $14,000. Later, however, by decisions of the court, the chapel and the immediately surrounding property reverted to the church, in whose custody the romantic ruins are still retained.

San Luis Rey de Francia, once the queen of the missions and by far the grandest adobe edifice ever reared in California to the glorification of His name, has at last appealed availingly for its preservation. It is soon to be restored to the dignity of its former glory by the Franciscan monks, they of the order who reared it, when it will no longer be included among the mission ruins, but known as the college of San Luis Rey.

The mission was founded June 13, 1798, by Presidente Lasuen, assisted by Padres Santiago and Peyri, under the most favorable auspices. It was erected not far from a beautiful winding river, amid lands that were wonderfully productive, yielding support to a large neophyte population and affording pasture to immense herds of cattle.

Padre Peyri, than whom no soldier of Christ was ever more faithful, guided the destinies of San Luis Rey from its rise to its downfall. Pathetic indeed was the parting of the venerable friar with his children, as he gathered them together in the mission garden to receive his parting blessing. Broken-hearted he turned his feet away and became a wandering pilgrim, traveling on and on, until he finally fell ill and died in Rome. Though far from the scenes he loved, they were no less dimmed by distance—his last blessings being wafted over the seas for the Indian children of San Luis Rey.

The final mission established in the south was Santa Inéz, named in honor of the good St. Agnes, whose adobe church still remains in a fair state of preservation. Its style of architecture was unimpressive as its



GRAVEYARD OF SAN LUIS REY.



MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA.



ARCADE, SAN FERNANDO.

history has been uneventful, yet for its romantic past, it is regarded as one of California's precious heirlooms.

Thus have we seen how the dream of Junipero Serra, that mission stations might dot the line from San Diego to San Francisco, was realized.

What glorious days were they for the impoverished traveler! Indeed, it is quite enough to make our modern tramp wish he had been ushered into existence a hundred years ago, instead of in this age of greed and inhumanity.

Bidding adieu to the bending bay of San Diego and the blooming hills around, the traveler could easily make a mission or two in half a day. Arriving at one of the monasteries, a rap of the big iron knocker would summon a friendly friar, who would lead the dusty newcomer into the inner precincts and regale him with food and drink. Meanwhile, his horse, footsore and weary, would be led to the corral and his wants attended to. If the animal were lame, or too much fatigued to proceed further, he was supplanted by a mission steed, while he remained till his master's return—a week, a month, or a year hence. It was no unusual thing for a traveler to be entertained so royally as to be disinclined to depart, and it mattered not how long he remained; he was never invited to go. A pity that such hospitality should die with the missions!



OLD PALM NEAR SAN FERNANDO.

While the mission system was already on the wane, two new establishments were effected north of the bay—San Rafael and San Francisco Solano. The immediate reason for the birth of the new missions was the desire to remove as many neophytes as possible from San Francisco de Assisi, where pulmonary diseases were rendering the mortality frightful. In fact, so alarmed were the gentiles becoming, that

fiery sacrifices were offered up nightly to "Chinigchinich," that he might drive away the evil spirit rampant among them.

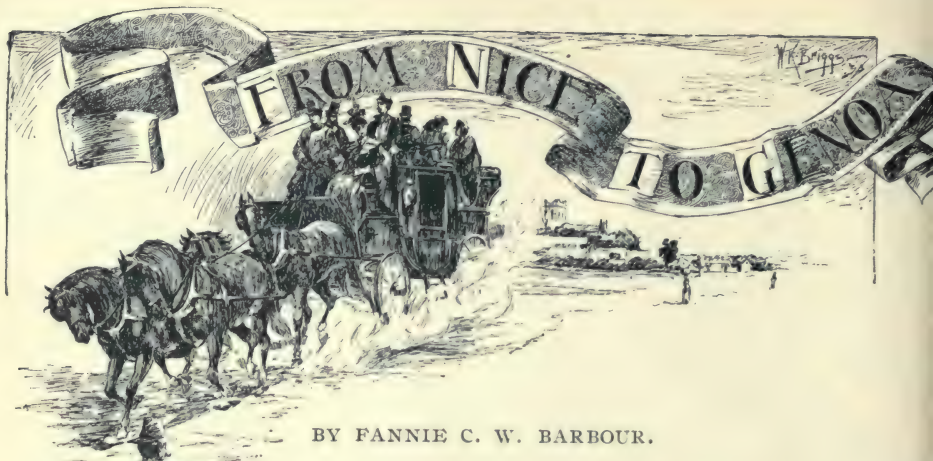
Believing that the balmy breezes of the country over the bay would prove beneficial to the dying race, Padres Luis Taboada and Altimira determined upon planting missions there. The buildings were crude, and for the most part built of wood, with roofs of grass. At Solano, a stone structure was begun, but it met with disaster during erection, and was never completed.

These, the last of the California missions, were the puniest institutions of all. The mission system had outlived itself under the existing conditions; the curtain was about to be rung down upon the most gigantic scheme of missionary work the world ever saw.

What were the results? Thirty thousand savages had been rescued from superstition and iniquity in a little less than half a century. The natives had been instructed in the arts of polite nations; they were taught to clothe their nakedness, to dwell in houses, wherein the family, the foundation of church and state had become a fixed institution, and to relegate woman to her proper sphere; the industries of thrifty peoples were taught them, and in these they had become proficient. All this was being accomplished when the shadows of secularization began to lengthen. Then came the revolution. The moral support of the padres withdrawn, many of the savages reverted to the free lives of their forefathers. The conflict between fifty years of civilization, and centuries of barbarism, was too great. Yet the fact remains that wonderful things had been achieved by those early fathers of our State. If the fabric which they reared tottered and fell, there arose from its ruins a civilization more elevated than that of which even Serra himself had dreamed.

These friars, the "pilgrim fathers" of California, do we not owe them deep debts of gratitude? Are they not entitled to our most exalted opinions? Such instances of abnegation and sacrifice of self are rare in the history of modern times, and we as Californians should appreciate them. How can we manifest it? Simply by preserving from further disintegration the crumbling sanctuaries, beneath whose walls lie many of the bodies of the Franciscan friars, who laid the foundation-stone of our Western civilization.





BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

SOME old sage has tried to make us believe that the anticipation of pleasure far exceeds the reality; but one morning in the month of April, a light-hearted party of congenial souls determined that no croaking of pessimistic proverb-makers should disturb their gaiety. For were they not just starting out on a coach to realize the dream of their lives?

For four successive days we are to drive along the Rivièra di Ponente, whose lovely shores, smiled upon by a never-fading sunshine, are kissed by the waves of one of the most beautiful seas on the earth, and blessed by a soft, balmy air, which soothes the weary and seems to banish from the careworn even the remembrance of anxiety.

The start is made bright and early, and as we bowl along that fine avenue, the Promenade des Anglais, the cheery coach-horn is blown in parting salute to our friends on the hotel porch. With a smart cracking of the whip and much display of skill, we set out at a rattling pace which certainly promises well.

Just past the new Jétée Promenade we turn away from the sea, and cross the Paillon River. Then we skirt the town and begin to ascend Mount Gros, or Great Mountain, by the famous Upper Corniche Road. And here we toil along slowly, for it is a long and steep ascent, with ever-recurring glimpses of charming scenery both above and below us.

Soon there is a sudden turn, and the town of Nice lies far below in all its beauty. There is the crescent shore as far as the Cape of Antibes, twenty-five miles away, and here are the distant hills, dotted with white villas among the green foliage. Thicker and thicker they grow, until massed into a city which, from our stronghold, looks strangely and purely white.

We can readily distinguish, curving around close to the edge of the shore, the celebrated Promenade which the English residents of Nice built in 1822, with the philanthropic motive of employing the poor of the town during a season of want. It is bordered on one side with fine white villas and mansions, each in its garden of palms, orange trees and rose bushes, and rare plants; and on the other side by the waters of the beautiful Bay of the Angels. The avenue is rightly regarded as one of the handsomest in the world.

The old town of Nice, with its dark, narrow streets, lies nearer, and the Chateau Hill rises out of it to the left, 315 feet high, while close below us is the Port with its Mole and fine harbor. We cast back lingering looks on the beloved town, for *Nizza la Bella* holds ever a warm place in our hearts.

Now the view below us is shut off, but we soon catch a glimpse of something interesting above, for we are approaching the Observatory which stands out in bold relief, its vast white dome penciled against the deep blue sky. It contains one of the largest telescopes in the world, and was given with all its contents, to the city of Nice, in 1881, by Monsieur Bischoffheim — the entire expense being defrayed by him. The dome is opened for observation, and is surrounded by other buildings connected with its work. The library, a handsome building, near at hand, is about 250 feet long. It all reminds one of the Lick Observatory on a smaller scale. Another turn shows us the Paillon again far below, just where it divides into two streams, near which the small twin villages of L'Ariane and Drappo are wedged tightly in between its forks.

Just beyond a sharp ascent, we round a corner and catch a minute's view of Monte Carlo, which is miles below us and looks like a tiny white bijou in the embrace of the sparkling emerald sea.

Our next picture is a view of Villefranche, with its light-house on the point and its olive-clad slopes covering the sides of the hills. Here lies the harbor for the Mediterranean Squadron of French vessels, and it is with a thrill of delight that we discover the stars and stripes floating from three or four of our own brave ships. This little town of Villefranche, or Villa Franca, as the Italians call it, was founded in 1295 by Charles II., King of Naples; it has been in the possession of the Dukes of Savoy, then of the French, in 1792, next passing, in 1814, to the ownership of the Sardinians. In 1860, the little town, with its near neighbor, Nice, reverted once more to France, which government is still in possession.

We catch a glimpse of the harbor, fort and arsenal, but soon all this is hidden from view and we find ourselves in a region known as "Petite Afrique," so sunny are its sloping hillsides. This quaint little nook of



PORTO MAURIZIO.

the Rivièra is blessed with a soft and equable temperature by the intervention of massive rocks, which tower far above and afford ample protection from the wind blasts of the north. These declivities are largely covered with olive and lemon trees, which add the charm of their soft coloring and delicate perfume to the spot.

Just beyond we go through the Pass, 1,750 feet above the sea—the highest point reached by this grand driveway—and cross the ridge near Mt. des Forcas.

At a sharp bend in the road suddenly appears before us what seems to be a huge eagle's nest, or human eyrie. Perched upon the apex of a mountain of solid rock, its crumbling, sombre-hued dwellings apparently carved out of the cliffs themselves, stands Eze—1,300 feet high—and a curious example of a ninth century Roman village. Its closely massed houses, clinging far up on the tip of the peak are half deserted and the grand old ruin, a Saracenic castle, though weak in its square battlements is still measurably firm on its foundations. Here has it stood since the year 814, looking down in times of peace upon one of the most beautiful scenes imaginable, and in times of war grimly holding its own against all besiegers.

When we leave our coach on the broad Corniche road, and climb by a donkey path up the steep rock sides of the little village, we are well rewarded for our toil. Far below us, projecting into the sea, lies the peninsula of St. Jean, and just this side of it the St. Hospice Point. We can discern its tiny church which is built on the foundation of an ancient temple of Isis, whence some say this village derives the name of Eze. Below, at the edge of the sea, is the railway station from which a steep and stony donkey road leads to the settlement above.

Returning once more to our coach, we start off on our sinuous route, and are soon greeted with a first sight of La Turbie. Just across a wild gorge it stands—a mediæval village, 1,640 feet above the sea, and connected with Monte Carlo beneath, by a terraced footpath of 860 steps.

Here, 1,400 souls eke out their miserable existence in darkness and misery. Into the narrow recesses of some of these streets, and beyond the thick walls of these poor abodes, the sunlight never penetrates. As the inhabitants swarm out of their dingy doorways in response to the cheery sound of our coach horn, we see only feeble old men, a few sad-looking decrepit women and many pale-faced children. The shadows of these gloomy streets, and the poverty apparent on every side is depressing.

The great attraction of La Turbie is its historic tower, erected A. D. 13, to commemorate the victory over the Ligurian tribes. This was the ancient Roman station of Trophae Augusti, on the Via Julia, and the once solid but now dilapidated Roman fort stood intact for 1,700 years. It towered above these beautiful shores, a veritable beacon of strength and durability, and resisted many an invasion until one of the rulers of Monaco, in the time of Louis XIV., ruthlessly reduced it to its present condition. From its top, whither we ascend conducted by four little girls as guides, the view is one of surpassing beauty.

Many hundred feet below lies Monte Carlo, the fairy-like gardens of the Casino appearing like a small spot of bright green verdure against the blue. Monaco projects curiously into the sea, and the intervening slopes are resplendent with olive and locust groves and innumerable terraced plantations of lemons.

From the Tête du Chien mountain near at hand the finest view on the Rivièra might be obtained, but that the French Government has placed a fortress there and reserves the spot for their own exclusive edification.

Fortunately, however, just at the edge of the bluff, near the little inn of La Turbie, there exists a sort of



NICE FROM MOUNT GROS.

natural platform protected by a wall, and supplied with a stone bench for the accommodation of travelers. Here one may lean over and look down directly upon Monte Carlo and its exquisite surroundings. Beautiful enchantress — what ineffable harm have you wrought among the children of men! Even as a siren you draw them to your embrace, only to crush them at last and cast them into outer darkness!



TOWER OF CÆSAR—LA TURBIE.

We tear ourselves away reluctantly. The road now descends at once and we spin rapidly past Roquebrune, another ancient village, built of and among the "brown rocks" as its name implies. Our route lies just below it, and we look up at the great ruined castle of the Lascaris', descended from the Byzantine Emperors, and ceded by them to Charles Grimaldi, an ancestor of the present Prince of Monaco.

In about an hour's drive from La Turbie we reach Mentone. The town is charmingly situated on the bay of the same name, which is divided by a rocky promontory into two arms called the East and West Bay. There is a ruined castle near the point, and the ancient tower of St. Agnèse, built for protection against Saracenic invasion, is on the hill above. The old town with its dark streets is in marked contrast to the new town stretching along the beach, of which the Promenade du Midi and the Jardin Public are the favorite resorts. Perched 1,280 feet above, on the rocks, is Castellar, from which poor little village there is a magnificent prospect of the Mediterranean and the coast line. Just outside of Mentone are some famous bone caves, six in number, known as the Red Rock Caverns, where quantities of débris have been discovered, which were deposited in past ages, such as



VIEW OF MENTONE FROM BENNETT'S TOWER.

neolithic skeletons of giant man, stone implements and fossilized food.

For some time our route lies close to the sea, but we soon mount a ridge of serrated crags which commands a fine view of the shore.

We now approach the picturesque Bridge of St. Louis which crosses a gorge 215 feet deep, forming the boundary line between France and Italy. From this point there are charming views of the French coast.

officer is present to report him, his sense of duty must be stronger than the average of those of his class throughout Italy.

Just beyond the frontier is Dr. Bennet's residence. He is an English physician who came here some years ago suffering from pulmonary complaint, and becoming completely restored to health, has built a villa in this charming location overlooking the town below. The view of Men-



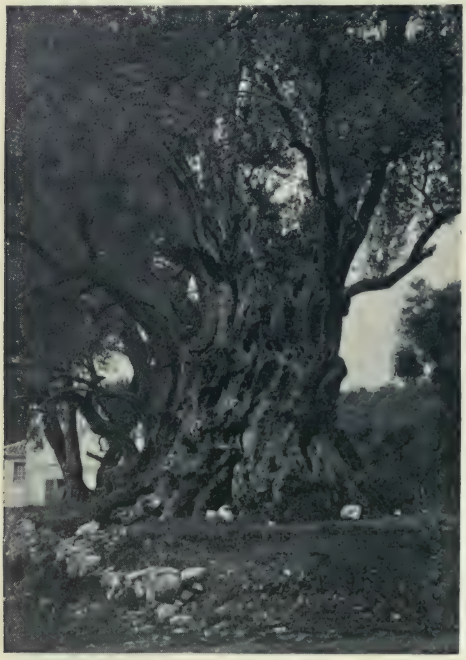
BRIDGE OF ST. LOUIS ON THE FRONTIER.

Just beyond is the Italian *dogana*, or custom-house, and here on the very border of Italy we meet with a phenomenon never before encountered in our travels abroad—a customs inspector who refuses a gift. This lowly official has been so very complaisant, passing our effects without examination and wishing us a cheerful "Buon Viaggio" that one of our party offers him a small douceur, which, without showing offense, he politely declines. That man has the courage of a hero. Realizing from bitter experience how poorly all Italian government officials are paid, and in consideration of the fact that no superior

tone from his vine-covered tower, is not to be exceeded on this coast. Driving for another hour and gaining once more the level of the sea, we soon reach Bordighéra. There are palms everywhere; gardens and groves, and nurseries and borders of palms—some of which are many hundreds of years old.

This little town has furnished the Easter palms at Rome, ever since the year 1586. How the grant was obtained by Bresca, the brave old sea captain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open Piazza, before the Cathedral of St. Peters, he was gazing with breathless interest at

the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V. forbade any one to utter a loud word during the operation, on pain of death. All went



OLD OLIVE TREE NEAR SAN RÉMO.

well until the massive stone column reached a certain angle when, to the horror of the multitude and the despair of the engineer, it ceased to move. Various expedients were resorted to without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice broke the silence, crying, "Aiga, dai de l'aiga ae corde!—Water, give water to the ropes!" The suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon; the obelisk slowly righted itself and was successfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Bresca was brought a prisoner before the Pope for punishment, the latter not only pardoned his offence, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed itself when, instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he begged that the right of furnishing the palms for Easter should be bestowed upon his family and the villagers of Bordighera, his birthplace. The request was granted, and is respected to this day.

About three miles' further drive along this charming shore, close by the sea, brings us to Ospedaletti, where the principal attractions are a fine hotel and an unused casino. The latter brings to mind the many deserted Italian villages one sees high up among the rocky hills along this coast. This casino, however, although silent and empty, cannot like them be called deserted, since it has never been occupied.

Some twelve years ago the Crédit Lyonnais of France formed a stock company, calling it the Crédit Foncier, and the latter began to invest largely in land around Ospedaletti. They bought up large tracts of real estate, opened a hotel, and erected this expensive white stone structure for a Casino, hoping that visitors would flock in large numbers to the place, and that it would prove a second Nice or Monte Carlo. But the Italian Government absolutely refused to issue to them a license for gambling, and the whole scheme fell through. Thus the beautiful Casino stands with empty halls, serving merely as an ornamental addition to the surrounding landscape.

As we near San Rémo we pass the historic olive tree reputed to be over 400 years old. It looks sturdy and strong, with grotesquely gnarled stems branching and twisting around its huge trunk.

At San Rémo we stop for the night. The old town, which nestles on the slopes of two hills, consists of a network of narrow lanes and alleys, with archways overhead connecting the houses in the event of an earthquake. The new town lies at its feet close along the sea. The upper public garden, called the Jardin l' Impératrice,

is a charming spot, opened only a few years ago under the auspices of the Empress of Russia.

We visit the market place and stroll through the old town until we lose ourselves in its narrow precincts. It is here that we see a vignette of two old women against the black shadow of an arched doorway, carrying on their heads a heavy sack of potatoes, seemingly unconscious of its weight.



JUST BEYOND ALBENGA.

Rolling merrily out of San Rémo, our voices are hushed as we drive past the Villa Zirio, for it was here that the large-hearted Emperor Frederick III. of Germany, fought his brave battle with death. All that affection and wealth could offer was placed at his feet, as a tribute of the esteem in which he was held, but it availed nothing. We drive past the picturesque little pilgrim church of the Madonna délla Guardia, and skirting the small village of Arma, cross the Taggia River. Five miles above, far up on the mountain, lies Taggia, that obscure little place in which Guvanni Ruffini, the author of that fascinating book, "Doctor Antonio," once lived.

We soon turn a sharp point and Porto Maurizio lies below us. It adds a symmetrical touch to the view, for it is built on a conical hill. Our road makes the ascent half way, and then turning to the left descends abruptly once more to the level of the sea, where, looking back we can plainly distinguish the fine church with its two square towers, and roof divided into arches and domes.

And now, a mile further on, we approach our next resting-place, Oneglia. After a cheerful repast of *frittàta*, *animélla di vitélla*, *piséllí*, *celata* and *dolcè*, with *vino ordinario*, we stroll through the arcades in the town, the inhabitants stopping to stare at us, which compliment we return with interest. In two hours we are off again, coming presently upon a small settlement called Diano Marina, which proves to be one of the most interesting places on the route. Here in 1887, the earthquake which



SAN RÉMO FROM THE MOLE.

visited the Rivièra made itself severely felt, and not a house in the place remained intact. Six hundred lives were lost in this disaster, and human bones are frequently disinterred from beneath the ruined dwellings. On one side of the main street every building was leveled to the ground, and the city government taking pity upon the homeless ones erected many rows of small one-storied houses for a temporary refuge. Some of the unfortunates still inhabit these humble quarters, having never since been able to lay aside enough money to erect other homes. The building trade is very brisk in Diano Marina, and new houses are going up on every hand.

Past Cervo which looks down upon us from a picturesque slope above, we drive around the Capo delle Mele and there breaks upon our view one of the finest vistas of the whole route. A prospective of snow-tipped mountain ranges on our left, softened in the purple lights; and far ahead just off the coast, the wild rocky island of Gallinari is seen; while white Lagueglia and Alassio stretch between along the nearer edge of the sea. We soon reach the former — a very bower of orange and lemon groves.



ARCH OF OLD ROMAN BRIDGE NEAR ALASSIO.

Then skirting the shores of three separate bays we reach Alassio at sunset, and find at the extreme end of the long main street of the village, the Grand Hotel, our haven of rest for the night. What an abode of

comfort it is! A peaceful spirit settles down upon us, as we take our afternoon tea on a terrace overlooking the Mediterranean, which is crimsoned with the glorious hues of the occident. Beyond, off a rocky point, lies the Gallinari Isle. Drear and somber it appears, and desolate must be the life thereon, with only a stony fort and its accompanying gray walls to vary the landscape.

The next morning we reach Lagueglia with its yellow fruit groves, and then pass by Albenga, which lies a little further back in the broad lowland. Here the valley of the Caprianna widens and opens, giving us full sight of a broad arena with distant expanse of mountain ranges, the higher peaks tipped with snow.

All along the shore in this vicinity, we see at intervals the fishermen hauling in their nets, and become quite interested in the process. A boat is usually launched and rowed about an eighth of a mile out from the shore to where the buoy is floating, when the net is allowed to drop into the water. Ten or twelve stalwart men stand on the shore and haul in the rope, backing slowly up the beach. Then they change places; each advancing to the water's edge and beginning the long pull over again. Thus they continue until the net is landed and the fish hauled upon the beach. Fishing is the principal industry along some parts of this district, and the poorer villagers live almost entirely on fish and vegetables.

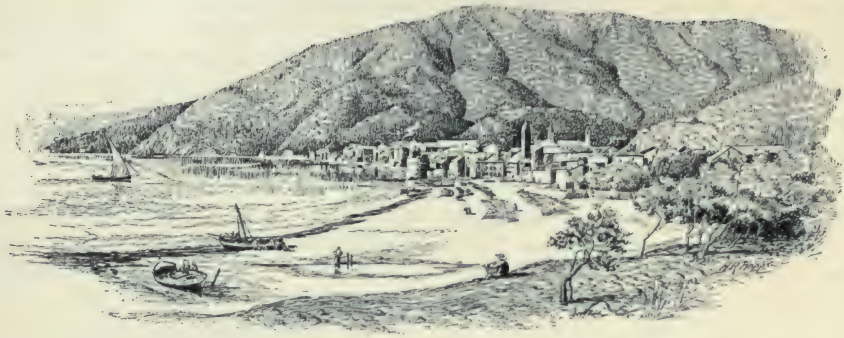
Now we pass through more groves and vineyards, and beyond come to a dual village bearing the euphonious name of Pietra-Ligure. Here the country opens again and the mountains recede. The two villages, Pietra and Ligure, lie a mile apart up on the side of a hill, and the intervening space is filled with richly cultivated gardens containing artichokes, lettuce, cabbage, peas and parsley and extensive vineyards. We drive into Finalmarina, ascending a steep hill where the horses slip on the smooth pavement; and then on through the old town from whence, as we turn the corner, there is a rift in the hills which shows us a glimpse of snow-tipped mountains. Nearer, on the crown of a high hill stands the picturesque ruin of Castello Gavone, with the triangular town of Borgo at its feet.

After luncheon, at Finalmarina, we walk around the place, visiting the church of St. John the Baptist, gorgeous in colored marbles, gilding, and gaudy frescoes. At three o'clock we start once more.

The bakers in the villages along this coast have a curious custom of nailing samples of bread to the outside door of their shops. The rain soaks these products of their skill, the sun beats down on them and the dust floats about them in clouds. Still they hang there, those round rings of *pain ordinaire*, until they fall to pieces and are replaced by fresh loaves.

Under the bald and rugged Cape Bergeggi, we pierce the misty gloom of another long tunnel, and when we emerge, a beautiful prospect opens before us—thirty miles of Italian coast, with its green banks, beautiful bays, undulating ridges of mountains and olive-covered hills. Before us, at the farthest point of the crescent, we can just discern the white lighthouse of Genoa, standing out like the spire of a church against the dark hills.

Vado is a walled city with a ruined castle. The mountains fade away gradually toward the city in the soft prismatic hues of a Southern sunset, and the blue water touching the sandy beach and gray rocks seems to blend into the harmonious coloring of an Oriental scene. On the beach are more fishing boats and men folding their nets, while the entire population apparently is out in the open air, chatting in the waning sunlight. Far up in a cleft of the rocks, just outside the town, nestles a little white chapel which looks wonderfully peaceful, so far removed from the turmoil and noise of the busy world below.



ALASSIO.

We cross one or two small rivers here, without bridges, the horses wading; not much of an undertaking now that the water is low, but a rather dangerous performance after heavy rains, or the melting of snow on the mountains.

We are glad to reach Savona, although our first impressions of the place and of the Hotel Svizzero are not very favorable. But when we saunter out after dinner we find some good broad streets, fine squares, attractive shops, and an interesting scene at the port, to which a wide avenue lined with trees, leads direct. This place was of importance under Napoleon I., and has now about 30,000 inhabitants.

The next morning we start off bright and early for our last day's drive, and Cogoleto, to which we have looked forward with great interest, comes in sight at last. It is a poor little village by the sea, flat and devoid of interest, except for the fact that this insignificant little town dares to dispute with Genoa the honor of being the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. It is a long, narrow village with two streets, one of which runs close to the sea, the other between two rows of houses. Driving slowly along the former, the squalid



SAVONA

dwellings are on our left, with their small terraces and balconies overlooking the Mediterranean. In the only other street, the houses look even more dirty and miserable. Fir trees are placed over many of the doors

After luncheon we set out on a journey of exploration, accompanied by most of the unemployed inhabitants of the village. In the open square is a marble statue of Columbus with a tablet stating that it was dedi-



HOUSE AT COGOLETO, SAID TO BE THE BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

indicating that some commodity is for sale within.

In the poor little "Albergo della Bella Italia" the only inn in the place, there is no fireplace, and as it is cold, the old waiting woman brings in a brazier, making a great merit of having put in a piece or two of lemon peel, to impart a delicate odor to the chill and musty atmosphere of the apartment. As there is not much else in the brazier, the coals being few and far between, the lemon-peel has it all to itself, and we continue to see our breath in the air.

cated in 1888. Farther on we come to an insignificant little house which is pointed out as the great discoverer's birthplace. There is a portrait of Columbus on the outside of the house with an appropriate inscription, and the narrow stairs are badly worn by the tread of many tourists.

Once more we are on the way, until in a blaze of electric light we drive past the famous statue of Columbus, and past the crescent bay where the stately ships lie idle. And so at last our glorious trip is ended and we have come to "Genova La Superba."

REPORTING WITH MARK TWAIN.

BY DAN DE QUILLE.



T was in the early days of the Comstock, just when the great boom in silver mining had fairly commenced, that I first met Samuel L. Clemens, now better known as "Mark Twain." It was in the days when "Washoe" was still the popular name of all the silver mining regions of Nevada. Mr. Clemens had been engaged in prospecting at Aurora, Esmeralda County (then a lively camp) whence he sent to the Territorial Enterprise, of Virginia City, some humorous letters signed "Josh." The Enterprise was then not only the leading paper of "Silverland," but also was one of the liveliest and most prosperous newspapers on the Pacific Coast.

I had been at work on the Enterprise about two years, when, in December, 1862, I concluded to take a trip to the "States," whereupon the proprietors of the paper—J. T. Goodman and D. E. McCarthy—engaged "Josh" (Mr. Clemens) to come in from Aurora and take a position on their paper as reporter. I was absent from the Comstock about nine months—on the Plains and in the States—and when I returned, Mr. Clemens had shed his nom de plume of "Josh" and taken that which he still retains and has made famous. Mark did not much relish the work of writing reports of mines and mining affairs, and for that reason, and because of the boom in business and rush of events demanding reportorial notice, I was asked to return "post-haste" and resume work on the paper—everything being, as my letter of recall said, "red-hot."

I found things "red-hot" indeed. Reaching San Francisco in the evening after dark, the first news I heard, even before our steamer had reached the wharf, was that Virginia City was on fire and was being "wiped out." At once there was great excitement, for a score or more of "Washoe" people were on board the vessel. Upon landing we rushed to the newspaper offices and there heard that the town was still burning. I also learned that there had been a big fight among the firemen and that some of my friends and acquaintances had been killed and wounded. It was midnight before we heard that the fire was under control, and I then ascertained, to my great relief, that the Enterprise office had escaped, while all about it had been destroyed.

Thus I "resumed business at the old stand" in the thick of red-hot times—in the midst of flames and war. It was also in the midst of the cutting and shooting days—the days of stage robberies, of mining fights, wonderful finds of ore, and all manner of excitements. As may be imagined, Mark and I had our hands full, and no grass grew under our feet. There was a constant rush of startling events; they came tumbling over one another as though playing at leap-frog. While a stage robbery was being written up, a shooting affray started; and perhaps before the pistol shots had ceased to echo among the surrounding hills, the firebells were banging out an alarm.

The crowding of the whole population into that part of the town which had escaped the fire led to many bloody battles. Fighters, sports and adventurers, burned out of their old haunts, thronged the saloons and gaming houses remaining, where many of them were by no means welcome visitors; and as in the case of cats in strange garrets, battles were of nightly

occurrence. Everybody was armed, and no man threw away his life by making an attack with his fists.

Mark and I agreed well in our work, which we divided when there was a rush of events, but we often cruised in company—he taking the items of news he could best handle, and I such as I felt myself competent to work up. However, we wrote at the same table and frequently helped each other with such suggestions as occurred to us during the brief consultations we held, in regard to the handling of any matters of importance. Never was there an angry word between us in all the time we worked together.

Mark Twain, as a reporter, was earnest and enthusiastic in such work as suited him—really industrious—but when it came to "cast-iron" items, he gave them "a lick and a promise." He hated to have to do with figures, measurements and solid facts, such as were called for in matters pertaining to mines and machinery.

Mark displayed a peculiarity when at work that was very detrimental to the integrity of office property. In case he wished to clip an item or a paragraph out of a paper, and could not at once lay his hand upon his scissors, he would cut out the required matter with his knife, at the same time slashing into the baize covering of the table. His end of the cover was so mutilated that little was left of the original cloth. In its place appeared what might have passed for a representation of the polar star, spiritedly darting forth a thousand rays. Some years ago, when at Mark's house in Hartford, I found myself almost unconsciously examining the top of the fine writing desk in his library for evidences of his old knife-slashing habit, but did not find so much as a scratch.

Mark Twain was pretty apt in sketching in a rude way, and when reporting meetings where there were long waits, or uninteresting debates, he would cover the margins of his copy paper with drawings. When reporting the meetings of the Board of Aldermen, where there was often much tedious talk, he would frequently make sketches illustrative of the subjects under discussion. Some of his off-hand sketches were very good—good in the same way that a pun is sometimes good, though far-fetched and ridiculous. I have forgotten the subjects of most of these pencil sketches. I recall one, however that might have been labeled "The Captured Menagerie." There had been some trouble about collecting city license from a menagerie (it had paid county license) and the matter came up before the Board of Aldermen. Mark was amused at the talk of what could be done and what would be done with the show and showmen if the license was not paid at once, and so he pictured it all out. He depicted the City Marshal leading away the elephant by its trunk, and the Mayor mounted upon a giraffe which he had captured, while one policeman had a lion by the tail, and another had captured a rhinoceros. Others still had shouldered kangaroos, strings of monkeys and the like.

This was about his best effort, and after writing out his report of the meeting, he kept his sheets of notes for some time, working up and improving the several pictures. At his home in Hartford, Mark sometimes dabbles in oil colors, he having taken lessons in art since the Comstock days. He "points with pride," to the curly head of a dove-colored bull on an easel in his library, and hints that the best effects were all achieved without the assistance of his teacher.

Mark Twain was fond of manufacturing items of the horrible style, but on one occasion he overdid this business, and the disease worked its own cure. He wrote an account of a terrible murder, supposed to have occurred at "Dutch Nick's," a station on the Carson River, where Empire City now stands. He made a man cut his wife's throat and those of his nine children, after which dia-



MARK TWAIN AND TWO OF HIS COLLEAGUES.*

bolical deed the murderer mounted his horse, cut his own throat from ear to ear, rode to Carson City (a distance of three and a half miles) and fell dead in front of Pete Hopkins' saloon.

All the California papers copied the item, and several made editorial comment upon it as being the most shocking occurrence of the kind ever known on the Pacific Coast. Of course rival Virginia City papers at once denounced the item as a "cruel and idiotic hoax." They showed how the publication of such "shocking and reckless falsehoods" disgraced and injured the State, and they made it as "sultry" as possible for the Enterprise and its "fool reporter."

When the California papers saw all this and found they had been sold, there was a howl from Siskiyou to San Diego. Some papers demanded the immediate discharge of the author of the item by the Enterprise proprietors. They said they would never quote another line from that paper while the reporter who wrote the shocking item remained on its force. All this worried Mark as I had never before seen him worried. Said he: "I am being burned alive on both sides of the mountains." We roomed together, and one night when the persecution was hottest, he was so distressed that he could not sleep. He tossed, tumbled and groaned aloud. So I set to work to comfort him. "Mark," said I, "never mind this bit of a gale, it will soon blow itself out. This item of yours will be remembered and talked about when all your other work is forgotten. The murder at Dutch Nick's will be quoted years from now as the big sell of these times."

Said Mark: "I believe you are right; I remember I once did a thing at home in Missouri, was caught at it and worried almost to death. I was a mere lad and was going to school in a little town where I had an uncle living. I at once left the town and did not return to it for three years. When I finally came back I found I was only remembered as 'the boy that played the trick on the schoolmaster.'"

Mark then told me the story, began to laugh over it, and from that moment "ceased to groan." He was not discharged, and in less than a month people everywhere were laughing and joking about the "murder at Dutch Nick's."

When Mark wrote the item he read it over to me, and I asked him how he was going to wind it up so as to make it plain that it was a mere invention.

"Oh, it is wound up now," was the reply. "It is all plain enough. I have said that the family lived in a little cabin at the edge of the great pine forest near Dutch Nick's, when everybody knows there's not a pine tree within ten miles of Nick's. Then I make the man ride nearly four miles

* The center figure of the cut is Mark Twain; the one on the right is Mr. Simmons, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the one on the left, Mr. Claggett, Member of Legislature from Humboldt County.

after he has cut his throat from ear to ear, when any fool must see that he would fall dead in a moment."

But the people were all so shocked at first with the wholesale throat-cutting that they did not stop to think of these points. Mark's whole object in writing the story was to make the murderer go to Pete Hopkins' saloon and fall dead in front of it—Pete having in some way offended him. I could never quite see how this was to hurt Pete Hopkins. Mark probably meant to insinuate that the murderer had been rendered insane by the kind of liquor sold over the Hopkins' bar, or that he was one of Pete's bosom friends.

To-day not one man in a hundred in Nevada can remember anything written by Mark Twain while he was connected with the Enterprise, except this one item in regard to the shocking murder at Dutch Nick's; all else is forgotten, even by his oldest and most intimate friends.

First and last, many newspapers, daily and weekly, have been published in Virginia City. The life of one of these was so short, however, that only a few persons are now aware that it ever had an existence. It opened its eyes to the light only to close them again forever. This was the Occidental, an eight-page weekly literary paper, started by Hon. Tom Fitch, the "Silver-tongued Orator of Nevada." But one number of the paper was issued. The good die young—the Occidental was good. Why the paper died as soon as born I never exactly knew, but think it would be safe to say that all the "powder" in the magazine was used up in the first shot.

Twain and I were rooming together at the time in what was known as the "Daggett building," a large brick structure where there were many lodgers. Tom Fitch and family were our across-the-hall neighbors. Of course we were informed in regard to Tom's newspaper venture and took a lively interest in all his literary plans. The paper was intended to constitute a sort of safety valve for the red-hot and hissing Comstock literary boiler. Writers on the other papers, and writers at large were to contribute to its columns.

In the number of this paper that was published a romance was commenced that was to have been continued almost indefinitely. At least, in discussing the plan of it nothing was ever said about how it was to be ended, and had the story been carried forward in accordance with the original plan, it would have been one of the curiosities of literature, and probably running yet.

Hon. R. M. Daggett, late Minister to the Hawaiian Islands, wrote the opening chapters of the story. A striking character in the story, as begun by Mr. Daggett, was an old hermit, "reported a Rosycrucian," who dwelt in a partially subterranean castle, situated in a dark and secret mountain gorge, where "in the dead waist and middle of the night" smoke and flames were to be seen issuing from his chimneys while lights—red, blue and green—flashed up in his heavily-barred windows. The building had no visible door—all was solid masonry—and the person viewing it from the outside could only imagine a subterranean entrance, which no man could discover, "for the dews that dripped all over."

The old white-haired alchemist, had a pupil, of course, and this pupil was the hero of the romance, as it was begun by Mr. Daggett. In the great outside world dwelt the heroine, who started out—began business—as a very lovable young lady. The opening was full of mystery, and was very interesting. Mr. Daggett left the hero in a position of such peril that it seemed impossible he could be rescued, except through means and wisdom more than human.

Mrs. Tom Fitch was to have written the chapters for the next number of the paper; she would have been followed by Mark Twain, and he, in due

course, by J. T. Goodman, Tom Fitch and myself, when Mr. Daggett would again come in and take up the thread of the exciting tale.

Each person would have been obliged to extricate the hero, heroine (or any other useful character) from whatever sad predicament the writer preceding him might have devised, and would have aimed to puzzle the one who was to follow him. It would have been a sort of literary game of chess.

It was thought that Mrs. Fitch would respect Daggett's lovely heroine, and carry her along in unsullied beauty of both person and soul; but Mark Twain was sharpening his scalping knife for her. The old Rosycrucian was Daggett's pet. He wanted to carry the old fellow all through the story, but was afraid Mrs. Fitch would find him unmanageable, and would roast him in one of his own furnaces. In case she did anything of the kind Mr. Daggett was resolved to take a terrible revenge when he got hold of her pet character—he would do "a deed that the ibis and the crocodile would tremble at."

Although Mark and I had promised to let Mr. Daggett's old hermit live, we had secretly conjured up a demon fiddler who was to make his appearance in the mysterious barred castle at critical moments, and with "rosined bow" torment both the "quivering string" and the old alchemist. In case Daggett provided the old fellow with some spell sufficiently potent to "lay" the fiddler, we intended to introduce into the secret laboratory a spectral owl that should worry the occupant by watching his every movement; and following the owl we would send the whole progeny of devils—ærial, aquatic and terrestial—said to have been born of Adam's first wife, Lilis.

Mrs. Fitch and her lady friends and advisers doubtless had their plans for "warming" Mark and all the rest of us. However, with the death of the Occidental all passed away into the realms of nothingness, "wie ein schatten vergehen"—as a shadow goes.

The story of the presentation to Mark Twain of a bogus meerschaum pipe has often been told, but in most instances without touching upon that which was the fine point of the whole affair. Major Steve Gillis, C. A. V. Putnam, D. E. McCarthy and several other newspaper men "put up a job" to present Mark an imitation meerschaum pipe. They selected one they knew he would not like because of its shape, had its German silver mounting polished up, and on this the inscription, "To Mark Twain, from his Friends" was neatly engraved. A cherry stem about a yard long, with a genuine amber mouth-piece was procured, and the present was ready. The presentation was to take place on a Saturday night, "after the paper was up," at Harris' saloon, in Maguire's Opera House. Charley Pope, now proprietor of a theater in St. Louis, Mo., was then playing at the Opera House, and he was engaged to make the presentation speech. All this being arranged, I said to Mark one night after we had gone to bed: "Mark, I don't know that I ought to tell you, but the boys are going to make you a present of a fine meerschaum pipe next Saturday night. Charley Pope is to make the presentation speech, and as it will doubtless be rather fine, I have thought it best to post you, in order that you may think up a suitable reply."

Mark thanked me most cordially for "giving the business away"—not once suspecting that the "boys" had made it my part to thus thoroughly post him, in order that we might all have the fun of watching him in his effort to convey the impression that the presentation was a genuine surprise.

This was really the point, and the "big sell" of the whole affair. Even Charley Pope was aware that Mark had been fully posted, therefore to us all it was deliciously ridiculous to observe Mark's pretended "unawareness."

From the moment of our assembling, until the ceremonies ended, every eye was fixed upon him, watching every shade of expression on his countenance.

Even with the "enticing" of Mark down to the Opera House saloon, the fun began, as he assumed a certain degree of coyness, pretending to hold back, and could n't "see why we wanted him to go there." When our victim and all the conspirators had been assembled for some time round the center-table in a private parlor of the saloon, Charley Pope made his appearance. Mark seemed surprised at seeing him enter the room.

Mr. Pope carried under his arm, wrapped in a newspaper, a bundle about a yard in length. Advancing to the table he proceeded to unroll the bundle, producing a ridiculous looking pipe, with a straight bowl about five inches high, and about a yard of blue ribbon floating from the stem.

"That is a mighty fine pipe you have there, Charley," said Mark in an off-hand, unconcerned tone of voice.

Mr. Pope made no reply, but throwing the newspapers upon the floor held the pipe aloft by the middle of the stem, as in the great paintings of the presentation of the Pipe of Peace, and began his speech with: "Mr. Clemens, on behalf of your friends and admirers, those you see here assembled and many others, I present you this magnificent meerschaum pipe as a slight," etc., etc.

Mr. Pope spoke about twenty minutes, making a really admirable speech. In parts it was very feeling, and again it was witty and jolly. Of course we applauded it from Alpha to Omega.

Then Mark Twain arose. In his hand he held the mighty calumet. He was sorry that he would be unable fittingly to reply to a speech so able and excellent as that of Mr. Pope—a speech that had touched his heart and stirred in his bosom feelings he could not find words to express. But the truth was that he had been taken by surprise. The presentation was a thing wholly unexpected.

He then launched forth into what we all knew was his prepared speech. He began with the introduction of tobacco into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, and wound up with George Washington. Just how he managed to bring in the "Father of His Country" I have forgotten; but he had him there in the wind-up, and showed him off to good advantage.

Often the thunders of applause brought him to a halt. He was made to feel that he was a success. Then he called for "sparkling Moselle"—no other wine would do him—and before the session was over six bottles, at five dollars a bottle, had vanished.

A day or two afterwards a printer let the cat out of the bag—told Mark his pipe was a "mere-sham." Mark had suspected as much. Even on the night of the presentation, before we had consumed more than two of the six bottles of Moselle, I had detected him inspecting the bowl of the pipe with a sort of reproachful look in his eye.

I was alone in the "local room," one day, when Mark suddenly made his appearance with the pipe in his hand. He locked the door on the inside and put the key in his pocket. "I want to know from you, now," said he, "whether this pipe is bogus?"

"It is just as bogus as they make 'em," said I.

"Did you know that when you capped me into preparing a speech?"

"Certainly. That was where the fun came in."

"'Et tu Brute!" said Mark in a hollow voice; then he began to pace the room with his face on his breast.

I told Mark to take it easy and say nothing, as a really fine pipe—one that cost $45—was back of the bogus one and would be given him without ceremony or cost. Mark then subsided, but was by no means satisfied with the business. However, years after he told me that he thought more of the

bogus pipe than he did of the genuine one. Like his Dutch Nick item, time ripened it.

At the time Mark Twain was on the Enterprise he wrote no long stories or sketches for that paper. Occasionally, however, he sent a sketch to the Golden Era, of San Francisco. After going to San Francisco he was for a time regularly employed on one or two papers, then wrote sketches and did piece-work of various kinds. He did not much like reporting in the "City by the Sea." For a long time after going down to San Francisco he wrote a weekly letter to the Enterprise in which he gave such chat as would not be sent by telegraph—chat made up in good part of personals in regard to the doings of Comstockers at the "Bay," the humors of the stock market and the like.

In 1865, Mark Twain grew tired of a life of literary drudgery in San Francisco and went up into the mining regions of Calaveras County to rusticate and rejuvenate with some old friends—Steve, Billy and Jim Gillis. The cabin of Jim Gillis is, and always has been a friendly place of retreat in the mountain wilds for writers desirous of respite from the vanities and vexations of spirit incident to a life of literary labor in San Francisco. At his cabin the latch-string is always on the outside. Many are the well-known California writers who have at various times been sojourners in the hospitable mountain home of Jim Gillis. His cabin is a sort of Bohemian infirmary. There the sick are made well, and the well are made better—physically, mentally and morally.

Mark Twain found life pleasant in this literary mountain retreat. He found the Bohemian style of mining practiced by the "Gillis boys" much more attractive than those more regular kinds which call for a large outlay of muscle. The business of the pocket miner is much like that of the bee-hunter. The trail of the latter leads him to the tree stored with golden sweets, and that of the former ends in a pocket of sweetest gold.

Soon after Mark's arrival at the "Gillis Bohemian Infirmary," he and Jim Gillis took to the hills in search of golden pockets. They soon found and spent some days in working up the undisturbed trail of an undiscovered deposit. They were on the "golden bee-line" and stuck to it faithfully, though it was necessary to carry each sample of dirt a considerable distance to a small stream in the bed of a cañon in order to wash it. However, Mark hungered and thirsted to find a big rich pocket, and he pitched in after the manner of Joe Bowers of old—just like a thousand of brick.

Each step made sure by the finding of golden grains, they at last came upon the pocket whence these grains had trailed out down the slope of the mountain. It was a cold, dreary, drizzling day when the "home deposit" was found. The first sample of dirt carried to the stream and washed out yielded only a few cents. Although the right vein had been discovered, they had as yet found only the "tail end" of the pocket.

Returning to the vein, they dug a sample of the decomposed ore from a new place and were about to carry it down to the ravine and test it, when the rain increased to a lively downpour. With chattering teeth, Mark declared he would remain no longer. He said there was no sense in freezing to death, as in a day or two, when it was bright and warm, they could return and pursue their investigations in comfort.

Yielding to Mark's entreaties, backed as they were by his blue nose, humped back and generally miserable and dejected appearance, Jim Gillis emptied the sacks of dirt just dug upon the ground—first having hastily written and posted a notice claiming a certain number of feet on the vein, which notice would hold good for thirty days. This done they left the claim.

Angel's Camp being at no great distance from the spot, whereas their cabin was some miles away, Mark and Jim struck out for that place.

The only hotel in Angel's Camp was kept by Coon Drayton, an old Mississippi river pilot, and at his house the half-drowned pocket miners found shelter. Mark Twain having in his youthful days been a "cub" pilot on the Mississippi, he and Coon were soon great friends and swapped yarns by the dozen. It continued to rain for three days, and until the weather cleared up, Mark and Jim remained at Coon's hotel.

Among the stories told Mark by Coon during the three days' session was that of the "Jumping Frog," and it struck him as being so comical that he concluded to write it up. When he returned to the Gillis cabin Mark set to work on the frog story. He also wrote some sketches of life in the mountains and the mines for some of the San Francisco papers.

Even after he had given it the finishing touches, Mark did not think much of the frog story. He gave the preference to some other sketches, and sent them to the papers for which he was writing. The frog story lay about the cabin for some time, when Steve Gillis told him it was the best thing he had written, and advised him to save it for a book of sketches he was talking of publishing.

A literary turn having thus been given to the thoughts of the inmates of the Gillis cabin, a month passed without a return to the business of pocket mining. While the days were passed by Mark and his friends in discussing the merits of the "Jumping Frog" and other literary matters, other prospectors were not idle. A trio of Austrian miners who were out in search of gold-bearing quartz happened upon the spot where Mark and Jim had dug into their ledge. It was but a few days after Twain and Gillis had retreated in a pouring rain. The Austrians were astonished at seeing the ground glittering with gold. Where the dirt emptied from the sacks had been dissolved away by the rain, lay over three ounces of bright quartz gold. The foreigners were not long in gathering this harvest, but soon discovering the notice posted on the claim they dared not venture to delve in the deposit whence it came. They could only wait and watch and pray. Their hope was that the parties who had posted up the notice would not return while it held good.

The sun that rose on the day after the Twain-Gillis notice expired saw the Austrians in possession of the ground, with a notice of their own conspicuously and defiantly posted. The new owners soon cleaned out the pocket, obtaining from it in a few days a little over $7,500.

Had Mark Twain's back-bone held out a few minutes longer, the sacks of dirt would have been panned out and the richness of the pocket discovered. He would not then have gone to Angel's Camp, and would probably never have heard or written the story of the "Jumping Frog," the story that gave him his first "boost" in the literary world, as the "Heathen Chinee" gave Bret Harte his first lift up the ladder of fame. Had Mark found the gold that was captured by the Austrians, he would have settled down as a pocket miner, and probably to this day would have been pounding quartz in a little cabin in the Sierras somewhere along about the snow line.

Returning to San Francisco from the mountains, Mark for a time resumed his literary hack-work. He then arranged to make a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and wrote up the beauties and wonders thereof for the old Sacramento Union. While engaged in this work he conceived the idea of writing a lecture on the Sandwich Islands, wisely judging that he could in that way get more money out of a certain amount of writing than by toiling for the newspapers.

He delivered his lecture very successfully, both on the Pacific Coast

and in the Atlantic States. On the Pacific Coast D. E. McCarthy, who had then sold his interest in the Enterprise, was with Mark as his agent. When they reached Nevada the lecture was first delivered in Virginia City. Next they went to Gold Hill, a mile south of Virginia City and just over a low ridge known as the "Divide," a place noted in the annals of the Comstock for a thousand robberies by footpads.

A sham robbery was planned of which Mark was to be the victim. He was to be halted on the "Divide" as he was returning on foot from Gold Hill and robbed of the proceeds of his lecture. Mark's agent, McCarthy, was in the plot, as also was his old friend Major Steve Gillis and other friends, with Captain Jack Perry, George Birdsall and one or two other members of the police force. Twain and one or two friends (who were in the secret) were held up on a trail called the "cut-off." The job was done in the regular road-agent style. The pretended robbers not only took the grip-sack of coin—some $300—but also Mark's fine gold watch.

When he reached Virginia City, Mark was raging mad, as the watch taken from him was a present from a friend. He did not in the least doubt the genuineness of the robbery, and it so "soured" him against the Comstock that he determined to leave the next morning.

The robbery had been planned by Mark's old friends as a sort of advertising dodge. It was intended to create sympathy for him, and by having him deliver a second lecture in Virginia City afford the people an opportunity of redeeming the good name of the Comstock. He would have had a rousing benefit, and after all was over his agent would have returned him his watch and money. Of course it would not have done to ask Mark to consent to be robbed for this purpose. His friends meant well, but like other schemes of mice and men this particular one failed to work. Mark was too "hot" to be handled, and when at last it was explained to him that the robbery was a sham affair he became still hotter—he boiled over with wrath.

His money and watch were returned to him after he had taken his seat in the stage, and his friends begged him to remain, but he refused to disembark. Upon observing some of his friends of the police force engaged in violent demonstrations of mirth, he turned his attention to them and fired at them a tremendous broadside of anathemas as the stage rolled away. Had he kept cool he would have had a benefit that would have put at least a thousand dollars in his pocket, for the papers had made a great sensation of the robbery.

A good deal has been said of Mark Twain's drawling speech. This peculiarity is not natural, but acquired. When he was a small boy he spoke so rapidly that his family constantly remonstrated with him, with the result that he went to the opposite extreme. When angry or excited he can snap his words off as short as any one.

The cabin in which Mark and Bob Howland lived in Aurora, in 1862, endured until a few years ago. It was a sort of dugout, to the roof of which the wandering billy-goat of inquiring mind had access from the hillside above. A picture of this cabin—the old Nevada home—would form a striking contrast to Mark's present fine residence in Hartford. The Hartford dwelling is a structure of many gables and angles, and at the rear or east end projects a veranda, intended to represent the hurricane deck of a Mississippi steamboat. In summer, with the shade of the surrounding chestnut trees cooling the air, this open deck is a pleasant lounging-place. Seated in it, dressed in white linen, Mark imagines himself on board one of the floating palaces of the Father of Waters, while his thoughts often revert to the still earlier days of reportorial work in the mining regions of the wild Washoe.

THE CALIFORNIAN MONTADURA.

BY M. C. FREDERICK.

THE most romantic period in the history of California was that Acadian age intervening between the secularization of the missions, and the coming of the "Argonauts. "A more fascinating picture of rural felicity cannot be imagined. Guarded by the broad Pacific on the one side and the high Sierras on the other, the Californians lived a life of singular contentment and prosperity, all untouched by the great world outside, save the occasional vessel that came to carry away hides and tallow. It was a dolce-far-niente life, the Indians performing nearly all the real labor, and the vast herds bringing in abundance of money.



SPANISH BIT.

Under the circumstances it was not surprising that the caballero, with his natural love of horsemanship and display, spent his time in his saddle and his fortune on his *montadura*.* Why not? He had no inclination toward intellectual pursuits, and no means of gratifying it if he had. All nature invited to an out-of-door existence. Such a thing as a carriage or other conveyance was unknown, and the Californian never walked. As to the money, what else could he do with it? It was as plenty as the horses and cattle that dotted the surrounding hills, and as little valued.



COLLAR BOX IN ART LEATHER WORK.

As a result of these conditions, both his riding and his *montadura* were marvelous to behold, and excited much wonder and admiration. It was a common trick for him to pick his *sombrero* from the ground while riding at the utmost speed, and it is said there were some who could dip a cup of water from the stream as the horse leaped across. His trappings were weighted down with silver, and his saddle was gorgeous with fine hand-embroidery in gold and silk of the gayest colors, and a peculiar kind of stamping of great beauty.



SPANISH SADDLE.

The old time Spanish grandeur is but little more than a memory, yet all traces of it have not been entirely swept away by the great tide that set in in '49. His flocks and herds are gone, and his wealth has passed into the hands of the shrewd, money-loving Easterner, against whom the hospitable, free-hearted Californian was no match. But if you were fortunate enough to participate in the Flower Carnival

*In the Spanish language, a word comprehending the entire equipment of a riding-horse.



PORTFOLIO.

at Santa Barbara, you saw him perform many daring feats of horsemanship, one of which was riding at full speed and picking from the ground ten dollar gold-pieces which were given him for his prowess.

You may see him any day on the streets of Santa Barbara with his braided rawhide *reata* swinging from his saddle, ready on the instant to capture any runaway horse with a dextrous throw, and bring him to a standstill by wrapping the *reata* round the pommel. Sometimes in the operation, a thumb is taken off, as more than one thumbless old *vaquero* can testify. For the safety of the rider the horse is usually given a desperately tight cinch, and some of the mustangs form the sly habit of "swelling up" at the critical moment, but it availeth him nothing, for the Mexican will plant his knee—if not his foot—firmly against the side of the designing beast, and with both hands draw the long strap taut each time as he passes it repeatedly through the rings, and at last ties it exactly as a gentleman ties his four-in-hand.

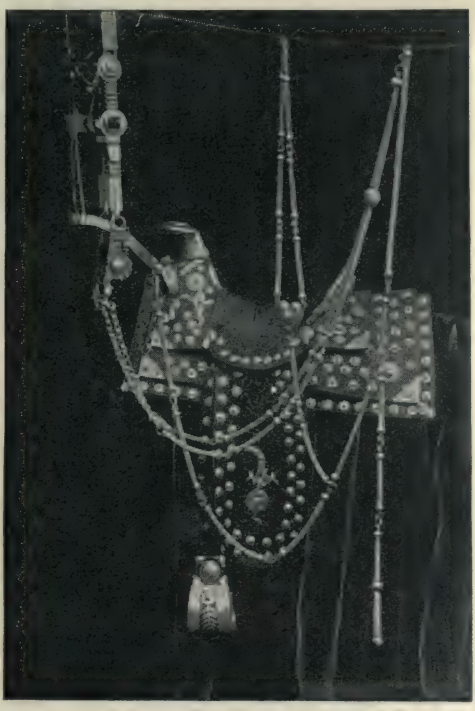
He will not be decked in the old time splendor; on the contrary both his horse and equipage may be very poor indeed; but he will ride with such ease, grace and dignity that he has become the fashion. The English horseman no longer leads the style, but himself affects the Californian from the crown of his *sombrero* to his enormous spurs which cause him much difficulty in taking the few steps necessary to mount. Perhaps his bridle, with reins and lash complete, is made of skillfully woven horse-hair, or it may be of fine braided rawhide, or of leather and silver.

The Californian bit is a massive piece of metal, elaborately trimmed with burnished silver, delicately wrought, and attached to the bridle with chains, perhaps also of silver. The mouth-piece is fearfully and wonderfully made, and when a horse is bitted he must certainly experience all the deep concentration of mind required by the most profound philosopher. More could not well be gotten in his mouth. With an easy rein the machinery lies flat on the tongue and does not cause apparent inconvenience, but the slightest tightening causes it to rise toward the perpendicular, and gives the rider mastery over the most wicked little broncho. Easterners often experience extreme annoyance with even the best trained California horses, for an effort to hold the continually tight rein to which they may be accustomed soon drives a horse frantic. Properly used the bits insure perfect control



LEATHER-WORKER—SADDLE WITH POMMEL REPRESENTING HUMAN HEAD.

without being severe, yet they are the means of great cruelty in the hands of the ignorant or evil-disposed. Little metal cylinders are loosely strung, like beads, from the sides of the bit to the end of the projection that goes back in the mouth, and in the latter is inserted a small, fluted wheel. If you ask the object in this, "Oh, the horse likes it," will be the reply; and you must be satisfied, though you wonder what developed so peculiar a taste in the animal, and how his master found it out. The horse industriously rolls them with his tongue, when he is not otherwise employed, apparently for his own amusement, and you are forced to the conclusion that perhaps he does like it — perhaps he enjoys the sound, which is like that of a threshing machine in miniature. When these rolling things are omitted, a horse is said to be "sourly bitted," and it is asserted that his good nature suffers much in consequence. Californians affirm that the whole outfit of a saddle-horse as used by them, is more merciful to beast and safer to the rider than that of the Eastern States.



CELEBRATED SADDLE AND BRIDLE OF SANTA BARBARA.

Another bit is sometimes seen, called the Mexican ring-bit, or "jaw-breaker." It does not project so far back in the mouth, and an iron ring passes over the tongue and encircles the lower jaw like a chin strap, thereby giving such a purchase and application of power as only the initiated can comprehend. The *cincha*, or girth, may be eight inches broad, with a tassel in the center. It is composed of horse-hair twisted into a long cord and woven back and forth between the two large iron rings with which, by means of leather straps, it is fastened to other rings attached to the saddle. A riding whip is not a Californian adjunct; a long lash attached to the reins, and of the same material, answering that purpose, though the spur relieves it of much active service. The immense spur with rowels six inches across, made more for show than actual use, is not now often seen, having given place to smaller ones with from one-and-a-half to three-and-a-half inch rowels; not sharp like the Eastern spur, but blunt pointed. These are provided with chains and jingling appendages which add their part to the pomp of the ensemble. If a halter rope is used, it is likely to be of finely twisted horse-hair, strong and durable, with perhaps two or more colors beautifully blended, and the end finished with a pretty tassel.

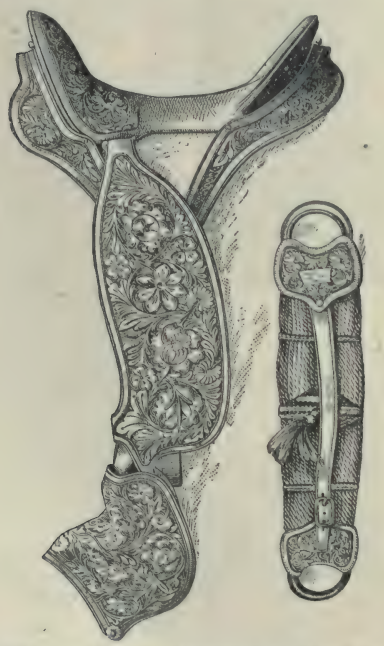
The saddle is made very beautiful by being completely covered with Mexican stamping; or maybe a neat border only of the same is applied, according to the purse of the owner. No nails are used in the construction of the saddle, and it is put together in a singular way. When the parts are placed in position, strong, alum-tanned

leather thongs are drawn through double holes, placed where required and tied on the outside—the long ends serving the double purpose of securing packages of all kinds the rider may wish to carry, or when not so required, of ornament, only.

In a certain shop on State street, Santa Barbara, may be seen a curious old saddle that once belonged to Don Jose de la Guerra y Noriega, Commandante of the troops at Santa Barbara under the authority of Mexico. The saddle which had become so worn as to be discarded by the General before 1840, was made in Mexico in the style then in vogue, though it was given a distinctive characteristic in the high pommel, which represents a diminutive human head made of rawhide stretched over wood. The ears are high up near the forehead, which gives the figure a decidedly grotesque appearance; the open lips reveal two rows of tiny white teeth, but where the eyes once were, only empty sockets remain; and the hair which was represented by open-work silver, has disappeared, as has also the silver ornaments which decorated the cantle. The stirrups, too, are missing, but its chief beauty, the *mochilla*, still remains in a fair state of preservation. This interesting part of the old *montadura* is a leather covering that was folded through the center like a blanket until required for use, when it was thrown over the saddle, the horn and cantle projecting through two openings of proper shape, while a lacing between the two, effected the required curve in the seat. It extended some distance both before and behind the saddle, and reached at the side almost to the rider's ankle, affording ample surface for decoration. There are still a few other very handsome *mochillas* to be found among the heirlooms in some of the old adobes of Santa Barbara, literally covered with rich embroideries in gold and silver, and silks of the brightest hues, with spaces filled with stamping. With horse and rider decked out in the splendid equipments of the time, these proud old cavalleros must indeed have presented an imposing appearance. In time both the *mochilla* and the embroidery disappeared, and the stamping was used exclusively, with sometimes silver ornaments for embellishment.



SATCHEL.



SADDLE OF STAMPED LEATHER—U. S. ARMY TREE.

A celebrated saddle of this later period is that owned by Mr. Dixie W. Thompson of Santa Barbara, a "49er" well known on the California coast. Mr. Thompson realized some years ago that the old California was fast giving way to the new, and the thought occurred to him of preserving as long as possible a relic of those days of almost barbaric splendor in horse-trappings. He accordingly had a saddle and bridle made of such sur-

passing beauty that there is nothing in the country to equal or approach them. The saddle is made entirely of Mexican art leather (as this stamping is now called) of exquisite workmanship, and very costly, but this was only the beginning. Mr. Thompson collected Mexican silver dollars which he sent from time to time to cunning workers in silver, who profusely decorated the saddle with ornaments of the metal, and constructed the bridle of the same. The Mexican silver coins contain less alloy than those of the United States, and it is said they will use nothing else for this work. As it was entirely handwork, much time was required for completion, but the result has fully justified the labor. Each part of the saddle is bordered with rows of silver rosettes; the pommel is encased in solid silver, and the cantle, stirrups, and corners are heavily bound, while solid rings attached serve the purposes of the *vaquero*. Some of the ornaments are flowers and wheat-heads in laminated silver, most delicately formed, and all are further beautified with chasing. Nothing but silver enters into the construction of the reins, throat latch, lash, martingale and collar. The dollars were cold-drawn into fine wire, which is closely crocheted into sections joined together with heavy links and rings. The bridle is covered with fluted silver, except the brow-band and nose-piece, which are finely engraved. Two slender chains cross the face under a six-pointed star, and the bit is as elegant as Señor Madrueño could make it, which is saying a great deal; for in his day the grandees who came from San Francisco to the city of Mexico, would patronize no bit-maker but Madrueño, as not one could approach him in the excellence of his workmanship. The weight of the bridle with all its attachments is twelve pounds, and about 250 silver dollars were used in its construction.



"CANUTE" AND HIS ELABORATE MONTADURA.

The horse privileged to wear this royal paraphernalia is worthy of it, being of superior stock and perfectly trained, and of course he is a great favorite with Mr. Thompson, who is very fond of fine horses. "Canute," as he is called, sometimes appears in a grand parade in



MEXICAN SPUR.

San Francisco or the smaller cities of the State, and seems proudly conscious that all eyes are directed to himself and his glittering equipage, that reflects back the sunlight from a thousand points. Once seen, the brilliant vision is remembered for a life time, and no description can give an adequate idea of the effect. Mr. Thompson also has another saddle, second only to the one described, on which the stamping is brought to the full perfection of the art.

But in all these years no one ever thought of applying the beautiful work to anything but saddles, save, perhaps, sombrero bands and belts. When the Princess Louise visited Santa Barbara on her tour in this country in 1883, her attention was attracted to a superb saddle displayed at a shop door, and her critical eye at once perceived the artistic merit of its novel decoration. She longed to possess some of it, yet obviously not wishing the saddle, there was but one thing to do—have it applied to some smaller and more desirable article—a portfolio, for instance. She entered and suggested her idea to the proprietor. The work was found to be quite as effective on the lighter, softer leather as on the saddles, and so well pleased was the Princess that she



MUSIC ROLL.

ordered several portfolios and some ladies' belts.

This little incident marked an era in Santa Barbara history and proved the beginning of a new industry. Picture frames, collar-and-cuff boxes, card-cases, music rolls, purses, shawl-straps, magazine covers, satchels, wall-pockets, table mats, and many other articles were manufactured in this charming handiwork which sprang at once into popularity. Other shops took it up, and so Santa Barbara has become the center of this art in its new application.



SATCHEL—CONVENTIONAL DESIGN.

When President Harrison visited Santa Barbara, a gift from the people which he carried back to the White House, was a large album made expressly for him, beautifully bound in Mexican art leather, with silver corners and name plate, filled with views of Santa Barbara's charming scenery.

Last of all, the art leather enters into the decoration of the California room in the Woman's building at the World's Fair. The *motif* is entirely new, being the native cactus which lends itself perfectly to the requirements of the material; and the entire furniture, including a tete-a-tete and eight chairs, is upholstered in the cactus-design stamped leather. The cactus appears in ramage and single-figure designs and the needle effects are produced in the background. Some of the patterns are quite open, all are bold rather than delicate, and in one piece the ground work is stained a dark red, while the pattern remains in the rich, natural tan of the leather.

"May I see how it is done?" inquires a tourist who has just purchased a chatelaine bag wrought in passion-flower design.

Soon a swarthy young Mexican appears with a small marble slab, a spoke from a wagon wheel, a few simple, pencil-like tools of steel, and a piece of damp leather. With a courteous bow he de-



PURSE.



BELLOWS.

posits these on the counter before the lady, and places the leather on the marble slab. Then he selects a tool like a small chisel, with the edge slightly curved, and cuts in the surface of the leather without previous tracing, a few graceful, flowing lines which serve as a nucleus for elaborate embellishment. This completed, the stamping begins. There is a frequent change of tools, and each moves continuously in and about the design, accompanied by the light blows of the spoke-mallet, which fall so rapidly as to appear to preclude any possibility of exactness; yet in a few moments he presents the lady the bit of leather on which is daintily wrought in low relief a conventionalized flower, perfect in the finest detail.

It all looks so simple and easy, but it requires a steady hand, correct eye and a certain confidence. A wavering half-afraid-I'll-spoil-it manner of moving the stamps or striking the mallet leaves its impress and mars the work.

To avoid disastrous results, some careful craftsmen first trace the outline of the design with a dull tracer, but the heavy lines are often cut in at once in apparent defiance of the fact that a false line or stroke cannot be effaced.

While somewhat resembling both wood carving and repoussé work, it is like neither, being wrought on the upper side, and no part of the material is cut away. No prepared patterns are used, the work being done like free-hand drawing, and the artist usually evolves his design, a fanciful and ideal mixture, as he proceeds, though the same *motifs* are common to all. Arabesques are used almost exclusively, yet observation shows infinite variety in the floriated and foliated scrolls, and there is as much individuality as in any other art. Those familiar with the artificers can distinguish the product of each, as readily as one can distinguish paintings of different artists.

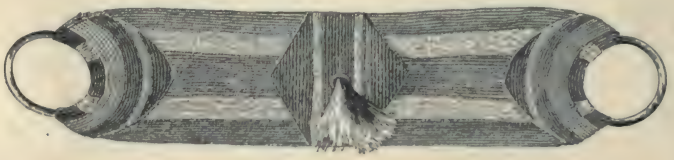
The work seems especially adapted to ladies, and some few have received instruction, but in almost every instance it has been abandoned, for it requires constant practice, and the results are not entirely satisfactory when employed merely as a pastime.

It would be interesting to know the origin of this particular method of stamping leather. California, being once a part of Mexico, came in possession of it with its people, who still do the greater part of the work, though the business is entirely in the hands of the Americans. But where did the Mexicans get it? Some say the Aztecs had tools made of bone and did the work crudely before the conquest by the Spaniards. This is not at all impossible, for they were an industrious and intelligent people. Cortez found the princes of that wonderful race playing our national game in a court like a tennis court, with an India rubber ball, and from this discovery sprang the India rubber business of the world. They ate tomatoes and drank chocolate, raised cotton, spun it with spindles and wove it into cloth from which they made their clothing. They were skillful workers in gold and silver; wore ornaments of filagree work, were expert sculptors and engravers; made truly artistic figures from life, in clay and rags; beautiful pictures from the gay plumage of birds, and there is no reason

to doubt their ability to stamp leather. But the question is, did they? There is no evidence that they knew anything at all of this art, while it is quite certain that it was known to the Spaniards. The mission fathers taught it together with saddle-making to their neophytes, two of whom, one at San Fernando, and one at Santa Barbara called Jose, became famous through all the country round for their fine work.

It is believed to be of Moorish origin, and it is even said to date back to the Moorish invasion in the beginning of the eighth century, when they brought with them to Spain their arts and their religion. Could it be possible that those old Moors, who loved their horses next to their lives, could have adorned their trappings in the same manner as our modern Californians? *Quien sabe!*

The work is but little seen in Spain; and Mexico, too, seems to have not appreciated its possibilities. So it is to California, and especially to Santa Barbara, that we are indebted for the revival and advancement of this art that is now so much admired.



THE MAN UNDER THE STONE.

BY CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

When I see a workingman with mouths to feed,
Up, day after day, in the dark before the dawn,
And coming home, night after night, thro' the dusk,
Swinging forward like some fierce silent animal,
I see a man doomed to roll a huge stone up an endless steep.
He strains it onward inch by stubborn inch,
Crouched always in the shadow of the rock; —
See where he crouches, twisted, cramped, misshapen!
He lifts for their life!
The veins knot and darken—
Blood surges into his face:
Now he loses—now he wins—
Now he loses—loses—(God of my soul!)
He digs his feet into the earth—
There's a moment of terrified effort—
It stirs—it moves!

The silent struggle goes on and on,
Like two contending in a dream.

Peach-tree Joe.

By

Sarah Orne Jewett.

I HAD mounted the corner of a grain-bin in the stable, and sat there swinging one foot and idly watching John, the master-of-horse, who was devoting an hour of leisure to my favorite mare. She blinked her eyes in the spring sunlight that streamed in across the stable floor, and lifted tenderly a fore foot that had once been lame. This foot was apt to draw attention to itself, as if former comfortable rubbings were still remembered. I could not disguise the truth, as I looked at her, that she was no longer young, but I flattered myself that she might be good for many years yet.

John brushed and smoothed her silky coat again and again, and carefully picked the few tangles out of her thin mane; flicked at her sharp ears, and then, holding her firmly by the nose, stood looking her full in the face with an abstracted air. At last she gently moved and glanced round at an imaginary fly. She was full of feminine subterfuges; none of the other horses appealed as she did to John's gallantry, and she gained many attentions and advantages beyond her rightful currycombing and rubbing down.

"There, there!" said John, as if she could understand, "you know there is n't a live fly in this stable; you would n't feel a bee-sting through such a shock of winter hair as you've got on. I never saw them keep their winter hair so late as they do this year," he added, looking over at me, and I nodded assent.

He gave his currycomb a final tap, and leaned against the doorway. There were shining little pools of water on the floor near the stable-bucket, and an adventurous sparrow came hopping in. Sheila looked at him jealously, as she drank, and arched her neck and pointed her ears at him, as if she meant to frown disapproval. Then she thought best to lift a foot slowly, by way of distinct menace, and the sparrow fluttered away. I laughed, and she gave me a reproachful glance.

"Too bad if he drank up all that water, and let you go thirsty," said John.

"I mean to ride her to-day," I said decisively, "and she can have some brook-water"—to which proposition John agreed, after a moment's reflection. He still leaned against the doorway, and I sat on the grain-bin. Beyond, in the garden, there was great activity. I could hear the ring of tools and the click-clack of shears in the shrubbery. Summer had come all at once after much dark weather. There was a young peach tree in full flower at the left of the stable door.

"Those blooms always make me think of war-time," said John. "Out in Virginia the country is full of them, and I thought the first spring I was there they were the handsomest I ever saw; but I got to classing them with powder smoke before I came away. The sight of a peach tree will bring those days right up fresh before me. Dear, dear!—"

He did not look at me, and I made no answer. I hoped for one of those

simple thrilling stories of army life, which are more touching, or more exactly descriptive, than any studied reminiscences.

"There'd be one day after another like this," he went on; "none of your hindering east winds after spring once got its mind made up. For my part, I always like any other part of the year full as well. We got out there in the early part of March, you know. I had n't any business in the army anyway; I was under age, but I was bound to go to war with the rest of the fellows. I owned to a year and a half more than belonged to me when I 'listed!"

I had often heard this statement and did not think it necessary to make any comment, but I thought in the brief silence that followed, how unwittingly the country boy of sixteen had been swept southward by that great wave of excitement, and I thought, too, of the flood of new experience which had gone over him. No wonder that the homesickness and strange surroundings and unlooked for hardships had made him remember clearly that first spring in Virginia.

"There was a little peach tree just the size of this one that I sha'n't forget in a hurry," John said, as if he spoke only to himself. "It had just such a bend in the stem, and we used to be full of jokes about it, saying that we were going to stop right there until the fruit was ripe. There had been some kind of a little old house and garden just where our company was quartered, and some of the old-fashioned garden flowers and gooseberry bushes and things came up, but coming and going we soon trampled 'em out. Most of us was young fellows, green as grass; but you'd have thought 'twas old campaigners that remembered back as far as Waterloo, to hear us scolding over tactics, and what McClellan ought to do. You see we went first to Washington, and then they lugged us over to Arlington Heights, and set us down in the red mud for a week, and then we got orders to go down Fredericksburg way. We used to talk the goodness all out of us before word came to move, and you never saw such a bunch of foolishness as those camps. We were hived together so thick that you could see clusters of lights, like towns, all over that low-rolling country, and the officers had n't learned their business extra well, and we knew it, and we dallied along awhile, and so 'twas.

"We got to know each other, and fights came up, and lots of us got to chumming like young-ones. There were plenty of good, stout, knock-about men, dare-devils and high fellows that did n't think of anything but fighting and fooling, and would as soon be there as anywhere, but that camp life came hard on some folks. I was thinking just now of one poor galoot that was about roughed to death. I don't see how they ever came to 'list him. His father'd died, and he'd got a mother and some little sisters, but he'd come to the front from high notions o' duty and saving his country. Makes me feel bad to think him over, now I've got to be older and know something of the world, but I used to tease him long of the rest then, and be kind o' friendly with him at odd times when I could get him alone out in the shade of one of those crooked, rail fences. He'd set there and tell me about his folks by the hour. You never did see such a girl-faced fellow trying to play soldier as that was, and he was scary to match.

"We used to tell him every day or two that we'd got orders to march, or that he was picked out to make a dash over into the enemy's lines, and he'd turn just as white as sand and get all blue around his mouth. 'Twas a kind of nervous fit he'd seem to have, and he'd have to go and lie right down and get over it. The Captain used to tell us we'd better let him alone, but that only set us on the faster. We used to try and see if we could anyway manage to get him mad, but he was so simple and pleas-

ant 'twant worth while, and we learned to let him alone pretty much. He'd run and get our pipes, or mend up our clothes, if we came in with 'em torn, as handy as a woman. They'd rigged us out in a lot o' cheap contract stuff to go to war with. Then he had a pretty voice to sing, was real good company, and never seemed to fail us for a joke.

"That little peach tree I was speaking about grew right in front of our 'A' tent, and I saw him crawl out one moonlight night and pick some of the blossoms and wrap them up in a newspaper. He'd know 'twas just the thing he'd get laughed at for by day. I stepped out after him and put him under arrest, and says I, 'Don't you know word has come that the army has got to pick all the peach trees in the fall, and the peaches are going to be sold up North to help get money to carry on the war?' He looked scared, and told me as solemn as could be that he would n't do it again; he only wanted a little piece to send home to show his mother how forward the season was. So I said I was n't going to report him that time. He was a year older than I was, but some used to say I acted old enough to be his father."

"Whoa! stop gnawing that bucket now!" and the mare looked up reproachfully and gave a longing glance at her stall. I scratched a row of x's on the top of the oat bin with a nail that lay there.

"What became of the poor lad?" I asked at last. "They ought to have sent him home."

"He would n't go," answered John with enthusiasm, "I always thought that he was scared out of his life. Plenty of big backwoodsmen died of nothing but homesickness, but nothing ailed him but terror. The greatest comfort in life while we were in camp that time was his little peach tree. He was naturally a boy of a farming turn, and he dug round it and used to lug water for it, and he made a little fence out of sapling stuff that he stuck down so we should n't tumble on it when we were scuffling or anything; or to keep off any mule that might wander by and browse. Afterwards we left there and the Rebs were scattered about; we could see their lights by night, and we used to talk across and do trading on picket, and one time they sent word if we would stop fighting for an hour or two they would stop; 'twas while we were having a good smart skirmishing all along the lines. They all had plenty of tobacco, and were glad to give us any quantity of that for a little salt or whatever they wanted. After we had been chumming and trading an hour or so, we would set to and go to fighting again.

"We were n't quite so ready to go on picket by night as we had been, but we went all the same, and the Captain made no excuse, but poor old Joe was let off easy one way and another, and he got sick with chills and went off to hospital. Everybody thought that was the last of him, but back he came. He surely did have pluck enough some ways, and the right kind, too, but any sudden sound of firing that went to our heads like drink, and made us hope something was going on, would take all the soldier out of Joe, and he'd drop right down in his tracks. He told me one night that 'twas something that come over him quick, and he could n't help it to save his life; he'd never been called a scary fellow nor a coward as he knew of, till he come out there.

"Seems to me now, whenever I come to think it over, that there was dreadful foolish actions that first summer of the war down in Virginia. We all felt as if something had got to be done, but we didn't know just what, and the Rebs hung round, and we hung round, and orders would come for us to march off thirty or forty miles, and we wandered about like stray cattle, but 'twas pleasant weather and we liked it well enough. Somehow you don't think so much about killing folks or any of those

things that come to you afterward, but when those old band tunes would begin to rip the air, we'd all catch hold and sing and step right out along the road—well 'twas like something that got into your head.

"But that poor chap, quick as the word come to move, he'd go all to pieces, kind of frost struck, and the boys would tell him we were going into action and he'd try and step out in line, but he'd lag and lag, and I 've seen him tumble right over and lie there on the grass. The Captain would stop, I' ve seen him myself—and pin a piece of paper on him with orders to let him pass, so when we'd get through the day's scurry, along would come poor Joe looking in all our faces to see if we meant to twit him.

"And at last we came round to the very spot where we'd camped the longest in the spring—we'd lost a good many out of the company ; we were on our way up to Harper's Ferry. Everybody had been noticing that old Joe looked as slim as a spear o' hay, and we told the captain and some other of the officers that he ought to be discharged or go back to hospital, one of the two. 'Twas no use for him to think he could serve out his time, and if they gave him orders he'd have to go whether on no, don't you see? He could n't more than crawl about, but he kept his blanket folded tight as any body and was always trying to do a touch of work for some of the rest of us. He was bound he'd do what he could do, that poor boy was. Plenty of the boys was down sick of army life by that time and were complaining of their health to make excuse to get home to their folks, and the company was all thinned out. I suppose that the officers did n't know what to do, and they had to hold on to everything that looked like a man.

"I was wandering round one night while supper was cooking, and waiting till my turn came to go on picket. I had spoken for Joe to go with me ; the captain and I looked after him the best we could ; Joe felt safer with me, I knew, and we were short of men. I saw him leaning up against a tree, and his head was dropping like a sick bird's, and I went over close to speak to him about picket duty, but he did n't say anything, and he reached out one of his hands towards me.

"'Chirk up, Joe,' said I, 'look how pleasant it is!' and then I mistrusted something was wrong, and I sat down and put back his head to look at him. He was white as a piece of cloth and his eyes were glazing all over.

"'I'm 'shamed,' says he; 'I ought to have stayed right at home. I ain't fit for a soldier—'

"'No more you ain't!' says I. 'Come, cheer up, Peach-tree.'

"'I wa n't never called a coward,' says he again. 'I ain't afraid of anything myself, but I can't make my body serve me. I don't blame the boys for laughing. I could lay down an' die of shame when I come out of those scares—'

"'You never had a fair smell of powder yet.' I'd heard all this before and I did n't know what else to say.

"'I've got to go right home, now,' says he ; 'I meant to serve my time, if it killed me, but I'm all played out,' and he let his head drop ; but that minute there came the noise of firing, and I heard the old bugle yell out. I started up, and the poor chap was on his feet before I was, his eyes blazing out of his head. 'Come on!' says he, 'come on! *I ain't afraid this time!*'

"He sung out just as pleased as if something was lifted right off of him and ran forward two or three steps—then stumbled and fell right over heavy on to his face. I stopped and turned him over, and he was stone dead—just as if the lightning had struck him—"

* * * * * *

John turned away, hesitated a minute at the stable doorway as if he was looking for some one in the garden ; then he took the mare by the

head and went quickly into the stall. I was oppressed by the silence—somebody must say something.

"They ought to have sent such a poor fellow home," I insisted, stoutly, but John had quite regained his everyday manner.

"We did send him home; we boys and some of the other companies helped. 'Twas done handsome as if he had been the general himself."

The horses were munching in a row. I heard footsteps coming toward the stable and alighted from my high seat.

"There was that little peach tree just breaking down with fruit on account of his tending it so much; 'twas right in front of us as we sat talking. I don't know whether he saw it, he was so far gone," John added, looking at me and lowering his voice. "How soon do you want to go out?" (in a louder and perfectly business-like tone.) "I must see to your new saddle girth first, but everything'll be ready when you are."

"Perhaps the rest of you served all the better, and that poor boy helped to save his country after all," I said, lingering.

"'Twas this weather made me think of him," John apologized; "he never was cut out for a military man, poor old Peach-tree wa'n't. But he got home, and there he lays somewhere up country, in one o' those old, bushy burying-grounds."



A CHILD'S KISS.

(TO BEATRICE.)

BY GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.

Child of the burnished gold and brown of spring,
Before the showers the flowers of April bring,
 Child of the pale and roseate hues of morn'
 Before 'tis of its dew-steeped sweetness shorn,
Child, in whose sunny smile and prattle seems
A mystic sense of undiscovered dreams,
 There is no holier sacrament than this—
 My soul is chastened by thy stainless kiss.

The Ambition of Cleveland and His Difficulties.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

NEARLY every President on entering office for the first term has had an ambition for the second. This cannot now be Mr. Cleveland's ambition, although it is queried by many whether he is not looking to a third term. Washington refused to stand for it; Jefferson, to whom it was suggested, declined to give the subject consideration, though he was the autocrat of his party; it is not known that Jackson ever thought of more than two terms, and Grant, with his tremendous success and reputation, refused a nomination by his party after he had filled the Presidential office for eight years. With these precedents before him it is an extravagance to presume that Mr. Cleveland contemplates what Washington and Jefferson would not consider, what Jackson never thought of, and what Grant failed to attain. He must know, too, that there is the greatest repugnance on the part of the American people to a violation of the unwritten law proclaimed by the Father of His Country. There is a strong feeling also that no President should be re-elected to succeed himself, and Mr. Cleveland's is the first case of a second election occurring after an intervening term. To achieve the third term is evidently not his ambition.

But he has an ambition of no ordinary character. His successes have been remarkable; his advancement was rapid without being the result of any distinguished public service, and without acquaintance with the people or leading men, or knowledge of the possibilities and wants of the country. In his last nomination he was able to override rings and machines within his party, and to force elements to his support which might have been expected would have been recalcitrant. It was proclaimed repeatedly, and from one end of the nation to the other that he was better and bigger than his party, and because they believed him to be better than his party, he was supported by a contrariety of elements. It was not on account of the principles enunciated in the platform on which he ran that he was elected. Mr. Cleveland, by nature, has a full measure of conceit, and circumstances have contributed to its development. It would not be strange if he considered himself a man of destiny. He has firmness verging on obstinacy, and whatever may be his ambition he will pursue it with some vigor and a good deal of pertinacity.

Jefferson founded the old Republican party, and Jackson the Democratic. The government of each was strongly personal, and the party each created was known and designated to a great extent by their respective names. The names of Jefferson and Jackson are conspicuous in the long line of the chief magistrates of the nation. Is it Mr. Cleveland's ambition to found a new party, that he may rank in history with the apostle of old Republicanism, and the apostle of Democracy? To mollify the feelings which had been embittered in the contest which ultimated in his success, Mr. Jefferson in his first inaugural said, "We are all Republicans and all Federalists." He retained in office, and appointed to office without much regard to past party affiliations, but he was careful to see that his policy should be sus-

tained. Jackson was more intent on being supported than he was particular from what source the support came. He reached the Presidency through a fusion of various elements and factions. There is evidence that Mr. Cleveland intends to found a new party, though perhaps not with a new name. Mr. Tyler endeavored to create a Tyler party, Mr. Fillmore, a Fillmore party, and Andrew Johnson, a Johnson party; but each signally failed. They were not great enough to successfully accomplish it, nor were the circumstances favorable. Giving Judge Gresham the first place in the cabinet, indicates that Mr. Cleveland recognizes those who gave him eleventh hour support, and that he regards a coalition with recalcitrant Republicans as essential to his purpose to have a personal administration. As a rule, political coalitions turn out badly; few are of permanent value, and those who form them usually suffer. The coalition between the younger Adams and Henry Clay in the end was disastrous to both, since it destroyed the political prospects of the former, and had much to do in preventing the latter from reaching the goal of his ambition. Suspicion has already been expressed that placing Judge Gresham in the State Department was in pursuance of an ante-election understanding. He supported Mr. Cleveland on a platform which declared in favor of principles and policies, which he had opposed with energy all his life. Democrats of life-long service are justly aggrieved that so great a reward has been bestowed for the brief and silent support which Judge Gresham gave to their candidate. The Populists are suspicious that through an understanding with Mr. Cleveland, Judge Gresham refused to become their candidate for the Presidency. Thus antagonisms are aroused on the part of Democrats and Populists which must weaken and embarrass, and the question is whether Judge Gresham can draw enough from the Republican party to compensate for the defections from the Democratic party that may take place? It is not known in our history under ordinary conditions that any man has been able to carry many with him from one party to the other. Sumner, Schurz, Trumbull, Fenton and many other men of prominence and influence in the Republican party bolted the second nomination of General Grant, but it had merely the effect of securing his re-election by an increased majority. Judge Gresham has been willing and anxious ever since 1880, to accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency, on any platform that a national convention might choose to adopt. A new party can only be formed with success upon some great and overshadowing issue; it cannot be done by a mere coalition between leaders.

Mr. Cleveland may intend merely to reform the Democratic party, and that he sees the necessity for such reformation is to his credit. In such an effort he will have the sympathy of the good men of all parties. To make that party better would improve the political morals of the nation. But his process will have the effect to weaken it, and it may wreck his administration. Neither Republicans nor Populists will support him simply for the reason that he would, in methods make his party better. His measures on financial, commercial and economical questions must be in accord with their opinions. Ambition and natural disposition strongly incline him to the idea of a personal government, and so confident is he in his strength that he may overlook the important fact that no administration can be successful without the support of a strong party. It cannot be otherwise in a government of popular opinion. Since general intelligence and individual independence have so largely increased, the difficulties in carrying out the one man power have become greatly enhanced. To improve his party he proposes to enforce upon it the civil service reform; a thing distasteful to,

and least in accord with Democratic usages. If there is any one idea upon which the Democratic party has been absolutely consistent it is that "to the victors belong the spoils." It is a doctrine that was born and bred of the Democratic party. The spoils system was never heard of until after 1828, when the Democratic party first came into power, and to deny crumbs from the master's table, after having tarried so long in the wilderness of exclusion from office, is a grievance that will not be complacently borne.

Mr. Cleveland cannot pose as the founder, father, and apostle of civil service reform. Non-partisan service was in vogue from 1789 to 1829. Removals for opinion's sake, except in great offices were not practiced by the first six presidents. Had it not been for the practice established by Washington, it is possible that Jefferson would have used the axe liberally, for one of his utterances was that "few die and none resign." The first step taken towards introducing a reform of the service was at the suggestion of President Grant, and by him the first civil service commission was appointed. Mr. Hayes enforced and enlarged the system; Mr. Arthur executed the law with a fair degree of fidelity, and President Harrison not only carried out the law, but made important appointments from the opposition party. To a considerable extent he allowed incumbents of opposite politics to serve out their terms. The proposition of Mr. Cleveland to permit Republicans in office to continue until their terms expire is not new. That he approves of it is to his credit. In all the States, officers are chosen for fixed terms as a rule, and there is no good reason why the same principles should not prevail under the National Government, except as to Cabinet and Foreign Ministers and perhaps to some other high offices. But this will not satisfy his party, for Democrats want the offices now. It is not enough that they may come at some future day, for it is a case of deferred hope. When Dr. Samuel Johnson had resolved on making an English lexicon, he applied to Lord Chesterfield for his patronage, which the noble lord refused. When the lexicon became a splendid success, his lordship proffered his patronage. Dr. Johnson replied that when his patronage would have been useful it was withheld, that now he could get along without it, and concluded by saying, "had it been early it had been kind." So Democrats will feel when they do get the offices. Whether Mr. Cleveland will faithfully adhere to his rule is not a certainty. The clamor is likely to become so great that he may be forced to relax it under the flimsy pretense of "offensive partisanship," or some other of a kindred character.

It is heralded that Senators and Representatives are not to have a monopoly in the dispensation of patronage in their respective States and districts, and that prominent men in the party, and possibly the people in general are to have a voice in the matter. The domination of Senators and Representatives has had the effect to give them control of the active politicians and of party machinery. It has been the instrument of the boss. Senators and Representatives often perpetuated themselves in office through the power of patronage. At one time Senators were patronage oligarchs. In the conflict between Andrew Johnson and Congress the tenure-of-office act was passed which prohibited removals when the Senate was not in session. It is said that the law could not have been enacted without an agreement that Republican Senators should have control of appointments in their respective States. There was always great respect paid to a Senator by his associates, which was designated senatorial courtesy, but under the tenure-of-office act, senatorial courtesy meant that the wishes of a Senator as to conformations should govern. President Grant attempted to break it up, and did succeed in procuring a modification of the tenure-of-office act. The President and Senate are co-ordinate in

the matter of filling the principal offices of the country. The President nominates, and the Senate advises and consents to the appointment. It has the last say, and for that reason it has larger power than the executive. The power of the President in the distribution of patronage has at times been unsparingly and unblushingly used to influence legislation, but it can only be so used when there is an obsequious Senate, and on the other hand the Senate has used its power to coerce the President. If the former power of executives is recovered by Mr. Cleveland, it will be a great lever to be employed in carrying out such ambitious plans as he may have. Whether he will be content to restore the equilibrium remains to be seen. Senators however are not likely to yield their power without a struggle, for they are all more or less obligated to party workers, and as official expectants are not to be rewarded for favors already received, it will blast many a Senator's future prospects. Mr. Sumner refused to recommend to an office where confirmation was necessary, because he wished to come, to the consideration of a case, uncommitted and unbiased. Few Senators in the last forty years have risen to the fairness and dignity of his position. Should Mr. Cleveland get the staff back into his own hands, he can make effective use of it in influencing legislation, and in convincing those who are disposed to be recalcitrant, that his policy and purpose are wise. He can employ the power of patronage patriotically or for accomplishing any scheme for personal aggrandizement that he may have in mind. Though Cato said the desire for posthumous fame is a disease of a depraved mind, still it is not out of the line of ordinary human ambition to aspire to high historical rank, such as is derived from some unusual achievement, like that of creating or reconstructing a party after one's own image.

One of the rules touching appointments to office which has been announced, is that office holders under his previous term are not to obtain places during the present. Evidently it is a rule to which there are to be exceptions; there are no general rules without them. There was a breach of it at the outset and several have since been committed. The reelection of the President himself was antagonistic to such a rule. It should not have been made, for there is no defense of it. Mr. Cleveland will not pretend that the virtues of his previous administration were all due to himself and his private secretary. There were many officers who discharged their duties well and to the satisfaction of the public. There were some bad and indifferent officers, and those only should be debarred from recognition. It is an effective argument before the people for reelection of a candidate that he has served the public well. It was the argument in behalf of Mr. Cleveland himself, and no doubt Lamont was promoted to the war portfolio because he had been a good private secretary. To reward for faithful work is Scriptural, and to secure good public service is the very essence of civil service reform. That Mr. Whitney, Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Dickinson, and others who were former office holders, exerted themselves for his last nomination, created in Mr. Cleveland's mind perhaps the childish fear that it would be thought that he was foisted upon his party and the country by his former federal brigade. There is a marked distinction between those that are in and those that are out—the former having the means to coerce, while the latter can only persuade. The rule will be more honored in its breach than in its observance, and the sooner it is annulled altogether, the better will it be for all concerned.

Mr. Cleveland will not only be troubled from disappointments in not getting places soon enough, or not at all, but he will encounter a difficulty from the fact that there is a sentiment

extensively entertained, that when the people have declared themselves on an issue, it is but simple respect to the popular will that the government should be administered in general and in detail, by those who in opinion concur with the majority. It is a strong sentiment with his party that none but Democrats should be placed on guard. It is proclaimed that political work, however legitimate or effective, is not to be recognized as a claim to a reward. If it is true that such a position has been taken, it will dampen the ardor of Democracy's most earnest workers. There may be men who have attained to such a degree of human excellence that they will exert themselves in behalf of a cause the same as if they had personal interests at stake; but ordinary man is so constituted that he will work harder when his convictions and interests go hand in hand. The ancient philosophers incited to good conduct on the theory that it was to one's interest, and it was not till Christianity was introduced to the world that disinterestedness was made the rule of human action. Ethics so perfect have not yet a controlling influence in American politics. It will be some time before the mass of mankind will cease to believe that there should not be compensation for meritorious work, and certainly Mr. Cleveland cannot believe that labor for the Democratic party is not meritorious, especially when he is its candidate. On a matter of principle or policy, Democrats are accustomed to be dragooned into support of any position their party assumes, but on the subject of patronage it will be difficult to enforce a discipline that requires self-abnegation.

Democrats have ever claimed that measures are first and men afterwards, and they have always boasted of the fidelity with which their party redeems its pledges to the country. The late Chicago convention made a declaration of principles upon which the judgment of the country was challenged. It is presumed to be the duty of the administration to carry them into effect in letter and spirit. There are a few men who jeer at platforms, and say they were not made to ride on. If the country permits that idea to prevail, we shall all be at sea without chart or compass. The people will not know what they are voting for, or against, nor what policy is to be pursued. Beyond doubt there are divergencies of views among Democrats upon certain public questions, but a President elected on a platform is in duty bound to do his utmost to follow its directions, and to have his party keep its faith with the people. Here, Mr. Cleveland will have no small amount of trouble.

The Democratic platform declared in favor of a repeal of the internal revenue tax on State banknotes. But for this tax there would be banks of issue created by State laws in every part of the country, and its repeal will lead to a condition which existed before the war of the rebellion. The notes of State banks under the constitution cannot be made legal tender, and such currency must necessarily be at a discount, as compared with a circulating medium that is legal tender. The introduction of State banknotes will inevitably destroy the uniformity of our money and impair the soundness of much that will circulate. It is not probable that any two States will adopt the same system, nor that undoubted security to the bill holder will be provided. Unless the Government adopts measures that will enlarge the volume of national money, the clamor for an enlargement will be complied with by the issue of State banknotes; and as in the South the Farmers' Alliance is committed to the issue of money based on loans upon agricultural products, it is more than probable that in all the cotton States, banks will be authorized to issue notes secured by loans upon cotton. As that proposition was also indorsed by the alliance in the northwest, it may be presumed that the plan of loaning

upon wheat and corn will be adopted there; and in a brief time the old "Wild-cat system" will again prevail throughout the whole country, inflicting upon the people the evils they experienced from 1832 to 1862. To carry out this plank of the platform will do inexpressible injury to the business interests of the nation, and to refuse will violate the pledges of the party. The question must be faced, for the Democrats have control of legislation.

The dilemma is as bad on the question of silver coinage. The Chicago platform, though not as specific, may be fairly construed as committing the party to free coinage. The vast majority of the party south of the Potomac and west of the Appalachian mountains have declared themselves in favor of it. The bulk of the Cleveland electors were chosen by free silver coinage voters. Action for or against such a measure cannot be avoided. It is probable that the Eastern influences will prevail which should lose to the administration the support of the South and West. Generally the Populists have consorted with the Democrats, and their assistance, directly or indirectly, was a potent factor in securing Mr. Cleveland's success. If they have any regard for the principles they profess on the general financial question they will be in opposition to the administration. Before his first inauguration Mr. Cleveland, in a letter to Congressman Warner of Ohio, announced his opposition to silver coinage, and he has never publicly retracted what he then wrote. If it were possible to suppose that he will favor silver coinage, he will alienate the Eastern Democrats.

The Democratic position on the tariff, as declared by the Chicago Convention, is that duties on foreign merchandise should be imposed for revenue only, and that to impose them for any other purpose is unconstitutional. It is an expression of the views of the extreme free-traders. They hold that duties should be imposed upon what we do not produce, and commodities that compete with home productions should be admitted free of duty. Opposed to this is that other theory which has generally prevailed in this country, that all necessaries of life, impracticable for us to produce, should be admitted free of duty. On luxuries the import should be high because they are consumed mainly by the wealthy classes, and on all other commodities the duties should be just high enough to make up the difference in the cost of production in this and foreign countries, (which is substantially if not wholly a matter of wages) and that the only exception should be in behalf of new and unestablished industries. It is a sharp issue, and one upon which Mr. Cleveland in his letter of acceptance prevaricated. It was understood to be modificatory of the platform, and inconsistent with the views expressed in his message to Congress in December, 1887. Here again he and his party in Congress are called upon to either obey the platform or ignore it. To obey it will be a serious blow to our industries, both mechanical and agricultural; to ignore it will be an act of bad faith which should render any man or party unworthy of public trust. The present customs laws may not be perfect, and any that may be made will not be so, for it is an impossibility for any man or set of men to frame a measure that will do exact justice to the multifarious and conflicting interests of the country. All that can be done is to frame a measure on a principle that will do the greatest good to the greatest number. American labor and capital are both deeply interested in this question. Every change of duties affects values, and where changes are radical, all kinds of businesses are disturbed, while some are liable to be crushed.

Correlated to the tariff question is that of the foreign carrying trade, and reciprocity. The late Democratic House of Representatives would have

repealed the law, for encouragement to our shipping interests, if it had been supposed that the Senate would have concurred; and Democrats have continually sneered at reciprocity, though it has had the effect in brief time to increase our export trade. These are subjects to be acted upon by the administration, and it remains to be seen whether action will be taken to cripple our commercial enterprise.

In his late inaugural, Mr. Cleveland used language which justifies one in believing that he intends to grapple with the question of unlawful methods in election. It is to be hoped he will do so, and when he talks about assuring to all the right of suffrage he utters the sentiment of every patriot. But will he apply in action his generalities to the South, where nearly a moiety of the voters are kept from the polls by unlawful means? It was through the employment of these means that his election became possible. He does not want the third term, and he has no personal interest to deter him from patriotic and heroic action. Should he attempt to protect the negro in his right of suffrage, he will have little or no Democratic support in the South. If he is in earnest in his talk, he will not stop to consider whether his administration will be successful. If his ambition is to become a prominent historical figure, he should see to it that every American citizen is protected in his rights at home and abroad; especially at home.

He has started out unpromisingly so far as concerns his regard for the whole country. He has given the South three Cabinet places and New York, two. It looks like the ante-bellum coalition to rule the country. The South and New York have five out of the eight Cabinet places. The great West has two, if Indiana is included in that section. Only one member is selected this side of the Mississippi River. The neglected section contains two-thirds the territory of the United States, and more than a quarter of the population. It is a section growing in population and wealth more rapidly than any other, and its interests should have the especial care of the Government, for it is new and undeveloped. It possesses plenty of men of ability and high character. As the theater of the army operations is in larger part in this section, the War Department is more important to it than to New York; its mail service demands more work than in the old and populous States, and it is in this section that most of the public lands lie, and the bulk of the Indians are located. A department that deals with these important interests should have been given to one who is acquainted with the section and its wants.

At every turn Mr. Cleveland will be confronted with issues between the producing and capitalist sections, and some of those issues are sharp, and will be bitterly contested. On every hand his course lies between Scylla and Charybdis.

On the money question he will be antagonized by the Populists, a large percentage of Republicans, and, if they act consistently with their professions, by the majority of his own party. On the tariff question he will be opposed solidly by the Republicans, by some of the Democrats, all the business interests except the importing, and by the labor element. On the patronage question he will displease the masses of his party, for they still adhere to time-honored Democratic theory and practices. To do on that subject what he professes, will alienate the office-seeking which is the active element. A few crumbs thrown out here and there to Republicans will not disintegrate the party, for it is still a great intelligent and patriotic body, ready as ever to battle for the success of its principles.



BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

We stood in youth's fragrant meadows
Where the tall faith lilies grow.
The sunny slopes of the hillside
With pink trust blooms were a-glow,
And down in the mossy hollows,
Hope fluttered its plumes of snow.

Our hearts were drunken with gladness,
Keeping time with the katy-did's tune;
The flowers made love; the bold cowslip
Touched lips with the clover bloom,
And the heart of the rose unfolded,
'Neath the laughing eyes of June.

Then the future swung out before us,
All golden from rim to rim,
And the pink trust blooms went marching
With the lilies tall and prim,
While over them all Love beckoned,
And together we followed him.

It is twenty years and it seemeth
But a golden summer day,
For Love has laughed at the shadows,
And danced on the sunbeams gay,
And the lilies of faith were with us,
And the trust blooms, all the way.



THE FARMER IN CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN R. GRAYSON.

AS far as the cereals are concerned, California, with respect to its size, cannot be regarded as being in the same class with those Western States lying in the great wheat-producing belt of our country. So large a portion of the State is mountainous, heavily timbered or otherwise unadapted to the cultivation of grain, that the area occupied by that industry is small compared with the whole extent. Nevertheless, the amount of wheat and barley produced is enormous; the crops of these two cereals for the year 1892 according to the reports of the Department of Agriculture, being respectively 38,554 bushels and 12,333,000 bushels. Nor do these figures represent the total product of the land planted in these cereals; for it must be borne in mind that large portions of the wheat and barley crops are annually converted into hay.

It will readily be recognized that the large amount of wheat yearly produced in California is immensely in excess of the domestic consumption, and that there is a great surplus left for exportation; but it is only by referring to statistics that we can form any adequate idea of the quantity this surplus represents; 10,767,567 centals of wheat valued at $16,332,225 were exported in 1892, while no less than 700,000 tons—14,000,000 centals were left on hand. During the same year flour to the amount of 1,166,409 barrels, valued at over $4,918,000, was also exported.

The large grain-producing districts are naturally the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, though in a great number of scattering, outside counties wheat is a staple product. Tulare, San Joaquin, Glenn and Colusa counties may be regarded as the leading sections in this industry, though closely followed by others, such as Sacramento, Contra Costa, etc. According to the last assessment roll, San Joaquin County had no less than 275,018 acres in wheat, 74,142 in barley and 10,365 acres in hay. This fine showing is due to the irrigation of dry lands by water from the great rivers and from artesian wells — the latter being some of the finest in the State—and to the reclamation of hundreds of thousands of acres of tule-swamps which have proved remarkably rich and fertile.

It might be supposed, owing to the widely and constantly increasing attention given to the formation of orchards and vineyards that the area of tillage land would be on the decrease. Such, however, is not the case, the wheat crop of 1892 being considerably in excess of that of 1891, which was 36,595,000 bushels against 38,554,000 bushels. This satisfactory result is owing to the facts that much new land is being brought under cultivation, and that the lowlands, hot in summer, and cold in winter, are not found so suitable for the successful culture of fruit trees and the vine, as the foothills, where the climate is more equable and genial. No great quantity of either corn or oats is grown in California, nor can they be considered as occupying an important

position in the agricultural economy of the State.

Such is the variety of climate and soil, and such the diversity of altitude and local conditions offered in California, that in no other country in the world has the producer a larger list of profitable fruit trees and seed plants, wherefrom to select those which he may prefer to cultivate. Nor is the list by any means complete as yet, for experiment is continually proving that plants that have been regarded with disfavor flourish vigorously under proper care and intelligent management; and it may be doubted whether any member of the vegetable kingdom, with the exception of strictly tropical ones, would not thrive in California. Even the fastidious buhach plant (pyrethrum) has here found a home near Atwater, Merced County—the only abiding place it has hitherto deigned to adopt in the Americas.

While the great valleys and other level lowlands within easy reach of transportation means are the localities in which grain thrives the best, and can be profitably raised, the foothills and terraces on the slopes of the mountains are favorable for the cultivation of deciduous fruit trees; the olive and the vine, orchards and vineyards and olive groves are being planted yearly at higher elevations than those selected by the earlier agriculturists, who were in a great measure fettered by want of transportation facilities.

In this respect let us consider the olive tree. This tree was introduced into California by the padres who first planted it at San Diego in 1769. That this locality is favorable to the culture of the olive may be gathered from the fact that near National City, a few miles southward therefrom, Mr. Kimball possesses an orchard which yielded 14,000 gallons of oil, and twelve tons of pickled olives. This is the largest output in the State from a single orchard. In Napa County this industry is now attracting general attention, and mountains and hills heretofore deemed of little value, except for grazing purposes, are being planted in olives. So firm a hold on the attention of the thrifty farmer has the industry attained that it promises ere long to become the leading industry of the vicinity. The mountainous county of Mariposa is looking with favorable eye upon olive culture, though at first it was deemed an uncertain experiment. It has been found, however, that the trees produce berries at an early age in the sheltered valleys, and during the last three years oil of a clear and beautiful quality has been manufactured.

The area of wine and raisin-grape vineyards is over 225,000 acres, and is equal to one-half of the viticultural area in the United States. It may be asserted that from the Mexican border line to Mount Shasta, few are the counties in which there is no vineyard. It is conceded that that of Senator Stanford, at Vina, Tehama County, which covers an area of six square miles and contains 3,500,000 vines, is the largest in the world. The vast importance of the viticultural industry in the State will be recognized from the value of the wine, brandy and raisins manufactured. It is not known what the total number of gallons of wine made in 1892 amounted to, but whatever it may have been, 10,219,096 gallons were received in San Francisco alone. The product for 1891 was 19,950,500 gallons. The total brandy crop for the same year was 2,000,000 gallons, and the raisin crop, 57,162,000 pounds — figures which represent a very large sum of money, the brandy alone being worth about $3,000,000.

It is generally admitted that Napa County now takes the lead in wine and brandy making, those industries having prominently brought the county to the front during the last few years. Her sandy soil and warm hillsides contribute generously to the production of a fine wine grape, both as regards quantity and quality. The wine cellars in that county are very numerous, some of them being the finest in the

United States. Many are constructed of stone, while others are spacious vaults tunneled in the solid rocks of the hillsides, an arrangement which ensures dry, cool cellarage. The first shipment of wine ever made to France from California was from Napa County, in 1891, and consisted of eight hundred puncheons.



VINEYARD NEAR LIVERMORE, CAL.

With regard to the production of raisins Fresno holds the same position as Napa does with regard to that of wine, her output being at least one-half of the total quantity manufactured in the State. As the raisin crop for 1892 was 57,162,000 pounds, it appears that that county produced the



WILD GRAPE—VITIS CALIFORNICA.

enormous quantity of 14,290 tons. In San Diego this industry is on the increase, and last year 200 carloads were shipped by her raisin growers, being nearly double the amount of the previous year. It may be interesting to state here that the first raisins marketed in this State were from Marseilles Valley, Butte County. This occurred in 1864, and they were bought by Governor Perkins. The first carload sent East was shipped by J. P. Whitney of Rocklin, Placer County, in 1874.

When the early fathers introduced a few fruit trees into this country they little imagined that in less than half a century after the occupation of California by the Anglo-American, the almost desert lands that surrounded the small areas they kept under cultivation would be covered with millions of fruit trees of many varieties. Nor did they foresee that the hillsides and valleys over which their half wild cattle roamed, would be devoted to the development of an industry, the extent and proceeds of which would have seemed as incredible then as the invention of the telephone and electric railway would to the public of half a century ago. At the present time there are 40,000,000 fruit trees already planted on an area of 401,415 acres, while 50,000 acres are being prepared for the same purpose. More than one-third of that acreage is occupied by the orange, the peach and the prune, their respective figures being 59,006 acres, 54,836 acres and 49,626 acres. Oranges and lemons are grown in no

less than three-fourths of the counties of the State, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, San Diego, Orange and Butte taking the lead, respectively, as regards acreage devoted to citrus fruits.

Santa Clara is the greatest prune bearing county in the State, her output last year being no less than 20,000,000 pounds, of which 17,000,000 went direct to Eastern markets. Other prune growing sections are Sonoma, Napa, Tulare, Los Angeles, Ventura, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, the crops of which brought the total up to 30,000,000 pounds. In the last named county, near Templeton, there is the largest prune orchard in bearing in America. It contains 22,000 trees. Santa Clara County has been rightfully called the Garden of California. It is adapted to the production of all the semi-tropical fruit, nor is there a variety which cannot be found in that fertile valley in abundance, yielding rich returns. So productive is the soil, and so congenial the climate, that new orchard-homes are constantly being established there, and the ploughshare is so rapidly giving way to the pruning-hook that grain farming will soon be unknown. It is worthy of remark that in this county may be found the largest seed farms in the world. They produce one-half the world's supply, over three hundred tons being shipped annually, mostly to Europe.

Peaches and apricots are about equal in regard to crop, to judge from the quantities of each fruit, canned and dried during the last two years. Previously the former was far in excess of the latter, but the demand for the apricot has in time placed it on a level with its rival in this State. In 1891, the output of the dried class was: Apricots, 13,500,000 pounds; peaches, 13,200,000 pounds; of the canned fruit each 200,000 cases. The largest peach orchard in the State is situated near Yuba City, Sutter County, and contains 575 acres.

Deciduous fruits are gaining yearly in popularity, and are beginning to rival the orange and the lemon, even in counties in which the citrus varieties have hitherto reigned supreme. In past years, the industry of deciduous fruit growing was confined almost exclusively to Northern California, but lately the horticulturists of the orange-bearing counties of the south have been giving great attention to it. Last year Los Angeles County began to ship deciduous green fruits to the East, forty carloads being forwarded from Pomona alone.

No country in the world is better adapted to the culture of a greater variety of deciduous fruit trees than California. There are five distinct climatic belts, or regions, the hottest of which occupies the southeastern portion of the State, and includes the Mohave desert, its mean annual temperature being from 68° to 72° Fahr. Then follows the elongated elliptical basin of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, extending from Caliente in the south to Shasta in the north. The mean annual temperature of this great region is from 60° to 68° Fahr. Allied with it in respect to temperature is another smaller section occupying the seaboard in the southwestern part of the State, its inland boundary line extending from a point some miles north of Point Conception and running southeasterly to a point northeast of San Bernardino; thence it follows an almost straight line to the Mexican border.

The basin of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers is begirt with a comparatively narrow band of foothills, the mean annual temperature of which is from 52° to 60° Fahr.; this in turn is surrounded by a somewhat similar belt, composed on the west of low mountains and on the east of the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Range. The temperature at this altitude ranges from 40° to 52°. Both these belts have ramifications and associate regions, the former one being connected by Sonoma County with the seaboard, which enjoys the same temperature from the extreme north of

the State nearly down to Point Conception, where the belt turns southeasterly and then southerly to the Mexican boundary line. Lastly, we have the cold Alpine regions of the Sierra Nevada Range and the Shasta Mountains, where the mean annual temperature ranges from 30° to 44°.

With so many varieties of climate it will readily be seen how great is the field in California for the production of all kinds of fruit. But more than this, individual counties, owing to their physical features, enjoy all these different climatic conditions. Take, for instance, the County of Mariposa; formerly it was regarded as being almost exclusively confined to the mining industry, but the experiments of latter years have proved it to be a fine fruit-producing region. The mild climate of the valleys and lower foothills renders it peculiarly adapted to the production of grapes, figs, peaches, apricots, prunes, olives, oranges and lemons; while the higher belts, with their mountain soil and sharp frosts, produce apples and pears which command the highest prices paid in the city markets. Even raisin-growing has proved successful.

The largest fruit orchards in California are those of General Bidwell of Chico. They consist of 65,250 trees, and in 1891 produced 5,780,000 pounds of fruit.

The rapid increase in the production of deciduous fruits during late years, is shown by the annual shipments of fresh fruits to the East. In 1888, there were sent 851 carloads; in 1889, the amount reached 991 carloads; in 1890, it increased to 1373 carloads, and in 1891, it was 1,387 carloads. In 1892, the amount was fully 200 carloads in excess of the last-named figures. The experimental shipments of fresh fruits from the southern part of the State proved so satisfactory that many growers acted upon the suggestion, and, as already remarked, extensive shipments were forwarded last year. This has stimulated horticulturists to plant extensive areas in deciduous fruits in that section.

During the season of 1892, a most important event connected with the deciduous fruit interest occurred; it was the inauguration of shipments to England. Several hundred tons of assorted fruit were shipped thither, being carried in refrigerator cars to New York, there transferred to cold storerooms on Atlantic steamers and conveyed to Liverpool. The time of transit from California to the place of destination was fifteen days. The fruit arrived in fair condition, and brought good prices at auction. As far as the feasibility goes of sending fresh fruit to England in good condition, the experiment was completely successful; but the transportation charges ate up nearly all the returns, and material reduction in the cost of transportation will have to be made before fruit shipments to England reach large proportions. Nevertheless a new market for California fresh fruit has been pointed out, and during the present year numerous carloads of oranges have been shipped from Pomona and other places of Southern California to England. That the financial returns have been very satisfactory to the growers and shippers is significant.

Fig culture in California deserves more than passing notice, since this ornamental and profitable tree will take a prominent position in the future. The first carload of California figs sent to New York was dispatched last year, and from the fact that the tree is being extensively planted, it is reasonable to conclude that henceforth it will continue to make an annual showing on the fruit shippers' freight bills. That the increase in production has already set in is shown by the outputs for the years 1889, 1890, 1891, which were respectively 200,000 pounds, 350,000 pounds and 360,000 pounds. The finest and oldest fig orchard is at Knight's Ferry, Stanislaus County. The trees are over thirty years old and produce large

crops. Near Burson, Calaveras County, there is a fig tree measuring over eleven feet in circumference, and is considered to be the largest tree of its kind in California.

Another beautiful tree to which attention is being paid on account of the profits yielded by it is the walnut. From Rivera, Los Angeles County, seventy carloads of the nuts were shipped last year, while from Los Nietos, of the same county, the first trainload of English walnuts, consisting of twenty cars, that was ever sent East, left in October last. Walnut groves planted years ago are beginning to bring forth fruit. Orange County alone has 26,220 bearing trees, and 55,026 not bearing.

In San Luis Obispo, a walnut tree carelessly planted in the garden of one of the city fathers, produced last year a crop that sold for thirty-five dollars—an encouraging fact to those who have already planted walnut orchards. The largest English walnut tree supposed to exist in the State is at Vallecito, Calaveras County. It measures nine feet in circumference and annually yields a large crop of superior nuts.



COMMON WHITE MUSCAT TABLE-GRAPE.

The same wide range as regards

variety, is observable in small fruits and vegetables, with the additional inducement to the cultivator that many of the latter may be grown all the year round, while strawberries are produced early in March, a time when the table in other States can only be supplied from the green-house. Other fruits are proportionately early; gooseberries and raspberries appearing at the end of April, and blackberries and currants the first week in May. This early fructification gives the California gardener an advantage over his confrères in all other States, enabling him to make shipments of produce long before the crops elsewhere are ready for picking. Nor is the advantage in this respect confined to small fruits; deciduous fruits arrive at a correspondingly prior maturity. On May 9th, last year, a carload of cherries was sent East from Vacaville, Solano County; on May 19th, a carload of apricots from the same place; and on June 4th, one of peaches from Winters, Yolo County.

People who visit San Francisco for the first time during the winter will be surprised to find asparagus, cucumbers and green peas upon the table in February and new potatoes in March. They may be inclined to believe that these vegetables are provided from green-houses, but such is not the case. Last year green peas began to arrive from Niles, Alameda County, on February 17th; cucumbers came from Winters, Yolo County, on February 16th, and asparagus from Blondin Island, Sacramento, on the 10th of the same month. The season this year has been somewhat backward.

It is impossible to estimate the immense proportions that the industry of vegetable productions will assume in this State. Its present importance is shown by the fact that in 1892 the large amount of 95,939,000 pounds of such produce was shipped to the Eastern market. This is a certain indication of the great interest taken by California farmers in an industry which is capable of almost indefinite

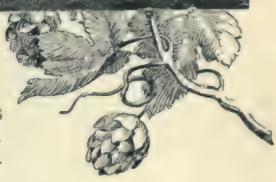


OLIVE ORCHARD—GENERAL BEALE'S RANCH, TEJON.





HOP-PICKING IN KERN COUNTY.



expansion. There is no portion of the State, north or south, that is not interested in this business, and the vegetable productions of these two physical divisions of California are nearly equal. With regard to this industry a prominent railroad man has remarked that "The cultivation of vegetables is one of the strongest points or factors in the immediate future development of this territory. The volume of the traffic has now increased to a point where it is not experimental, and people are as sure of fair returns as they would be in the Eastern States."

One feature with regard to California vegetables deserves especial notice, and that is the enormous size which they attain. "San Luis Obispo County," says a writer in one of the leading daily papers of San Francisco, "seems to take the lead in the production of large vegetables. San Luis raises the biggest onions in the world, some of them weighing four pounds apiece. Her cabbages are Brobdingnagian; her pumpkins might be converted into coaches without the fairy wand of Cinderella's godmother. Her potatoes are simply monstrous; one of them would prove a meal to Gargantua himself." But San Luis Obispo County has potent rivals in this respect. At Pomona, Los Angeles County, a squash was grown which weighed 283 pounds, and was four feet in diameter; at Fresno a sweet potato was exhibited last summer which weighed forty-four and three-fourths pounds; Capistrano, Orange



BEET FIELD, LAKESIDE RANCH, KERN COUNTY.

County, could boast of a watermelon weighing 150 pounds, having a circumference of four feet nine inches, and a length of five feet six inches. In the same year an onion was on exhibition at Los Angeles which weighed seven pounds, and had a circumference of thirty-six inches. Other vegetables also have their Goliaths. An Irish potato has acquired the weight of thirteen pounds—this from San Luis Obispo County—and the



RANCH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

beet sometimes reaches colossal proportions. One of the attractive features of the California exhibits at the World's Fair is the vegetable display.

Though somewhat out of place in the order of classification, attention should be called to the importance of the bean crop, which last year yielded a total of 76,594,500 pounds, 23,897 tons of which were shipped overland. Ventura County is the largest producer of Lima beans in the world; one ranch alone produced fifty-six carloads in one season. Nor must the humble peanut and its county home be forgotten. Tehama takes the lead in California in its production, over 1,000,000 pounds being raised in that section, annually.



BLACK HAMBURGS.

Two other important agricultural productions remain to be noticed, namely the hop and the beet. Washington takes the lead in Pacific Coast hop crops, but in 1892, owing to the ravages of the hop louse (*Aphis phrodon*) in that State, California passed to the front, the respective yields being 35,500 bales and 39,750 bales. The average annual crop of our State is 6,500,000 pounds, and last year 5,439,245 pounds were exported, a very small portion of which (158,175 pounds) was sent by sea. The appearance of the above named hop pest will doubtless lead to a thorough study of the subject of spraying, which seems not to have been properly understood in Washington. Sacramento is the leading county in California, and indeed in the United States, in the production of hops.

There is little doubt that the production of beets will become at no distant date one of the most important industries of the State. No other article of consumption increases in the same proportion as sugar. This is a mark of the progress of civilization. Savage or wild tribes do not use the article; the Arab drinks his coffee without

it, and the Chinaman his tea. In the earlier stages of civilization sugar was a luxury, enjoyed only by the rich ; in the present advanced development it has become a necessity, and the consumption of it is enormous, no class of the community going without it. Its cheap production at the present time has placed it within the reach of the poorest laborer and mechanic. When it is borne in mind that more than one-half of all the sugar manufactured in the world is obtained from the beet, the immense importance of this vegetable as a supplier of one of the greatest necessities of modern life will be recognized.

In California the cultivation of the beet has only recently obtained a foothold, and the State is indebted for the introduction of the new industry to Mr. Claus Spreckels, who established some years ago a beet-sugar factory at Alvarado, Alameda County. At the time of writing there are three such factories in full operation, while several others are in contemplation.



POMEGRANATES AND BLACK HAMBURG GRAPES.

The stimulus given to beet culture by the establishment of the mill at Alvarado was so great that its machinery had to be increased in capacity, with the result that 5,000,000 pounds of refined sugar were produced, as against less than 2,000,000 pounds for the season preceding the improvement. For the manufacture of this large amount of sugar, 20,000 tons of beet were bought at an average price of five dollars a ton.

In 1888, a factory was established at Watsonville, Santa Cruz County, the first year's output being 2,920,000 pounds of sugar. Season by season the product increased, and in 1891 the amount reached 4,340,000 pounds, which, however, was little in excess of the output of the previous season. The prospects for the following year were, however, most favorable. The acreage planted to beets has been largely increased, the result being that the product reached 10,000,000 pounds, which was more than the outputs of the two preceding seasons combined.

The third establishment of the kind was erected at Chino, San Bernardino County. It was completed in time to handle the beet crop of 1891, and very marked success has attended the enterprise. The output for the first season was 1,946,000 pounds of re-

fined sugar. During the following year 27,098 tons of beet were delivered at the factory, at an average cost of four dollars and twenty-five cents a ton. About 3,000 acres of virgin soil had been brought under a high state of cultivation for the first time, and planted in beets. The result was that the output reached 7,903,541 pounds, a result so encouraging that the factory has been enlarged, and it is estimated that 5,000 acres will be planted for this season's supply. This enterprise at Chino is proving to be of the highest industrial value, not only to the county, but indirectly, by way of stimulus, to other places in Southern California. At Anaheim, Orange County, a company has been formed for the erection of a similar factory, and a sufficient area of land for the culture of beet has been secured to ensure the successful establishment of the enterprise. The company will commence operations during the present year. At Santa Ana, also, a committee has been at work securing acreage and making arrangements for the erection of a similar factory near the city. In fact, the success of the beet-sugar factories already established has stimulated interest in this industry all over the State, and it is said that an old refinery on one of the San Joaquin river islands will be equipped for the manufacture of beet sugar.

There are three potent facts which point authoritatively to the magnitude which the cultivation of the beet will reach in California at no distant date, and these are: (1) the great area upon which the plant can be successfully cultivated; (2) the heaviness of the crops, guaranteed by the richness of the soil; (3) the abundance of saccharine matter in the California beet. The last important desideratum cannot be doubted, for it has been shown by repeated tests that the beet of our State contains considerably more sac-



FIG TREE ON GENERAL BEALE'S RANCH.



WALNUT TREES, LAKESIDE RANCH.

charine matter than that produced in the vegetable grown elsewhere in this country or in foreign lands.

The manufacture of sugar from the beet root has been very disastrous to cultivators of the sugar cane. Within a comparatively short period of time the sugar plantations of the West Indies were sources of wealth that sent proud Creoles of French, Spanish and English origin to the lands of their ancestors, resplendent with display, lavish of riches, and contemptuous in demeanor. Half a century ago the sugar cane was king, as cotton was in the present generation. But those times are past. The sugar cane plantations in every part of the world no longer yield fortunes to the slave owner, or hold out much promise of return under the system of free labor. And this is due to the attention that is turned to the cultivation of beet on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is not in the spirit of boast or envy that we have thus held the index finger pointing to California's capabilities under the master touch of agricultural progress. These western lands must still be regarded as lying in their swaddling clothes. To regard the few generations of Spanish descent that led a pastoral life in California, as rapid developers would in this age of impatient haste and expansion, be a folly and out of time; but it ought not to be forgotten that they built the cradle in which was rocked the infant Jupiter and carefully fed Amalthea. To those Spanish pioneers California is indebted for the introduction of the orange tree, the olive and the vine, and trees planted by the padres and their followers still bear fruit and are mute witnesses to early efforts at agricultural development.

It may be boldly asserted that no country in the world has taken more rapid strides in agricultural industries than California has done, after the fierce excitement of gold-hunting abated; and in no other country has experimental effort in that direction been more thoroughly, more persist-

ently and more successfully made. Cereals, fruits, vegetables and flowers have all been cultivated in a country only lately released from the shackles of indolence and stagnation, to an extent that is almost incredible. The result has been the discovery that in every branch of agriculture, success attends the efforts of the intelligent producer in California. Cereals, fruits and vegetables thrive with equal vigor, and yield exceptionally large crops. Many of the large ranches which formerly were planted to a single article of produce, are being cut up into small holdings, all the way upward from ten to one hundred acres and converted into family homes. Each owner cultivates his land according to his taste; one planting cherries, another prunes; this one forms a market garden of his patch and that one a nursery; some prefer uniformity, others variety. Thus a great diversity of productions is the result, changing the very aspect of the country. Santa Clara Valley is a notable illustration of this metamorphosis. Where formerly, monotonous reaches of grain met the eye without a suggestion of the beautiful, picturesque rural homes with their flower gardens, ornamental trees and prolific orchards now please the sight and delight the mind. As Santa Clara Valley is now considered by all the garden of California, California, ere long, will be pointed out as the garden of the world.

[The importance of orange and lemon cultivation in California will necessitate a separate paper which will appear in the August number of this magazine.—THE EDITOR.]



INGLENOOK VINEYARDS, NAPA COUNTY.



DAWN · TAROUCA · THE · GOLDEN · GATE ·

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Where white-browed Morning meets black Night;
 Such mighty battle kings of old,
Sword-girt and garmented for fight,
 Black-helmeted or crowned with gold—
Such Emperors to look upon!
Huge Indus Dusk, fierce Saxon Dawn!
And all their hosts with clashing shields
That front Pacific's fearful field!

Fit field, these half-world waters! Greek
 And dusk Darius, Indus, all
That was or is, or yet shall speak
 By blazing sword or cannon ball
Finds utterance. The Corsican,
Or saint or fiend, or God or man
Sweeps through the Gate with saber drawn;
"Charge! Pierce the center! On, and on!"


Silvered sabers! Swords of fire!
Flame-fed horses shod with gold!
Unloosed light, high-born and higher,
God's first born in glory rolled!
Lo, what chariots! Holy light
Hurled against the hosts of night!
Back, brave Indus! Trench thy braves
In their thousand coral caves.
He dies, and low lies kingly Dusk
In battle harness where he stood—
Vast silence! then a sense of musk,
Of perfumed morn; burned sandalwood.
The moon droops pale and pitiful,
Her widowed face as wan as wool.
Her baby stars have veiled their eyes
To weep as when a father dies.



ICE-FLOE IN GLACIER BAY, ALASKA. (From photograph by Taber.)

ALASKAN DAYS.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE District of Alaska, if it has been unfortunate in many respects, is at any rate to be congratulated upon its name.

When Secretary Seward recommended its purchase from its former Muscovite owners, many foolish appellations were suggested by journalistic jokers. But fortunately, such inapt suggestions as Polaria, Walrussia, Zero Islands, *et id genus omne*, were rejected in favor of the original native name, Al-ay-ek-sa, the Great Land, slightly shortened into Alaska. And a "Great Land" it truly is, for it includes about 580,000 square miles, and is twelve times as large as the State of New York. Its coast line, owing to the exceedingly indented character of the shores of Southeastern Alaska, is longer than that of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards combined, being upwards of 25,000 miles. When a citizen of the United States stands in San Francisco, which is generally supposed to be pretty far west, he has more miles of his native or adopted land to the west of him than he has to the East, for from the chief city of California to Attu, the most westerly of the Aleutian Islands, exceeds by several hundreds of miles the distance from the Golden Gate to Cape Cod in Maine.

Alaska includes within her broad domain the greatest glaciers except those of Greenland and the South Polar region, and also the highest peak of the noblest mountain range on the continent.

Mount St. Elias is between 18,000 and 19,000 feet high, and as it rises sheer from the ocean, every foot of this height tells upon the eye of the spectator, rendering it fully as imposing as a mountain of 25,000 feet standing on high ground. The glacier-fields of Mt. St. Elias are of vast extent, amounting in all to several thousands of square miles. The peak itself is rarely visible amid its encircling mists and clouds, and has never yet been trodden by the foot of man.

The great river, the Yukon, is 2,044 miles long, and is navigable for nearly its entire length. In some parts it is several miles wide and is crowded with almost countless islands. Miners

and prospectors who wish to reach the Yukon River District and Forty-mile Creek, usually proceed overland from Chilkat, at the head of Lynn Channel, through the Chilkat Pass to Fort Yukon, the old trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, and, when the short season of work is over, go down the river to St. Michael's. Lieutenant Schwatka descended the Yukon on a raft, and this exploit has been frequently accomplished, but it is a decidedly ticklish business, not to be recommended to people of weak nerves, for it involves much labor and anxiety where rapids occur and the raft gets stranded on sandbanks, or caught by "sweepers." The most picturesque and most dangerous portions of the river are the Upper and Lower ramparts, where the mighty stream is confined within a narrow channel between high banks and the current runs at a rate of several miles an hour. The navigation of the river is carried on by steamers of light draught and powerfully engined to make headway against the strong stream. White whales run up the river for 400 or 500 miles from the sea in pursuit of the king and red salmon which throng its waters. The Eskimos and Athabaskans who dwell upon its banks eat the king salmon fresh, but preserve the red salmon as winter food for themselves and their dogs.

The price paid to the Russian Government for this vast region was $7,200,000—that is, $7,000,000 for the territory itself, and $200,000 for various buildings and property owned by the Russians. The property included several mules and some white men born in Alaska, who are thus "citizens by purchase," and "Americans by treaty." The treaty of purchase was signed on March 30th, 1867, confirmed by the United States Senate on April 10th, ratified May 8th, and exchanged and proclaimed June 20th of the same year. As regards revenue, by far the most important part of the



SILVER BOW BASIN, NEAR JUNEAU.

purchase was the Pribylof or Seal Islands, of which the Alaska Commercial Company took a twenty years' lease, from 1870 to 1890, paying therefor a yearly rent of $55,000 plus $2.625 for each fur seal captured, with the proviso that not more than 100,000 seals should be taken in any one year—it being rightly thought that the indiscriminate slaughter of any valuable animal is certain to lead ultimately to its extermination. In 1891, upwards of 62,000 seals were taken in the ocean by illicit sealing vessels, which destroyed probably five times that number. Nor was this the worst of the damage done, for killing as they did, for the most part, the females, as being more easily caught, the harm was still further increased. Illicit sealing was so profitable a business that the United States Revenue cutters were unable to cope with the numerous piratical vessels, manned by desperate crews, engaged in it.

The Russians made no effort to develop the mineral or agricultural resources of their province. They cared for furs only, and Prince Baranoff, the ablest and most autocratic of the Russian Governors, is said to have ordered a man who brought specimens of gold-bearing quartz to him to be flogged, for he feared lest the "accursed lust for gold" should seduce his followers from the faithful pursuit of valuable pelts. Furs still remain one of the chief elements of wealth, but the resources in fish, minerals and timber are much better appreciated by Americans than they were by the Russians. The value of the fur-seal skins sent from Alaska to London since 1867 amounts to nearly $33,000,000, and of the skins of sea-otter, silver fox, black fox, black and brown bear, land otter, beaver, mink, and other animals, to about $16,000,000 more.



FRONT OF MUIR GLACIER.

The product of the salmon canneries from 1884 to 1890 is estimated at about $7,000,000, the largest cannery being at Karluk, on Kadiak Island, where during the season of 1890 nearly 1,100 fishermen and packers were employed. The herring

fishery at Killisnoo yielded 157,000 gallons of oil in 1890, and nearly twice the amount in 1891. The codfish and halibut fisheries are also very valuable. The red salmon and king salmon are of great size and of almost incredible numbers. I have seen a stream at Loring, the waters of which were a restless, heaving, twinkling mass of salmons' tails, where a mere novice could catch two or three hundred pounds' weight of fish in a few minutes. The whale fisheries of the Arctic Ocean yielded in 1890 nearly a quarter of a million pounds of whalebone, 4,000 pounds of ivory, and nearly 15,000 barrels of oil.

The chief item of mineral wealth is gold, of which some mention will be made later. Copper is found on the Copper River, cinnabar in the Kuskokwim district, and lignite in various places, but these minerals have not as yet much value. Coal of good quality has been discovered on Admiralty Island, but it is not very accessible.

The timber consists of Sitka spruce, pine, hemlock and yellow cedar. Of these the last named is the most valuable, but also the scarcest. It is not probable that the forests of Alaska will be utilized till those of Washington and British Columbia are beginning to fail, for the merchantable timber grows in groves of limited extent, and after exhausting one grove the lumberman must wander on until he finds another.



TOTEM POLE.

Alaska offers comparatively few opportunities for the agriculturist, the ground being too rugged and forest-covered, and the rainfall excessive. But on the Kenai Peninsula the tundra is dry enough to permit potatoes and other vegetables, and possibly even grain, to be raised. In some parts of the peninsula cattle might be pastured, the summers being dry enough to allow hay to be cured as winter food. On the northeast shore of Kadiak Island also, there is excellent pasture, and the natives there have for many years past kept a few head of cattle and sheep, and have raised potatoes and other vegetables for their own use.

The boundary of Alaska begins at 54° 40′ of north latitude, and passes up Observatory Inlet, on the British side of which is Fort Simpson, a Hudson Bay trading-post. It then runs northwards, following the summit of the dividing range, but, if that is further than three marine leagues from the shore, a line distant three marine leagues is the boundary. At this distance the boundary line proceeds up the coast until the Mt. St. Elias range and the 141st meridian of longitude are reached. The 141st meridian is then followed up to the Arctic Ocean. Several parties of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey and of Canadian surveyors are now at work in Southeastern Alaska upon the delimitation of the frontier. The work is to be done with great exactitude,

and, as the country is very rugged and difficult, it will occupy two or three seasons, from May to October in each year.

The territory is divided into six geographical divisions. The Arctic includes the shores and islands of the Arctic Ocean; the Yukon comprises the valley of the Yukon and its tributaries; the Kuskokwim the valley of the Kuskokwim and its tributaries; the Aleutian consists of the islands of the Aleutian group, part of the peninsula of Aliaska, and the Pribylof or Seal Islands; the Kadiak includes the Kadiak group of islands, the Kenai Peninsula and Prince William Sound. The sixth division, the southeastern, extends from the Portland Canal in 54° 40′ north latitude to Mt. St. Elias, and includes the islands of the Alexander Archipelago and the mainland adjacent.

The population can only be roughly estimated, but the official count of 1890 enumerates 31,795 persons. Of these 4,303 are whites, the rest being Creoles of mixed Russian and native parentage, ubiquitous Mongolians and Indians. Of the Indians there are five principal tribes—the Eskimos or Innuits, the Aleuts, the Thlingets, the Athabaskans and the Hydahs. Twelve thousand seven hundred and eighty-four Eskimos occupy the coasts and islands of the Arctic Ocean; they are expert fishermen and hardy navigators. Physically they are of fine appearance, and are often tall and muscular. They usually dress in parkies made of feathers or of the skins of wild animals. The Aleuts—968—inhabit the Aleutian and Shumagim Islands; they are excellent hunters and are often fairly educated, and by no means unfamiliar with crockery, feather beds, cooking-stoves and other appliances of civilization. On the Seal Islands there are schools, at which the majority of the children of school age are in attendance.

The Athabaskans, numbering 3,441, live along the lower banks of the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers, and are great hunters and fishers. They are polygamous, and the Shaman, or medicine-man, retains much of his old-time influence among them. The Thlingets, numbering 4,739, are the tribe most commonly encountered by the tourist, as they live on the islands of the Alexander Archipelago and the mainland near them, which are the only portions of Alaska visited by the ordinary traveler. The Hydahs occupy the southern half of Prince of Wales Island, and are noted for their fierceness and courage. Their numbers are now, however, sadly reduced, there being not quite 400 of them. They are excellent carvers in bone, metal, wood and stone, and build the best cedar canoes on the coast. A tribe called the Tsimpsean is met with on Annette Island, usually called New Metlakatla. The original settlement at Metlakatla in British Columbia was founded by the Rev. William Duncan, and was removed to its present site near Loring about five years ago. The story of Metlakatla is full of romantic incident, but there is not space to tell it here.

Though it is usual, and perhaps inevitable, to speak of the native inhabitants of Alaska as "Indians," Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the U. S. General Agent of Education in Alaska, points out that it is erroneous, for the U. S. Courts have decided that they are not "Indians." They can sue and be sued, can make their own contracts, are not confined to any "reservations," but can come and go as and when they please. They are ambitious to imitate American customs, to live in houses built after the American fashion, to dress in "store clothes," and to acquire education, if not to "get religion."

Education in Alaska is chiefly provided by mission schools founded by the Presbyterian Board of Missions, aided by pecuniary contributions from the naval authorities, who have their headquarters at Sitka. The principal mission schools are at Fort Wrangell, (the largest village of the Stikine



TOP OF MUIR GLACIER.

River natives,) at Sitka, Chilkat, Hoonah and Kaigan. At the Industrial School at Sitka, carpentry is taught to the boys, and sewing, knitting and cooking to the girls. There are also Government schools at thirteen places in the territory. But in all Western Alaska there are only two schools where English is taught; one at Iliuliuk, Oonalashka, and the other on the Pribylof Islands. The Russian Church claims 10,950 members, scattered over five parishes and three missions; it contributes $60,000 per annum to maintain churches, chapels and schools where children are taught the doctrines of the Greek, or Eastern Catholic Church.

The Government of Alaska is decidedly anomalous, there being no laws, but only a few treasury regulations, and "An Act providing a civil government for Alaska." The District is under the mining laws, but not under the land laws of the United States, the result being that no one, except a few persons holding patents from the Russian Government, owns the land upon which he has expended perhaps several thousands of dollars



NATIVE ALASKAN HUTS ON KADIAK ISLAND.



TRANSPORTING CANOE ON SLED, NORTHERN ALASKA.

in building a house or a store, by any better title than that of mere possession. There are no county divisions and no capital, though Sitka is the residence of the Governor, the Postmaster, the District Judge, and the U. S. Collector of Customs, Alaska being a Customs' district. The Collector is aided by three deputies, scattered over the vast area with almost no means of inter-communication. At Sitka there is usually a detachment of Revenue Marines, occupying barracks near Baranoff castle, and order is kept throughout the District by occasional visits of a man-of-war or a revenue cutter. San Francisco is the central point of communication, people in one part of Alaska hearing from friends in another by way of the Golden Gate. The mail line between Sitka, Juneau, Fort Wrangell and Port Townsend is the only branch of the Postal service in the Territory. Dwellers at Yakutat near Mt. St. Elias are now and then visited by a schooner from Sitka, and the inhabitants of the Yukon River District depend upon the Alaska Commercial Company for letters and supplies, which they usually receive once a year, if the annual steamer is not wrecked. Sometimes mail is brought over the Chilkat pass, or by way of Winnipeg.

The great evils of Alaska are Shamanism, or the belief in witchcraft; the fondness for ardent spirits, and the degradation of women. The Shamans naturally resent the interference of the missionary, for they know well that education means loss of revenue and influence to themselves. It is not allowed to sell spirits to the natives, but the profits of smuggling are so great that much bad whiskey gets in as "Florida Water," "Bay Rum," or "Pain Killer." The natives, too, using a still improvised from an old musket-barrel and a kerosene tin, have learned to distil from rice, potatoes, sugar, and molasses, a vile and highly intoxicating spirit called "hoochinoo." Whenever any considerable quantity of this fiery stuff has been distilled, a big spree is held, and trouble generally ensues. Among the natives there is almost no such thing as female virtue, little girls of fourteen or fifteen years of age being constantly sold by their parents for sinful purposes. Indeed a woman with several daughters is ac-

counted fortunate as the possessor of a highly marketable commodity—a girl's virtue. Even the girls educated in good and cleanly habits by the teachers at the Mission schools often relapse into immodesty, the additional charms resulting from their education serving to render them only the more attractive and valuable help-meets for the white miners and settlers. In the larger towns, such as Juneau, Fort Wrangell and St. Michael's, there are dance-houses, at which native girls, often of agreeable manners and neatly dressed, are to be seen dancing with the rough settlers.

But it is time to turn from matters of cold fact to the trip of a visitor to Southeastern Alaska, lest the reader become wearied by the recital of details interesting enough to the statistician or professed political economist, but "caviare to the general." Tourists from San Francisco usually join the Alaska-bound steamer at Tacoma or Port Townsend, whence they cross the Juan de Fuca Straits to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Beautiful as the city of Victoria, Beacon Hill Park, and the naval station at Esquimault are, we must leave them undescribed, and hurry on past the maple and cedar clad shores of Vancouver Island. As we get further north, the mountains to left and right of the steamer increase in height, the ranges back of the coast-hills and forests attaining an altitude of about 3,000 feet. Soon they grow so high that their tops are snow-crowned; on their sides are not infrequently seen long vertical slides, the tracks of avalanches which have mowed down in their irresistible course all that lay in their path, leaving a clear space, where giants of the forest grew before. But these marks of Nature's violence, in this moist and genial climate, are soon obliterated, for if Nature is often cruel, she knows too how to be kind, and bright stripes of verdure relieve the darker and more sombre green of the forest firs and cedars.

The first point of Alaskan soil to be reached is Fort Tongass, the southerly port of the entrance to Alaska. Sometimes the passengers land here in row-boats, and explore their first Alaskan town. Naha Bay is a delightfully picturesque spot, lying amid a rich undergrowth of mosses and ferns, and towered over by a dusky grove of timber-trees. The scenery from Fort Tongass up to Fort Wrangell on



NATIVE DANCE AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

Etolin Island is very fine and thoroughly characteristic of Southeastern Alaska. Landlocked waterways and fiords now open into broad smiling lakes, and again narrow into passages so intricate that one expects the ship to go ashore. However, just as she seems about to run her nose into the land, a sharp turn of the wheel directs her into a channel, the existence of which was a minute or two ago entirely unsuspected. Often slender ribbons of silver are seen coursing down the hillsides, or spreading out into the form of a veil or an open fan. In the rainy season, and at the first melting of the snows, these waterfalls are, doubtless, much fuller, but at those seasons the air is so full of fog and mist that most of the beauty of the scene is lost. Throughout the whole voyage, except occasionally when glaciers intervene, and the scenery assumes a harder, barer, bleaker aspect, the shores are lined down to the water's edge with thick forests of fir, pine and cedar. Along the beach is a fringe of driftwood, piled so regularly that it seems the handiwork of man, and not the achievement of the ceaselessly plashing waves. The beaches are everywhere scanty, the waterways being deep right into shore. The forest-clothed hills run down to the water's brink, scarcely leaving space for an Indian to draw up his canoe on the narrow shelving sand. Now and then we descry a rude cabin, the abode of some fisherman—not seldom a white man who has married an Indian wife, and settled down into domesticity and the easy indolence of semi-barbarism. Behind the forest there usually runs a range of higher mountains, the peaks of which even in July are capped with snow. This back range varies from 2,000 to 6,000 feet in height. Under a bright sun the white mountain tops gleam like burnished metal, and one watches, with increasing fascination, the ever-varying pictures endlessly unrolling themselves to view, as in a panorama, till the eyes are strained and dazzled. Rarely are the topmost peaks clearly defined, for clouds are continually drifting about, and partially or wholly enveloping the giants' heads. The climate of Southeastern Alaska is much misunderstood. The mere mention of Alaska makes one think of snow, glaciers, sealskins and Arctic rigors; and to this misconception the title of H. W. Elliot's book—"Our Arctic Province"—has probably in part contributed. Of course, many thousands of square miles of the district lie near to or within the Arctic circle, where temperatures of 60° or even 70° below zero are by no means unknown. But with this inhospitable, frost-bound region the tourist has nothing to do, for he visits merely the Alexander Archipelago, or Southeastern portion of the vast district. Tourists do not get further north than 59° 10′—or about the latitude of Balmoral Castle, the Scotch residence of the Queen of England. The climate of Southeastern Alaska is, at any rate in summer, quite mild, its severity being much mitigated by the Kuro Siwo, or black stream, of Japan, which washes and warms its coasts. The soft warm air reminds one much of the caressing atmosphere of one of the loveliest of English counties—Devonshire. It also causes everything green to grow at a prodigious rate, and to fern-experts and collectors of mosses Southeastern Alaska is a veritable paradise—the better that there are no serpents in it. A very short excursion from the beach takes the explorer up to his knees in a tangled mass of ferns, mosses, and undergrowth, dripping wet at all seasons. The rainfall is very great, 103 inches having been recorded in a single year, and the average mean precipitation being eighty inches.

Despite this heavy rainfall—or because of it, perhaps—a fine day in Alaska, while it may remind one of Devonshire or of sunny Italy, has a loveliness which is all its own. It is soft, balmy and brilliant, and it reveals beauties and splendors hitherto unseen

and unimagined. Mountain ranges flash out in clear outline where until now rested impenetrable banks of cloud ; waters as yet dull and lifeless sparkle and gleam with a thousand ripples, and Nature greets her lovers with a smiling countenance. At our feet are noisy, rushing streams and a gorgeous vegetation ; above our heads dusky woods and snowy mountain crests, tinged with the loveliest and most varied colors. Anon glaciers gleam and glint in the sun's rays, sending back the white light shivered and shattered into the prismatic hues and iridescent tints of which it is the sum and blended harmony.



JUNEAU.

Fort Wrangell is a beautiful spot, rendered interesting to the visitor by its historical associations, and by the numerous though fast disappearing totem-poles. These are trees carved with the figures of men, birds and animals, and set up in front of the houses of chiefs or men of importance. The higher the totem-pole the more dignified the ancestry of the chief. At Wrangell are to be bought silver rings and spoons of native manufacture, also carved horn spoons, bracelets, baskets and Alaskan rubies. These last are garnets, and are found on the banks of the Stikine River. Here, too, may be observed the ornaments of Alaskan women, the commonest of which is the labret, a bone or silver stud inserted in the lower lips through a hole which is enlarged as the wearer grows older. The women also wear finger-rings, ear-rings and bracelets of silver, and occasionally of gold. A curious practice is that of smearing the face with a mixture of lampblack and oil, especially before starting out on a canoe trip. This is said to keep the skin from becoming rough and hard by exposure to sun and wind, but as it is chiefly practiced by the older women, it may be considered as also intended to hide the ravages of

time, that universal destroyer of female loveliness.

The most interesting of Alaskan towns is, of course, Sitka. Here, bolted to a rock, is the castle of Prince Baranoff, the former Russian Governor. It is of a yellowish-brown tone, well fitted to delight the eye of the æsthete, and win the praise of Oscar Wilde himself. In by-gone days Baranoff Castle was the scene of many a gay dance or dinner party, for the Russians were generous hosts. The view over the bay, crowded as it with almost innumerable islands, recalls the Bay of Naples, the resemblance being increased by the propinquity of the volcanic peak, Mt. Edgecumbe. The "rancherie" is delightfully quaint, and, owing to the wholesome despotism of various United States naval officers, is much cleaner than most Indian settlements. To people fond of religious and educational work, the Mission School, with its laundry, museum and carpenter's shop, is full of interest. Not far from the school is Indian River, where a rustic bridge spans a mountain torrent, which now and then breaks bounds and sweeps all before it. It is a lovely bit of Alaskan woodland scenery, and has the added charm of being reached by the very best road in the whole country. On our return we must not overlook the Greek church with its pretty spirelet and green, metal-covered dome, for the kindly priests can show us many articles of great beauty and value, as bridal crowns of gold and silver, embroidered velvet stoles, fine paintings and Ikons. The gem of St. Nicholas church is the Ikon of the Virgin and Child, known as "the Madonna." The painted hands and face are as delicate as if executed on ivory by a miniaturist, and the robes are of sterling silver exquisitely chased.

From Sitka we pass on to a scene, the sight of which repays us for all the toils of the journey, and the recollection of which can never be effaced from the memory—the Muir Glacier.



ALASKAN GRAVE, NEAR JUNEAU.

Here a vast ice-field several miles wide is compressed to a space of about one and one-half miles, and forced up to a height of between 300 and 400 feet above sea-level. The exquisite purple tints of the ice, if one is so fortunate as to see it under a bright sun, can never be forgotten. The depth and brilliancy of the colors baffle description, and the terrible roar of crashing icebergs stuns and awes the beholder. One can climb up one of the lateral moraines and getting on the top of the glacier gaze out upon ice, ice, ice, as far as the eye can see. The ship, dwarfed by the vastness of the natural surroundings, looks now a mere speck upon the turbid waters of Glacier Bay.

But we must hasten on to Juneau, the mining center of Alaska. Hither in the winter, when mining operations are impossible in the iron-bound soil, come the miners from the Yukon district to squander their earnings at the faro-table and in the dance houses. But Juneau is a lovely spot, where "only man is vile." Behind the little town rises a stern, dark hill, down which trickle little silver streams; in

front are Gastineaux Channel and Douglas Island, where is the richest gold mine in Alaska. Two hundred and forty stamps grind and thunder night and day throughout the year, crushing to powder 600 or 700 tons of ore every twenty-four hours. The quartz is of a low grade, but is so abundant and so easily worked that the enterprise is immensely profitable. In 1891, gold bullion to the value of $707,017 was shipped from the Treadwell or Paris mine, which has the enormous, and indeed in Alaska, the indispensable advantage of being on the water's edge, so that communication by steamer is both easy and cheap. Under present conditions it is almost hopeless to work a quartz mine profitably in Alaska unless it is situated right on or very near to water carriage, as there are not only no railroads, but not even any roads at all in the country. Near Juneau, on Sheep Creek, and in Silver Bow Basin, a good deal of mining goes on, but more than half the plant of the mills is probably idle during the greater part of the year. In the neighborhood of Yakutat, near Mt. St. Elias, gold-bearing sand is found in considerable quantities, but the deposit is liable to be washed away by heavy storms, and the recovery of the gold is attended by some difficulties which render it only moderately profitable.

But here I must close, though the temptation to run on is almost irresistible, for in very truth the wonders and beauties of Alaska are so numerous that it is impossible to compress any but the barest account of them within the limits of a single article. I can only heartily recommend every lover of nature to go and see for himself, feeling sure that he will come back and say, as the Queen of Sheba said of Jerusalem in the days of Solomon: "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land. Howbeit I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and, behold, the half was not told me."



(From photograph by Taber.)

SITKA, FROM THE ISLANDS.



In olden woods the rarest mosses be.

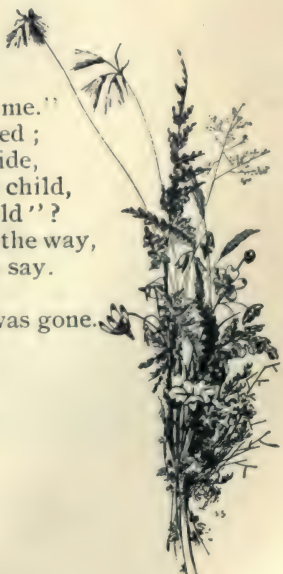


A REDWOODS IDYLL.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.



WAS in the days when through the Golden Gate
The good ships bore the builders of a State.
Why was it royal Adolph could not be
Hail fellow in this lordly company,
Lordly as ever from the ends of earth
Was drawn and marshalled for a city's birth?
The palaces of chance with clinking stream
Of silver, ringing showers of gold,—the dream
Of Danaë come true, they were for him,
And yet the fine gold, how was it waxed dim!
By day and night the gilded ways he strode,
Stalwart as any; out the Mission Road
Dashed side by side with maddest cavalier
That jingled spur; but ever in his ear
Sounded the counsel of the white-haired sire
His arm had happed to rescue from the fire,
The third quick fire kindled to sweep away
The hamlet on the dunes down by the bay.
Glorious old roamer! many years before
Famed Forty-Nine he knew the Golden Shore,
And well a youth might heed the thing he said,
Bending benignantly his noble head
As bend the oaks of Napa when they lean
To meet the wild oat in its April green.
"In olden woods the rarest mosses be,
Old heads are white with treasure. Come to me."
These were the words, too round to be denied;
And then was there not something said beside,
About the "bird" Ninette, "her mother's child,
Orphaned down in the burning southern wild"?
These last were chance words, dropped in by the way,
But to a young heart—let the young hearts say.
"In olden woods"—it echoed on and on;
The boat slipped from her mooring, the boy was gone.
Slow out of sight Yerba Buena passed,
Next rusty Alcatraz, and Angel last;
Behind, now, lay the windy town, the bay
Rippling and glistening in the perfect day;
Before, the valley of the oat and oak.



Erelong, lulled off to slumber, when he woke,
'T was time to quit the boat, and with a will
To thrid the oaks far as the western hill,
Where the guide, Cactus, waited in the shade.



—As bend the oaks of Napa when they lean
To meet the wild oat in its April green.

The wind was stirring, and the burr oaks laid
Great shadows, black along the blanching grass,
Matted so thick it would not let him pass
Where it was rankest ; clear, between the swells
Of wind, clear, merry, rang the blackbird bells,
While gurgling music, hurrying note to note,
Spilled from the starling's overflowing throat.
And it was twilight ere he reached the guide
Lounging upon the scenty mountainside,
Young, lissome Cactus, dusk and debonair
A slave as ever fawned on lady fair ;
And deep the sun was sunk into the west
The hour they reached the Redwoods and the "Nest."



And deep the sun was sunk into the west—

'TWAS dawn ; at the first calling of the quail
Adolph appeared. Below, the oaken vale
And plunging spines of interjacent hills
Were all in fog, the dense white fog that fills
The world up, there, till broad-backed ranges be
Mere porpoises swimming a vapor sea.
"Helena's cap will lift in just an hour,
Then shall you know old Mother Nature's power":
It was the sire, his hearty welcome said,
Hymning his Redwoods heaven as on he led.
"Here has she set on high, and there laid low,
As pleased her. Guttruff from yon rock can throw
The sight across seven ranges ; turn that way,
And he can count the white sails on the bay.
How now? And there be wonders in the West?
We hear the stars here, we in Eagle Nest."



Below, the oaken vale
And plunging spines of interjacent hills—

The squirrels flowing round them, the pert jay
Mocking the hawks, the highholes at their play,
The golden-robin with his vigorous tune
Singing his heart into the heart of June ;

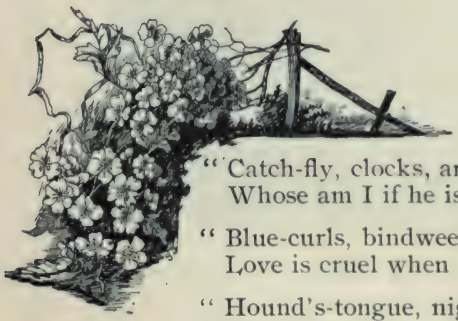
The lusty quail lifting amid it all
The happiest mountain sound, wild love's own call,—
Attended thus, fared onward sire and guest
Till come upon the "one bird" of the Nest.
'T was in one of those fringy, winding places
Where close the clover-velvet interlaces,
And the dwarf oak and little evergreen,



Guttruff from yon rock can throw
The sight across seven ranges.



Lovers, in one another's arms are seen.
Under a manzanita, glossy, dark,
Her yellow head, leaned on its winy bark,
Made sunlight there. "Sire," Adolph sighed, "all Greece
Might well have sailed to fetch that golden fleece."
Nor was the sighing fainter since the child
Was woman rather, blossoming in the wild,
With song and laughter. It was lesson-time,
And, taught of brooks, she rippled rhyme to rhyme:—



"Catch-fly, clocks, and columbine,
Whose am I if he is mine?

"Blue-curls, bindweed, baby-eyes,
Love is cruel when he tries.

"Hound's-tongue, nightshade, meadow-rue,
I'll have lover none but you.

"Pin-bloom, pipe-vine, pimpernel,
This, sweet naughty, you know well.

"Shepherd's-purse and shooting-star,
Strangest folk all lovers are.

"Silverweed and thimbleberry,
Ho, my heart, but we are merry!

"Bleeding-heart and virgin's-bower,
Now it is the lover's hour.

"Stonecrop, stickseed, tiger-lily,
He will love me—will he, will he?

"Knot-grass and forget-me-not,
Let him swear it on the spot."





I called them blossoms, thought them such till now.

HE larkspur, painted-brush and poppy flame,
Ay, every peeping sweet without a name,
All, in those sunsets under foot; the hues
Of purple and of scarlet, greens and blues,
Of hill and valley, all on sward and bough,—
I called them blossoms, thought them such till now.
O sire, that only flower! that face—that face!"
Adolph leaned forward, poised as for the chase.
And carolling Ninette? The list'ning wood
Breathed out a shape to her. So bright he stood
She could not tell whether he was of earth
Or owed the old divinities his birth,
Sent down to be her father's friend, since he
So honored them. Her blood ran riot, she
Could feel the traitor shame-spots creep and grow;
The ruddy god—would he not see, not know
Each silly thought, and tell it, too, and set
All heaven a-laughing? Innocent Ninette,
A silly child indeed to bleed with shame
Before a god that could not speak her name,
So dumb he was; one to be led away
That he might arm to woo another day.

Age yet may serve young love. High on the rock
Whence shines the bay, our lover could unlock
His tongue; unsparing spent he on and on
Until it seemed all love's best words were gone.
The good sire heard, but as one hears in dream;
His mind was back there by the bay. The gleam,
The growing wind, the smoke, the jam of drays,
The furious hurry in the narrow ways;
At last the wall, the fragile, hanging wall,
And then the cheering—and the blank. Life, all,
Again 'twas saved him by the peerless boy,

And in a torrent broke his father's joy :—
" Once more, once more, kind gods, I find a man
To lift the heart up. Stand, Greek Puritan,
That I may look, gaze till my sight, long dull,
Whets it upon you, strong and beautiful.
Methinks those were your fellows, brown-haired boy,
Who brewed the storm before the walls of Troy ;
There had you buckled armor with the best,
Shining to stir the hovering goddess' breast,
So proud of spirit, and so straight of limb,
Atrides' self had kept you near to him,
And well-worn Nestor—as your Nestor now—
Had, blessing, laid his old hand on your brow.
I said, to-morrow you should go to dig,
To gorge you in the tawny hills ; but, big
With fondness, I so tyrannous am grown
I will to keep you. Leave me not alone
Until the autumn rains. The gold will wait.
Their lordships roistering by the Golden Gate,
Sow with full hand. Themselves, they swear, have found
The gold-beds first of any ; on the ground,
And in, the very first. They little know—
God pity him !—who roamed here years ago,
Who can, asleep, discourse of rock and sand
To plague their wisest. Put in mine your hand :
You shall have gold in heaps, then, surfeited,
(If she will yield it) her own golden head.
For two years, boy, she bides my one bird still,
And then, why, then as she and Heaven will."

THE summer went ; and overhead the gray
Was growing on the blue. If graver lay
Ninette sang now, the measure ran too free
For true-love bonds, for captive minstrelsy :—

" Run away, love, and leave to me
The way of the bird and the way of the bee :
Flower to flower down to the mead,
Mead to mead over the vale,
Vale to vale as the sunbeams lead,
On to the sea and the endless sail.

" No no, love, I will not stop,
The butterfly swings in the thistle-top ;
Rock, rock, in the sunny weather,
Song of the bird and sweet of the bee,
Just the day and I together,—
That's the life and the love for me.





They were long joyous days from sun to sun—

" Fie, fie, love, bliss enough for me
The song of the bird, the sweet of the bee :
Flower to flower down from the hill,
Flower to flower down to the dale,
Field to field as the free winds will,
Ho, for the sea and the endless sail !"

" Nay, Nature ; flowers will waken at her feet,
Untimely, wrongly flourish in the sweet
Of her false Spring ; ay, quickened, they will blow,
Will, like her, wake and waste, and never know."
So grieved the boy the while he secret heard
The burden of the merry Redwoods bird.
Lorn Adolph ! Song that can deceive the year
May be too subtle for a lover's ear ;
Chance, other measures sang the merry bird
Deep in her heart.



And now the sky was blurred,
And over hill and valley woven and spread
Dull, slumbrous color for the season dead.
The sire could not sit calmly at his door
And let the boy go, but, well on before,
His voice startling the rabbit and the quail,
Must see him to the forking of the trail :—
" Straight as the pigeon points will run the way,
With Cactus for your guide. He must not stay ;
It is no Sabbath journey, and we need
The shoot of darkness here. The nightshade-seed
Is brother's dog, his crutch ; and past a doubt—
The voice dropped now—the girl were lost without
Her Shadow. Lad, the goddess—does she chide
Or sway the battle to my hero's side ?
How reads the omen ? "

" I have kept my vow,
Good sire ; so, pray you, let me answer now."





TWELVE-MONTH passed ere fortune brought the sire
Fresh fuel for his pioneeric fire :—
"Right royal robbery, boy ! but more, more yet.
By Napa's oak and by the bird Ninette,
Play on, throw on ; it shall be kingdoms. More,
More yet, more, more. Away ! But not before
Some word be left may please a lass's ear.
You scarce have seen Ninette ; too sharp, I fear,
The thorns of honor." Slowly Adolph said,
His brow bared, "Not the slightest little thread
That flies, far shining, from that golden head,
Or wanders down that wondrous neck, love-led,
Has felt a breath from me."



Another June,
And Adolph came to hear the fairy tune
Of air and laughter, even the same he heard
It seemed an age before. The wilding bird
Sang on the same old elfin-measured song,
Trilling along the hills ; the warm day long
The same far ditty, while with lighter feet
The little breezes danced to it, and sweet
The mating birds, 'mong the madroño boughs,
Wove snatches of it in their lover's vows.
Two years had wrought a change. But few days more
Were left the uncle ; haggard now as hoar
Was he that came to hide him from his kind,
The scholar, hurt in body and in mind,
Ninette's tutor, from whom no plant that grows
Could keep the secret of its leaves and blows.
Time had been busy : Gorgon, grim old dog,
Followed her master's heel with feebler jog,
While Hector, the pet elk, had sprouted horn
Fit for the brows of vanished Unicorn.
And not the same was Cactus ; like his charge
And playmate, Hector, he had sprung to large
And dangerous size. To some old tameless race
He pointed, with his native leopard's grace
And withy sinew. And Ninette, the bird,
The one bird of the Nest—love had no word
To name her change. "Good sire," the lover said,



"The child, as any eye may see, has fled,
And I must woo a woman."
"Jacob, boy,
Winced not at plump seven year. The gods help Troy,
And great Achilles sulks."
"Easy the gold
Was rifled from the sands. There was I bold
To lead; could swing a thief up, hear his groan,
Unmoved; for play could break a bully's bone,
And laugh, and bid him mend it. Now, I whine;
Human am I, the other is divine."

"No maid unmans the man can so make stand
'Gainst them that lord it in a new-born land":
So mused the tried old sire, and, musing so—
As once his Jove—he let the battle go.
The sire had notions. "Adolph and Ninette,
They be a parlous pair," he said. "Abet,
Oppose? Not I. No, not a single word
To Alcibiades or to the bird."



Now he tried
The cures that grew the water-brook beside—

It was down by a spring that bubbled up
Among the hazels; with a glossy cup
Of leaves, Ninette was dipping, sipping, like
The smooth noon-bird she was. "Strike, sunlight, strike
Her head; and in your pretty beating say,
So does love punish, neither will it stay
More cruel stroke if straight you do not own
Your heart is Adolph's, his, and his alone."
So spoke the youth in thought, then, prying through
The maze of hazels, trolled he verses two
Of an old ditty,—
"*On a day it fell*
He found a naiad by her native well."
She turned on him swift as the darting light
Sunned water glances, putting out his sight
With the flash of beauty, —"Thus he did begin:



'Twas in one of those fringy windy places—

'*Prithee, sweet love,*' and straight she pushed him in."
If, sire, your happy Hellas had its art
Supreme, what had this little darling heart
Here in the wild? While thick love's arrows sped
Against her, up she tossed her glossy head
In golden scorn: "Play me a tune of war,
The iron string, the stave man's hands are for!
But Venus' viol!"——

Stung by lesser thing,
The lordly creature seeks the herb will bring
Its life back: Adolph tasted, here and there,
All substances on which large love may fare,
Sore wounded. Now he nibbled at a book,
A good old tome that from its rusty nook
Looked out on him in pity; now he tried
The cures that grew the water-brook beside,
Where strayed the bright-eyed scholar, breathless, pale,
His friend at last. All was of no avail;
Forthwith the maid, the lesser, frailer thing,
Was sure to turn anew and softly sting.
But, ah, the lonely upland roundelay
She sang in the clear space where all the day
The wild doves come! There with the gray wild dove,
It was another song, her song of love:—



" 'Twixt the little oaks the sunbeams pry,
And, warm and gold, in the open lie ;
Yea, pretty doves,
So many loves,
And to spare not one !
There be that have loves none.

" Around the doe plays the dappled fawn,
The rabbits dance at dusk and at dawn ;
Yea, pretty doves,
So many loves,
And to spare not one !
There be that have loves none.



" The chatting squirrels silver-gray,
Tell merry love-tales all the day ;
Yea, pretty doves,
So many loves,
Every heart with its own ;
And yet you moan, you moan."



THE little lonely upland song of love,
Crooned in the clear space with the mourning dove,
This nature heard, and, down below, the pain
Of the strong man ; but came the two again
Together, not a sound she heard of all.
" The man would stir my love must fight, ay, fall,
For me ; and though an angel came to say
' Sir Love does love thee,' I would turn away":
Thus mischievous Ninette. Her father gone,
Her uncle, too, and Cactus with him, on
A happy plan she hit, aided, may be,
By certain nettling words dropped craftily
By Hector's only master.

" Shall a man
Stand back for Hector ? What my Shadow can,
It seems a man cannot. Set Hector food,
Prove Love for once could make his great words good."
" 'Tis well," the other answered ; " east or west,
Who challenges the Knight of Eagle Nest ?
If Hector, joust with Hector let it be."

The knight passed in to face armed Hector. He
Set food ; Hector, responding with a thrust,
Caught him, sent him down headlong. Mailed in dust,
Sir Love, no sooner down than up, would try
It out, now, humbled in his lady's eye.

'Twixt sport and earnest, evenly he strove
With rousing, pressing Hector till he drove
Three short, blunt prongs into his naked side.
Ninette, not seeing this, thinking he tried
To frighten her with show of danger, bade
Him yield the fight if, truly, use he had
For butcher's blade. But when she saw the tide
Slow reddening down the white of his bare side,
She flew to fetch the silver-hilted knife
Swung on the cabin wall. It was now life
Or death. Both little hands on, all her weight
To plunge the blade in, straight it went; so straight,
Just back of Adolph's body as he held
Round Hector's neck, that prone the brute was felled.
The knight fell with him. Side by side they lay,
One dead, the other—' twas too soon to say.



The days were many ere she let him speak,
The boy she held from death, but when, still weak,
The words would come, then fell the voice of all
Voices the sweetest: "'He must fight, ay fall,
For me.' In sorry truth, it has been done."
She smiling, weeping, answered, "Too well won."
Never before the wooing birds gave ear
So close; for never melody so dear
Was heard or made by mountain stream or bough.
The naiad's heart was making music, now,
And happy Adolph answering,—"Death is gone,
Sweet; I remain; and here will I woo on
Till hale again; then hence, a knight well tried,
For home, my lance and lady at my side."



RUE was the knightly heart, and true his word—
The word, too? One there was that overheard,
One all forgot in their full joy, his heart
Rankling with hatred, he whose hellish art
Had so miscarried.
On this fateful day,
The two have wandered to the ledges gray,
Under the "flying bridge,"—the hanging pine,
With roots that push into midair, to twine



There, gnarled and naked. Adolph thinks to wind
His way out. At the moment, close behind,
A footfall ; and, as sprung up from the ground,
The fiend is on him. Worn, weak with a wound
Unhealed—the gulf—what chance now? All his might.
What were it all now? and his very sight
Is dim with wasting sickness. On the brink
He holds, strives blindly. Lost! He feels him sink,
Plunge over. No, he holds yet. What the shriek?
'Tis hers, Ninette's wild cry! His head is weak,
But like a vise his clutch. At least his life
Will not be bled out ; for the villain's knife
Is wrested from him : her own panting breath
Has told him that. Was never hug of death
Too strong for love. The lithe and silent snake,
His coil is crushing ; but a gripe would break
A bullock's neck at last shall make it give ;
No devil, so strangled, could much longer live.
Looser! The black rings slacken, slacken ; he
Unwinds the limp thing, lifts it, swings it free ;
Ay, well above his head Cactus is hung,
Is swaying forward—backward—forward——flung!
Nay, 'tis too horrible. Let us hasten here,
As is the vintage children's wont, for fear
They in their dreams will see the reptile hurled,
Writhing, into the hungry under-world.

And, now, his lotted toil of love fulfilled,
Adolph stood hale and free, and, as he willed,
Bore to the far-off home his mountain bride.





A WILD, rude tale—and true? At the fireside
Up in the hills, when summertime is gone,
And heavily the autumn rains come on,
The vintagers oft tell it, word for word,
Drinking huge bumpers to the "mountain-bird,"
Wishing her joy, she and her blue-eyed knight;
And full as heartily they cheer the flight
Of Cactus down the gulf, and curse his bones,
Left to the vultures. But among the stones
Under the pine, where all the summer day
The vintage children sport the time away,
Is oftener told the gentle afterpart
Of this grim redwoods story; and the heart
Is in each little mouth, as, one by one,
They wonder how the miracle was done.
A miracle it was: when next the flowers
Came out, upon a day of golden hours
There sprung, among the rocks around the pine,
The strangest, loveliest blossom that may shine
At any time, in any place. The earth
Has not another like it; for its birth
Was of the blood of her, the golden-haired,
Slight wounded by the weapon Cactus bared,
And she struck from him. Never tongue shall tell
How fair the flower the children love so well,
The rare rock-flower—one for each drop that fell—
They pluck, and call the Golden Lily-Bell.



THE HEART OF THE SIERRAS.

BY LILLIAN E. PURDY.

FROM the Atlantic to the Pacific there is no system of mountains which effects more materially the topography and climate of the region in its vicinity than the Sierra Nevada Range. The mountains on the Atlantic reach only limited altitudes, ranging from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, and extend to within several hundred miles of the coast, but those on the Pacific tower from 8,000 to 14,000 feet, sending great spurs down almost to the water's edge—the two ranges sometimes coalescing and merging into one unbroken line; then again separating to enclose between their high walls, rich valleys, or the Coast Range disappearing, leaving the open valleys to extend to the sea. What more obvious reason for this vast difference in climate, than the mountain development of these sections of country? The high trade winds, otherwise parching the land and absorbing all moisture from the atmosphere as they blow in from the arid plateaus, are cooled in passing over the snowy elevation of the Sierras, giving our delicious night breezes, without which the summers in some regions would be as warm and dry as those of the East.

The fertility of the two great valleys of California, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, depends almost entirely upon the Sierras. The warm, vapor-laden winds blowing from the ocean are cooled upon coming in contact with the air of the snow-capped mountains; the vapor is condensed and falls as rain or snow. When the warm weather begins, the snow, which sometimes falls in the mountains to a depth of forty or fifty feet, gradually melts, feeding the numerous streams that flow down to irrigate the valleys. Although the Coast Range mountains produce their effect upon the country, it is the Sierra Nevadas that influence most largely the rainfall of the entire State. Thus the Sierras are not only responsible for our unrivaled climate, but they are the fountain head of all our moisture—the source of California's fertility.

The range is of granite formation, capped with basaltic and other kinds of lava, with heavy beds of ashes and breccia; these features being observable on the route between Truckee and Sacramento. The rounded granites give evidence of glacial action, while in various sections enormous glaciers still exist. The mountains extend for 500 miles, with an average width of seventy miles, passing through 9½° of latitude.

Although not the highest mountain in California, Shasta is by far the most magnificent. Solitary, robed in snow, it towers 7,000 feet above its neighbors, reaching a height of 14,440 feet. Though regarded by some as a great spur of the Coast Range, Mt. Shasta stands independent of either system—the keystone of the California arch of mountains. From the railroad town of Sisson, Shasta's magnitude may best be studied. In this locality there is nothing to intercept a clear view of the mountain, and the opportunity afforded for comparison with Muir's and other peaks, aids in one's conception of Shasta's stupendous beauty.

Following the range down from Shasta, we find few points of particular interest until we come to Lake Tahoe; and of all the California lakes, none can compare with Tahoe in size



LAKE TAHOE.

FROM A PAINTING BY SUSAN SROUFE LOOSLEY.



FATHER OF THE FOREST, CALAVERAS GROVE.

or beauty. Its elevation, the distinctive coloring of its shimmering surface, the picturesqueness of its banks and surroundings, its clearness and purity, are supreme. Clustered about this beautiful sheet of water lies a community of lesser lakes, each of which has its own attractive features.

Taking the steamer at Tahoe City, a complete circuit of the lake may be made in one day, with ample time to explore the various places of interest. Tallac is the starting point for one of the pleasantest excursions in the vicinity; namely, to Mt. Tallac, which is seventeen miles southwest of the hotel. The trail conducts us through a wild, thickly-wooded country to the summit of the mountain, from which seventeen lakes may be viewed in the immediate surroundings. Of these lakes, the largest and most beautiful is Fallen Leaf—its outline and curiously tinted surface resembling a great leaf. Glenbrook is the only important landing on the Nevada side save at Incline, a mining settlement. A long stay is made at Hot Springs, for besides the boiling springs of sulphur water, a pebbly beach is found here. For rich pebbles of various sizes, however, Carnelian Bay offers the greatest attraction, and to this sunny cove tourists and guests from all parts of the lake gather in large numbers.

The lake is twenty-one miles long and twelve miles wide, with a depth of 1,645 feet, and an altitude of 6,202 feet. There are so few streams flowing into it, that its source is supposed to lie in underground streams and springs. The beaches are few, for the mountains, many of which are snow-capped perpetually, reach down to the water's edge, forming steep banks that are almost perpendicular. The eastern bank has a marked abruptness, the only cove or shore possible for a settlement being Glenbrook.

Although encompassed by snow-fields, Lake Tahoe never freezes, perhaps owing to the frequency of squalls, which ruffle its bosom into thousands of tossing waves. At sunset the breeze

subsides. The surface, as smooth as Mirror Lake, reflects not only the snow-clad mountains and the borders of pines, but also the iris-hued sky. The light strikes only the profile of the western mountains, sending a flood of golden beams upon the blue, hazy peaks of the east, tinting the sky with rose and purple. This brilliant, fantastic picture, thrown upon the glinting surface of the lake, displays several belts of color. A yellowish gray near the edge deepens from violet into rich purple; patches of green follow; then spreads out, as far as eye can reach, a field of golden light. It is a dream of beauty—too delicate, too transparent for the artist's colors, and almost too beautiful to be less than an illusion.

One of the most interesting retreats in the heart of the great Sierras is the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees.

From two to four thousand years, these giants of the forest have reared their lofty heads on high. They have battled the severest gales; the snows have fallen thick upon them, and many of their graceful limbs have been hurled to the ground; they have witnessed the fury of the forest fires, which have swept away their more youthful companions, singeing their own sturdy trunks; and yet they stand, solemn and majestic sentinels of the mountains.

Entering the grove by the left-hand gateway, and walking about 120 yards down the path made of the deep-red sequoia bark, one comes upon a noble group of trees, named respectively, Grant, Sherman and McPherson. The plume-like foliage unites at the top in a mass of rich green. "General Grant" is a particularly fine tree and may be viewed to advantage from the veranda of the hotel.



MOTHER OF THE FOREST, CALAVERAS GROVE.

A few steps farther on is the "Pride of the Forest," which is twenty-three feet in diameter, three hundred feet in height, and is one of the healthiest and most erect trees in the grove. To the east of the Miner's Cabin, a fallen tree whose name may have been suggested by the hollow formed in the roots and base, is a row of three trees, called the Three Graces. "Andrew Jackson" forms the central figure of a most imposing cluster, just north of the Three Graces. Around him have gathered "Florence Nightingale," "W. C. Bryant," and "W. H. Seward." The Pioneer's Cabin stands on the main path, and has an opening through which a stage may drive. The cabin-like interior with a



MAMMOTH GROVE HOTEL.

hollow resembling a chimney extending through the center of the tree, gave rise to the name. The Pioneer's Cabin is thirty-two feet in diameter, and is one of the most curious trees in the grove. At the end of the northward course, stands the somber "Mother of the Forest." In 1854, the bark was stripped from this tree to a height of 116 feet for exhibition purposes at the East. One may gain an idea of its gigantic proportions, when told that without the bark (and the average thickness of the bark is eleven inches), the circumference measures eighty-four feet, while the height is three hundred and twenty-one feet.

The "Father of the Forest" lies prostrate upon the ground, a short distance from the aged "Mother." The height of this tree must have been 450 feet; its circumference is at present 112 feet. We stood contemplating the immensity of the fallen monarch, when suddenly our eyes rested upon one of the party, who was rapidly scaling the giant by means of a series of steps at one side. When he had climbed to the topmost roots, he began taking regular paces to the other extremity of the tree. As we knew that he was calculating the distance to where the first branch must have been, we stood waiting for his estimate of the distance; but upon hearing 200 feet as the report, our surprise at the "Father's" unusual measurements, reached its climax. And this is not all—for the heart of the tree has long since been consumed, and through the capacious hollow, horsemen are wont to travel. The knot-hole, too, is a most interesting feature, into which the sunshine streams, lighting up the dark, cabin interior of the tree.



THE SENTINELS AND PAVILION, CALAVERAS GROVE.

The "Father," is not the only one that lies in the dust. Old "Hercules" at one time the largest standing tree in the Grove, measuring ninety-five feet in circumference and three hundred and twenty-five feet in height, met with his downfall in 1862, during a heavy storm. The Miner's Cabin was deposed two years sooner, while the Fallen Monarch has probably lain prostrate for centuries.

For symmetry and beauty combined, the tree known as "Abraham Lincoln" stands in the first ranks. This



HALF-DOME FROM TRAIL, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

stately sequoia is perfectly erect, its foliage is well grown, and it is sound from base to top. Perhaps its beauty is more apparent because of its solitary and unguarded position, close to the winding pathway. Only the stump of the original or first discovered tree remains. Like the "Mother of the Forest," this noble sequoia was stripped of its bark, and afterwards, not satisfied with this despoilation, the heartless destroyers succeeded in completing its overthrow. A pavilion now covers the stump, insuring protection against further destruction.

The only noted tree that stands without the enclosure is "Old Dowd," named in honor of the discoverer of the Grove. Besides the *Sequoia gigantea* in all stages of development, the general flora of the Big Trees region is also a striking feature. On the route to the Grove, the tall evergreens have full sway. No leafy ravines, no vine entwined boughs, rival the beauty of the lonely pines and firs. But in the temple of the sequoias, all is changed. Hazel, with its velvety leaves; maple, clad in brightest green; dogwood in its summer dress of snowy blossoms, or robed in crimson by the autumn frosts—all mingle harmoniously with the rugged pillars of the sequoias, or the tall brown shafts of the silver fir and sugar pine. Lilies, delicate and fair, peep up from the green sward, while columbines and bells look out from their mossy glens as we walk down the shady, deviating path. Dainty yellow mimulus sprinkle the green floor, and the moss-covered logs only enhance the wildness of the scene.

It was in the cool of the early morning that we started on a journey to South Grove, situated seven miles from the Mammoth Grove Hotel. We drank in the delicious fragrance of the pines as we rode in the shadow of the tall trees. The narrow trail conducted us to the top of the ridge, whence we descended to the Stanislaus River, the dividing line between Calaveras and Tuolumne counties. After winding in and out among the mountains, climbing steep ledges, passing through dark ravines and sunny glades, we reached Beaver Creek, which with the Stanislaus, constitutes the chief trout-fishing grounds of the region. Then, climbing one more ridge, we descended into the South Grove. The Calaveras Grove covers an area of fifty acres, and contains ninety-three sequoias, twenty of which are over twenty-five feet in diameter; but the South Grove is more extensive, containing 1,380 trees ranging from one foot to thirty-four feet across.

The first tree that attracted our attention was "Columbus," a magnificent representative of the species; tall, solitary, and with unusually wide-spreading branches. At the south end of the grove stands "New York," the largest living tree, measuring 104 feet. Near a large stump is a tree whose shaft has been struck by lightning, the top having been shivered into



GRIZZLY GIANT, MARIPOSA GROVE.

fragments and the trunk rent in twain. Even the topmost part of the remaining stem is twelve feet in diameter. "Old Goliah," a fallen tree, is among the largest sequoias that have ever grown. The gale that overthrew this royal tree also deposed his neighbor, "Hercules," of the Calaveras Grove.

Like the Calaveras Grove, South Grove lies in a sort of valley sheltered by mountains. It is three and one-half miles in length, and contains, besides the sequoias, avenues and

clusters of sugar-pine, yellow-pine, silver fir, red spruce, cedar and other genera, with an unlimited variety of shrubs and wild flowers.

For a combination of all that is magnificent and inspiring in the Sierras, the great Yosemite Valley wields the sceptre. The graceful, foamy falls, the flowery ravines, the well-forested slopes, the huge granite walls, combine to make one of the most attractive valleys known to the world. From Inspiration Point to Cloud's Rest, falling water and towering rock mingle in a most harmonious picture of beauty and grandeur. And although there is another cañon, equaling in some respects this mighty valley, nowhere can the sublimity of Yosemite be surpassed.

This most accessible cañon of California is 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is seven miles long, and half a mile to a mile in width, with walls of solid granite, which sometimes fall back gracefully, or stand out in bold relief against a background of feathery foliage of pine, fir or spruce. The forest trees and wild flowers grow more rich and beautiful as we ascend the cañon. The sunlight falls between the boughs of the



GLACIER MONUMENT, KING'S RIVER CAÑON.

mighty conifers in checkered patches on the ground beneath, and the exhilarating air is in harmony with the gorgeous dress of the mountains. A general view of the valley may be gained from turns on the road, which reveal the fresh, green floor, with its sparkling stream, the stupendous cliffs on every side, and the tuneful, foaming waterfalls. The first object of interest is Pohono, or Bridal Veil Fall. The top of the fall is 900 feet from the great caldron of tossing water at the base, and the stream is forty feet wide. On the brink a soft velvety moss grows in abundance, affording, when dry, a safe foothold in walking to the edge, but usually it is very slippery and dangerous to tread upon. The stream that forms this picturesque fall gains its source in a lake thirty miles distant, flowing through rich meadows and extensive forests of silver fir.

Among the remarkable falls of the valley, the Yosemite is the most wonderful. The Yosemite Creek Basin is lined with glacier-polished granite, smooth masses of which rise far above the forest. Through the undulating walls of granite, the water flows with a steady current, then slipping over the brink of the precipice, it falls into an immense basin where it rests but for a moment, only to plunge over another abrupt ledge. Two falls compose the Yosemite, making in all a height of 2,600 feet, but when seen from below, with the cascade between them, they appear as one immense comet-shaped mass.

The Nevada Falls stand next to the Yosemite in grandeur. The Merced River, flowing through the Little Yosemite Valley, is broken into a series of rapids; then, passing through a rough, rocky channel, it is tossed into foam and hurled over the brow of the precipice, striking a granite protrusion half way down, which powders it into finer spray, and gives it the appearance of a fleecy cloud resting against the mountain side. From a projecting granite cliff at one side, an excellent view may be gained of the network of streams below, uniting and reuniting, until they finally merge into one river, which continues on its way to Emerald Pool, and then makes another plunge into mid-air. The angry tossing of the Nevada Falls presents a strong contrast to the calm, orderly movement of the Vernal Falls. In the latter, the water pours down in a broad, steady, unbroken sheet, eighty feet wide and 400 feet high. Its beautiful rainbows and the fact that it is so easily accessible have doubtless given it its marked popularity.

Illilouette Falls resembles Nevada Falls in its foamy, cloud-like aspect, though it is far less magnificent. Both these falls are about 600 feet in height. The former is difficult to reach on account of the rough, craggy cañon it inhabits, and naturally is less frequently visited than the other falls. The Ribbon or Widow's Tears Falls is a narrow band of water, falling from a height of 3,000 feet. It is situated just opposite Bridal Veil, being formed by Fall Creek, a tributary of the Merced. In the early spring the stream resembles the finest lace.

Beyond Ribbon Falls on the north wall, stands El Capitan, a simple, massive, imposing rock, nearly or quite 4,000 feet high. Across the river, just above Bridal Veil, Cathedral Rocks loom up to a height of 2,700 feet. Following El Capitan, on the same side of the valley, are three pillars of granite, the highest reaching a height of 4,000 feet. They are named the Three Brothers, for the sons of Tenaya, the oldest Yosemite chief.

Opposite the Three Brothers, on the south wall, the Sentinel rears himself to a height of over 3,000 feet. He stands in the central point of the valley, tall, slender, stately, ever keeping watch over the glorious wealth of his realm. No feature of the valley is more prominent than the Sentinel, no form more commanding. When in front of this massive monument, the Yosemite Fall is plainly revealed,

gushing from the mountain in a roaring torrent. Stretching out before us is the wide upper part of the valley, with the North Dome, Royal Arches and Washington Column on the left, and Glacier Point on the right; while in the middle, Half Dome, perhaps the most beautiful of all the rocks, towers 4,750 feet against the clear, blue sky.

At this point there is a division of the valley into three branches—Tenaya, Nevada and Illilouette cañons. Ascending the Nevada or middle branch, we pass Vernal and Nevada Falls, when we come to the Little Yosemite Valley, which resembles in some details the great parent valley. It is three miles long, with walls from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, and an abundance of rugged cascades. Green, mossy meadows light up the floor of the valley, tall pines and firs adorn the slopes, and ragged, precipitous granites jut out in somber, dignified magnificence.

For a preponderance of rock formation, the north, or Tenaya branch, excels its neighboring cañons; nor is the display of waterfalls and lakes less attractive. This cañon is more densely mountainous than the other two, and naturally more picturesque. Between the North Dome and the Half Dome, two of the most remarkable rock structures of the Yosemite, is situated that marvelously beautiful Mirror Lake, with Tenaya Cañon for both inlet and outlet. The reflected shadows are strongest at daybreak. To the left of Mirror Lake, Mt. Watkins, resembling El Capitan in its massiveness, rises 4,600 feet above the valley; on the right, Cloud's Rest is faintly outlined in the lake, while the rocks and trees in the immediate vicinity can admire their likenesses in the most wonderful natural reflector of which we have knowledge. For a mile above the lake, the cañon is comparatively level, the water flowing in an even current for a considerable distance. At Tenaya Fall, the end of the valley, the scenery is quite changed. The stream above makes a succession of plunges, dashing the water into a foam, and just as it is about to slip over the granite lip it divides, one branch making a vertical fall of eighty feet, while the other swirls and roars in a series of disorderly cascades. Tenaya Fall is certainly one of the most fascinating of which the Yosemite Valley may boast.

Lake Tenaya, which is about two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, is the fountain head of all this beauty, and the terminus of the Tenaya Cañon. Nearly concealed by a thick border of firs, it lies hollowed out of the highest mountains. From the south and east the tall mountains rise almost vertically, while on the north and west, the slopes are less severe.

Just south of Tenaya Fall, is situated Cloud's Rest, an imposing fold of granite, rising 6,000 feet above the valley, and named from the presence of a cloud seen frequently resting above its summit. From its lofty crest, a tract reaching over an area of fifty miles stretches out before us. Below, the polished crown of Half Dome gleams in the sunlight; Mirror Lake looks like a sheet of shining silver; North Dome, Eagle Point, El Capitan, Sentinel Dome and Glacier Point repose in solemnity in the wide expanse of valley, while Yosemite Fall is a mere bit of vapor clinging to the mountain. The climb to this point of vantage is a difficult one, and only experienced mountaineers should attempt to scale the rocky, precipitous wall.

Winding our way through the wild, rugged mountains, for about a mile, we come to the Sierra Cathedral —a solid rock, beautifully sculptured into spires, domes and gables; a veritable work of art. It stands upon a plateau 9,000 feet high, towering 2,500 feet and may thus be viewed from all directions. Its prominence affords an excellent opportunity of studying its peculiar architecture, while from its ornamental pinnacles,



STANISLAUS BRIDGE.

superb views may be obtained of the valley of the glorious Merced.

The excursion to Glacier Point is one that should not be neglected by visitors to this enchanting valley. The trail leads through rock-walled cañons, where huge boulders are heaped in the utmost disorder; up grassy inclines, flowered with the Mariposa lily, the bright purplish blossoms of the Penstemon, or the closed evening primrose, which lights the meadows at sunset with its dazzling golden blooms; and after the cool shade of the forest one comes into the glare of the noonday sun, climbing over barren, rocky soil, until Union Point is reached. From here, on an elevated flat, the valley, well planted with fir and spruce, reminds one of a rich green velvet carpet, and the Merced River looks like a mere thread of silver. We soon reach Agassiz's Column, a mass of rock thirty feet high which looks ready to topple to the ground at any moment. A great sweep of mountains spread out on all sides, but when we have gained the topmost pinnacle of Glacier Point the grandeur is incomprehensible. Peak after peak of the noble ranges loom up in stately magnificence, gradually growing fainter and fainter, until the dim outlines are lost in the haze of the distance. The Vernal and Nevada Falls appear like little patches of white, and at this elevation of 3,257 feet above the valley, Mt. Starr King, Mt. Lyell, Cloud's Rest, and Half Dome are mere points in the wilderness of spires and domes.

King's River Cañon compares most favorably with the famous Yosemite. The valley of the former is longer and deeper, the rock precipices are more majestic, the waterfalls, though less sublime, exceed in height and volume, and it is only a question of time when the fame of this magnificent cañon will equal that of its more prominent rival. From Visalia, the nearest point to this cañon on the Southern Pacific Railroad, the journey is made by stage. After passing through miles and miles of grain fields and grassy flats, and hot foothills reeking with desolation, the mountains, which had been visible for miles through the hot atmosphere, grew nearer. A breath of the fragrant pines had not infrequently been wafted toward us and very soon we were in a dense forest of sequoias. How refreshing the cool shade after the glare of the sun! We passed through shady

ravines, whose banks fairly glittered with their gorgeous array of flowers —bells, lilies and gilias waving and nodding a welcome in the gentle breeze.

At the height of 5,000 feet or more, in an opening of the thickly grown evergreens, we gained an excellent view of the central valley of California with its protecting coast mountains, its fields, orange groves and vineyards, its towns dotted about in irregular lines and circles. We soon reached the limit of the stage line, and were compelled to travel the remaining eighteen miles on horseback, over a steep, narrow trail, crossing the basins of the Big and Little Boulder Creeks—tributaries of King's River. We soon gained the summit of the ridge that forms the boundary of Little Boulder Creek Basin, and then descending, reached Bearskin Meadows—a perfect sea of gilias, larkspurs, columbines and lilies. Rich shrubs and tall, graceful leaves bend down to kiss the sparkling stream that ripples and laughs through the center of the meadow. The melodious rapture of the birds mingle in the glorious harmony of earth, sky and sunshine.

One more tremendous climb and we reached Grand Lookout, the highest point of the trail, 8,300 feet above sea level, from which we obtained an uninterrupted general view of the valley.

King's River Cañon is situated south of the Yosemite, forty-five miles from Visalia, and is the valley of the south fork of King's River. It is ten miles long, one-half a mile wide, with walls that tower to a height of from 2,500 to 5,000 feet. The depth of the valley is more than a mile, while the floor is comparatively level, with groves and parks of willow, poplar, fir, and pine, rising from a carpet of exquisite flowers. The abrupt walls rear themselves almost perpendicularly, and the changing river flows down through its dazzling cañon, now gliding gently, and then leaping and dashing over huge rocks and boulders through a narrow gorge into deep, clear pools below. Numerous streams from the surrounding mountains find their way down the slopes, seeking at last this mighty river, where they mingle in the soft ripple, or in the furious roar of the cascades. Great masses of rock, curiously fashioned, jut out from the ponderous walls in artistic architectural forms, like forts



A BIG TREES SCHOOL.

and buttresses built upon a high precipice.

The first rock upon which the eye rests at the foot of the north wall is the Palisades, a curious structure, apparently crystallized into geometrical cubes, so square and regular are its faces. It measures 2,000 feet from base of upright portion to summit. Following the Palisades, we behold a collection composed of Hermit Tower and Three Hermits, standing out disconnected and alone. They present a striking appearance in their isolation and quaint construction. East of the Hermits, a stream rushes and roars in clamorous disorder over a succession of rocks to form the booming cascades. How merrily the water swirls and splashes over the precipitous ledges! The stream has its rise from the melting snows which trickle down the slopes of Mt. Kellogg and Mt. Hutchings.

Beyond the Cascades, appears North Dome, which rises to a height of 3,450 feet, resembling somewhat the Washington Column of the Yosemite. An imposing rock is seen east of this noble pile, and is named, perhaps from the strength and boldness of its outline, Lion Rock. But it is much inferior in height to the main contour of the north wall. Everywhere, heaped in the direst disorder, are huge boulders with trees growing in the crevices between them, or wild flowers that have sprung from seeds wafted to the thinly covered surface of the rock by the early winds.

Back of Lion Rock, Copper Creek wends its way into the valley from a neighborhood of picturesque lakes that cluster upon the ridge rising between the two forks of King's River. All the region drained by this romantic stream is rich in groves of spruce and fir, and meadows of the choicest flowers. The remaining portion of the north wall is low, as compared with some of the rocks on the opposite side of the valley. Three miles up the valley are found the Roaring Falls and Cascades. A network of silver ribbons pours its waters into the Roaring River to form this most unique range of waterfalls.

On the south wall is Cathedral Rocks, situated just east of the Fall, and somewhat resembling the rocks of the same name in the Yosemite. Following Cathedral Rocks, is a cluster called the Seven Gables—massive and broad at the base, but carved into gables, turrets and arches on the summit.

Avalanche Cascade, which has its rise near the base of a peak similarly named, separates the Seven Gables from the Sentinel Group, the highest rock prominence of which reaches a height of 3,300 feet. This Grand Sentinel presents to one side of the valley a perfectly smooth, flat face and is peculiarly sculptured. The entire group comprises Grand Sentinel, East and West Sentinels, and Lower Sentinel, all imposing rock structures of enormous proportions. The Sphinx, having a vertical sphinx-like face, about 4,000 feet in height, is the highest rock on the south wall. Cave Dome and Leaning Dome are in close proximity to the Sphinx, and are both over 3,000 feet high. In among the Sentinel Group, a series of cascades called the Sentinel Cascades, leap and play in wild confusion, making a fall of 2,000 feet. Bear Cascades, the succeeding strip of falling water, fall a greater distance than the Sentinel Cascades, but are less wild and turbulent.

The whole succession of exquisitely modeled rocks, from Cathedral Rocks to Leaning Dome, is, perhaps, the most imposing and awe-inspiring feature of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. But when the head of the valley is reached, a bold, impressive structure confronts us—the loftiest, most magnificent of all. Glacier Monument, standing like a gigantic statue as the terminal point of the valley and guardian of its treasures, looms to a height of over a mile, and is symmetrically outlined.

At Glacier Monument the river di-

vides into two branches, one extending northward through Paradise Cañon, while the other follows an eastward ravine, stretching far up into the snows of the High Sierra, where it gains its source at the base of Mt. Tyndall and other peaks. The gorge is comparatively narrow, and is in some places choked by the boulders, which only add to the rugged wildness of the scenery. The stream enters the great cañon in a disorderly cascade of 800 feet in height. Above this cascade, the water falls in rapids through a wilderness of forest trees.

Paradise Cañon presents a grander and more striking appearance, for the walls of the stream are more stupendous in height, while for ten miles, the river sweeps along in one mighty stream, broken here and there by a series of cascades and falls. Shadowed by the Monument is a meadow, broad and flat, containing rich blossoms of purple, gold and red. On the east, beyond the monument, Paradise Peak stands in stately beauty. Few of the rocks possess that delicacy of sculpturing that characterizes this lofty peak. Although slightly resembling North Tower, Paradise Peak lacks the raggedness that is a prominent feature of its neighbor, and is much more sublime. We camped for many days in one of the shady ravines of the valley, where a commingling of beauty and grandeur in the flowers and rocks, and symphony in the music of the river, might charm the first hours of day or lull us to rest at night. One object in selecting a somewhat central point, lay in our plan of making excursions to all the places of interest in the great King's River Cañon.

How extravagant Nature has been in this enchanting region! Not only one divinely beautiful valley, but two of unsurpassed sublimity. From our camp, we made an excursion into the wonderful Tehipitee Valley, which is almost as grand as the King's River Cañon, and is the cañon of the middle fork of King's River. It may be reached by ascending the Copper Creek Valley, then crossing a ridge and descending into the head of a cañon. The floor is level, containing parks and gardens of beautiful trees and flowers, with great walls to enclose it, 2,000 to 4,000 feet high.

The width of the valley is half a mile, the length about three miles. The river flows smoothly for a long distance, when it breaks into cascades and waterfalls, making a leap at one place of 2,000 feet. The Tehipitee Fall, formed by a comparatively small stream, is 1,800 feet high, first falling in little lacy streams, resembling somewhat the Mossbrae Fall of Siskiyou County, then uniting near the bank to plunge into a pool of the clearest water.

East of the Fall stands Tehipitee Dome, a majestic granite tower, 2,500 feet high. It stands out from the main wall, grand in its simplicity of architecture, mighty in its pensive solitude. The south wall is pinnacled and spired curiously, reminding one of mediæval castles and palaces.

Of the other excursions to be made in this vicinity, the climb to Tyndall's summit is one of the most important. Avalanche Peak ranks next. Then follow Mt. Brewer, Mt. Kellogg, the Helmet, and numerous other peaks, from either side of which broad, sweeping views of the grand Sierras may be enjoyed.

XENOPHANES.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

While knowledge and high wisdom yet were young,
 Through Sicily of old, from tryst to tryst,
Wandered with sad-set brow and eloquent tongue
 The melancholy austere Rhapsodist.
"All my life long" he sang, "by many ways
 I follow truth, where devious footmarks fall;
Now I am old, and still my spirit strays,
 Mocked and eluded, lost amid the all."
That was Mind's youth and ages long ago,
 And still thine hunger, Oh Xenophanes,
Preys on the hearts of men, and to and fro
 They probe the same implacable mysteries;
The same vast toils oppress them, and they bear
The same unquenchable hope, the same despair.

TEKEL.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

The idle doings of an idler day
 Dance back to mock me when the day is done;
The squandered hours of a spendthrift play,
 The ghosts of ends of endless things begun;
Time's terse lieutenants, misused moments,—all
Write TEKEL plain on retrospection's wall.

Chance hours there may be when the heart is prone
 To be content with sweet and sinless ways;
And some stray words, like idle winds, are blown
 Into mine ears to lisp insidious praise
Of softer sin, and lure me back from where
I had withdrawn in silent thought and prayer.

But only pass the ghosts of sordid ways,
 Of ghoulish triumphs over scornèd good,
That glide before mine eyes of stone, and raze
 My better moments to a bitter mood,
Making me hate the paltry world of pelf,
But bitter most of all against myself.

O come, sweet hour of strength at morning time—
 Calm strength of will, that shall not steal away,
Teaching my lips sweet answers, that shall climb
 To very Heaven as off 'rings from the day;
Sweet natal hour of purpose, that shall blend
With daily consummation to the end.

SALT LAKE CITY.

BY HARRY R. BROWNE.

THERE are many important features which entitle Salt Lake City to more than ordinary consideration, not only as a commercial center, but as a natural sanitarium and delightful place of residence. The city is situated at an elevation of 4,350 feet above sea level, with the towering peaks of the Wasatch and Oquirrh ranges extending for thousands of feet above her, sheltering and protecting her from the elements, and sending down through the cañons the pure rarefied air, which, with the breeze from the Great Salt Lake, fifteen miles to the west, forms a combination of atmospheric invigoration which cannot be found elsewhere in the United States. The seasons are regular, and drift one into the other almost imperceptibly. Spring opens early, and in April the foothills and cañons are ablaze with the most gorgeous wild flowers. As the season advances the entire valley, stretching to the north and south as far as the eye can reach, is transformed into a veritable garden. There is but a short season of hot weather—as a rule not more than three or four weeks—when the sun is uncomfortably warm in the middle of the day, but even then the mornings and evenings are pleasant, and the nights cool enough to necessitate a pair of blankets. Winter lingers from the middle or latter part of December to early March ; but during all that time, instead of the murky, dismal and wet weather prevalent in so many cities of the country, there is always dry air and generally sunshine.

The growth of the city itself has been phenomenal, but also sure and steady, and the value of real estate has never fluctuated materially since the spirit of enterprise and progress became dominant. The annual report of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, published in April, 1893, places the City's assessed valuation at $55,000,000; the population at 70,000. In the past three years the municipality expended nearly $2,000,000 in public improvements, consisting of about 100 miles of graded streets, 30 miles of sidewalks, an improved water system, that now pays at the rate of five per cent. on a basis of a $1,500,000 investment; a thoroughly equipped and efficient fire department; a perfect system of irrigation and numerous other improvements. In addition to the foregoing, one-half the moneys



SALT LAKE THEATER.

expended on the joint City and County building, a beautiful structure occupying, with the grounds around it, an entire block, has been supplied by the city, and a sewerage system second to none in the country is well under way. New buildings and improvements for the year past amounted to $2,015,000. Stone and brick have replaced frame and adobe, and most of the business blocks and residences are built of native product. Granite, gray and red stone are quarried in abundance in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, and are used principally for fronts of buildings, sidewalks stairs, curbing and paving. There are half a dozen companies engaged in this industry alone.

One of the most important of the many improvements made in the past three years, is the paving of the streets in the immediate business district of the city. A part of this is already completed. The materials used are granite blocks along the curb for ten feet into the roadway, and also between the street-car tracks, the balance being asphaltum. The foundation of all is sand, and six inches of concrete. All the materials for paving and building are mined and quarried in Utah, and most of the contracts have been given to the Culmer-Jennings Company, a local corporation which has its own plant and works its own mines and quarries. Utah asphalt has proven itself to be the equal, if not the superior of both the Trinidad and California products.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.



SALT LAKE CITY IN 1853—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

The change in the street railway system from horse power to electricity occurred in the fall of 1889. The following year horses as motive power had entirely disappeared, and at the present time it would be hard to suggest any portion of the town, or immediate vicinity, in need of further transportation facilities.

There are many signs pointing toward this city becoming a great railway center. Roads are coming here from the East, and other roads going westward will bring about this result, necessitating the building of a Union depot where passengers, baggage, express and freight may be transferred with alacrity and economy. The Union Pacific is the pioneer of the many roads now entering the city, and has several important branches connecting this point with the inexhaustible coal fields and mines of the territory. The first train rolled into Salt Lake in 1872.

Following the Union Pacific's completion came the Rio Grande Western —at that time a narrow-gauge connecting Salt Lake City with Denver, and completing a direct chain of travel and commerce with all points East. This road was finished April 23d, 1893, and with the Denver & Rio Grande has since become famous as the scenic line of the world. Passengers in either direction choose the Rio Grande Western for the marvels of scenery presented en route.



ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

On this route one passes through the fertile valleys of the Salt Lake and Provo Basins, the grand mountain cañons and gorges, Castilla Springs Resort, the desert east of Green River, with its awe-inspiring silences, its walls of weird, fantastic mountains (suggesting to the mind the famous description of the desert in "Ben Hur"), and the grand, majestic gateway at the entrance of the cañon, where two gigantic pillars of stone tower almost to the clouds, and are fittingly named "Castle Gate."

To meet the requirements of increasing traffic, and establish a through car service from Denver to the Pacific Coast, the Rio Grande Western was changed to standard gauge, and the first through train under the new arrangement reached Salt Lake on the 16th of November, 1890.



POST OFFICE BLOCK.

It now boasts of as thorough and complete equipment and fine rolling stock as any railroad in the United States, and makes the run of 716 miles between Denver and Salt Lake City in twenty-three hours.

There are several new roads likely to materialize in the near future, the two most important of which are the extension of the Great Salt Lake and Hot Springs Railroad to Coalville (which will bring coal in such abundance as to materially reduce the price to consumers) and the road to the Deep Creek Country, which is some 230 miles west of the city and is considered by experts to be a second Leadville. It is an undisputed fact that the building of the Deep Creek road will eventually lead to a new transcontinental line to the Pacific Coast.

The real estate market is in a healthful condition, the sales for the year amounting to $7,743,315. During the city's recent wonderful progress, many additions within the city limits were laid out and sold to home-seekers, so that many important resident districts have been added to the city proper. Perhaps the most successful of these has been "Darlington Place," which is situated on the bench to the east, overlooking the entire city and valley far away to the west and south, and affording one of the finest views of any location on the higher ground in the immediate vicinity of Salt Lake City. Here in 1890 was started the foundation of what is now one of the most popular residence portions of the city. House after house was reared with energetic rapidity. Then street-car companies, foreseeing the rapid growth of "Darlington Place," at once extended their electric lines on First and Third Streets, giving the residents a double service of rapid transit, which makes its homes eagerly sought for by intending purchasers or tenants. In two years this locality has grown from a few scattered houses to a thriving community represented by countless homes, every one of which has been built with an eye to the special comfort and convenience of its occupants. In each house may be found every convenience known to modern architecture and building. The residents of Darlington Place are now building in their midst their own church, and this will be formally dedicated ere these pages go to press. The promoters of Darlington Place have pursued a most judicious course in their operations, giving the option to buyers of building themselves, or furnishing their own plans, besides making the terms of purchase easy enough to suit all buyers. This, together with the choice location, is the keynote to the situation, and such is the present pop-



GARFIELD BEACH, GREAT SALT LAKE.

ularity of Darlington Place, that new buildings may be seen in all stages of construction from the foundation to the last finishing touch.

There have been so many great changes in the business district, as well as the residence part of the city, that it would be hard indeed to give an accurate statement as to the number of business blocks and fine residences which now grace this metropolis. A drive through the city will find the old landmarks gradually disappearing before the steady advance of improvements. The largest blocks recently completed are the Dooley, Commercial, McCormick, Zion's Bank, Hooper, Culmer, Dinwoodey, Constitution, Progress, Scott-Auerbach and Mercantile. The postoffice in the magnificent Dooley Block, is a model of completeness in every detail. The City and County building, already completed to the fourth story, is one of the finest and most elaborate structures in the West. There are sixteen banks, both national and private,



BLACK ROCK, ANTELOPE ISLAND.

twenty-six hotels, at which accommodations of any class, from the cheapest to the most extravagant, may be obtained, three hospitals, thirty benevolent societies, a Deaf Mute and Normal Institutes, Woman's and Orphans' Homes—in fact all the necessary auxiliaries of a large and thriving city.

Standing prominently at the head of the great commercial houses of Salt Lake, is the extensive and veteran establishment known as Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. The high character earned by twenty-five years of honorable business enterprise, the great resources and facilities accumulated and acquired during that time, the experience of the wants of the trade, gained by a long observation of its requirements, and the energy, business ability and liberality that characterize all operations of the house, command for it a most conspicuous and honored position among the mercantile institutions of Utah. This great establishment was founded on the plan of broad, liberal ideas, with the view of bringing the cost of the necessities of life down to a basis of reasonable prices. There is an old maxim commonly current in trade of "Live and Let Live." This corporation, however, thought that it could improve upon this old saying, and adopted the maxim of "Live and Help to Live." That it has been a decided improvement, thousands of the people of Utah testify to-day, in broad and unmistaken terms. The institution was originally organized



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



MERCANTILE BLOCK.

with a capital of $500,000—the stockholders comprising the most influential men of Salt Lake. The city was then nothing but a village, but the wants of its people were many and the supply was limited. Money was scarce and articles of necessity were dear. These public-spirited men realized that something had to be done to relieve the pressure upon the people. They banded themselves and their capital together and paid half a million in cash to establish the enterprise and buy goods. By this means the necessities were purchased at a lower figure than could be obtained on the credit system, and the consumer received the benefit of low prices. The progress of this institution has been remarkable. Inch by inch, and step by step, it has ascended the ladder of commercial fame, until it now carries a stock of $1,250,000, and the annual sales are between three and four million dollars. In addition to the huge establishment in Salt Lake the company has reached out its powerful arms and located branches at Ogden, Provo, Logan, Utah, and Idaho Falls, Id., all of which transact an enormous business annually. The institution is located in a large and magnificent iron and stone front building, with 165 feet frontage on Main street, and containing in all something over 153,000 square feet of floor space. The factory is a four-story and basement structure 50 by 165, provided with four boilers of eighty-horse power each, and two engines of 100-horse power. The factory turns out 500 pair of boots and shoes, and seventy-five dozen overalls daily. The drug department is separate from the main establishment and is filled with the largest and best selected stock to be found anywhere in the country. The establishment supplies nearly, if not all the necessities of life, and a majority of the luxuries also. In this vast institution 300 men and women are employed, and the pay-roll amounts annually to nearly $250,000. The twenty-fourth annual statement of April 1st, 1893, set forth by this corporation, shows its resources to be $2,126,156.92, with total cash receipts for the year of $3,100,232.76. A dividend of three per cent. is paid to the stockholders.

Prominent among the leading hotels is the "Knutsford," a magnificent, granite seven-story building which occupies something less than half a block, at the intersection of State and Third South Streets, and is under the able management of G. S. Holmes. This hotel was opened for the reception of guests, June 3d, 1891, and represents an actual outlay of $750,000. Centrally located, with both of the important street car lines passing the

west and south entrances, with accommodations comprising 250 guests' rooms, single or *en suite*, provided with every convenience known to modern times, it may well lay claim to the leading place among the finest hotels of the inter-mountain region.

A popular and elegant hotel is the "Manitou," just east of the "Knutsford," which under the present management bids fair to rival the larger and more pretentious hotels of the city. There is quiet, refined taste displayed in all the appointments of the "Manitou," and one might look in vain for a more pleasant room or suite of rooms than can be found within its walls. Immediately underneath the hotel, on the ground floor, are the Turkish baths. It is but fair to say that these compare favorably with any of which our largest cities on the Continent boast.

Diagonally opposite the great Mormon Temple and Tabernacle, with the historical points of interest of Salt Lake City all within a stone's throw,



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

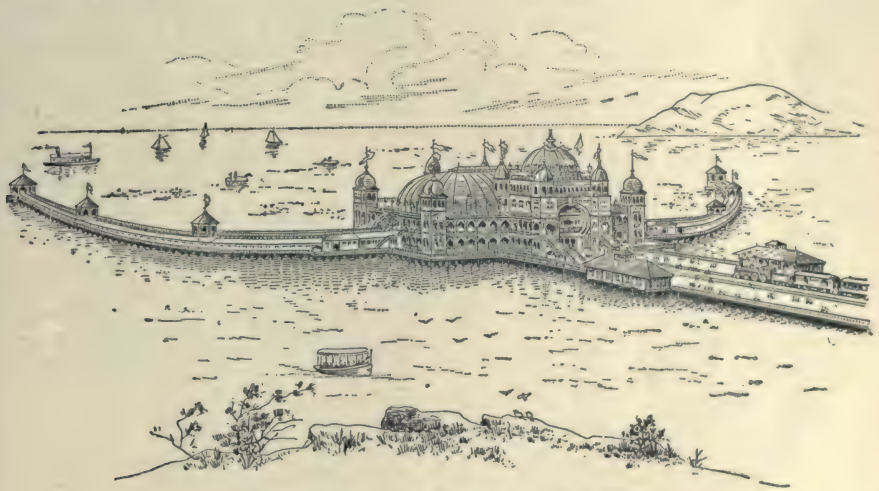
stands the "Templeton," a structure of architectural beauty, and another monument to the enterprise of the city's progressive citizens. This hotel at once established its place among the best, and its situation and elegant appointments make it a favorite with the traveling public. Electric cars passing the entrance connect with all depots and the various resorts and parks. The dining-room is situated on the top floor, and affords a magnificent view of the entire valley and the great Salt Lake.



HOTEL KNUTSFORD.

"The Morgan," one of the most attractive and conveniently constructed hotels in the west, has, since its opening, May 1st, 1891, made a host of friends, whose appreciation is testified by their constant patronage. Its appearance, indicative of solidity, is fully borne out by the sat-

isfaction afforded its guests. Its situation is most advantageous, electric car lines running from the door to all depots, and the many points of interest located in the city. Its situation in relation to central points of interest is well nigh perfect, the Temple, Tabernacle, Gardo House, Theater and Co-operative Store all being located from one to two blocks away. Every modern convenience that skill or science could invent or suggest has been incorporated in the hotel to add comfort and enjoyment to its patrons. The genial, homelike spirit that pervades the establishment is proverbial of Mormon hospitality. Strangers can rely upon being treated with the utmost courtesy, and the most inquisitive may here obtain all requisite information concerning almost anything pertaining to Utah.



SALTAIR, THE NEW RESORT ON SALT LAKE.

While on the subject of hotels, we must not overlook the "Grand." It is located on First South Street, in close proximity to the business center, on two car lines, and only two blocks east of Main street. Its large, well-kept lawns and beautiful shade trees give the place the air and appearance of an elegant private residence, which offers a pleasant domicile to its patrons, convenient to business, and yet almost at the verge of the handsome residence portion of the city, where the larger proportion of Salt Lake's representative citizens reside. The "Grand" is well worthy of its name, and its favorable situation makes it deservedly popular with the traveling public.

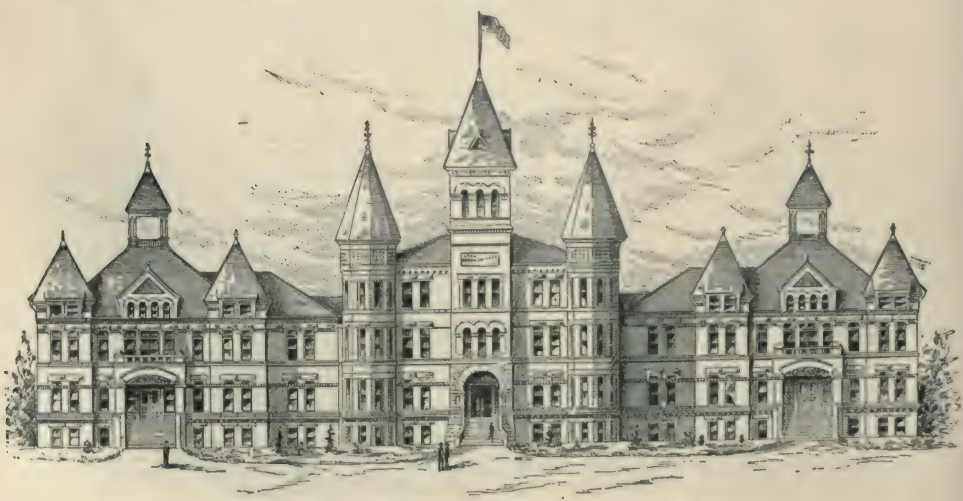
The recent completion and dedication of the Mormon Temple marks an important epoch in the history of the people of that particular faith. From the inscription on a beautiful art window of one of its upper rooms, we learn that the corner-stone was laid April 6th, 1853, by President Brigham Young and his Counsellors, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards. Forty years later, April 6th, 1893, the Temple was dedicated by President Wilford Woodruff, and his Counsellors, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith. There are at present three other Temples in the Territory—one at Logan, one at St. George and the other at Manti; but none of these, nor any former ones erected by the Mormons, approach the splendor and magnificence of the Salt Lake Temple. The exterior is of granite and the building covers an area of 21,850 feet. The figure of the Angel Morini, surmounting the central east tower, is twelve feet, five and

one-half inches in height. Numerous electric lights are placed on each of the six towers. It is impossible in this brief description to give one an idea of the exquisite beauty or the ingenuity and completeness of the appointments of the interior of the Temple with its grand stairways and marble floors; its baptismal font, supported by twelve life size oxen; its rich and costly furnishings, magnificent chandeliers and oil paintings; its Grecian columns, colossal, triple mirrors and jeweled windows. Hydraulic elevators in two of the west towers carry passengers to the various floors, and are in keeping with all the other elegant appointments of the Temple. The afternoon preceding the dedication day, invitations were issued to thousands of prominent Gentile citizens and their friends to inspect the interior, and those who availed themselves of the courtesy of the Church, will never cease to congratulate themselves that the opportunity was afforded them of viewing such an enchanting scene. It was the one and only time that any one outside the faith will ever gaze on the interior of this, to the Mormons, Holy of Holies.



JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

Our space permits but a casual allusion to the numerous home industries. Manufacturers in the East are waking up to the fact that we have enormous quantities of raw materials for manufacturing purposes, and it looks as though the next few years would place Utah in the front rank as a manufacturing center. There are many of them, and they are generally quite successful, some of them paying to their stockholders substantial dividends. Outside of our smelters and refineries, there are manufactories of all the ordinary articles of apparel and utility. There are also good job-printing offices and lithographic establish-



UTAH NORMAL COLLEGE AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.



RESIDENCE OF F. A. GRANT, DARLINGTON PLACE.

ments, and plenty of wide awake daily and weekly newspapers. An art glass factory turning out some of the handsomest designs to be seen in any part of the United States has been established. There are tanneries and furniture manufactories, paper mills, and the finest roller flouring mills, turning out all grades of flour from which crackers are made. There are good breweries, manufacturing beer from Utah malt and hops; wagon, carriage and machine shops, as well as brass and iron founderies, capable of turning out anything from a crow bar to a steam engine. Natural gas has been discovered several miles north of the city, and will in the near future serve its purpose in supplying cheap light and fuel both for domestic and manufacturing purposes. Nearly all the wells sunk indicate enormous pressure. The gas escapes with a great roar, and when ignited throws a flame forty feet in circumference and as high as 125 feet in the air. The American Natural Gas Company has secured franchises and is preparing to pipe the gas into the city. The many



THE MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.



ELIJAH GRIFFITHS' RESIDENCE.



RESIDENCE OF ERNEST G. ROGNON.



HOUSE OF JAMES A. ROBINSON.



EDWARD D. WOODRUFF'S RESIDENCE.



RESIDENCE OF E. C. COFFIN.



THE NEWELL BEEMAN HOUSE.

DARLINGTON PLACE RESIDENCES.



EAST TEMPLE STREET.

good nurseries, producing fruit, shade and ornamental trees and other plants are a feature of no little importance among our industries.

As Salt Lake City is more or less dependent on all industries, not only of those prosecuted within her own limits, but also of the tributary country, it will be interesting to note the agricultural progress of the Territory. Farming is carried on much the same as in the East, with the advantage of irrigation, which relieves the farmer of all anxiety as to the probability of rain to freshen his crops. There is never any danger of drought, and an official analysis shows that the irrigation streams of the Territory contain a higher percentage of nitrogen compound (the essential element of plant food) than does rain. This will partially account for the immense yields on irrigated lands.

Every variety of agricultural products of temperate regions thrive here, and many of those of the semi-tropical, developing to surprising size and perfection. There are immense fertile districts or valleys in Utah, where the plow has never entered, which only await the arrival of railroads and irrigation to develop them. The agricultural, stock-raising and manufactured products find a market in several



COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK.



CITY AND COUNTY BUILDING.

States and Territories. There are few of the necessaries of life that cannot be raised or manufactured here.



RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH F. BACHE.

The matter of education in Salt Lake City has been given the thoughtful consideration consistent with the importance of the subject. The Salt Lake City Board of Education was elected in July, 1890, pursuant to a statute of the previous March, consolidating the city into a single school district, and providing for the election of two members of the Board of Education created by the law, from each of the five precincts in the city. The Mayor was ex-officio President of the Board. The work of education the first year consisted in classifying the pupils, grading their work and establishing rules of procedure. The schoolroom accommodations were found to be lamentably deficient. The former system, which had laid the city off into twenty-two separate and independent school districts, had resulted in the building of small structures for the schools, and the accumulation therein of comparatively few of the school population.

In many of these schools tuition fees were charged. Naturally the school work was not as good as was desirable; but improvements were constantly made, so that by the close of the first school year the people were a unit in approval of the good work done by the Board. $600,000 was placed at the disposal of the board in the latter part of 1891. The greatest part of this has been expended on the development of the educational department of the city. In every district new, commodious and modern schoolhouses have replaced old ones, or are now in process of construction. Each scholar is furnished with all necessary books at the city's expense. It is in every sense of the word a free school system. The high school is equipped with a well-selected library and with the advantages the school possesses it is only the industry and proficiency of the student that regulates his promotion from the preparatory department to the senior graduating class of the high school.



DE GOLYER RESIDENCE, DARLINGTON PLACE.

In addition to the above enumeration we have the University of Deseret, accessible to all students of both sexes over fourteen years of age. Here may be received an education equal to that of any of the State universities in the country. It also embraces a mining department, a school for deaf mutes, an extensive library, an art gallery and various other auxiliaries. The languages are given special attention.



TEMPLETON HOTEL.

All Hallow's College and St. Mary's Academy for boys, and St. Mary's Academy for girls, were founded and are maintained by the Catholic Church. Their respective courses include every thing from the preparatory to the collegiate, besides bookkeeping, shorthand and stenography. Gymnastics and calisthenics are other features of importance.

The Latter-Day Saints College, maintained by the Mormons, the Salt Lake Academy by the Con-

gregationalists, Salt Lake Seminary by the Methodists, Collegiate Institute by the Presbyterians, St. Mark's and Rowland Hall, a first-class boarding school for girls, also admitting day scholars and controlled by the Episcopal Church, form, with those previously mentioned, a combination affording unsurpassed facilities for acquiring a first-class education. There are also kindergartens, manual training schools, two commercial colleges, besides numerous private schools. The Sunday schools are noted for their excellence and efficiency.

In addition to the Deseret Museum, there are the Deseret University Library, the Pioneer (one of the largest in the city,) Odd Fellow's, Firemen's and Salt Lake Free Libraries, embracing a choice collection of literature and a law library. All these are free, or accessible to responsible subscribers.

The Utah Normal College and Conservatory of Music, now in course of erection at South Brighton, a beautiful suburb of Salt Lake City, is a non-sectarian Normal Training School and Conservatory of Music for Utah and the inter-mountain country. The Board of Directors are Dr. R. A. Hasbrouck, President; J. C. Wolfe, Vice-President; J. W. Newbern, Secretary and Treasurer; W. T. Eddingfield, Principal of the Normal College, and C. F. Stayner, Director of the Conservatory. The building will be the largest and handsomest structure devoted to educational purposes west of St. Louis. It will be built of Utah stone and brick. In dimensions the college will be 248 feet front, 133 feet in depth, and four stories rising to a height of sixty-five feet, with a central spire ninety-six feet in height, and smaller spires on either end seventy-four feet in height. A clear title to a large amount of property immediately surrounding the college has been transferred to the association free of charge. In addition



HOOPER BLOCK.



THE GRAND HOTEL.

to this, large equities in over 2,000 fine building lots have been donated to the institution, and the sales and management of this property have been placed under the direct care and management of a Trustee, who acts under the supervision of the Board of Directors of the Association. The thorough and practical, and the teachers for each department, specialists. It is therefore a school for the masses, and one in which an education is placed within the reach of persons of limited means.

The Conservatory of Music is now in the second year of its existence—



ZION CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE INSTITUTE.

north wing of the building, consisting of twenty-seven rooms, and costing $25,000, is near completion, and the college will open in September, 1893. No expense or labor is to be spared to maintain one of the greatest non-sectarian training schools for teachers in the land. Owing to its connection with the already thoroughly equipped and well-established Conservatory of Music, musical advantages are open to all attending the College, as are the advantages of the College to those attending the Conservatory. The training in all departments will be modern, the attendance during the first year having exceeded the highest expectations. Each department is complete in itself and furnished with instructors of ability and years of experience as educators. A noticeable feature of the Conservatory, is that of enabling its pupils to progress rapidly, thoroughly, and artistically, by means of the understanding inculcated while beginning their studies. Its pupils are spared years of superfluous work, the degree of excellence not being lowered by reducing the time of study; and although many years can well be spent



RESIDENCE OF W. S. McCORMICK.

in the Conservatory, young teachers who can attend but for a few months, will find it greatly to their advantage to do so. No efforts will be spared to make this institution the most practical and useful one of its kind in America. Besides the fine College and Conservatory, now in course of erection in Brighton, there will always be a thoroughly equipped department near the business center of the city for the accommodation of those who may find it more convenient. This young, but live and thriving institution is the pride of Utah and the inter-mountain region.



McCORMICK BLOCK.

The social amusements of the city are pre-eminently refined, a fact notably demonstrated in the several literary, musical and athletic clubs. All first-class theatrical attractions stop at the city for from three to four nights. It is a matter of congratulation that only first-class companies can afford to make the long jump from Denver to Salt Lake City and San Francisco.

Among the resorts of Salt Lake City are Fort Douglas, situated on the eastern bench and affording an excellent view of the city, Liberty Park, whose drives are exceptionally fine, and the Warm Springs, two miles from the Temple, the waters



STATE UNIVERSITY.

of which come from the rock, 103° Fahr., and are beneficial in cases of rheumatism and kindred troubles. Two miles farther are the famous Hot Springs, possessing almost identical properties with those of the Arkansas Hot Springs. The attractions of the popular resort of Great Salt Lake are too well known to be dwelt upon. The buoyancy of the waters is wonderful. In either shallow or deep water one is able to float like a cork, holding the shoulders and head well out of the water. The waters themselves have many hidden virtues, such as curative powers in various nervous disorders, and a bath is a boon alike to the healthy and feeble. Ample provisions are made for the comfort



MORGAN HOTEL.



BOARD OF TRADE AND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

of the bather or spectator at Garfield Beach. Music, dancing and all sorts of amusements are provided. A new resort, the Saltair Beach, which boasts of one of the handsomest pavilions in the country, fifteen minutes' ride from the city, has just been completed and opened to the public. It will afford further accommodations for all who visit this glorious lake. The boat club have their boat house and headquarters at the lake, and a regatta is among the many attractions every summer.

There are many other attractive resorts hidden among the mountains whose rugged grandeur encircles the beautiful valley.

The cañons that break the mountain fastness are an inexhaustible source of gratification to the explorer. They are possessed of great beauty at all seasons of the year; in the spring when they are pervaded with that mysterious sense of awakening nature, when the birds are returning and the breezes are laden with a fresh, sweet odor more pungent than sandalwood and myrrh, in the summer when every tree, brush and bank is clothed



MANITOU HOTEL.

in the voluptuous effulgence of leaves and flowers, in the autumn when the gorgeous red brown, gold and orange sunset tints cast their glow over mountain and valley, and in the winter when white-frosted trees thrust their branches up from gulches deep with snow, and the fleet hare leaves the imprint of his little feet on its surface, betraying his home to the hunter. Far up in some of these cañons are summer camping-grounds, walled in by high stone barricades rich with granite. There among the dense foliage, by the side of the bounding ice-cold mountain streams, summer idlers build their cabins and erect their tents, forming little colonies where they may enjoy an uninterrupted siesta for weeks if they so desire. There are also hotels in some localities, hidden among the mountains in such picturesque wildernesses, that while one may find there congenial companionship among pleasure or health seekers, sportsmen or artists, he can also enjoy the utmost solitude where he may commune uninterruptedly with nature. Such are the environs of the thriving, prosperous and well-regulated metropolis of Salt Lake. The city may proudly lay claim to attractions and advantages possessed by few others, and the tourist, the invalid, the home-seeker, the artist will ever regard it as an ideal locality.



SALT LAKE CITY FROM PROSPECT HILL.



THE OLYMPIC RANGE BY MOONLIGHT.

IN THE SOUND COUNTRY.

BY HERBERT HEYWOOD.

PUGET SOUND is a large inlet, or rather a series of inlets penetrating the northwestern part of the State of Washington, with many islands, beautifully tree-clad and watered by lake and river — a harvest land for the farmer and the rancher, where a literal vine and fig tree could "crown a youth of labor with an age of ease." The Sound has a shore line of 1,843 miles, and is connected with the Pacific Ocean by the Straits of Juan de Fuca, which are eighty miles in length and vary from ten to fifteen miles in width. Numerous safe, roomy harbors indent the coast of Puget Sea, and the great ships are always going and coming in this "Mediterranean of the Pacific." Upon the shores are clustered cities and villages, although for the most part, the land is still waiting the hand of sturdy industry.

The islands of Puget Sound are of all sizes and degrees of interest, varying in extent from three and four to more than 30,000 acres, and when one has gone among them and sought out their hidden beauties, he will declare them to be the most attractive features of the Sound. The largest and most interesting is Whidby Island, named by Vancouver for Lieutenant Whidby, one of his officers. The island is nearly forty miles long and from one to ten miles wide; it is the prairie island of Puget Sound, nature with a deft hand having hidden in this forest wilderness 4,000 acres of prairie land. The superior cultivation of Whidby Island, its large tracts of agricultural country, are due to the fact that it is one of the oldest settled portions of the Sound. Camano

Island is held in dread by the Indians, for on Camano Head an encampment of 200 Indians was once wiped out of existence by the falling of a high projecting bluff. In the forty years that have followed, this catastrophe to their people has not been forgotten; no Indian foot has touched the island since; no Indian canoe has ever drifted near its shores. Then there is the mountain island, Fidalgo, which is in a prosperous state of cultivation, with productive, well-tilled farms. Its rocky beaches, with pebbled floors, are camping places that in the days of summer send out the ruddy blaze of camp-fires, and here, too, are caves and crevices like those of Nantasket. Just beyond lies Rand's Island, and then we come to Deception Pass. So calm and beautiful is the approach that it would seem at this spot 'twas said, "Here shall thy waves be stayed," when suddenly we are in the midst of a boiling, seething flood of water. Navigators used to avoid the dangers of this Pass by making their way through a slough between the mainland and Fidalgo; when the tide was in all went well—when it was out they found themselves fast in the mud.

After leaving Deception Pass a broad expanse of water opens into Rosario Straits, merging on the west into the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the passage to the Pacific Ocean. From the water's edge rise dark forests clothing in the varying hues of blue and emerald the islands of Lopez, Cypress, Blakeley, Decatur, Orcas, and many others. The San Juan Islands were once disputed ground. England claimed them as contiguous to Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, while the United States contended that the ocean channel of De Haro made them properly adjacent to our shores. The affair was adjusted by international arbitration, the decision being given in favor of our Government.

Pacific Avenue, the Broadway of Tacoma, is always a scene of great



CANOES AND TEMPORARY ENCAMPMENT OF CHINOOK INDIANS.

activity. Fine large business houses of stone, iron and brick, abound on either side and present an appearance of solidity eminently in keeping with the substantial progress of the city. A delightful morning ramble for the stranger is to walk down Pacific Avenue and along the water front. Once past the Northern Pacific R. R. Building which stands on an eminence as if to guard the city's approaches, the visitor finds himself on a long wooden sidewalk, with a railing at one side, at the right of which lie multitudinous railroad tracks, freight and lumber houses and acres of wharfage, while reaching out beyond are the waters of Commencement Bay, alive with craft of every description.

Standing on a high bluff jutting out into the sea are the rising walls of a mammoth hotel—the Olympian. The growing demands of tourists justify this structure which entails an outlay of nearly $1,000,000. The view from the site of this new hotel is superb. To the right are the flats upon which mills, lumber yards and various industries are located, and across the bay lies East Tacoma and the Puyallup Indian Reservation. Further on (for an area of sixty miles is spread about us) are groups of pine-clad hills, their ragged sky lines silhouetted against the pale blue mountains of the Cascade Range, while above all the dome of Mt. Tacoma rises majestically. Though encased in living glaciers and vast fields of ice and snow, a smouldering fire burns within this mighty mountain, and small clouds of steam are often seen resting upon its apex. A sight of the mountain is always impressive, whether it is seen rising spirit-like out of the mists of early morning, or tinted with the sunset glow of late afternoon.

Just how the controversy regarding the name of Washington's favorite mountain will ever be adjusted does not yet appear. Its 14,000 feet of grandeur rises high above its companions of the Cascade Range, and is distant some forty-five miles from Tacoma, and about sixty from Seattle.



LAKE SOUTHERLAND IN THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS.



THE OLYMPIAN HOTEL, TACOMA.
(Under Construction.)

The Cascade Range which takes its name from the waterfalls and cascades, ever leaping from its precipices or plunging down its gulleys, was discovered in 1792 by Vancouver, who named the highest peak, Rainier, in honor of the admiral of his fleet. Now Indian names have yet been discovered for Mounts Hood, St. Helena, Baker, *et al;* that the name Rainier has stood by right of discovery for nearly a century, and finally that one would as soon think of changing the names of Vesuvius and Popocatepetl

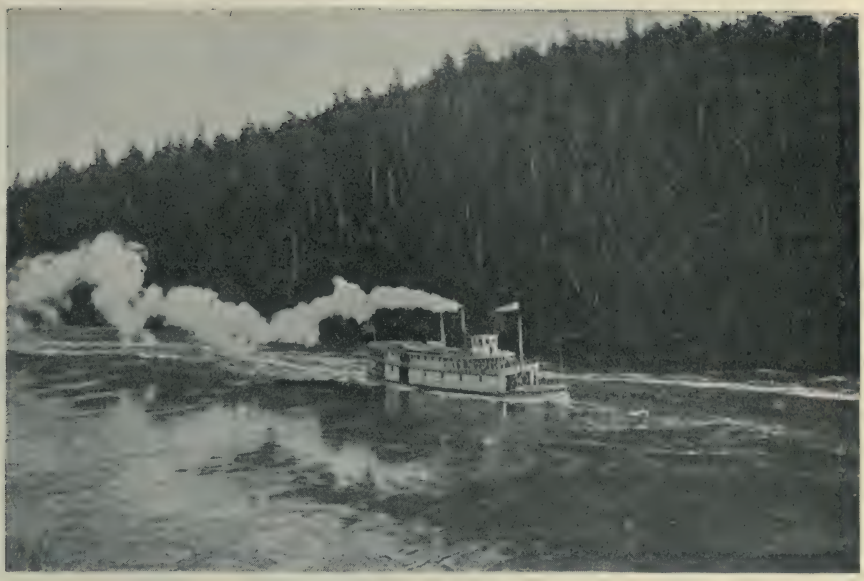


SNOQUALMIE FALLS.*

Tacoma people insist with a large measure of reasonableness, that Tacoma, or Tahoma, is the old Indian name for the mountain, that it is more characteristic of the region, etc., while Seattleites declare that no to Chicago and Philadelphia, as to call Rainier, Tacoma. The Board of Geographical Names at Washington, D. C., has lately decided in favor of Rainier. Seattle people regard this as a finality, but of course it is not.

The city of Seattle lies on a series of high hills gently receding from a

*See "The Land of the Moon," in the CALIFORNIAN for February, 1893.



DECEPTION PASS.

broad and beautiful inlet known as Elliott Bay. When one eventually finds his way through the city's streets, which are lined with handsome commercial buildings and residences, and stands on top of any one of the hills, the view is superb. Mt. Rainier lies snow-covered and serene to the south, while in the northwest the great chain of the Olympics, with its icy peaks and glaciers, shines out resplendent amid shadows of inimitable blue. To the north amid the pines are the beautiful lakes Union and Washington. Across the bay Port Blakeley, containing probably the largest saw-mill in the world, is recognized by its fires which burn incessantly night and day.

At the close of the hop-picking season the Chinook Indians engaged in the fields gather in the principal towns to lay in their stock of clothes and provisions. Their long, high-prowed canoes may be seen darting about the wharves filled with the result of their expenditures. Quantities of red, blue and yellow blankets forming the most gorgeous array of color are spread about, and with their gay costumes, the effect is weirdly picturesque. Formerly, before the Indians were so largely superceded by white pickers, the fleets which were always presided over by a scion of the royal line, and numbered from twenty to thirty canoes and from fifty to one hundred pickers, were a sight to behold. Then what a confusion and chatter of voices ensued when at last the canoes, loaded to the water's edge with siwashes, klootchmans, dogs, papooses, utensils and provisions, paddled away! Many of the Indians came from far away Alaska consuming months in transit. In fact it took them the greater part of the year to come down for the annual hop-picking which lasted a trifle over three weeks.

Angeline, the daughter of Chief Seattle is a familiar character about the streets of Seattle. She is said to be ninety years old and certainly looks every day of it. She is short, dumpy, blear-eyed; her face is a network of deeply furrowed lines and altogether she looks like a revivified mummy. But she carries her head high on her shoulders, walks with a firm step and helps herself without let or hindrance

to anything in the way of fruit or confectionery that happens to lie in her path. For many years it was said of her that on a certain occasion she saved the whites from massacre, but the story is now generally discredited. Old Seattle, Chief of the Suquampsh and allied tribes was always friendly to the white men, and his memory is much reverenced by the city fathers, who have erected a handsome monument over his grave on the Reservation near Port Townsend.



PRINCESS ANGELINE.

A trip to Olympia, the capital of Washington should not be omitted by the tourist who is bent upon "doing" the Puget Sound Region thoroughly. The city has a more settled and homelike aspect than most of the Washington towns, with its handsome residences nestling comfortably among the trees, and its fine hotel looming up prominently. Back on the hill the white-painted capitol with green blinds stands out in bold relief against the dark foliage, and but for the flag of freedom flung out to the breezes, might be taken for a New Hampshire meeting-house.

A ten minutes' ride on the Olympia & Chehalis R. R. will take you to Tumwater, the oldest town in Washington. Old residenters never tire of telling how "way back in '49" Col. Simmons led his daring company of explorers across the Columbia River and up the Cowlitz Valley, through dense forests and rugged mountain passes—two weeks of laborious travel to accomplish a distance of little more than fifty miles. To lovers of nature Tumwater is certainly a delightful retreat. The Deschuttes River at this point makes three separate plunges from a height of eighty feet or more, and these are interspersed with innumerable cascades of varying dimensions which dart out from the most unlooked-for places. Now the water tumbles over green, mossy rocks, and dashes with a terrific spurt against huge black logs which lie in wait to intercept it, and then it flows gently over smooth polished boulders; here there is a steady, forceful downpour, and there a delicate, trickling streamlet. Every point of observation, whether from the sawmill window, or the trestle bridge on the opposite bank—every step to the right or left reveals new beauties. And at all times the mills in operation lend the "hum and buzz" of their machinery to the rhapsody of the falls.

Space will not permit to tell of Anacortes, Whatcom, the beautiful Bellingham Bay and sundry other places which will well repay a visit.

Port Townsend is the seat of the U. S. Custom House. It has a magnificent harbor and from its high

bluff there is a fine view of snowy, glacier-clad Mt. Baker, which stands isolated and majestic in the strength of its mighty heart.

Having now given the reader an idea, however imperfect, of the wonderful scenic attractions of the Puget Sound region, let us consider its sources of wealth as they present themselves to-day.

When John McLoughlin, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and virtual ruler of the great Northwest, before the settlement of the boundary line between the United States and the British possessions, wrote to England that the territory in dispute "was not worth a war," he wrote wisely but not what he thought. He knew full well the capabilities of the land from the Columbia to the entrance of Puget Sound, but at the same time his foresight held up to him the mirror of the future and made him conscious that war would not affect the final issue; that the contest would terminate in the result that the rich country which had been his home so long would become a portion of the United States.

But whatever his political views were, or whatever high appreciation he might have entertained as to its intrinsic wealth, if he were alive to-day he would be astonished at the riches which an enlightened development has revealed. The story is told that Captain Gordon of the British navy, became a convert to McLoughlin's cautious creed, when he found that the salmon would not rise at the fly, and sailed away to England without even communicating with his admiral, and reported on the worthlessness of the disputed region.

Primeval forests above ground, mineral deposits in the bowels of the earth, and unsurpassed surface-yields to the agriculturist, constitute the grand natural resources of the country. Foremost among these is the great timber belt which extends northward from the Columbia River westward of the Cascade range of mountains, until it reaches the climax of its excellence in the Puget Sound District. From the shores of those waters, far up the slopes of the mountains, impenetrable phalanxes of Douglas fir (known as Oregon pine), white cedar and other valuable trees, await the woodman's ax to contribute to the requirements of an advanced stage of civilization; to supply the material for the construction of ocean-traversing ships, and for the erection alike of the poor man's hut and the palace of the millionaire.

No one who has not visited this region can form an idea of the denseness of growth of those magnificent trees—the Douglas fir and the spruce. So close together do they thrive in places, packed in supporting contact, that the explorer has difficulty in making his way between them, and the lumberman is often nonplussed as to which giant he shall first attack. Rising often to a height of 300 feet, with a diameter of from twelve to fifteen feet, these monarchs of the forest show clean, perpendicular shafts, over one hundred feet high, and so straight that a plumb-line, if it could be passed through their centers, would detect no deviation from the vertical. The timber of the Douglas fir is unsurpassed by that of any other of its kind on earth, and is only equaled by the world-renowned Norwegian pine.

It must not be supposed that the Douglas fir and spruce are without contestants for the soil. In those magnificent forests of the Puget Sound District there is variety. The hemlock and cedar, each claim a possessory right and grow in profusion, while white oak, maple, cottonwood, ash, alder and other varieties assert their lien on the land and are found in abundance.

Unless we appeal to statistics and reliable estimates that have been made by competent authorities, we are unable to realize the magnitude of the present and future lumber business in this region. During the last thirty-five years the aggregate cut has not

exceeded 5,000,000,000 feet of lumber, but the forest area that will produce a yield of 25,000 feet to the acre is so large that at a low calculation there still remain 155,000,000,000 feet for this and future generations to avail themselves of. These last figures represent the enormous sources of supply upon which the numerous lumbering mills on Puget Sound are drawing, and will be able to draw for many a decade to come.

Six years ago Governor Semple reported the capacity of the Puget Sound sawmills to be 344,500,000 feet annually, figures which may seem startling at first sight; but when we learn that three years later (that is, in 1890) the Port Blakeley mill alone turned out 69,000,000 feet of lumber and over 28,000,000 feet of laths, etc., we realize that the Governor did not over-estimate the output. In Tacoma there were no less than eight sawmills in full run last year, giving employment to 1,300 hands; the monthly pay-roll being over $65,000, with a monthly output to the value of nearly $175,000, the capital invested being $3,170,000.

The lumber produced in the sawmills of Puget Sound goes to all quarters of the globe, and few are the important ports in North and South America, in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia which do not receive consignments of Puget Sound lumber.

Although the plow is persistently following the ax in Western Washington, agriculture cannot at present be regarded as taking precedence of the mining industries. That there exist near Seattle almost inexhaustible deposits of iron ore of superior quality, called the Snoqualmie ores, has been known for years; but these great metallic beds are as yet undeveloped. The same may be said of gold, silver, lead and copper ledges in the Cascade Range. All the resources of a new country cannot be brought to the front at once. One must precede the other according to the laws of primary importance and facility of development. Thus it was that in Western Washington a mineral marched ahead of the metals.

The coal beds of Washington lie in five groups, namely: Carbon River Group, Green River Group, Cedar River Group, Squak Creek Group, including Raging River and Snoqualmie coal fields, Yakima and Wenatchie



A WASHINGTON LUMBER CAMP.

Group, and the Bellingham Bay and Skagit River Group.

The greatest portion of the output of the mines worked in these groups finds its way to outside markets through Seattle. In 1890, the average daily shipments through that port amounted to 1,000 tons, and they have greatly increased since then. Take for instance the production of coal at the Gilman mine. In 1890, it shipped to Seattle 70,965 tons; in 1891, the year of the strike, 53,931 tons; and in 1892, the shipments amounted to 102,105 tons. The output of the Carbon River Group of coal fields is shipped through Tacoma, more than 225,000 tons passing through that port last year. These beds lie on South Prairie Creek and Carbon River, tributaries of the Puyallup River. Three collieries are worked in this group, one of which, the Carbonado mine, is owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The Roslyn mine, worked in the Yakima and Wenatchie Group, is owned by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Railroad extension has lately afforded facilities for opening the vast fields of the Bellingham Bay Group, which is enormous in extent. It may be here remarked that the first shipment of coal from Washington was made from the Sehome mine on that bay.

Western Washington is not a great wheat producing country as is its twin, the Eastern half of the State. Oats, however, are raised in abundance, and vegetables and fruits grow so luxuriantly that in size many varieties of them can only be surpassed by California productions. To the Puget Sound country the goddess of fruit has been especially benign. Apples, pears, prunes, plums, cherries, apricots, and berries of all kinds are produced with marvellous success, the flavor of these fruits being exquisite. Bacchus, however, would fare badly here, if he had to wreath himself with native-grown vine-tendrels, and imbibe wine pressed from the Puget Sound grape. He would wish himself back in the gardens of the Hesperides; for the grapevine does not thrive about Puget Sound.

But there is a plant, that Bacchus probably knew not of; a plant that contributes to the production of a beverage which, in quantity as regards demand and consumption, far exceeds that of the numerous palate-tempting nectars manufactured from the juice of the grape; and that plant is the hop vine.

The first attempt at hop raising in Washington was made in 1866. In that year less than an acre was planted to the vine by Ezra Meeker near Puyallup. So large was the yield, and so remunerative were the proceeds that in the following year other agricultural experimenters in the new country followed Meeker as their guide to a new industry. Since then the cultivation of hops in Washington has assumed immense proportions. The hop crop in fact is the most valuable agricultural product of Western Washington. The hops of Washington are equal in quality to those of England and superior to those of any other country. About forty miles east of Seattle is situated the Snoqualmie Hop Ranch which may be regarded as the largest hop farm in the United States. It consists of 1,500 acres of rich alluvial soil, over 300 of whch are planted in the hop vine. It is an ascertained fact that all the lowlands bordering on the Sound were at one time under water, and that they consist of vast alluvial deposits of unknown depths, well-drillers having found that they were still in surface soil 144 feet below the top. This soil is of the richest character and enables the plant to produce enormous crops, and at the same time assures it great length of life. Some vines that have been planted twenty-five years are as healthy and vigorous as ever, while in other districts where the soil is thin the vines die out after four or five years of existence. The average yield under the circumstances is greater than that of any other country, while the



YOUNG INDIAN HOP-PICKERS.

expenses are naturally less. About 1,600 pounds to the acre is regarded as the average yield, though the hop yards not infrequently produce from a ton to a ton and a half per acre, and even the enormous crop of two tons has been known. The production of the Snoqualmie ranch averages nearly a ton to the acre.

In 1888, nearly 5,000 acres were planted in hops, the shipments amounting to about 42,000 bales, which sold at prices varying from twelve and one-half cents to fifteen cents a pound. The highest price ever received was one dollar a pound. That was in 1882, and in that year E. Meeker & Co., who are the principal growers, shipped $70,000 worth of hops from one farm. The year 1889 was not favorable to Washington hop growers, the yield and quality being inferior, while the abundant crops in other countries caused an unusual low range of prices; the market opening at seven cents per pound and slowly rising to eight cents, which is about the cost of production. The crop of 1890 amounted to 45,600 bales, while that of 1891 was about 44,000 bales. The year 1892 was disastrous to the Washington hop growers caused by the ravages of the hop louse, *Phodron humuli*. Previously the cultivators of the plant had had great reason to congratulate themselves on the freedom of their hop yards from disease and destructive insect life. Mould, blight and vermin were unknown, and there was every reason to hope that the soil and climate would permanently prove to be unfavorable to the residence of the last-mentioned pest. Unfortunately these hopes have not been realized. The *Phodron* made his appearance, and last year for the first time in the history of hop growing on the Pacific Coast the California production of the article exceeded that of Washington. The intelligent manner, however, in which the Washington hop grower is attacking the enemy by judicious spraying, etc., affords every expectation of victory over the destructive pest.

With such munificent supplies of timber and other materials suitable or necessary for manufacturing purposes, it is natural that the Puget Sound District will eventually become a great manufacturing center. Numerous branches of that class of industry are already represented at Seattle, Tacoma and other places, and they are constantly increasing in number and in value of plant. Ship-building alone has assumed very satisfactory proportions, as will be recognized by the fact that in 1892 the gross tonnage of vessels constructed on the Sound amounted to 3,600 tons, the value of the vessels being over $250,000. Of course the manufacturing of lumber far exceeds that of all other manufactured goods. Nevertheless there are car factories and smelting works, foundries and flour mills, and numerous other establishments employing a host of hands and represented by large capital.

Trade and commerce are in a very thriving condition and hold out great possibilities in the future. In the

Puget Sound cities large wholesale houses have been established, the annual business of some of which reaches well into the millions. The trade of the merchants of Western Washington extends from the Pacific Ocean to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and from the Columbia River to the Yukon. Nor is the foreign commerce behindhand, and it is not predicting too much in prophecying that Puget Sound is destined to become one of the great commercial marts of the world. To show how favorable the balance of foreign trade is to Washington, we quote the figures for the exports and imports of the Puget Sound Customs District for the first eleven months of last year. They were: exports $4,527,958, imports $679,847.

Looking, then, through a vista of these shades, we see the conquering hand of civilization coming—surely coming—when

> "This fine overplus of might,
> No longer sullen, slow and dumb,
> Shall leap to music and to light."

STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY H. VAN ALLEN FERGUSON.

The storm sits at the organ,
 Whose dusky pipes are trees,
And sweeps the leafy keyboard
 As players sweep the keys
When groin'd roofs of cathedrals
 Shake with the harmonies.

Play on, O wild musician;
 Touch the responsive keys,
And make the huge pipes tremble
 With ravishing melodies!
I feel the zealot's rapture,
 I know his ecstasies!

Boom, bronze bells of the thunder,
 As when the Host invites
Man's kneeling adoration
 Before the altar lights—
The mystic, waxen planets,
 That wink in perfum'd nights!

What are the fanes and altars
 That bow before Time's rod?
This is the grandest temple
 That Levite ever trod—
This vast psalm best expresses
 The majesty of God!

GOING ASHORE IN GUATEMALA.

BY DE WITT C. LOCKWOOD.



IT WAS a clear, sunlit morning in late September when the *Acapulco* steamed slowly into port at San José de Guatemala. The "breaking waves dashed high" and with tremendous force upon the beach, and the red and brown roofed houses of the little coast town could be seen clustering invitingly among groups of cocoanut and banana trees. In the distance the volcanoes of Del Agua and Del Fiego were outlined against the sky in a delicate, shadowless blue.

There is no harbor at San José and passengers and cargoes are debarked in open sea. We had no sooner cast anchor than the ship began to careen from side to side in a most uncompromising manner. She went over on the port side until it seemed as if everything and everybody would slide into the scuppers if not into the sea, and then righting herself for an instant she rolled down on her starboard side, and this stupendous see-saw was maintained for the entire thirty-six hours we lay at anchor. It is said that the force of the sea is greater here than at any point on the Pacific Coast. It is certainly true of that portion lying between Panama and the Straits of Juan de Fuca; and how to make a landing in such a heavy sea was the problem which presented itself to the untutored minds of those of us who were bent upon going ashore.

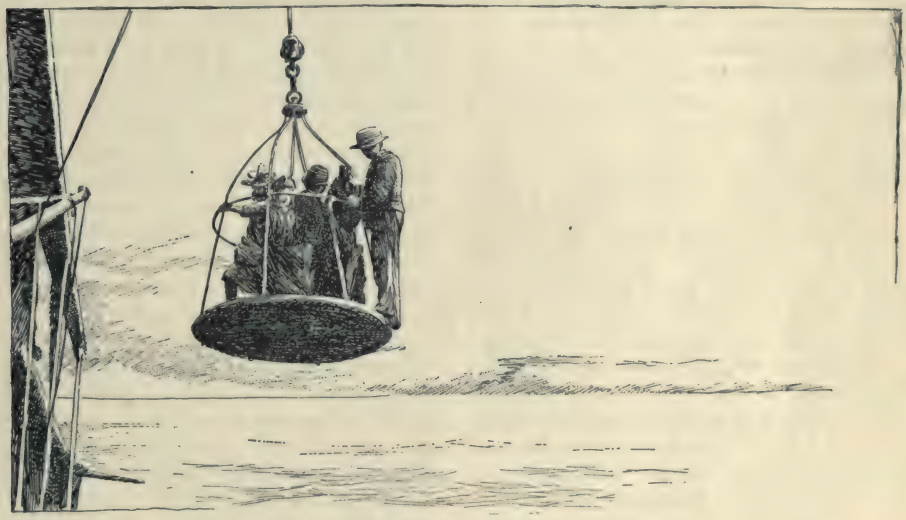
Shortly after the *Acapulco* had cast anchor a lighter put off from shore and bore down upon us. It was manned by ten brown-skinned, barefooted, bare-headed natives who stood upon the seats of the boat and handled their immense oars apparently in the most indolent and haphazard manner. We clung to the guard-rail of the ship, as though it was the only thing on earth worth clinging to, and watched the approach of the cumbersome craft. As it drew near, one of two results seemed inevitable. The boat would either crash into our ship, or missing that calamity, shoot so far to leeward as to be of no practical use to us for some time to come. While we were wondering which event was most likely to occur, the lighter darted past the ship's bow, and by a sudden, swift pull on the part of the oarsmen (they evidently knew much more than we had given them credit for) was soon hauled up on our starboard side. Then with the aid of a couple of hawsers the stranger was made fast to the big ship. The two craft did not get on well in their enforced companionship—the *Acapulco* continuing her swaying from side to side in long, steady sweeps while the lighter bobbed about like a cork.

The captain now informed us that the opportunity of going ashore was at hand, and in a few moments all were assembled on the main deck. Here we found a chair with numerous ropes attached to it, in which with the aid of a dummy engine we were to be lowered to the barge. We seated ourselves one at a time in the chair, and at a given signal were swung out from the ship and dropped into the smaller boat. It was a tedious process. At last, however, the barge was loaded to the water's edge, and casting off from the ship we made a bee line (I am not sure that the phrase is strictly nautical) for an immense wharf which jutted out from the shore.

It was a long pull and a strong pull before we reached our destination, and plenty of time was afforded us to investigate the contents of the barge. A queer lot we certainly were. Besides the Americans of our own particular party, there were well-dressed Mexican men and women; Guatemalans in all varieties of costume—the senoritas with lighted cigarettes between their lips or fingers; there were wretched negroes and Indians with barely sufficient clothing for their bodies—some were carrying pet monkeys and parrots; there were a number of children delighted or frightened as the case might be; there were dogs and trunks and provisions and baskets and bundles filling in every inch of available space. In short, we looked like a crew who had saved what they could in a hurried escape from shipwreck.

Arriving at the wharf the boat bumped close to a forest of iron girders against which the giant waves dashed furiously and were churned into masses of white foam. With great difficulty the lighter was made fast to the wharf. Then an iron crate much like a canary bird's cage on a large scale, and capable of holding a half-dozen people, was swung out from the wharf by a derrick, where it hung above us like some huge monster ready to swoop down at any moment and bear us away.

Meanwhile the ocean rolled in with tremendous force. Each advancing wave bore us high upon its crest, so that one moment our heavily freighted craft rose to a level with the floor of the wharf, giving us just time enough to exchange glances with the crowd in waiting when down we fell for forty feet or more. This performance was repeated several times; then a cry of warning was heard and the iron cage dropped into the boat upon a pile of merchandise.



"ONE MOMENT, PLEASE; LOOK PLEASANT!"

A scramble now ensued among the passengers and in a very short space of time six of them entered the cage, were borne aloft and deposited in safety upon the wharf. As the waves surged back and forth the taut hawser—that one of the two by which the boat was secured to the wharf—shivered and groaned as it tightened under the severe strain, while the other wet and dripping squirmed among the miscellaneous cargo like a sea-serpent; and when its turn came to hold us in check,

heads were adroitly ducked under to avoid accident. One old Peruvian gentleman lost his hat during a scurry of this kind, whereupon he coolly opened his valise, took from it a clean white towel, enveloped his head in it, and then carefully pinned the two ends snugly under his chin.

When it came our turn to be hauled heavenward we held on to the iron bars of the cage, and our hearts beat quickly, especially at that supreme moment when, just before swinging inward, we hung suspended in mid-air high above the roaring sea. A young man stood on the wharf with his "detective" in hand and above the tumult of wind and wave we could hear him calling out:

"One moment, please; look pleasant!"—and the camera had claimed us for its own. Once safely ashore it was great sport to watch the others. Some of the women, and men too for that matter, were pale with fear, but most of the passengers enjoyed the excitement thoroughly.

We now dropped into an eating-house near at hand but failed to make a favorable impression upon the proprietor. It was nearing the hour of his noonday siesta and no amount of entreaty or money would induce him to deviate from his daily practice. He could not understand why anybody in his right mind should wish to ramble about the streets in the middle of the day, and it is a favorite saying among the natives that "only dogs and *gringos* go out at noonday."

We went into several cafés and restaurants but it was always the same: "*No, señor; nada de comer.* Nothing to eat."

"For my part," said one of the party in desperation, "I am just about starved; I could eat a buzzard." But even that privilege was denied him and the rest of us as well. Not but that there were enough to go round. In every direction we could see the ugly black birds with feathers askew flapping their scrawny wings among the cocoanut trees and house tops, or walking the streets with a mincing, awkward gait. But here as in most southern countries buzzards are utilized as street scavengers and it is against the law to kill them. At one time during our walk three of these wretched creatures joined us, evidently trying, as some one suggested, to palm themselves off as members of our party.

We were finally advised to apply at a hotel farther up the town, and starting in the direction indicated we had a delightful walk of a mile or more. The vegetation on every side was luxuriant and beautifully green. There were jungles of gigantic ferns and bamboos, and sometimes we came upon pools of water in which gorgeous blossoms of the *tilandsiac* and crimson azaleas were reflected with marvelous distinctness. There were mahogany, mango and *mata-palo* trees, among which the bamboo, or *coyles* houses with roofs of palm leaves nestled cosily and looked delightfully cool and inviting. Just beyond the town were *fincas* of coffee, tobacco and sugar cane, while way in the distance the conical peaks of the twin volcanoes rose far to skyward, and even as we watched them seemed to change color in the soft atmosphere from an exquisite blue to that of a delicate emerald green. Occasionally iguanas, which are regarded by the natives as a great delicacy in the way of food, were frightened from their noonday sunning and wriggled off into the slippery grass.

We met several Indian women dressed in white with blue shawls over their shoulders and baskets or water-jars on their heads. They looked exceedingly picturesque in their simple attire and always greeted us with smiles and a gracious "*Buenos dias, señores; buenos dias todos.*"

Finally the hotel was reached and after a five-minute search we found the proprietor. He was stretched out at full length in a hammock and looked bored to death at the very sight of us. We made known our wants without hesitation and for a

full minute the man stared at us in blank amazement. Then when he realized the full extent of the task we were about to impose upon him his muscles relaxed, and he sank down farther in his hammock, a picture of abject misery. After a while he recovered his voice and insisted over and over again that there was n't a thing to eat in the whole house. For a while our case appeared hopeless. But we finally hit upon the happy plan of naming over various articles of food separately, and pinning the man down to a positive *si* or *no* as to whether he had, or had not, that one particular commodity about the premises. The poor fellow fairly writhed under this severe cross-questioning, but in every instance confessed in the affirmative; and so, realizing at last that there was no possible escape he set about his unwelcome task.

While waiting for breakfast some of the gentlemen played billiards on a three-legged table, while the rest of the party amused themselves by drinking lime-ade and watching the antics of a spider monkey which ran up and down a long rope that was suspended from the ceiling of the veranda.

In about an hour breakfast was served and this is our bill of fare :

Oranges.
Rolls (without butter).
Soup of Eggs and Cheese.
Stewed Beef with Lime Juice.
Pickled Ham.
Tortillias.
Alligator Pears.
Fried bananas.
Boiled Eggs.
Omelette with Vegetables.
Pisco (wine).
Native Cheese.
Coffee.

When the meal was ended we visited the market. This is one of the things to do upon arriving at a coast town. All the products of the country roundabout are for sale at the markets, and it was always a delight to leave the glaring sun and heat outside, and step into these low-roofed buildings with their cool pavements and shadowy corners, and wander among the queer people and queerer merchandise with which the places are crowded. The market at San José was no exception to the rule. Of course we bought some shells, and odd-looking fans, which the natives used to blow their fires with; some dolls and *tulanios*—curious carved utensils employed in making froth on cups of chocolate; some miniature water-jars, and then we wandered out upon the main plaza.

The plaza was bordered with some of the tallest cocoanut trees we had ever seen, while in the center of the square was an immense tree known as the ceiba. Attracted by some music, we walked in its direction, and stopped in front of the house from which the sound proceeded. A man saw us coming and very cordially invited us in. He wore a white garment which was very short in the arms and legs, and might have been taken for a bathing suit, except for the very apparent fact that it had not been near the water for a long, long time.

Once inside the house we found a number of people assembled. They nodded and grinned at us familiarly, as though it was only a few years ago that we were all girls and boys together. Three men were playing upon a *marimba*. This instrument is like the zylophone, except that a series of wooden pipes, which produce a mellow, droning sound, are inserted beneath the keyboard. The performers beat upon the instrument with sticks which have heavy knobbed ends. The interior of the hut was picturesquely dirty. The furniture consisted of a bed (merely a long box filled with dirt), a cot, over which a piece of bright yellow matting had been thrown, and several canvas camp chairs, very much soiled, and laboring apparently under some organic trouble which prevented us from relying with too much confidence upon their support. A canopy of cobwebs, probably the accumulation of years, was suspended from the palm-leaf ceiling.

Later on the *marimba* was brought out of doors and one of the gentlemen, in company with a smiling senorita, who wore a clean white dress and had a mass of glossy black hair, danced the *panuelo*. The natives were highly entertained. They gradually emerged from their doorways and laughed as though the performance was the drollest one they had seen for many a day. In this instance evidently they felt quite repaid for the loss of their mid-day slumber.

Just as we were about to leave our new friends, we heard a shout, and two lads, scarcely more than ten years of age, dashed down the street on horseback in close pursuit of a bull. They disappeared in a cloud of dust.

We now wandered back to the wharf and sat for some time in front of the Custom House, watching with untiring interest the immense waves which were still rolling in on the beautiful beach. Each wave as it approached, made a noise like a gathering whirlwind; then with a thunderous roar, it burst into a shower of spray, and for moments afterward the air was filled to a great height with glistening particles of water.

It was time now to embark for the ship, so we walked to the end of the wharf and found our cage in readiness. We were swung out and dropped into the launch without mishap. But we were barely seated when a wave of unusual violence bore in upon us and propelled the launch forward with such force that one of the hawsers with a loud report burst in two. It was a critical moment. Our oarsmen with two exceptions were still on the wharf, and these two were entirely unequal to the calamity which threatened us; should the remaining rope give way nothing could prevent the boat being cast far upon the beach. Fortunately, however, another rope was flung from the wharf with all possible haste and we were once more made secure.

"What a magnificent view could be had from the top of one of those volcanoes!" exclaimed an enthusiastic member of our party when we were once more safely on board the ship.

"Yes," returned another with a laugh; "and we should probably be up there now enjoying it, if that other rope had given 'way."

A SILHOUETTE.

BY HELEN RACHEL ROBB.



"US AIN'T SHU NUFF SLAVES US BOANED FREE."

YES, sah, I war boaned free. I's mighty proud o' dat fac'. Heap o' niggers 'bout hyah 'sputes hit but I knows dey's jes' coveshus. Fah back's I kin min', my brudder Ephum war allus tellin' me, "Us ain't shu nuff slaves, us boaned free; an' de good Lawd gwine ter sen' de Yeah o' Jubilee, an' us'll be de fus ter go out o' bondage." An' when daddy come, him telled us 'bout what us us'ter be in de Noaf.

My poh ole daddy! He hed pow'ful bad luck an' he's plumb woh out. Meldy an' me's makin' him's easy's we kin, but he grieves mightily. When de colahed people comes in frum de fiel', dey gathers, an' he talks to 'em; an' he kin talk finer'n airy preachah I eber come up on yit. He reads out'n de Bible an' 'splains hit ter us, an' many a one's 'sperienced 'ligion in dis hyah cabin. He kin read writin' readin', 's well's readin' readin', an' ef any o' de colahed people gits lettahs, dey brings em ter daddy ter read foh 'em —love lettahs mos'ly dat de gals gits frum der sweet'arts.

Heap o' times he tells us 'bout dat big, good Noaf kentry whar us libed. Hit war in Fayette County, Illinois, an' dey was daddy an' mammy an' us chilluns—Ephum, him de biges', den Alex, an' den me (li'l Caleb me war den,) an' las' de baby li'l Lily Bell. Dat li'l gal war de puttes' ting ye eber laid eyes on, wif smoov skin, an' sof', curly har, an' big eyes shinin' like blackberries soon in de mawnin' when de jew's on 'em. She war jes' like a graven image. I kin shet my eyes now an' see de house us libed in's plain's I kin dis hyah cabin when dey's open,—jes' heah'n tell 'bout hit. Hit war painted white, shu nuff paint, none o'yer nigger whitewash 'bout dem times. Dey war a gallery in front, wif vines runnin' up, makin' hit cool an' shady in de hottes' day; an' a flowah yard in front o'dat whar de posies blowed putty much all de yeah, I reckon; an' a walnut tree 'longside de gate, whar us gethered nuts when de fros' come. Inside de house hit war all fixed nice like white folks'. Dey war a shu nuff kyarpet on de fron' room, an' dey was a big, sof', white bed, wif a li'l one under hit what dey call a trinnel bed dat dey pulled out at night an' de chilluns slep' in. 'Twixt de winders was a stan' wif a big Bible layin' on hit, an' de winders hed white curtains. Hit war a fine house, an' us war's happy's 'possums in 'simmon time.

Daddy hearn tell a heap 'bout a place what dey call Californy. De folks tells him hit war mos' like de New Jerusalem, wif streets o' shinin' gol' an' rocks o' gol' rollin' roun' in de roads, lookin' like dey war beggin' folks ter pick 'em up. An' dey say enybody 't hed a min' ter could go dar an' git 'em, kase nobody did n't claim 'em moh'n nobody else; so all ye hed

ter do war ter go dar an' take yer sack an' fill hit up wif dem gol' rocks an' tote hit long back home, an' den ye could lib like a king arter dat. Daddy hed ter woak tolable hard, an' he kep' thinkin' dis hyah was a good chance fer him, so him an' mammy would n't hev ter woak s' hard, an' so dey could give de larnin' ter der li'l chilluns. Mammy war sorter skeered when he talked 'bout gwine, for she hearn tell how hit war a long way ter Californy; but he got so he war plumb sot on hit.

Dey was a big crowd o' men gwine, mos'ly white men, an' some on 'em hed hosses what dey was carryin' long ter sell arter dey got ter Californy, an' daddy got a job at 'tendin' de hosses.

De day dey lef', us goed ter town 'long 'o daddy ter see 'em off, mammy cryin' mos' all de way. De hul town turn out an' goed wif 'em till dey struck de pike. Daddy he kissed us all an' de las' one li'l sis, dat putty Lily Bell. He say ter mammy not ter take on so, fer he'd soon git back an' den her an' li'l sis' an' us li'l boys'd ride in a gol'n chariot. Dey war a ole preachah dar what prayed fer 'em, an' ax de Lawd ter bless 'em an' bring 'em back safe. Den dey was parted, an' de Scripter was filled—one was tuck an' anudder was lef'. Dem what was lef' goed back home, de wimmen folks a cryin' an' de men folks lookin' like dey wanted ter turn tracks de udder way.

Dey was a long time gittin' ter Californy. Dey start in de spring o' de yeah, an' de snow was on de groun' when dey sot foot in dat lan'. Dey had a hard time, shu, in dat jauney. Some o' de men tuck a sort o'fevah, an' foh on em died an' war burried in dat lonesome place what dey call a dezerd, wif nobody to preach de fun'el. Lots o' hosses died an' lots moh turned lame on 'em. An' at las', when dey was gittin' nigh de een' o' der jauney, dey like ter stahve ter deff, fer der rations mos' gin out. Daddy ses many's de day he's walked 'long, drivin' a drove o' lame hosses, so hungry he mos' drapped in his tracks, his head achin' til hit 'peered like ef ye'd tech hit, hit'd bus' like a moh'n ripe pumpkin, de sun blazin' down on him an' his feet like two big blistahs in de burnin' san'—nary tree no whars, nuthin' but san' an' sun. He ses look like he'd go plumb 'stracted when he'd think 'bout settin' on de gallery at home, in de cool o' de evenin', wif de win' blowin' 'twixt dem green vines, an' Lily Bell a layin' in his arms, so quiet like she allus war, an' mammy gittin' suppah, an' de smell o' de bacon an' de cracklin' bread comin' tru de winder, jes nuff ter make him hungrier. When daddy think like dat, look like his senses war gwine frum yim, shu; but he nevah die ner go 'stracted, but jes kep on 'crost dat red hot dezerd, long sight wusser off'n de Chillun o' Isr'l.

At las' dey come ter dat ar Californy Promis' Lan'. But dey warn't no gol'n streets dat daddy eber seed, an' dey warn't no gol' rocks layin' roun'. Him and some moh men goed ter diggin fer 'em up on a big mountain whar de snow war piled higher'n a man's head. He come on a li'l now an' agin, but nothin' long side o' what he'd hearn tell on. How he wanted ter git home! He ses de good Book ses dat de love fer gittin rich am de bigges' root o' de tree what bears all de bad doins dey is in de worl', an' he's 'sperienced de truf o' dem words.

De snow got so deep dey could n't git nowhars ter git rations, and dey like ter stahve agin. Daddy ses he'd bin glad ter quit livin', but stahvins a drefful hard road ter turn off by. Fer tree mon's he neber sot teeth on nary bite o' bread, ner nuthin' but fresh meat what they'd kill; fer what li'l meal dey was, was priced at two dollahs fer a poun' weight, an' a han'ful o' salt was wuth a han'ful o' gol'. But he kep' a diggin' an' a delvin' when he warn't moh 'n able ter stan' on his feet, an' come spring o' de yeah he war gittin' 'long tol'ble fair, an' sorter spunked up an' kep' thinkin' ef he goed on like dat, meby de

day'd come when he'd hev nuff ter carry him home. Hit made him feel right strong ter think dat away. Rations warn't so spenshus den, an' dey all livened up. But d'rectly hit begun a rainin' stiddy, an' de snow what'd bin pilin' up on dem mount'ns, hit melt, an' de li'l branches was turned ter rivahs an' come tearin' down de mount'ins like teams o' run-away mules, plowin' up ebery las' ting 'ception de solid rocks. All daddy's woak o' dat turrible wintah stood plumb in de way o' one o' dem gallopin', smashin-up rivahs, an' arter hit hed done goed by, better b'lieve dey warn't no great sight ob hit lef'. He could n't 's much's fin' de spot whar he'd woaked an laid dem plans 'bout gittin home. Dat war 'fliction, shu!

He tried ter go ter diggin' agin, but he neber hed no luck ner no heart fer hit, so he guv up an' got a job at makin' brick, an' woak at dat stiddy fer a full yeah. Den he ses ter his sef how he war gwine ter start back home, 'crost dat dezerd, ef he nevah got mohn'n ten mile 'foh he died. Arter a spell he hearn tell on a white man what was hirin' han's fer woak on a big ship, an' he got a job at shovelin' coal on hit. He war on de big ochun an' he hed to woak pow'ful, but he nevah min' dat fer he war comin' home, an' he war jes's happy at dat 's ef he'd bin layin' in de sun chawin' on sugar cane all de time. He could n't har'ly wait fer de ship ter git ter New Yawk. Dat was de name o' de town whar he lef' de ship an' struck out fer home. He kep' won'rin ef de chilluns'd growed much an' ef dey'd ricolec' him. Agin an' agin when he war trampin' acrost de kentry, woakin' a day now an' agin ter git rations, he'd plan how he'd meet us. At las' he struck de pike dat run 'long nigh home, an' look like den he'd got ter run, an' he neber stop ter eat nuthin dat day. He knowed he'd git dar long in de cool o' de evenin' an' likely de chilluns 'd be playin' undah de walnut tree by de gate, an' he kep' won'rin ef dey'd come runnin' ter meet him, an' ef Lily Bell warn't big nuff ter run wif de res'. Den he think how mammy 'd come ter de doah, heahin' de chilluns a yellin', an' how glad she'd be, an' he'd say, "Keziah, hyah's yer ole man, but I aint brung no gol' back frum Californy; all I's brung 's my ole bones, an' dar aint much meat lef' on 'em. I's hed pow'ful bad luck, but I's gwine ter woak right long hyar at home, an' I kin make a livin' fer ye all, an' we aint neber gwine to part no moh." Den he think how dey'd all go in so happy, an' mammy'd git suppah, an' de neighbors'd come in moh'n likely, hearn tell how he'd come back, an' he'd tell 'em 'bout Californy an' what he'd 'sperienced dar.

When he lef' de pike an' struck 'crost de fiels' he knowed ebery step o' de way, an' he soon come in sight o' de house. He could see de walnut tree, but dey warn't no chilluns playin' undah hit; but he ses to his se'f how meby de chilluns war down to de branch a fishin'. When he come nigh he neber see nobody roun', an' hit did n't look nohow like hit uster. Dey warn't no flowahs in de yard, an' de vines war broke down off'n de gallery, an' de gate war hanging on by one hinge. De place look mighty desolate, but he thinks how he'll fix hit all up nice agin. When he goed up de steps he war mighty flustrated, an' he stood a good bit tryin' ter sorter quiet down like. He ses how he would n't open de doah an' go in, fear o' skeerin' mammy, so he rap, an' look like his heart rap louder'n his han'. D'rec'ly a woman daddy neber seed 'foh opened de doah. He war so tuck back he jes' hed bref nuff lef' ter say, "Whar Kezia Merrifiel?" De woman, she ses, "Kezia Merrifiel haint libed hyah fer a yeah come nex' month. Her an de chilluns goed off, an' nobody haint neber hearn tell on 'em since."

My poo' daddy! He neber min' nuthin' moh arter dem words fer a

long spell, an' he ses dey telled him he war out 'n his head fer's much's a yeah. When he come back ter his right senses he war in de poo' house, but he warn't gwine ter stay dar; he laid off ter fin' his fambly ef hit tuck him all his life.

Ephum's many a time telled me how us come to leave dat ar Fayette County, Illinois. He ses dat daddy lef' mammy some money, but hit soon goed. She washed an' hired out cookin', an' Ephum an' Alex dey woak de gyarden in de summah time, but us got woser an' woser off, an' heap o' times dey warn't nuffin fer us ter eat, an' me an' Lily Bell 'd cry kase us so hungry, an' mammy 'd cry too kase she could n't git nuffin fer us. Dey was sumpum de mattah wif Lily Bell; peered like her li'l legs was sorter weak so she could n't neber stan' on 'em. Mammy'd try ter learn her ter stan', but dem li'l legs'd jes' double up like dar warn't no bones in 'em. Mammy she wanted ter carry her ter de doctah, but doct'rin' takes money. Us uster tote her roun', an' I reckon us lobed her moh'n ef she could a walked her own se'f.

Arter a long spell a white man what goed to Californy de same time's daddy, come back, an' he ses how daddy war daid. He sayed he nevah seed him, but a man as helped ter bury him telled him 'bout hit. Den mammy she knowed she mus' go somewhars ter git moh woak ter do, an' while she war plannin' dat away a white gen'l'man come 'long one day an' axed fer a drink o'watah an' could he res' a bit on de gallery. He war nice spoken an' he ax her 'bout her fambly an' she up an' tol' him 'bout daddy gwine ter Californy an' dyin', an' how she war layin' off ter go somewhars ter git woak so's she could bring up her chilluns nice an' give 'em larnin'. He sayed hit war lucky fer her he'd stopped by dat day fer he war jes' lookin' for a good woman fer a housekeepah. Him an' his wife was gwine off on a tower an' dey wanted somebody dey could trus' ter take keer o' dar house. He sayed she could bring all de chilluns 'long an' dey'd all hab a good home an' meby he could git woak fer de boys. Mammy she axed him whare he libed at, an' he telled her de name ob de place, an' hit war a town in Illinois, not fur off. He goed away an' sayed how he'd come back de nex' day ter know would she go. Ephum ses mammy cried a heap, thinkin' 'bout gwine off frum home, but looks like dar warn't nuffin else fer her ter do, an' de gen'l'man so pleasant spoken, peered like he mus' be tellin' de truf, so nex' day when he come back, she sayed she'd go 'long wif him.

She selled out ebery ting she had on de place, fer de gen'l'man say how



"DEY WAR N'T NO FLOWAHS IN DE YARD, AN' DE VINES WAR BROKE DOWN—"

she would n't need 'em no way ; an' de nex' week us all lef', gwine on a rivah in a big boat, an' de gen'l'man him on de boat too. Us li'l boys was so glad ter be a gwine somewhars, us war all de time gigglin' an' cuttin' up shines, but mammy sot wif de tears a runnin' down her face mos' all de time, an' Lily Bell laying in her lap, still an' sweet. Us war on de boat for a day an' a night. Den de gen'l'man he come ter mammy an' telled her dat us'd come ter de gittin' off place. He say he libed foh mile back frum de rivah, an' de nex' day he'd sen' a wagon ter tak us out, an he tuck us ter a cabin ter wait till he sent for us. Dat was de las' time us eber seed him, an' hit'd bin a heap gooder fer us ef dar'd neber bin no fus' time ! A man come fer us de nex' day. Dat orful day ! I kin min' dat time plain, but I can't min' nuffin' else dat happen, but jes dem foh or five days, for I was n't nuffin but a li'l chap den, only foh yeah ole, Ephum ses. I min' de white man comin' in de doah an' tellin' us ter git up an' git out o' dar, fer us 'longed ter him now, fer de man what brung us'd done sol' us ter him. Mammy jes' hollered out an' grabbed us chilluns close to her, an' den she sot still lookin' at dat man like her eyes war nailed in her head. De man he had a whip in his han' an' he struck her on de arm; den mammy she jumped up an' said, "What ye mean talkin' ter me dat away? Don' ye tink I knows I's in de free State o' Illinois, whar I war boaned an' brung up?" De man guv a big, loud laff an' he say, "Ye fool nigger, don' ye know ye's in de State o' Missouri now? Ye's my property now, an' I's gwine ter take ye down ter Mississippi an' sell you an' yer young uns." Mammy guv a big scream an' held us all clost ter her, an' sayed ter dat low-down lookin' white man he darsn't tech her ner one o' de chillun, fer us all boaned free, an' she'd hev de law on him. But de man struck her agin wif his big whip, an den he struck me an' Alex an' drives us 'foh him. Dey war some men gwine 'long de road, an' mammy called tor 'em an' ax 'em warn't dis hyah Illinois, but dey laff an' say, "No, dis Missouri." Den she call ter 'em how us war free boaned, an' how dis hyah man sayed he'd buyed us, an' axed 'em in de name o' de Lawd ter help us. But dey jes laff an' goed on, an' de man kep' a hittin' us wif de whip eber time mammy made a noise like dat.

Arter while us got ter de rivah an' went on a boat whar dey war moh colahed people. Us sot in de boat 'long side o' mammy wif her arms roun' us all. I reckon she was tinkin' she could keep us dat way—poo' mammy ! She neber talk much 'ceptin' ter tell us not ter be skeered fer dat man dasn't tech us. Den hit come night, an' us chilluns goed ter sleep, an' I waked an' cried kase mammy held me so tight. Must a' bin two or three days foh us got ter Mississippi, an' den us war sol'. Dey driv us ter a big town, to a wide place whar dey war heap moh folks, niggers an' white men, de niggers settin' on de groun' mos'ly an' de white men gwine amongst 'em 'zammin' 'em. Us war all sol' dat day, an' all ter one man, 'ceptin' Alex. A man buyed him fus', fer Ephum ses Alex war a likely boy an' de smartes' an' de bestes' lookin' o' any on us. Dey carried him away a hollerin' an' fightin' 'em, an' mammy yelled out an' tol' 'em dat us free boaned in de State o' Illinois, an' she hit de man what buyed Alex plumb in de face. Den dey beat her wif a big whip an' tuck Lily Bell frum her an' tied her han's 'hind her back. A man come 'long (him Mars Henry's ovahseer) an' look at us fer a good bit, an' him an' de man what brung us quarreled about de price. At las' he say he'd take us all ef de man'd frow in Lily Bell fer nuffin', seein' she was so puny she'd neber be no 'count no way. Arter quarrelin' fer a good bit moh' de man 'greed ter that. Mammy'd neber cried sence us got ter dat place till den, but de tears jes' poured down her

face, an' she kep' a lookin' up ter de sky an' I reckon she war thankin' de good God dat us was all gwine tegedder, all 'ceptin' poo' li'l Alex. Peered like frum dat minute she war sorter queer, an' neber ac' like herself no moh. She neber yell ner holler out, but jes' walk 'long quiet an' sad 'foh dat ovahseer, fer he drive us out ter de plantation an' us got dar soon de nex' day. Ephum tooted Lily Bell mos' all de way, but sometimes mammy'd take her, fer dey untied her han's arter she turned so quiet.

Us war slaves den, an' mammy an' Ephum was sot ter woakin' in de cotton fiel's. Mammy allus ac' so queer an' quiet, dat look like none o' de colahed people did'nt like her. She war so difi'n't frum 'em, too, an' allus talk nice an' proper like white folks.

Lily Bell'd allus bin weak an' sickly but she war woser off arter dat drefful time when us war sol'. Her li'l back hurt her a heap, but she bored hit pashunt jes' like a li'l angel. I tuck keer ob her mos'ly, fer mammy war off woakin'. Us'd play, an' I'd let on I war daddy come back frum Californy, an' I'd sot her in a ole box what we hed an' us'd let on hit war de gol'n char'ot, an' den I warn't daddy no moh, but a big white hoss an' I'd pull dat ar gol'n char'ot all roun' de cabin, an' she'd say us war in Californy now, an' she war drivin' me 'long dem gol'n streets, an' she'd laff an' look so sweet an' happy dat I'd tink she mus' be gittin' right well. But she jes' growed weaker all de time, an' hit war 'bout two yeah arter us come ter lib on de plantation, Ephum ses, dat she died. She got so sick one day, mammy got leave ter stay by her, She hel' her on her lap all day, an' dat sweet li'l ting suffer mightily; look like she hed sorter spasms. But de nex' day she 'peered like she war heap better an' laid on de bed a smilin', happy like. De ovahseer come by an' tol' mammy dat she mus' go ter woak dat day. I tried ter play wif Lily Bell dat mawnin', but she looked like she neber seed me ner heered me, an' come noon time she laid wif her putty eyes so still, allus lookin' in one place, dat I got skeered an' run fer mammy. She come a-runnin', an' when she got ter doah she guv a look at li'l sis, an' den she hollered out, "Oh! my baby, don' go 'way frum yer mammy." She heered dat an' she say low an' sof', "Deys comin', mammy, don' you see 'em? Deys comin' wif de gol'n char'ot fer li'l Lily Bell."

Some o' de wimen came runnin' in, heahin mammy holler, an' dey sayed de baby war daid, but mammy would n't believe 'em, but sot holdin' her in her lap, kissin' her an' beggin' her ter speak to her mammy.

Arter dat mammy ac' queer'n eber. She woak same's she did b'foh, but she kep' mutterin' an' talkin' low ter hersef mos' all de time, an' she'd har'ly eber ansah when she war spoke to. She neber talk ter us li'l boys no moh, like she uster, tellin' us how we'd orter be good; she neber tuck notice on us. Arter a bit de colahed people on de place got skeered ob her, an' none on 'em would n't woak 'longside ob her, an' at las' dey say she was a conjurer. Den one ob de han's tuck sick an' died sudden, an' dey say she'd voudooed him. Mars Henry hearn 'em talk dat away, an' he knowed hit would n't do ter let 'em go on. One day me an' Ephum could n't fin' mammy nowhars. We axed all de han's whar she be, but dey would n't tell us nuffin', an' when us cried an' could n't woak kase us could n't fin' our mammy, de ovahseer he say, "Ye'll neber see yer mammy no moh, fer I sol' her yisterday." An' us neber did see her no moh.

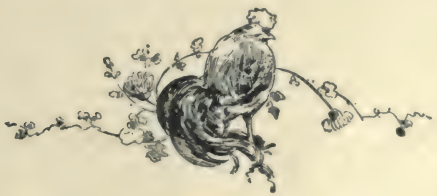
Arter freedom come I allus ses how I war gwine back some time ter see dat Noaf kentry whar us libed, but I growed an' me an' Meldy married an' hed heap o' chilluns, so hit look like I'd neber see de time when I'd git ter go. But five yeah ago come nex' cotton-choppin' time, de chance come.

Dey war a gen'l'man come hyah frum dat ar Noaf kentry ter buy mules, an' he guv me de job o' carryin' 'em to whar he libed. Me an' dem goed in a car on de railroad, an' de gen'l'man say he'd pay my way back again. I war plumb happy gwine ter see dat Noaf kentry. I war fer a fac' ! I telled de gen'l'man 'bout dat ar Fayette County, Illinois, an' he say how Chicago, de town whar he libed in, warn't fur off frum dar, an' I could stop dar when I war comin' home. An' so I did, an' dat war de way I come ter fin' daddy. Fus' I found de place whar us uster lib. De house warn't dar no moh, but I seed de walnut tree dat war by de gate, an' de branch whar us played at fishin'. Den I come on a white man what knowed daddy 'foh he goed ter Californy, an' he tol' me dat he warn't daid but livin' in de poo' house right dar in Fayette County. Ye bet hit did n't take me long ter git ter dat ar poo' house an' fin' my daddy. He war so glad ter see me—him as hed lef' li'l Caleb, so long back—he mos' died fer joy.

He war a ole, broke-down man, woh out huntin' fer his fambly. He'd done spent de bestes' part o' his life a trablin' roun' frum place ter place tryin' ter heah tell on us, but he neber got nary word ter show him whar ter fin' us. He tells us how he'd git woak somewhars, an' meby stay fer a yeah er moh, an' den he'd pull up an' go on somewhars else, allus askin' eberybody ef dey'd hearn tell on Kezia Merrifiel' an' foh chilluns. He kep' on dat away fer twenty-five yeah, he ses, den he guv up an' woaked his way back ter Fayette County, hit bein' moh like home ter him'n anywhars else. He woak in a mill dar fer a yeah er two, an' den he was struck wif some sort o' fevahs dat giv' him a misery in his han's an' his legs, so dey sont him ter de poo' house.

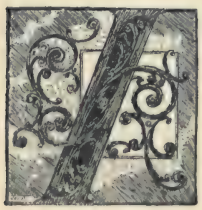
I 'tarmined ter take him back home wif me ef I hed ter woak my fingers ter de bones ter git de money. Fer I knowed hit war mighty 'spenshus ter go so fur on de cars. But den I thinks how nufin war onpossible wif de good Lawd, an' He'd provide ; an' dat He did, fer a fac' ! Some good white gen'l'men raised de money amongst 'em, an' buyed daddy a ticket ter come on de cars 'long back hyah ter Mississippi wif me.

Sence I brung him back I's talked a heap 'bout gwine on de hunt fer mammy. But ye know Mars Henry died 'way back foh freedom come, an' ole Miss she neber kin min' whar it war he sol' mammy. So 'peers like de good God's hid her frum us, an' moh'n likely He's tuck her ter de bressed Kingdom Come long foh dis. But daddy keeps a prayin' dat de Lawd'll open up a paf fer her tired feet, an' lead 'em whar dey'll fin' de bes' res' ; an' I reckon dats on de shinin' streets an' 'side de cool waters, what daddy reads 'bout in de Good Book.



THE LAW AND THE CHINAMAN.

BY HON. THOMAS J. GEARY.



IT IS a principle too well established now to be questioned, that Government has a right by legislation to protect its people, and its laboring classes especially, from competition, whether it comes in the form of a man or in the form of the product of human industry, if it tends to degrade and lower American labor and force it down in the plane of civilization. The great boast of our land has been that labor is better remunerated here than anywhere else; that the man who toils is guaranteed a fair return for his day's labor, measured not by his naked wants, but by the part he is expected to play in the development of this country, the maintenance of its civilization and the perpetuation of these United States.

Some will condemn all restrictive laws because, from the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man standpoint, all men being equal, all men should be permitted the same degree of freedom of movement and liberty in the practice of their trades and callings, and in the enjoyment of whatever fruits may come to them from their own industry; and all laws that interfere with the individual man, restricting his opportunities, or denying him the right to enjoy life and liberty in any country should be condemned by humanitarians and Christians. But this beautiful sentiment finds no application in the exercise of Governmental powers, because all such recognize that their first duty is to their own citizens; and in the desire of securing to them protection, and the enjoyment of life and liberty and happiness, the consideration of the effect on other people is of little consequence. The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man does not apply in California, having been expressly repudiated in the gubernatorial election in this State, in 1867, when it was in issue.

If this clamor against Chinese exclusion that comes up from the East and from New England especially, is just, because of the restriction of the importation of Chinese into this country, where they can obtain better remuneration and more of the comforts of life than in their native land, what are these same humanitarians to say about the correctness of the policy judged by the same standard that they have justified and approved of during the past twenty or thirty years, which while not excluding the labor of the world from coming to this land, yet excluded the products of that labor, and by limiting it in the demand for the results of their toil and labor, reduced its income and denied to it the right to enjoy the fruits and full measure of its powers and capabilities?

When one reads the present declarations of these wise men of the East, and thinks of the crocodile tears they now shed over the fact that the poor Chinaman is denied ingress to this "land of the free and home of the brave," one remembers the beautiful stories we were regaled with last year by protection orators and writers from the same portion of the Union, who found a pleasure in presenting to the American people the pictures of misery and suffering that prevailed in Europe because of the passage of the tariff law in this land. We were told that every time a factory door was closed over there, and the poor laboring classes denied the opportunity to earn a livelihood by the closing of the mar-

kets existing in the country for their wares, they were forced to submit to starvation and other miseries, or else compelled, in order to maintain life, to sever their relations with their native land, leave their homes, and be driven by the operation of our laws into an involuntary exile. We question the consistency of these friends of the Chinaman, and question their sincerity as friends of white labor.

It is the duty of this Government to protect American labor against unjust and degrading competition, no matter whence it comes or what its form; and the labor that will by its presence lower the standard of labor that has heretofore prevailed in this country, and whose maintenance is demanded by the best interests of the land, should not be permitted entrance, no matter from what country it comes. On the Pacific Coast, we have experienced the evils of Chinese competition, and demand that the bars be put up on the Pacific so that no more of these people shall enter, and we are ready to unite with the people on the Atlantic to protect them from similar evils affecting them. We do not confine our objections to the Mongolian race alone, but believe that all other classes or races threatening similar consequences should be treated likewise.

The Chinese differ as competitors from all other people with whom we have been brought into competition. The population of their country amounts to over four hundred millions of people. Nearly all of these are laborers, and the condition of the country sustains the statement that the bulk of them are ready to emigrate to such countries as will afford better opportunities for employment. In China we find an unlimited abundance of cheap labor, and how cheap!

Mr. Bedloe, Consul at Amoy, in his report for January 1892, gives an interesting table of the earnings, cost of living, and mode of life of the Chinese people. In that report, he puts the average earnings of the Chinese adult employed as mechanic or laborer, at five dollars per month, and states that this is ten per cent. above the average wages prevailing throughout China. The wages paid, according to his report, per month, to blacksmiths are $7.25; carpenters, $8.50; cabinet makers, $9.00; glass-blowers, $9.00; plasterers, $6.25; plumbers, $6.25; machinists, $6.00; other classes of skilled labor are paid from $7.25 to $9.00 per month, while common laborers receive $4.00 per month. In European houses, the average wages paid to servants are from $5.00 to $6.00 a month, without board. Clothing costs per year from 75 cents to $1.50. Out of these incomes large families are maintained. On page 145, he says:

> The daily fare of an Amoy workingman and its cost are about as follows:
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> | | |
> |---|---|
> | 1½ pounds of rice | 3 cts. |
> | 1 ounce of meat, 1 ounce of fish, 2 ounces of shell fish | 1 " |
> | 1 pound of cabbage or other vegetable | 1 " |
> | Fuel, salt and oil | 1 " |
> | Total | 6 cts. |

Here is a condition deserving of attention by all friends of this country, and by all who believe in the protection of our working classes. Is it fair to subject our laborer to a competitor who can measure his wants by an expenditure of six cents a day, and who can live on an income not exceeding five dollars a month? What will become of the boasted civilization of our country if our toilers are compelled to compete with this class of labor, with more competitors available than twice the entire population of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal and Spain?

The Chinese laborer brings here neither wife nor children, and his wants are limited to the immediate necessities of the individual, while the American is compelled to earn income sufficient to maintain the wife and babies. There can be but one end to this. If this immigration is permitted to continue, American labor must surely be reduced to the level of

the Chinese competitor—the American's wants measured by his wants, the American's comforts no greater than the comforts of the Chinaman; and the American laborer, not having been educated to maintain himself according to this standard, must either meet his Chinese competitor on his own level, or else take up his pack and leave his native land. The entire trade of China, if we had it all, is not worth such a sacrifice.

The protection of American labor is the duty of the American Government, and protection against such competition is not only just but necessary, if we wish to preserve our people, institutions and Government. The Chinese are not here by invitation of California. Our opposition is not new, and it will not do to limit it to any class or race. All recognize that their presence has been an injury, and that if we had had an equal number of white laborers in their place, the State would have made greater advancement. As early as 1854, the Legislature of this State sought to prevent their further coming, and ever since the State has opposed them. In 1879, the State voted on the question of Chinese immigration with this result: 154,638 against, 883 for. The cry that other foreigners, only, oppose them will not do in the face of this.

Who will gather our crops and perform the labor now performed by the Chinaman? Who perform it in other portions of the Union? Who performed it in the homes of the fathers of the men who now employ these men in California? If we had an equal number of white laborers for the Chinese now here, it would increase the demand for many of our products consumed by whites, but not by Chinese. Additional labor would be demanded in other fields of industry to supply the demands of this new labor army. Factories, not with a congregation of huts about them as we find them to-day where Chinese are employed, but with towns and cities as in the East, would spring up, and California would experience a new era of prosperity.

We consider these questions too much to-day from the standpoint of the men and times of '49. The future growth and development of the State is ignored, and we only see an immediate gain to the individual employer from this class of labor.

We spend large sums of money every year to encourage immigration. By excluding the Chinese, and with little expense, we can gain 100,000 white adults, ready to produce and assist in consuming the products of those now here. It is charged that we forced ourselves upon China, and sought her trade. This is not true. The English and the French battered down the gates of the Chinese cities—the American Government refusing to be a party in the assault. If the initiative had not been taken by others, China would be a walled city to us to-day; but after the battering down had been accomplished, and other nations had been admitted to the enjoyments of the Chinese trade, our Government merely asked that we should be placed on an equality with them.

Much has been said about the so-called Burlingame Treaty, and the great promises of trade held out to us at its ratification. It matters not what our expectations, however great, were at that time; they have not been realized. The inducements held out to our people by that treaty never have been justified by the action of the Chinese. We had a right to expect that the nation that had refused to be their enemy, when the great nations attacked them, should hold a better place in their estimation than their adversaries, but the experience of the last twenty-five years, since the Burlingame Treaties were ratified, shows that in the matter of trade, the Chinaman permits no sentiment to influence or affect him, but buys where he can buy the cheapest, whether from his enemy or friend, and sells in the market that will take at the highest price the greatest amount of his

commodities. There is nothing in the Chinese trade, or rather in the loss of it, to alarm any American. We would be better off without any part or portion of it.

For the year 1892, our imports from China amounted to $20,488,291. Our exports amounted to $5,663,000, or a balance in favor of the Chinese of nearly $15,000,000 for the last year. But a small portion of the exports are California products. The bulk are coal oil and cotton, which we do not produce, while the portion from California is largely made up from the products of Chinese labor here. California bears the burden of the Chinese presence, and reaps none of the benefits of the trade.

The history of the last year has been the history of the last twenty-five years, during which time we have shipped to China more than $134,000,000 in coin, in excess of the amount of bullion and coin imported therefrom. An examination of the line of exports shows that aside from cotton and coal oil, the bulk of the other exports exclusive of those produced by the Chinese in this country, are sent to that country for the use of Europeans, and not for the use of the Chinese; while an examination of the articles imported shows that much of the clothing used by the Chinese in the United States, together with their drugs and fruits, are imported from their home country and are not the products of labor in our country. The loss of this trade would not be injurious, and there is no possibility of China ceasing to trade with us, so long as we are always a customer for more than $14,000,000 of her products, over and above what she takes from us.

It is said that if this law is enforced, the missionaries and the merchants will be driven from China. In the first place, our people have no such rights in China as we accord her people here. They have not the right to settle where they please in that country, to engage in trade, or to indulge in their missionary work, excepting in a few of the ports of China, and few of her cities, and if an American wishes to go into the interior of China he must do just what we ask the Chinaman to do here—obtain a certificate of his right, and be prepared to show it whenever called for.

We have to-day not exceeding twenty-five merchants in all of China. As a matter of fact, the American houses have withdrawn from that trade, being unable to compete with the other foreign houses. As to the missionaries, it would n't be a national loss if they were required to return home. If the American missionary would only look about him in the large cities of the Union, he would find enough of misery, enough of suffering, enough people falling away from the Christian Churches, enough of darkness, enough of vice in all its conditions and all its grades, to furnish him missionary work for years to come.

The sympathy now exhibited by many for the Chinese in their present condition is misplaced. It should be the duty of all good citizens to advise submission to law, and to withhold their sympathy and encouragement from those who defy the laws of the country, no matter what their class, race or condition may be; because, unless there is voluntary obedience to law, or if the right of one race or class to defy the Government can be justified, a precedent is established for the future which will justify similar conduct on the part of other classes and races.

Since 1882, the laws of this country have prohibited the coming into it of Chinese laborers. This law was known in China, and was familiar to all of their people here; and yet year after year the law was violated, and large numbers of Chinese, as Mr. Choate, their attorney, in his argument says, came into the country in violation of our laws. Their coming was encouraged by the Chinese here and over our borders, and through frauds practiced

at our seaports, these people came into the land contrary to our wishes. They were not invited. Once here, they were received with open arms by their people, and their identity was covered up and lost in the great mass of the Chinese in the country, who, at all times lent all the assistance in their power to enable these people to violate the law. It was impossible to separate them from their fellow countrymen, and return them to their native land, since with their inherent disregard for truth, numbers of their fellows were always ready to come forward and testify that the accused had been a resident of the United States for many years. These violations of law were encouraged by the Chinese legally here, and especially by the Six Companies who made a profit out of the importation of the coolies.

Either the restriction laws had to be repealed and the ports of the country thrown open to this class of immigration, or else some other step that would secure the enforcement of the restriction laws had to be adopted.

One of the arguments presented by the friends of the Chinese is, that under the operation of the restriction laws in force prior to May 5th, 1892, large numbers of Chinese were constantly leaving the country; it was declared that their number here was decreasing so rapidly, that in a short time the evil of Chinese immigration would settle itself. Unfortunately, however, the statistics of the country do not support this claim. In 1880, we had, according to the census, 105,000 Chinamen. Since that time, 64,000 have returned to China from the Port of San Francisco, and 16,000 have returned on certificates establishing their prior residence. These figures show a net decrease in the number of Chinese in the United States of 48 000, but unfortunately for this argument, the census of 1890 shows 106,000 Chinese in the United States; or, instead of a decrease of 48,000, an increase in ten years. This number of 48,000 represents the proportion of Chinamen whose presence in the United States is illegal and contrary to law. Of all the Chinese now here, more than one-third are here not by invitation, but in defiance of the authority of this Government and its laws.

During these years the Government has been compelled every year to expend large sums of money for the maintenance of guards and inspectors upon our frontiers and at our different sea-ports, in order to prevent the infraction of our laws by a race of people who never have shown any respect for them, and to whom the violation of our laws is not a crime.

The Act of May, 1892, as Mr. Choate says, had for its primary and only object the identity of those Chinese who were justly here, so that we might distinguish them from those who came in violation of law, and who had no right to remain in the country. Its object was to prevent the deportation, or the infliction of any hardships attendant upon its enforcement, from being inflicted upon the innocent, and to identify them from the violators of law. The law was not so harsh in its provisions, but that even many of those who had violated the existing laws might secure the protecting certificate, as we were more anxious to establish a means of identifying those who came hereafter, than we were of visiting punishment upon those now in the country. This purpose was justified both by the necessity of securing obedience to our laws, and also upon the score of economy in reducing expenses which this Government was compelled to incur every year, because of the attempts of this particular race to defy its laws. The law imposed no hardships upon these people, and no tax was levied upon them ; they were asked to comply with the law, and it carried with it no badge of degradation.

Registration cannot now, and in this country be considered as a badge of infamy, because the history of our times shows that the registration of



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our citizens, and of trades and professions, in one way and another, by Government, is in common and general use. In many of the States, and nearly all of the large cities, physicians, dentists and members of other callings are required to file their applications, become registered, take out certificates showing their right to follow their profession, and in default thereof, are subject to penalties for practicing without them. It matters not how able a physician he may be, nor from what schools he graduated; the natural right that he had to follow his profession is denied him, unless he complies with these laws. These laws have been passed in the interest of public health, for the purpose of protecting the community against the injuries resulting from the pursuit of these professions by incompetent persons. Yet no man contends because the physician, dentist, plumber and others, have to comply with these laws and obtain these certificates, that there is any badge of degradation or ignominy attaching to the members of their particular calling.

Americans complying with these laws make no claim that it is an evidence of barbarism, or has a tendency to subject them to degradation. In thirty-four of the States the American is compelled to register his name, his age, occupation and residence, and in some States a description of his person, before he is permitted to exercise the right of suffrage, than which there can be no more valuable privilege belonging to the American.

These laws are interferences with the natural right of the American, and if not complied with, deny him the exercise of the most sacred privilege; and yet no one says that they tend to humiliate him, or degrade him, or subject him to hardships. They are founded upon the right of the Government to protect itself and its citizens from the commission of frauds against the elective franchise, and because of the recognized facts that such frauds are attempted, and have been made by some governments, it assumes that all citizens are liable to do the same, and requires registration of all. It is better that all such be subjected to the hardship attendant upon registration, and the imputation of fraud established by the law, than that a few should have the criminal privilege of fraudulently exercising the franchise. Such a law is recognized as reasonable and just by all good citizens.

In the case of the Chinese, year after year we have found frauds practiced upon the Government, and the Government has been subjected to expenses to protect itself against them; and we apply to Chinamen the same rule that for years we have been applying to our own citizens—a rule justified by the actions of these people, and made necessary by their own criminal behavior. If we had imposed a tax upon Chinamen, if we had made compliance with the law difficult or onerous, some modification of the law might be justifiable; but recognizing how widely they were scattered over the Union, and how difficult and inconvenient to them it might be to attend before officers far removed from their residences, the law provided that the officers should go to the Chinaman, wherever he was, and afford him every facility for complying with the law without expense or burden to himself.

In the case of the American citizen desiring to vote, or to follow a legitimate calling, we compel him to go to the courthouse in his county, and file there a description of himself, bearing his own expenses and loss of time consequent upon the performance of this duty, before he can obtain his license or certificate. In the case of the Chinaman, with a regard for him we do not show to the citizen, we compel the officer to visit him, thus affording him no reasonable excuse for failing to comply with the requirements of the Act. Under these circumstances, the law was justified by the conditions that confronted us, by the desire to maintain and insure respect for the

laws of this country among the people of alien races, and it ought to be enforced. And we know from experience in California, where nine-tenths of all the Chinese in the United States reside, that the great mass of the Chinamen here would gladly and willingly have complied with it, but for the threats of their masters—the Six Companies.

Thirty years ago we spent millions of dollars and sacrificed thousands of American lives to free this land from the curse of African slavery, and all Americans justified it. To-day we have the exhibition of another race as absolutely enslaved by their masters as were the negroes in the South, establishing themselves and their institutions in our midst; and if it were well to free the country at that time from the slavery of the black, it ought to be equally as essential and patriotic at this time, to protect our country from the evils of Asiatic slavery, and our American labor from the unjust and degrading competition presented to them by the Chinese. The first duty of the Government should be to protect itself and its people against the re-establishment of slavery in any form, or under any name, no matter whence it comes.

This law is beneficial rather than degrading to the Chinamen legally here. Under the old laws, he was subject to arrest at any time, on the charge of having come illegally into the country. He was at the mercy of his fellows, who sought to inflict on him this form of annoyance. Charged with being illegally here, he was subject to arrest, and forced to incur the expenses attendant upon a trial to determine his rights to remain, while proof was necessarily parole, and perjury might be resorted to with ease and comparative freedom from penal consequences. This law gives him, under the seal of Government, a justification for his presence, and the written testimony always with him to free himself from this inconvenience and annoyance, while his right to remain could only be questioned, and the production of his certificate required by a regularly appointed Federal officer, whom we cannot presume would use his position to violate the spirit of the law or to harass and annoy.

But it is said that the photograph required of him was an evidence of dishonor and disgrace. It can hardly be contended in this day that to require a man to be photographed, imposes on him any very great hardship, especially when one remembers the almost general use of the photograph by all men. From the resemblance that all Chinamen bear to one another, no other means of identifying them could be selected. We tried the description by other means, under the law of 1882, and found it radically defective. If previous laws had been complied with, this law would not be necessary. The opponents of the law say that the Chinaman was required to carry about him a certificate, having stamped thereon his own photograph, and we are told that the man must feel dishonored because he carries his own picture in his vest pocket. Such an argument is unworthy of notice.

There would have been no failure to comply with this law on the part of the Chinese, but for the Six Companies, whose antagonism to it is not because of the degradation which it offers to their subjects, but for the reason that the enforcement of the law would ensure a certain means of preventing in the future any further importation of their slaves by themselves. It was the destruction of their slave industry that caused the Six Companies to make the effort they have to secure the defeat of the law, and not any love for the vassals now in their employment here. This law is justified by the treaties between America and China, and is in entire accord with the last compact between this Government and the Government of that country.

The consequences that now con-

front the Chinese in the United States are not the results contemplated by the Act, but are the results of the action of the Chinese themselves in defying the Government, in their voluntary failure to obey its just and reasonable laws; while the possible deportation is the result of their own actions, and not what was contemplated or expected when the law was passed. The law was intended only to prevent the further immigration of Chinese into the United States—deportation of those legally here was not its purpose.

The sympathy now exhibited by many for the Chinese in their present position is misplaced. It should be the duty of all good citizens to advise submission to law, and to withhold their sympathy and encouragement from those who defy the laws of the country, no matter what their class, race, or condition may be; because, unless there is voluntary obedience to law, or if the right of one race or class to defy the Government can be justified, a precedent is established for the future which will justify similar conduct on the part of other classes and races. Ultimately, the Government, under these circumstances, unable to enforce its decrees, will cease to be able to protect those who are deserving of its protection.

All aliens residing within the Union should be taught as the first condition of their remaining here, that they must obey our laws, or else leave. There is not room in this country for the establishment of foreign governments, or for races that are not willing to submit to the authority of American laws.

The Chinese law of May 5th was justified by the circumstances prevailing in this country; was in accordance with the treaties made between this Government and China; imposed no undue or unjust hardship upon the Chinese people here, and was a proper and just exercise of power on the part of this country.

American interests in the far West, the maintenance of American civilization and the just protection of American labor from Chinese competition, is of more consequence than the profits of the Chinese trade, or the maintenance of missionary stations in China. The law should be enforced. We cannot afford to have the declaration made that this Government cannot enforce its laws against an alien race in our United States.



BIG GAME IN THE WEST.

BY DON ARTURO BANDINI.

IN early times, bears were so plentiful on the Pacific Slope that ranchers on ordinary occasions paid little attention to them; but on "fiesta" days, bruin, especially if he was large and savage, had to keep a wary lookout.

Two or three days before the feast of St. John—not John the beloved, but John the wild, the wearer of skins—a half dozen young fellows would sally out in quest of his bearship. The early Californians considered the *reata* the most effective of all weapons for bear hunting, more especially as it was their purpose as a rule to capture the animal alive. The hunters seldom had a long search or hard ride. If they started from Los Angeles, for instance, on the little plain where the town of Garvanzo now stands, the quarry was surely sighted. Uncoiling their *reatas* the hunters would dash on the game at full speed, and soon would be heard the whir of the circling loop, and cries of "*Aye oso viejo, mueludo guatata*!" Sure cast, a couple of *reatas* around the neck, one on each hind foot and the captive and captors returned home. No excitement or curiosity; no questions asked; the occurrence was of too ordinary a nature to excite comment. If bruin survived the conflict with the bull, which usually followed, and had no "takers" he was turned loose and allowed to go back to his own kindred. Strange as it may seem these combats between bulls and bears were seldom fatal, the native Californians being careful to put an end to the duel the moment that either animal showed signs of weakness.

There have been many arguments, pro and con, regarding the ferocity and aggressiveness of the grizzly bear, some maintaining that the animal will not attack a human being except when wounded, or in defense of its young. I am not in a position to give an opinion on the subject, for the reason that I have either been the aggressor or else have given these ferocious creatures the widest possible berth; but old hunters tell me that grizzlies have charged them on sight without the least provocation.

A prominent Spanish-American from Santa Barbara, long since dead, invariably provoked a bear to combat whenever he encountered one, using no weapon but his knife—his *serape* being tightly wound round his left arm as a shield. One night, after a clandestine meeting with his sweetheart, the gentleman vaulted over the adobe wall, and instead of coming down on terra firma alighted on the back of a huge bear. A terrible combat ensued. When rescuers came they found the bear dead, and his antagonist lying alongside with knife in hand. The man was torn and mangled but still alive, and was taken into the house and tenderly cared for. The heart of the obdurate parent was filled with admiration at the young man's brave deed; all objections were removed and the courtship was allowed to proceed more comfortably.

Let us, however, say *Adios* to old time hunters, and interview those of our own day. Doubtless there are many people in California who remember the famous old grizzly, Clubfoot—so named on account of the deformity of one of his forefeet. This animal became so renowned for his ferocity, destructiveness and cunning that several large rewards were continually outstanding for his capture or death. It was proven beyond a doubt that the range and wanderings of this shaggy terror extended from

San Diego County clear up to the Oregon border. Many tales, some true, others purely imaginary, are still told of the prowess of this bear, some going so far as to assert that in order to insure a sufficient supply of fresh meat for winter use, Club-foot was in the habit of driving cattle into some deep cañon in the very heart of the mountains, there to dispose of them at will. I once gave great offense to an old hunter by asking him if he had ever heard of how Club-foot had raided a country store for a supply of salt to brine his beef. A famous hunter named S—— had a terrific hand to hand battle with this bear. He wounded the animal, and before he could reload (having only a single shooter) the savage brute was upon him, finally leaving him for dead. Club-foot did not escape, however, without carrying away some well-carved hieroglyphics made by the hunter's knife. I well remember when the wounded man was brought into Los Angeles. He presented little semblance to humanity; his jaw and both arms were broken and every portion of his body was terribly lacerated. Remarkable as it may seem, the man survived, and if I am not mistaken, it was he that finally put a quietus on Club-foot's depredations a year or two after the encounter that had so nearly cost him his life.

In April, 1873, a party composed of my cousin, brother, myself and a half-breed named Agusto, yclept *El Pelado**, left Los Angeles for a bear hunt in Ventura County. Four days' easy travel brought us to our happy hunting grounds, near what is called Cobble Stone Mountain. My companions were all expert hunters, and as a matter of course—crack shots. I was a mere lad then, but I prided myself on being able to handle either rifle or revolver with any of them. El Pelado was our man Friday, a good cook and a good fellow generally. With one exception he was utterly fearless, and this was his abject fear of *los difuntos*, the dead.

Arriving at our camping ground late on the afternoon of the fourth day, we busied ourselves in getting everything in proper shape; while El Pelado was preparing supper, my cousin and brother were setting up the tents and I was attending to the horses. The declining sun shed its soft rays on the surrounding greenery of tree and herb, seeming to rest longer on the mountain side and bringing out in strong relief the deep cañons and moss-covered rocks.

It had been agreed, much to my disappointment, that there should be no hunting the next day, as there were a hundred-and-one things to be done before we could settle down comfortably in camp. That night, sitting around the bright fire, every one had some story to tell. My brother, especially, was full of border lore. This was not strange as his ranch is situated in the very heart of the American wonderland. Many were the tales he told of adventures and hair-breadth escapes from Indian, outlaw and renegade, while for El Pelado's benefit and mine, too, very likely, he related a most terrific and far-fetched ghost story—Pelado and I, faithful devotees that we were, believing it from first to last. After spending an hour or two about the fire we retired to rest.

Early next morning, refreshed and in the best of spirits, the duty of giving the finishing touches to the appearance of our quarters commenced, and by noon this was done to the satisfaction of all. Despite the agreement to do no hunting on that day, the continuous drumming of quails was too alluring for me to resist, so shouldering my shot gun, I started out, promising to bring in a lot of quail for supper. In less than two hours I had bagged at least three dozen birds. On my way back and not a quarter of a mile from camp, I came to an attractive little clearing surrounded by large oaks. Under one of these I sat for a short time, keeping very quiet in the

*Literally, "the skinned," but the term is often applied in California to an impecunious person.

hope that a flock of quail would come out of the brush and give me a chance to increase the weight of my bag. Presently I noticed that the limb of a small tree not sixty feet away was swaying violently, and upon changing my position to obtain a better view, what was my consternation at beholding an enormous grizzly bear! He sat on his haunches eating berries, seemingly without paying the slightest attention to my presence. That he had already seen me I had little doubt, and that little doubt was removed when his bearship suddenly turned his head in my direction, pricking up his round ears in an alarming manner. I was armed only with a knife and a double-barrel gun, loaded with number eight shot. I had hunted bruin before, but this was my first solitary interview. What was to be done? The grizzly was between me and the camp, and if I made a dash through the clearing he would undoubtedly take after me. My best course, apparently, was to reach the edge of the thick brush. Could I accomplish this move successfully? My first attempt was a miserable and heart-thumping failure. Just as I took a step forward, whang! went the powder flask against the barrel of my gun. Turtle like I drew my head down between my shoulders. The bear stopped eating, looked sharply in my direction and then dropping down on all fours, made a move towards me. I watched the monster closely and then glanced around. Never before was the sky so blue or the sun so bright. A few fleeting moments of terrible anxiety ensued and then to my great joy the grizzly turned round and went back to his meal. Now was my chance. Jumping to my feet, I dashed into the brush, and by a circuitous route made my way to the camp in safety.

At first my account of the adventure was regarded by my comrades as a joke, but I soon convinced them to the contrary. Picking up our rifles we started for the scene of my exciting experience and on the way I insisted upon having the first shot by right of discovery. El Pelado also demanded his usual prerogative of holding brief converse with the stranger before commencing hostilities, to both of which propositions all were agreed. We soon reached the spot and found bruin still making his repast. El Pelado and I went ahead, quietly taking our positions, while my brother and cousin assumed theirs. A whistle had been agreed upon as the signal for El Pelado to advance, and when all was ready I gave the signal. Pelado stepped to the center of the clearing, and the moment the bear saw him he stopped eating, advanced a trifle and then stood still confronting the intruder.

I wish I could give a literal translation of El Pelado's words and describe his gestures and appearance.

"*Que hay vale que estás haciendo aqui?*" (Well, old pard, what are you doing here?) he began familiarly. "*Eso mirame bien; soy tu tata.*" (Look at me well; I am your daddy.)

Bruin seemed to resent this last insinuation for he rubbed his claws on the ground, angrily. Pelado now launched forth on a long tirade reflecting on the bravery of all bears from time immemorial, and then indulging in personalities, he made the most unkind and unwarranted allusions to the grizzly's own pedigree. At last picking up a stone, he threw it at the bear with the remark, "*Tu no eres hombre y me retiro.*" (You are no man and I retire.) And retire he did, but with the grizzly in full tilt after him. The stone struck the bear on the nose and put him at once in the most fearful rage. El Pelado, instead of running to one side so as to enable me to shoot, made a bee line in my direction. My brother and cousin, though solely tried, held to our agreement, and I ran to one side so as to get out of line of the pursuit and to get in my promised first shot. I dropped on one knee, and the next moment the report of my Spencer

awoke the echoes and evoked a roar from the bear. Another shot staggered him and diverted his attention to me.

My comrades now ran to my assistance, their rifles speaking at a lively rate. When the grizzly was within ten yards of me, he reared up on his hind feet and in that position continued to advance, his eyes flaming with rage, his snout wrinkled and curled back, displaying the glistening fangs, while his powerful forearms thrust forward and slightly curved were ready for the fatal hug. There was one chance still for another shot. Taking as careful aim as time would permit, I pulled the trigger, when, instead of the loud report there was a sharp click, which indicated that the magazine of my seven-shooter was exhausted. At this discovery I stepped backward, swung the rifle over my head and hurled it at the bear with all the force at my command. The barrel struck the grizzly in the mouth. As the gun left my hand, I drew my hunting knife; but just as the great shaggy mass was about to crush down upon me, there came a stunning report close to my head. The bear sank down on his haunches, then slowly toppled over, dead.

My brother had given him the finishing shot just in time. After looking the fallen mountain king over thoroughly, we concluded that he weighed at least 1,200 pounds. We found thirteen bullet holes, some going clear through the body. I kept the skin as a trophy for many years.

Two or three weeks after the hunt I have described, El Pelado and myself being the only ones in camp, (our companions had gone to Ventura to get the mail and a supply of provisions), made up our minds to go on a deer hunt. We laid our plans the night before as we sat around the fire.

A heavy shower fell during the night, and the morning dawned bright and bracing, the sky fairly shining with that deep blue so peculiar to California. Tying Cordero, our watch dog, to the front pole of our tent, we began our ascent of the mountain. The base of the mountain rested in deep shadows, but far out on the plain a flood of warm, bright sunshine was mellowing every tree and bush with its touch. Now and then a gentle breeze stirred the leaves, causing the scattered raindrops to flash and glimmer like jewels. In the mountains the scenery was grand beyond description. As the sun rose it tipped with gold the lofty peaks, then the light creeping lower seemed to rest for a moment on the divide of some great cañon as if loath to penetrate the dark depths; suddenly one golden shaft spanned the cool abyss, and finding a resting-place on the rocky wall, shone there—a bright beacon encouraging the rest to follow—then with a bound as it seemed the sun rose above the mountain rim, and what a moment before was chilly quiet gloom was filled with light welcomed by the song of birds.

El Pelado having no eyes for the beautiful and who had been ranging about, called to me. I found him looking at a large fresh bear track. Without loss of time we started in pursuit. The trail of the animal lead us in a diagonal course along the face of the mountains, up and down through cañons and wet brush, and sometimes we were so near the bear that we could hear him shaking the water drops from his shaggy coat. The density of the brush, however, made it impossible to get a shot at him. El Pelado, being in the lead, had to force or break his way through the thick undergrowth, making it easy for me to follow; otherwise, I doubt if I could have kept up with him, for he was as tireless as a stag. The pursuit had lasted for hours, when fortunately the bear made a turn, heading in the direction of the camp. Encouraged by this fact, we redoubled our efforts and were exchanging congratulations when the trail turned again straight up the mountain. My com-

panion stopped abruptly and striking the butt end of his rifle on the ground, said, "Let us give it up; the bear is playing with us. We can never catch him."

Weary as I was, this proposition did not suit me, and I knew the bear must soon stop. But El Pelado obstinately refused to stir a foot, so I determined to keep up the chase by myself. I had not gone a half mile when I came on my game, whom I found in an opening, "fanning" himself—briskly moving his body from one side to the other, facing the breeze. Being pretty well blown I knelt down and taking a knee rest, opened fire. The bullet struck the bear full in his side, and after tapping the wound with his paw, he rushed toward me; but from his unstable movements, I knew he would never reach me, and taking a quieter aim, a second bullet brought him down. The next instant there was a crashing in the brush, and El Pelado, breathless and hatless, dashed upon the scene. He was soon assured that no harm had come to me, and fervent and numerous were his entreaties for pardon in allowing me to go off alone.

Another animal incomparably safer to hunt but which requires more endurance, perseverance, tact and cunning than is necessary for either the grizzly or cinnamon bear, is the mountain lion; so shy and astute is he that only by the merest chance a hunter is able to shoot one. The mountain lion can worm his way through brush, thorns and cactus that are impassable to aught else except, perhaps, a rabbit. This animal has a great reputation for ferocity and bravery among those who are unfamiliar with his habits—a greater reputation than he deserves. There is no doubt, and I speak from experience, that the lion when cornered, will fight with all his might, while the female with cubs will not wait to be cornered; if her whelps are too young and weak to retreat with her she will, like all good mothers, die on the spot, rather than abandon them. To prove the love of the female lion for her young, I will tell of an incident that came under my personal observation. One wet winter day my foxhounds got on the trail of a very young lion, the damp ground giving such powerful scent that the dogs seemed to be running by sight. Occasionally I would have glimpses of the cub, and I could see by its movements that it was sorely distressed. Suddenly, far up the mountain sounded a long, thrilling cry—a cry once heard not easily forgotten. I knew it well enough; it was the voice of the mother lion telling her offspring that she was coming to the rescue. How she became aware of his peril is one of the mysteries of animal nature. There was a large burned spot, perfectly clear of brush, through which either the lioness or the cub had to cross before they could meet. Fortunately for me, the meeting took place almost in the middle of the bare ground. The hounds had not emerged from the brush, but they were coming in full cry. When the lioness met her cub, she stopped and fondled him, but an instant later the foremost hound burst through the screen of bushes, followed by the whole pack.

The cub continued its flight, evidently by its mother's advice, while she herself walked toward the on-coming dogs. When only a few feet from them she made a magnificent leap that landed her right in the middle of her pursuers, scattering them right and left. Then she dashed off in great bounds in an opposite direction from that taken by her young. The strategem was a perfect success, for the hounds diverted from the original trail took after the lioness in full voice. Up and down the mountain side, but always avoiding the vicinity of her whelp's retreat, the sagacious mother led the chase. But it was all in vain. Twisting and turning was of no avail, for the pursuers were led by one of the most tireless, relentless and surest hounds that ever bayed. The

hunt at last disappeared in a deep, wooded cañon, and from the short, sharp barks that came to us presently we knew that the game was treed. Working our way through the thick brush we found the lioness perched on the limb of a large oak. One of my companions was about to shoot her, when I restrained him, remarking that for two reasons that animal should live. Firstly, because of her tact and bravery in defending her young; secondly, to enable her to raise the whelps that would give us sport in the future. My friends demurred, but I drew off the hounds and the lion's life was saved.

There is one animal I never spare; that is the wild cat. This cruel and savage beast is not worthy of either pity or admiration. In no carnivora is the thirst for blood so rapacious. I have known instances in which thirty or forty lambs have been killed by one cat in a single night, often repeating the nocturnal slaughter several times in succession. It is in vain to try and poison the creatures, since, unless exceedingly hungry, they will not eat anything that they have not killed themselves. To destroy is their first incentive.

I have heard many arguments as to the proper classification of the wild cat, some calling him the lynx or bay lynx. I have caught with the hounds over one hundred wild cats, but not more than two or three lynx. There is a great difference in the appearance of these animals. The common bob, or wild cat, is more diminutive in every way; he has a shorter tail, smaller tufts on the ears, and is generally of a lighter color. The lynx, on the other hand, is of a rich grayish red, beautifully mottled; he has long, half-curled tassels drooping in front of his ears, while long black hair, dangling from under his neck, is as straight and coarse as that from a horse's tail. The lynx is one of the most deceptive of animals in appearance. When running it looks no larger than an average wild cat, but when stretched on the limb of a tree and looking down at the baying pack below, it shows the muscular development of its limbs. The high Sierras is the home of the lynx, and that of his fiercer cousin, the mountain cat.

Early one morning in May, while hunting far up the Arroyo Seco Cañon, the hounds started a very large lynx, and judging by the race he led the dogs, the animal was in prime condition for the chase. Instead of adopting the regular cat manœuvre of running round and round and enlarging the circle at each turn, he made a straight run for at least two miles. In fact, his course was so direct that I thought the animal was a deer, a coyote, or a fox. The chase went in and up a precipitous cañon where it seemed impossible to follow. "Well," said I to my comrade, "that settles the hunt as far as we are concerned. If the dogs tree, and we can hear where they are, we will try and go to them; at present the only thing we can do is to eat our lunch and await developments." We had been sitting perhaps an hour, with no sound save the lonely chirping of crickets to break the intense silence, when from far up the cañon came floating down, faint at first, the bay of a hound. Again that musical note; then another and another till the whole pack came over the crest. How the mountain walls echoed and re-echoed the sounds. It was as though a hundred dogs were engaged in the grand chorus, so welcome to the huntsman's ear. The chase descended into the bottom of the gorge; nearer and nearer they came, while the short, sharp yelps of the hounds indicated that they were almost on the game. A sudden uproar of sounds told that the quarry had been sighted, and the next moment a large lynx went up a tree a short distance from where we stood. The animal did not wait for us to stone him off his perch, but gave a flying leap and landed on the back of Ranger—the largest dog and best fighter in the pack. An unfor-

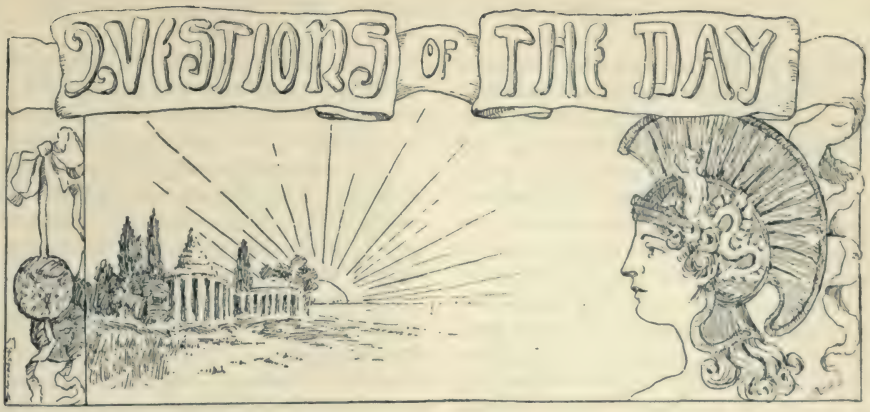
tunate selection, but the big cat made it exceedingly lively for Ranger before his companions came to the rescue. The lynx was soon dispatched and weighed eighty-six pounds.

The mountain cat is larger, fiercer, and by far a better and more enduring fighter than his brother of the foothills. There is always greater danger of losing hounds, especially if they are young, hunting this species. Unlike the lowlander, the mountaineer cat prefers to come to bay on the top of some huge rock, rather than climb a tree; and to reach him requires good, steady nerves on the part of hunter as well as dogs. If the cat jumps from a rock, a good hound will leap after him regardless of consequences.

As a proof of the pluck, the indomitable courage of that king of dogs—the foxhound—I will relate an instance that came under my own observation.

Col. W., a famous hunter, his two sons and myself once went cat-hunting in the Sierra Madre Mountains with thirteen hounds; eight of these belonging to the Colonel and five to me. In all amity we sometimes held long and warm disputes regarding the efficiency, pluck and good scent of our respective leaders—his "Bawler" and my "Ranger." It was fated that on that day should be settled the existing doubt, although in justice to Ranger, I will add that he was a much older dog than Bawler. Very soon after entering the range, the hounds started a fine cat. Up and down, dodging here and twisting there it went, but always keeping among the most inaccessible rocks and along the faces of the precipices. We could see the cat and dogs most of the time, and watched with interest the many manœuvers of the animal to throw his pursuers off the scent. Sometimes the cat would climb a tree and remain there till the hounds drew near, when he would make a grand jump and alight as far as possible from the tree. This trick would fool the youngsters, but the veterans knew better. Making a wide circle round the tree they would soon find the trail, and away they would go with the tree barkers after them, making frantic efforts with foot and tongue to regain lost ground. At length, after a long, hard run, the cat took refuge on the apex of a huge boulder, which stood on the brink of a bluff. Eighty feet below, by actual measurement, great oaks spread their thick branches, and arriving at the base of the boulder, we tried every possible way to make the cat jump to the mountain side instead of below; all to no purpose, however, for down he went and landed on top of one of the oaks beneath. The hounds now rushed to the brink of the precipice, but all stopped except Bawler, who launched himself after the game and crashed through the thick branches of the oak where the cat had disappeared. The next moment we cheered loudly as we heard the gallant fellow give tongue far below. Poor Bawler broke one of his forelegs in accomplishing this great feat, but his master had it carefully attended to by a surgeon, so that in two months' time he was as sound and brave as ever. The dogs caught and killed the cat.

For our little gray fox I have nothing but praise and admiration. This diminutive but cunning ball of gray fur will lead the staunchest hounds such races, that by the time they are done there is little or no ambition left in them. On the bluff overlooking the Arroyo Seco, and within the city limits of Pasadena, lived an old gray fox that my hounds chased probably twenty times. So familiar did he become that we dubbed him "the old man," and I could point out a dozen trees, up which he had been sent by the dogs. I was resolved never to shoot foxes, but give the little fellows a chance, and I am glad to say that the "old man" was never captured.



A REVIVAL OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court has re-aroused discussion of the Chinese question. The declaration that the Geary Law is constitutional, which must be followed by arrest and deportation of the Chinese, has alarmed the friends of the Missionaries in China, and disturbed those interested in trade in that country. The cheap labor advocates have joined these elements, not as conspicuously but as effectively, in efforts to have the Chinese retained in this country. They are making more of a contest than it has been supposed they could make in behalf of a cause, the success of which would result in immeasurable injury to the Pacific Coast and to the whole country, if the Chinese should become as numerous elsewhere as they have been here. The people of the East have had no experience with Chinese labor, or with their presence in large numbers. Hence they are incapable of understanding the subject from a practical standpoint, and are liable to misconceive the true state of facts, and the consequences of the presence of that race in large numbers. It is often asserted that there has been a marked change of sentiment here within a few years on the Chinese question, as if that gave support to the views of those friendly to Chinese immigration. Experience and changes of conditions naturally produce modification, if not an entire change of opinions, and this is explanatory of the revolution that has taken place on the Pacific Coast. The opposition to Chinese which generally prevails on the Pacific Coast does not proceed from an unchristian spirit, but from the belief that a nation is like a household, and that he who does not provide for his own household is worse than an infidel. It is not from mere hate that our people want the Chinese to go, or to do them a gratuitous injury, but it is to protect the nation against an irreparable damage.

Thirty years ago, and for ten or more years thereafter, there was a great want for labor on the Pacific Coast, in consequence of the tremendous war which drew from the fields of industry, and the railway enterprises that were being carried on. Labor could not be obtained to the requisite amount anywhere in the nation; the only recourse was to Asiatic, and that from China was the most available. There is no doubt that the Chinese contributed materially to an early construction of railroads, and a more rapid development of this part of the country than would otherwise have taken place. There has been a change of conditions here as marked as has been the change of opinion on the Chinese question. The country now has plenty of white labor, if not immediately on this coast, certainly in the nation as a whole. The Chinese character is better understood, and also the purposes for which they come here. That they are of the Mongolian race and Confucian in religion (if indeed Confucius taught any religion at all) are minor objections to their presence. By coming here they do not expatriate themselves, for they have no idea of becoming citizens; on the contrary they all expect to return to the Celestial Kingdom ultimately, either alive or dead. Nor do they learn our language or gain a knowledge of our laws and institutions beyond what is absolutely necessary to enable them to carry on their business. They retain the habits, customs and dress of their own country.. It is im-

possible to conceive a more alien, indigestible and unassimilable branch of the human family. So far as we are able to learn they are the same unchangeable race that they have been for twenty-five hundred years. They are so walled in by their teachings and habits, that they seem non-receptive to new thoughts or new ways that are suggested by their intercourse with other peoples. They are industrious, frugal and peaceable, though they are growing apparently more and more disorderly among themselves. They can work for small wages because they live on almost nothing. They consume little of American production but obtain their clothing and as much of their food as they can from China, while they send nearly all their earnings back to their own country. The Chinese are leeches upon our resources; they depress wages and undignify labor. The adverse balances of trade with China, and the sums continually sent away by Chinese merchants and laborers go far to explain where a large part of the $2,000,000,000 of gold produced in this country since 1848 has gone. To be here does not benefit the Chinese except in their material condition, and their presence in that respect does immeasurable harm to our country. It is the policy of that people to support and enrich their own country from the resources of other nations. Because wages here are higher and resources are richer than anywhere else in the world they seek this country first, and if there were no check upon immigration they would swarm out of that hive of 400,000,000 people and cover the land as the locusts did Egypt. We do not want cheap servile labor, for it is the support of monopoly, and especially of land monopoly, from which California suffers more than any State in the Union. To protect against injury to a nation's material interests is not unchristian nor inhuman.

Perhaps demagogism has something to do with the hostility to Chinamen, but there are valid and cogent reasons for the opposition arising out of economic and social considerations. The legislative methods employed to get rid of the Chinese are good-tempered and moderate. It is known that all intend to return to their own country sooner or later, and if new immigration is prohibited, it is only a question of time when they will entirely disappear. This process of getting rid of them will not create a sudden disturbance of industrial conditions; it will give time to acquire other laborers to take the place of the disappearing Chinese. The first act of Congress forbids further immigration, and the return of those who should go home on a visit unless they obtained certificates showing previous residence here. It is a reasonable requirement; not an unusual means of identification. But newcomers were smuggled through the British possessions and Mexico, and mills for the manufacture of fraudulent certificates were established. In these ways the law was evaded and defied, and the end sought to be accomplished was defeated. It became necessary to prevent these practices, and hence Congress enacted the Geary Law, which requires all Chinese to register, and a description of each one to be taken for better identification of those who are entitled to remain here. This requirement was generally disregarded, and by some of the Chinese the law was defiantly disobeyed. They were not unadvised that the consequences of failure to register would be arrest and deportation, and yet they neglected and refused to register. The requirement cannot be regarded as unreasonable, certainly not as insulting to the Celestials. If so, what must be thought of our election laws which require that free American citizens, millionaires, professional men, clergymen, judges and governors shall register, and have their height, complexion, color of eyes, scars on the face, color of hair, whether bald or not, taken down for purposes of identification, before they can exercise the right of suffrage?

The doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court is that a nation may prescribe the terms and conditions of residence by aliens within its jurisdiction. If it has not that right, then there is no such thing as national independence. Congress, expressing the will of this great and enlightened people, has prescribed the conditions under which Chinese may reside and do business in this country, which are not onerous or unreasonable, which law has been openly, and in many cases, defiantly disobeyed, yet there is a sentimentalism, and a passion for cheap labor actively at work to prevent its execution. Europeans in the main emigrate

hither to become citizens, to share our fortunes, and to retain in the country their accumulations. They are digestible and assimilable and have kindred and acquaintances here. They are from Christian nations, and quite readily learn our language and adopt our habits and customs. Yet we exclude several classes of them, and send them back from our ports without hearing exclamations of horror and denunciation of our bad faith towards nations, with which we have treaties, nor are constitutional questions raised or diplomatic protests made with a view of preventing the execution of such laws. As the bulk of the Chinese acted under bad advice, or were ignorant of the law which requires them to register, in a spirit of extreme moderation it may be best that Congress should grant an extension of the time for registration, though those most in sympathy with the Chinese have not claimed that there was not ample time given under the Geary Law.

It is unfortunate that there is seeming hesitation on the part of the President in executing the statute. It will be a sorry day for the Republic should precedents be established, which indicate that the Chief Executive can inquire into the merits or wisdom of a law after it has been enacted. General Grant said that the faithful execution of a bad law would make its objectionable features more apparent, and would sooner lead to its repeal or modification. A law of Congress must be regarded as the expressed will of the people, which is binding upon the President whatever may be the circumstances. It is claimed in some quarters that there are defects which render the law inexecutable; if such be the case the President should take steps to have the fact judicially declared. If the money is wanting Congress should be immediately convened that it may be provided, or the law amended or repealed. Matters should not be permitted to remain in the present condition.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"When the time is ripe a moment does the work prepared by centuries."—*Grace Ellery Channing.*

THE purposes and methods of authors in their work are subjects of unflagging interest to the reading public. They seem to be manifold and various. Some write for money, some for fame, others are actuated by a desire to bring such thoughts and information to their fellow men as will leave them better and wiser, and still others write as the birds sing, because they are full of an indefinable exuberance which demands an outlet. Of the first class named there are many who attempt to follow a literary career, few who succeed. The proper sphere of such as these is in the commercial world. Their literary matter, if it happens to possess any redeeming features, is valuable only from a mechanical standpoint, and perhaps for its information. Usually it does not possess even these qualifications. Those who write for fame alone seldom attain the object of their ambitions, for they are dazzled by the glittering goal and rarely realize the amount of labor that separates that goal from the present. When they do realize the obstacles with which they must contend, they are usually discouraged and relinquish their designs, unless they are possessed of an abnormal desire for fame, for it requires strength, determination and a deep purpose to cope with the difficulties of a literary career. The writers, whose purposes and talents enable them to put into tangible form serious and beneficial thoughts and ideas, are much more liable to success, for they usually possess a rich fund of constantly increasing material, and they have based their ambitions upon a solid foundation. Those who write spontaneously are practically the only true literary authors, for they draw their material from deep fountains of wisdom and truth within and about them, and placing upon it the impress of their originality, which is in such cases genius, they give to the public the enduring monuments of ages. This class includes the real poets and any other writers whose metal has been tested and has proven itself true gold.

As to the methods of these writers they are also found to be many and various. Some write rapidly and easily, others slowly and laboriously. It is often the case that an author can write upon certain themes and by certain methods easily and fluently, while upon others and by other methods every word represents a painful effort. The facility and felicity of an author's productions also depend upon his mental condition. There are times when he is receptive and can absorb and express his ideas with clearness, simplicity and force, and others, when his ideas seem but dull reflections of his true conceptions. The best work is undoubtedly done under favorable conditions. Byron said, "I am like a tiger; if I fail to get the thought by my first spring, I go slinking back into the jungle, nor will try again."

Inspiration, or that condition of mentality when all the nerve force has reached a point of concentration, comes and goes irregularly and often inconveniently to writers, who, desiring to catch and hold these precious moments, often resort to means by which to produce an exaltation not far short of the exuberance of inspiration. Others so economize their vitality and regulate their

periods of work that they are able to use these moments to the greatest advantage. Milton wrote his best between the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, and Thomson, Gray and Collins also believed this their best period for work. Rosseau worked in the morning, La Sage at midday, Byron at midnight. Victor Hugo wrote during the morning in a standing posture. He proceeded slowly and carefully, bringing each sentence as near to perfection as possible before continuing. Racine recited his poems aloud while composing, then wrote them in prose to be versified later. Trollope could compose and write under any circumstances, and did much of his best work on a railroad train. Luther worked best at his desk, with an ivory crucifix beside him, his dog at his feet and caricatures of the Pope about him. He could work for days consecutively by turning to his flute and guitar in moments of fatigue. Tolstoi is a laborious writer, copying and recopying his manuscripts with great care. He shared the characteristic in common with George Eliot, who also found her writing very laborious. Ouida writes while seated in a low chair with her paper upon her knee, dropping page after page to the floor as it is completed. Calvin studied and wrote in bed. When his inspiration deserted him, he arose, but when it returned, he would seek the bed once more, and there continue his work. Herbert Spenser relaxed and economized his mental effort by often indulging in the healthful exercise of lawn tennis, De Quincy, Coleridge and Shadwell depended for exhilaration upon opium, Du Musset upon absinthe, Careades used hellebore, George Meredith, tobacco smoke, Blackstone, wine, and Schiller, besides using wine, often put his feet in hot water to facilitate the circulation of blood in his brain. Dryden often had himself bled, Bacon must have the fumes of claret or of fresh turned earth, Montaigne must have his cat in his lap. Pope preceded his work by reciting at the top of his voice to enervate himself to his best efforts. Still other authors have their peculiar methods of producing, sustaining, or resting from mental concentration, as various as they are interesting. Fuseli ate raw meat to assist his imagination. Joaquin Miller, while he does not care for it raw, well knows how to appreciate its strengthening qualities. At a recent dinner party where was assembled some of California's poets and other literary characters, and at which the writer was present, the Poet of the Sierras loftily refused some proffered berries, with the words, "Berries are only for women; I'm a lion; I eat meat." He has perhaps never met one of those rarities, a woman who is a combination of strength and tenderness. The poet is certainly a lion of strength in more ways than one, and it is owing partially to the simplicity of his mode of living. He is as buoyant and overflowing with the joy of life as a child and his companionship is enlivening and invigorating.

James Russell Lowell has been reviewed in a little volume entitled *The Poet and the Man*,[1] by Francis H. Underwood, LL. D. It contains an interesting account of some of the incidents of the poet's life and work, and personal reminiscences of the author's association with the poet. Lowell passed through some of the vicissitudes that usually fall to the lot of the poet, but he was not of a disposition to make a tragedy of his sorrows, for there was a light vein in his nature which created much sunshine for himself and those about him. His writings when a youth, were of rather a frivolous nature. Later he wrote some sonnets, and when he came in contact with the woman who afterwards became his wife, all the sincerity, truth and purity in his soul was awakened. He wrote satirical verse in the Yankee character under the name of Hosea Biglow in the cause of the abolition of slavery, and his next versification was of a patriotic character. Finally he became the true, philosophical poet, writing from the depths of his soul, and after this he did his best work. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is one of his best works, and he has written many short poems that display the same seriousness of thought. One of his choice poems is "The Foot-path," a poem of aspiration, in which he says of the "City of Eltland,"

> "I build thee in yon sunset cloud,
> Whose edge allures to climb the height,
> I hear they drowned bells inly-loud,
> From still pools dusk with dreams of night.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> I know not and will never pry
> But trust our human heart for all;
> Wonders that from the seeker fly
> Into an open sense may fall."

A brief review of "Tennyson's Life and Poetry, and Mistakes Concerning Tennyson," is published in a little book by Eugene Parsons. It contains a full li t of the poet's published works in consecutive order, and also a list of those books of other writers containing anything concerning Tennyson. It can be well recommended as a guide to

[1] Lee & Shepherd, Publishers, 10 Milk St., Boston.

anyone who should wish to make a study of England's great poet, whose beautiful, refined, pure and ethereal nature taught him to say such words as these:

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life should live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core
And dust and ashes all that is."

Richard Hovey pays a tribute to the memory of William Parsons, poet, and one of the translators of Dante's "Inferno," in a little volume consisting of a poem of much merit entitled *Seaward*[1], and a brief biographical sketch of Parsons himself. Hovey seems to consider this poet the best translator of Dante that has ever undertaken the interpretation of the great Italian writer. Parsons devoted most of his life and effort to the study of Dante's personality and productions, and did little work outside of their translation. What he has done gives evidence of some power, but only those who were associated with and understood him were able to feel and know his future possibilities. Hovey was a personal friend of Parsons who knew him well, and thus he speaks of him:

"The hermit thrush of singers, few might draw
So near his ambush in the solitude
As to be witness of the holy awe
And passionate sweetness of his singing mood.
Not oft he sang, and then in ways apart,
Where foppish ignorance might not intrude
To mar the joy of his sufficing art.

Dream of the Ages,[2] a poem by Kate Brownlee Sherwood and *The Angel and the King and other Poems*,[3] by John Augustine Wilstach have been recently published. They are both tastefully bound volumes and commend themselves to the public.

The Addresses of Phillips Brooks have been gathered together in a book entitled "*Perfect Freedom*,"[4] with an introduction by Rev. Julius H. Ward. The strong but kindly face of Phillips Brooks looks forth from the opening page of the book, reflecting the truth and poetry of his soul and the earnest sweetness of his life. He leads his readers through the different paths of life, showing them that it is expedient to apply the principles of morality, nobility and truth to all transactions, whether in the home, at church, or in business, and in all the dealings and struggles with the world. He says that only where men have learned to control themselves will they enjoy perfect freedom. He speaks of the weight of sorrow, shame and terror, men are laying upon themselves and others by staining each other's honor and virtue. A sin is a hydra-headed monster, for when one has personally reformed, the results of his sin committed long ago may have blighted many lives though it was only committed against one. The Rev. Phillips Brooks says, "The miserable talk about sowing wild oats, about getting through the necessary conditions of life before a man comes to solemnity! Shame upon any man who, having passed through the sinful conditions and habits and dispositions of his earlier life, has not carried out of them an absolute shame for them, that shall let him say to his boy by word and by every utterance of his life, 'Refrain, for they are abominable things!'"

This man also values physical strength and beauty and says it is a duty to keep the body pure, healthful and vigorous.

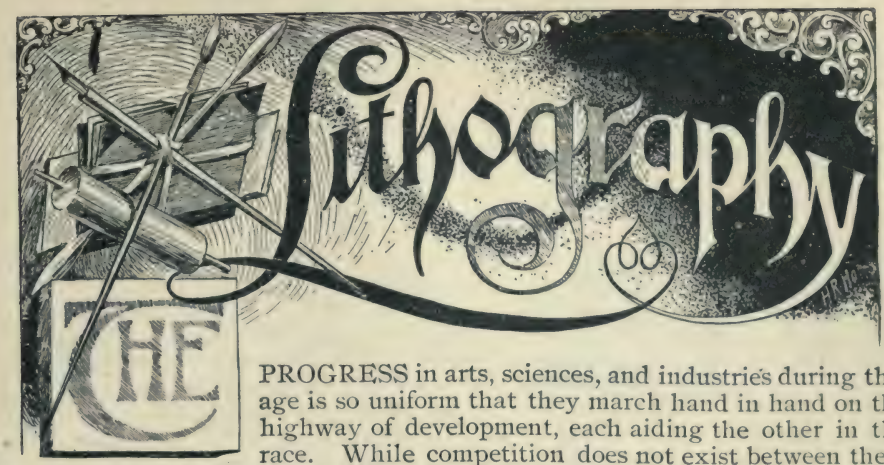
The Well-Dressed Woman,[5] by Helen Gilbert Ecob, is one of the best volumes of this nature that has ever been written and should be owned by every woman, that she might learn what a sin she is committing against herself and future generations by adhering to the prevailing methods of dress. She is outraging all laws of health, art and morality, and is allowing herself to become hopelessly the inferior of the sterner sex. As Ecob says, she cannot hope to successfully compete with man mentally until she has made herself his equal physically, until she has ceased to deform her body with corsets, tight shoes and various other instruments of torture, and become what God intended her to be, a strong, beautiful and intelligent creature. Let every woman, who desires complete freedom, ponder well over these facts, and learn from Helen Ecob's little volume what the medical authorities have to say concerning the follies of women.

All women may acquire the grace that too many of them lack, the grace that nevelops the form of the beautiful Nourmadee, the heroine of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem:—

"Oh Shape of blended fire and snow!
Each clime to her some spell had lent—
The North her cold, the South her glow,
Her langours all the Orient;
Her scarf was as the cloudy fleece
The moon draws round its loveliness
That so its beauty may increase
The more in being seen the less.
And as she moved and seemed to float—
So floats a swan!—"

G. L.B.

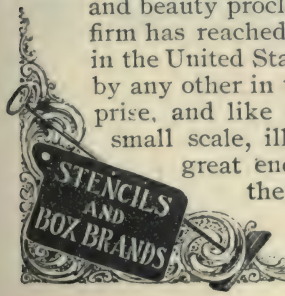
[1] D. Lathrop & Co., Boston.
[2] The National Tribune, Washington, D. C.
[3] Chas. Wells Moulton, Buffalo.
[4] Chas. E. Brown & Co., Boston.
[5] Fowler "Wells Co., 27 E. 21st St., New York.



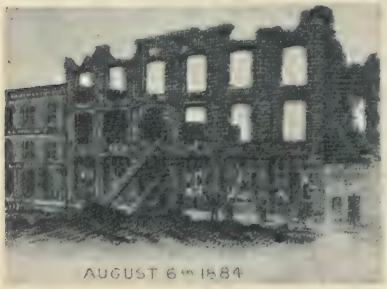
PROGRESS in arts, sciences, and industries during this age is so uniform that they march hand in hand on the highway of development, each aiding the other in the race. While competition does not exist between these three factors of civilization, it is an intrinsic necessity for the successful expansion of each individual one of them, and improvements, invention and new discoveries are the requisites for advancement in arts, manufactures and other industries. When the art of printing was originated, crude as it was with its accessories of wooden type and primitive hand-press, the inventor, slow as was his process of production, was regarded as a necromancer, and to save his body from the flames, was compelled to explain the manner of his producing so many Bibles just alike. Since that time no other art or industry has made more rapid progress.

Lithography, or the art of printing from stone, was invented by Aloys Senefelder, of Munich, about the end of the eighteenth century. Were he alive to-day and could see the extent to which improvement has carried his simple invention, his surprise would be beyond all bounds. The stones used in this branch of printing are obtained from calcareo-argillaceous deposits, or beds constructed of layers varying from the thickness of writing paper to that of several inches. They are of several hues, yellowish-white, reddish, pearl-gray, blue and green, and are of different degrees of hardness, which supply suitable material for the lithographer to use pen or brush, chalk or the engraving tool according to the demands made upon him for writings, printings, or drawings. In the case of colored pictures—known as chromo-lithographs—and colored maps, a separate stone is required for each color, one stone being printed after the other, and so arranged that the colors blend together and produce the desired effect. The best lithographic stones are found near Pappenheim, on the Danube, in Bavaria. Others of inferior quality have been discovered in Silesia, England, France and other countries; no good ones have as yet been found in the United States.

The cover of this number of the CALIFORNIAN has been produced by the Schmidt Label and Lithographic Company, of San Francisco, and its excellence and beauty proclaim the perfection in the lithographic art which that firm has reached. This establishment is one of the largest of its kind in the United States, and as to its practical arrangements, is unequalled by any other in the country. It is the outgrowth of energy and enterprise, and like most successful undertakings it was started on a very small scale, illustrating the old adage that "little beginnings have great endings." The founder of this great establishment was the present president of the company, Mr. Max Schmidt, who with the modest capital of $40.75 commenced operations in 1872 on Clay street, paying a rental of ten dollars a month for his work-



shop. At first he performed all the work himself; then, after a time, his means admitted of his hiring a boy, and later, man by man, a staff of employees was engaged, nearly all of whom are still in the establishment. His perseverance, business ability and punctuality in meeting the requirements of his customers gained for him that increase in business which only such qualities can insure. A company was formed, and after no less than eleven removals from place to place, necessitated by the extension of the company's operations, a three-story building on Main street was taken in 1883, and thither the firm removed its greatly enlarged plant.



And now disaster assailed the company. They had just got into good working order and full business swing, when, during the absence of Mr. Schmidt in Los Angeles, the entire plant was destroyed by fire. This was in June, 1884, and their engagements with the fruit-canning companies were extensive and had to be met. These companies, in order to obtain funds necessary to carry on their business, depend upon the delivery of labels. Canned goods cannot be shipped without bearing their respective labels, whereas when labelled and shipped, the shippers can draw drafts on them. To fulfil their engagements with the canning companies was imperative. Fortunately there happened to be for sale in the market three presses which were immediately bought and in an incredible short space of time work was renewed, engagements fulfilled, and confidence in the firm's stability and punctuality in performance of its contracts maintained.

The company rebuilt, procured a spendid plant and commenced running on a larger scale and in better shape. But the house was doomed to meet with another catastrophe. In August, 1886, the entire building was again burned to the ground and the plant destroyed. Mr. Schmidt was at Sacramento at the time this occurred, on his return from a recuperating trip to the Yosemite. No sooner did he receive the unpleasant tidings than he hastened to San Francisco, succeeded in purchasing Bancroft & Co.'s plant, again began operations, and again rebuilt.

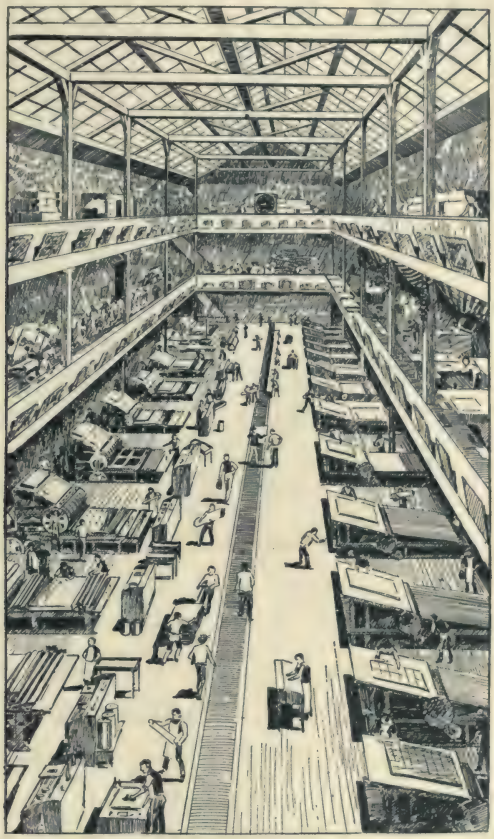


The occurrence of two such disasters in the space of two years caused the insurance companies to fight shy of issuing future policies to so unlucky a firm, and it was decided to build on a plan that would reduce the risk of fire to the minimum. The building was, in pursuance of this idea, built in three compartments, the dividing walls of which were erected in brick and are so massive as to be practically fireproof. The wisdom of this system was evident and the house finds no shyness now on the part of insurance companies. Plenty of insurance can be obtained at lower rates than ever.

In the building on Main street the central compartment is devoted to office use and the Art Rooms. The main building—for in fact each compartment may be considered as a separate edifice—contains the presses, book-bindery, storeroom, etc., while to the left of it, a three-story building is used exclusively for glossing

labels. A sixty-five horse power engine occupies the basement specially constructed for the purpose, below the press-room, which also contains all shafting and belting.

In this large and well-arranged establishment, which is the result of per-



GENERAL VIEW OF PRESS-ROOM, SCHMIDT LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH CO.

severance and courage under difficulties, 250 hands are employed. There are no fewer than thirty-five presses worked by steam power, and twenty-six hand presses, besides a great quantity of other machinery. The daily capacity is 1,000,000 glossed labels, besides great quantities of bank and commercial work, and all such products as pertain to the engravers' and printers' arts.

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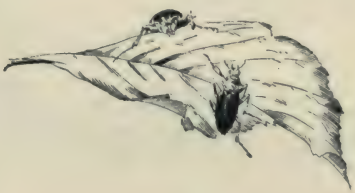
severance and courage under difficulties, 250 hands are employed. There are no fewer than thirty-five presses worked by steam power, and twenty-six hand presses, besides a great quantity of other machinery. The daily capacity is 1,000,000 glossed labels, besides great quantities of bank and commercial work, and all such products as pertain to the engravers' and printers' arts.



A GEORGIA SPRINGTIME.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

But yesterday 'twas Winter in the valleys and the hills,
An' the violet was a-droopin' an' the lily had the chills;
An' the frost was hangin' heavy where the cotton blossom shines,
An' the darky was a-weepin' by the watermelon vines.
But now jes' see the weather! In a cloud of pinks and white,
The mockin' birds are singin' an' the larks are out o' sight;
An' the cattle—they are ploddin' through the daisies in the dells,
An' a feller falls to noddin' at the tinkle o' their bells.
O, it's fine—this kind o' livin' in this blessed land o' ours;
One day you're pitchin' snowballs an' the next you're pullin' flowers!
But we take it as we find it from the Springtime to the Fall;
If we melt, we never mind it; if we freeze—we freeze. That's all.



PURE AND SURE — Cleveland's — PURE AND SURE — Baking Powder — PURE AND SURE

Everything used in making Cleveland's Baking Powder is named on the label, information not given by other makers.

Cleveland's is a pure cream of tartar powder, is in the first class and first in the class.

The best known writers on domestic science, as

Marion Harland, Mrs. McBride, Mrs. Parker and Emily Hayes,

and teachers of cookery,

as Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Rorer, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Dearborn,

use Cleveland's Baking Powder

One rounded teaspoonful of Cleveland's Baking Powder does more and better work than a heaping teaspoonful of any other.





A large saving on a year's bakings.

A quarter pound can will be mailed free on receipt of 15 cents in stamps, with your name and address.

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"Its Pure and Sure."



Fun on the Wing

WOULD SEND BURNING WORDS.

It is believed in scientific and political circles that if you had a wire to the Hawaiian Islands, the cabled observations of the American citizens there would keep it hot. We are inclined to this view.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

THE REAL TROUBLE.

"What? Got your patent leather boots blacked and bought them only ten days ago! Wasn't the leather any good?"

"The leather is all right, but the patent seems to have expired."—*London Tit-Bits.*

A LEADING PART.

"Blinkins tells me he has a leading part in the company he is with."

"Yes, he's with the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' troupe, and he takes the bloodhounds to and from the theater."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

BILL NYE TO THE FRONT.

In Vancouver recently a man persisted in interrupting Bill Nye and Burbank. At last Nye stepped forward to the footlights and inquired: "Is Dr. Keeley in the house?" The audience yelled, and the loafer subsided.

THE H-ENGLISH OF IT.

Old bachelor (in want of a housekeeper)—"And where did you say your last place was?"

Applicant—"My last place was at Enemal, sir."

Old bachelor—"What's the name of it—Animal?"

Applicant—"No, sir, Enemal."

Old bachelor—"Where the dooce is that?"

Applicant—"It's hin Suffick, sir, Lord Stradbrooke's."

Old bachelor—"How do you spell it?"

Applicant—"Haitch, hee, hen, haitch, hay, hem, haitch, hay, hell, hell, sir."

Old bachelor (relieved)—"O-o-o-o-o-h! Henham hall!"—*Judy.*

IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

A—"That's a newly married couple." B—"How do you know?" A—"He is always stepping on her dress." B—"What does that prove?" A—"After he has been married some time and found out what a dress costs, he will be more careful."—*Fliegende Blättner.*

Mrs. Fangle.—I've advertised for a servant for a whole week with no result.

Mrs. Cumso.—Well, I advertised for a good-looking help lady, and had thirty-four to select from the first day.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It is the troubles of to-morrow that make people heavy laden to-day.

While the disciples were clamoring for the highest place, not one of them deserved the lowest one.

The man who claims that the world owes him a living generally has trouble in collecting the debt.

It never adds anything to the force of a Christian's testimony to carry a revolver in his hip-pocket.

It is as cowardly to talk about a man behind his back as it is to throw stones at his house in the dark.

You can tell more about a man's character by trading horses with him than you can by hearing him talk in prayer meeting.

There is something wrong if you feel spiteful whenever you see another woman wearing a better bonnet than you can afford.

There are plenty of places where a preacher's testimony will do the Lord more good than in a patent medicine advertisement.

There are thousands of people who would die before they would steal chickens, who are downright robbers in other ways that are not so risky.

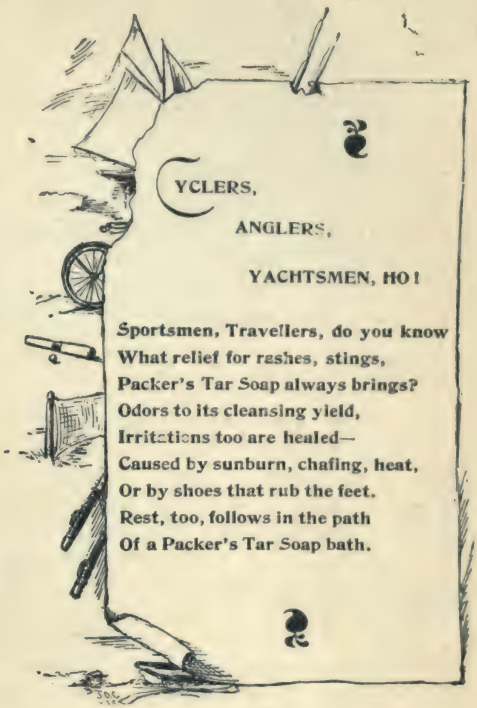
There's nothing like discipline, but it don't do a boy any good to make him hoe potatoes in the back garden while a brass band is passing the house.—*Ram's Horn.*

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If you wish your infant to be well nourished, healthy, bright, and active, and to grow up happy, robust, and vigorous.

The BEST FOOD for Hand-fed Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, Dyspeptics, and the Aged is

MELLIN'S FOOD
For Infants and Invalids.

Our Book for the instruction of mothers,
"The Care and Feeding of Infants,"
will be mailed free to any address upon request.

DOLIBER-GOODALE CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.



A WOMAN IN A HOTEL.

A woman in a hotel is like a live wire on a frolic, or a runaway horse at a funeral. She can give and countermand more orders in fifteen minutes after her trunks come up, than a man could think of in a week. She writes half a dozen letters a day, using three or four sheets of the hotel paper in each one, and calls up a bell boy to mail each one separately. She puts all sorts of things in the safe, and no one minds that so much as the things she does n't put there, but is perfectly sure she did. Of course, she finds them up stairs under the pillow, and apologizes so prettily one can't help but be glad she made the mistake.

She never makes out a wash list but she "knows" exactly what she had, and one pair has n't been returned. She keeps the ponderous bell boy promenading up and down stairs all day with roses and cards, parcels and messages, and never remembers to tip him; but it is good for his digestion, makes him earn his wages, and teaches him the philosophy of life. She sends word down to know just when the 5 o'clock train goes out, and what time the 7 o'clock limited gets in. Of course, she does n't eat as much or drink as much or spend as much money as a man, but she can make things more lively with her cards and callers, the people she is "in" to, and the people she is "out" to, than a houseful of men.

She wants to live all over the house, and why not? A pretty woman reading in a parlor, or waiting on a hall seat, or scribbling letters in her queer angular hand at the writing table is ever so much more interesting an attraction than a potted palm, or a jardiniere full of flowers. Ever since the days of the garden eviction, men have followed where women have led, and the hotel where women most do congregate is sure to have a generous following of men. Indeed, it is a question if a pretty woman that will sit around in stained glass attitudes and a handsome gown ought not to have special rates, if she is n't paid a salary.

There is one thing a woman will do every time, and that is insist that there is something wrong about her bill. She "knows" just what she has had, and is sure there is a mistake and you have charged her too much, but, bless her heart! she always pays. Sunshine is n't surer in June than a woman's honesty. She never is so "dead broke" at the end of the trip that she has to pawn her things or give security on her trunks. And if you do succeed in pleasing her, she will tell every one from here to the Golden Gate that your hotel is the only decent place in town. A drummer working on commission and giving his whole time to it, can't work up half the custom that one well-suited woman will send you if you humor her little caprices, serve her dainty little dishes of nothing sweetened and tied up with bows, and fix up her bill so that you can afford to discount it a bit when she leaves.—*N. Y. Sun.*



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BONESTELL & CO.

Dealers in All Kinds of

Printing AND Wrapping

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THAT THE

ORANGE AND LEMON INDUSTRY

IN RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

Is a crowning success, has become a truism, and that

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS

A TRACT OF SOME 4,000 ACRES

Is **THE GEM** of Riverside's crown, is equally true.

Young Groves, (ORANGE and LEMON) and locations of beauty for the INVESTOR and HOMESEEKER, are now being offered on ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, at reasonable prices, and on easy terms.

A perpetual and abundant water right in the "GAGE CANAL SYSTEM" (one inch to each five acres) is sold with these lands. This water right is practically free, and is equal to a rainfall of thirty-five inches per annum.

Some thirteen of the twenty-two miles of the canal of this system are already lined with concrete, and the water is distributed throughout ARLINGTON HEIGHTS in steel pipes, and delivered on the highest corner of each lot.

Flowers, fruits and vegetables flourish and mature on ARLINGTON HEIGHTS every month of the year.

Riverside is famed for her churches and schools, and ARLINGTON HEIGHTS boasts of one of the finest of the latter.

The main line of the Santa Fe R. R. between Chicago and San Diego runs parallel and adjacent to ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, affording three stations.

These lands are now being offered at reasonable prices, and on easy terms.

For map and pamphlet accurately describing these lands, address,

THE RIVERSIDE TRUST CO., LIMITED

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.



MIDSUMMER.

DEXTER BROTHERS' ENGLISH SHINGLE STAINS

This Shingle Stain used on the buildings at the World's Columbian Exposition.
We challenge anyone to show us a house where our Stain has washed off.

A shingled house, if painted, is not artistic. A moss green roof cannot be obtained by the use of paint. We will send you samples of any color of Stain if you will write to us. We study the harmony of colors and can suggest effect you have not thought of in staining.

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Union Photo Engraving and Electrotyping Co.

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For Samples of our work see this Magazine

Odds and Ends.

The highest fall in Switzerland is the Staubbach at Lauterbrunnen.

The highest falls in the world are the Ribbon Falls of the Yosemite—3,300 feet.

The highest habitation in this country is the signal service station on the top of Pike's Peak.

The editors of the Memphis Commercial and Appeal-Avalanche are bound to fight a duel, law or no law.

The highest inhabited place in the world is the custom-house of Ancomarca, in Peru, 16,000 feet above the sea.

The cañon of the Colorado is 300 miles long, and the cliffs on either said are from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the water.

The Greenland newsboys who cry "Ere's yer Arrangagliotio Natinginnavnik Sysarammas Sivik" have well-developed lungs.

Victor Hugo committed some charming international blunders. The favorite unmusical instrument of Scotland he called "le bugpipe," and the Firth of Forth he translated as "Premiere des Quatre," or "first of the fourth."

The ex-Empress Frederick of Prussia, the Queen-Regent of the Netherlands, and the Empress Augusta, all hold the positions of regimental chiefs in Prussia.

The senior women Colonel is the Empress Frederick, who was placed in command of a regiment of hussars at the coronation of Emperor William I., Oct. 18, 1861. Princess Frederick Charles, widow of the famous "Red Prince," ranks second in point of time. She received her Colonelcy in 1871. Queen Victoria was made Colonel of a Prussian regiment of dragoons in 1889.

The two first named have often ridden at the head of their regiments, dressed in their full regimentals, and one of the Empress Frederick's most dashing pictures shows her thus attired and afield.

The editor of the Hiawatha (Kan.) World has got tired of having folks say, "Stop my paper." He offers to send it for life to any one who will pay fifty dollars.

Life in Maine is not all that it might be to aspiring woman. She is not recognized as a person until the Sheriff or tax-collector is after her. She has no legal control over her children after the age of infancy unless they are illegitimate. A father can will away his children to the care of a guardian, with the approval of the Judge of Probate. During good conduct a father may be the guardian of his children though he marries as often as he pleases. A mother can only be the guardian of her children while she remains a widow. The Maine man can convert his property into cash, with which he can purchase timber land, and so leave his wife a pauper, for the Maine woman has no right in uncultivated land.

A REMARKABLE CHANGE.

A Hungarian peasant went to a Munich painter and asked him to paint the portrait of his mother.

"Certainly," said the painter, "send her to me."

"But she is dead; if she was alive I wouldn't want her portrait."

"Well, have you any picture of her?"

"No; if I had I wouldn't want one."

"Well, my friend, describe her to me; what sort of eyes, hair, etc."

He secured that, and appealing to his artist friends who had some Hungarian studies, he painted a head. Thinking that his joke was too good a one to be without witnesses, he summoned his friends and secreted them about the room; he sent for the peasant. The man came, looked at the picture, his eyes filled with tears; he put up his hand to wipe them away.

"Poor fellow," said the artist, patting him on the back. "It is a good likeness, then, it affects you so much?"

"No," said the man. "Poor mother! To think she has only been dead six months, and looks like that!"—*Golden Rule.*

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In the High Sierra

The attractions are increasing in number every year. The opening of new roads through these rugged fastnesses has brought to public notice many delightful scenes.

Lake Tahoe

Is the central attraction, but in its immediate neighborhood are a half dozen or more charming little mountain gems quite the equal of Tahoe in picturesque beauty if not as large and famous. A week, or even two weeks, can be very profitably spent in this interesting region.

Kings River Canyon

Is coming gradually to public notice as a rival of **YOSEMITE.** In many respects the two are remarkably similar. It is further South in the high Sierras and as yet not as easy of access. But slight difficulties of travel will be no obstacle to sightseers who wish to witness the **Noblest and Sublimest Natural Architecture on Earth.**

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Many Prizes

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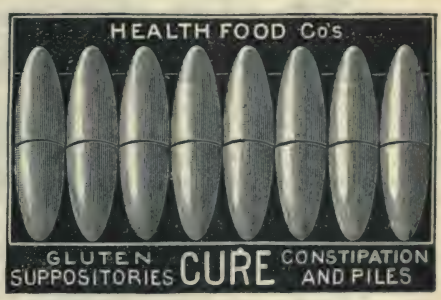
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Mr. McDonald is a forcible writer and his essays on the great questions of the day will be read by all who take an interest in the advancement and betterment of our political, commercial and social usages.—*Times*, Escondido.

These articles have already appeared in print and attracted much attention on account of the recognized ability with which the subjects were presented. Mr. McDonald is a thorough student, and the salient points of the questions under discussion are brought out clearly and forcibly.—*Gazette*, Martinez.

The contents are masterly essays on important questions of the day—topics of importance and interest to every public-spirited person on this coast—written by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., vice-president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, and reprinted from previous numbers of the *Californian Magazine*.—*Ojai*, Nordhoff.

Those who are at all familiar with Mr. McDonald's method of grappling with these important problems will hail the appearance of these essays with delight. They are admirably written and get at the root of the matter with charming distinctness. — *New Era*, Monterey.

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Richard H McDonald, Jr., vice president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, has during the past few months contributed to the *Californian* a number of interesting and scholarly articles on the Nicaragua Canal and other political and economic topics.—*New Era*, Benicia.

These essays, besides discussing the Nicaragua Canal, cover quite a range of economic subjects, the topics being "Is Labor in Danger?" "Regulation of Railway Charges." "How to Secure Good Municipal Government." "Political Duty of Californians." "Our Commercial Growth and the Tariff," from both a Republican and a Democratic standpoint; "Ballot Reform" and "The Danger to the Republic." There is much matter in the pamphlet for thoughtful people to consider.—*Times*, Los Angeles.

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PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessons the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides everyone knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

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1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
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3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet) of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

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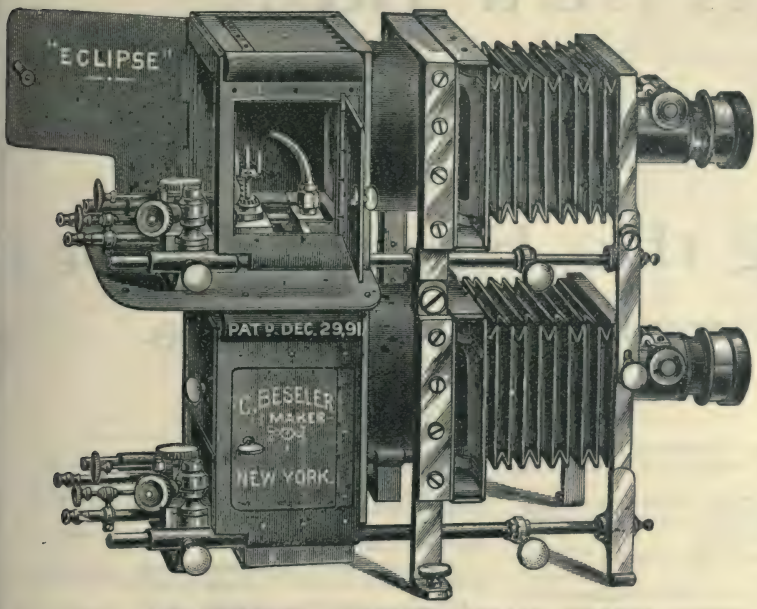
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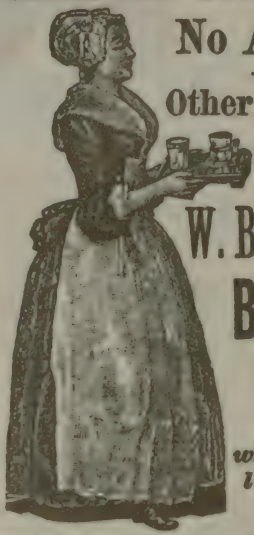
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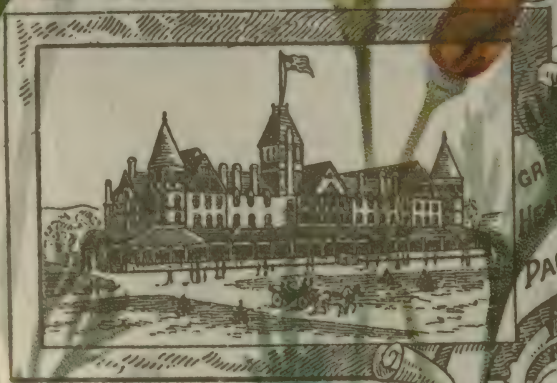
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THE CALIFORNIAN

AUGUST 1893

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

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QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

The Extra Session of Congress.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Story of the Files
Life's Sunbeams and Shadows
Youth
Whittier and the Children
The Drama
Mortal Man
Ethianism
Reincarnation

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Octave Thanet.

THE **Frontispiece** for the **September Number** of the **Californian Magazine** will be a portrait of **Henry Irving** in his great character of Thomas á Becket—a reproduction of one of those remarkable photographs of Rembrandt effects of light and shade, by H. H. H. Cameron of London. The eminent actor will also be the subject of a descriptive and appreciative paper by **Peter Robertson,** the well known dramatic author.



The **Southern Ute Indians** will be described by **Verner Z. Reed** and many new and picturesque illustrations will be introduced. Mr. Reed has had unusual facilities for acquiring information concerning these aboriginals who, despite the inroads of civilization, still retain their primitive customs. **Hon. W. W. Bowers** will reply to Congressman Bland's article in the North American Review on the **Free Coinage of Silver,** while Morris M. Estee will treat silver from another standpoint; and **Ex-Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon,** in **A Foreigner's Misconceptions,** will tell his readers how and why our system of government is disparaged by Englishmen in general and Mr. James Bryce in particular.

Charles Frederick Holder will write of **Shark Fishing** as a pastime for lovers of sport and athletics and will relate numerous thrilling encounters with these voracious man-eaters of the sea. **Ensign W. F. Burke** has prepared a paper on the **Californian Naval Battalion,** a most important branch of our naval and military system. **Elodie Hogan** contributes a charmingly illustrated article on the **Children of the Street** which will appeal to every philanthropic heart, and a fully illustrated article will appear on the **Pacific Coast Women's Press Ass'n,** whose members are fast gaining eminence in the world of literature.

Smuggling will be the subject of an article by **Charles Craig,** describing many of the ingenious devices employed to elude the vigilance of the Custom men. **Flora Haines Loughead** will contribute a story, beautifully illustrated by Harmer, entitled **San Sebastian Valley,** and there will be articles on Ibsen, Junipero, Walnut Culture, etc., etc.



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So reader, if you want a trip to Alaska and back (from any part of the United States), read our directions, get up your club for the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, and any time from May to September provide yourself with waterproof, umbrella, warm shoes and woolen clothing, take your trip and come home again in the belief that you have discovered the elixir of youth.

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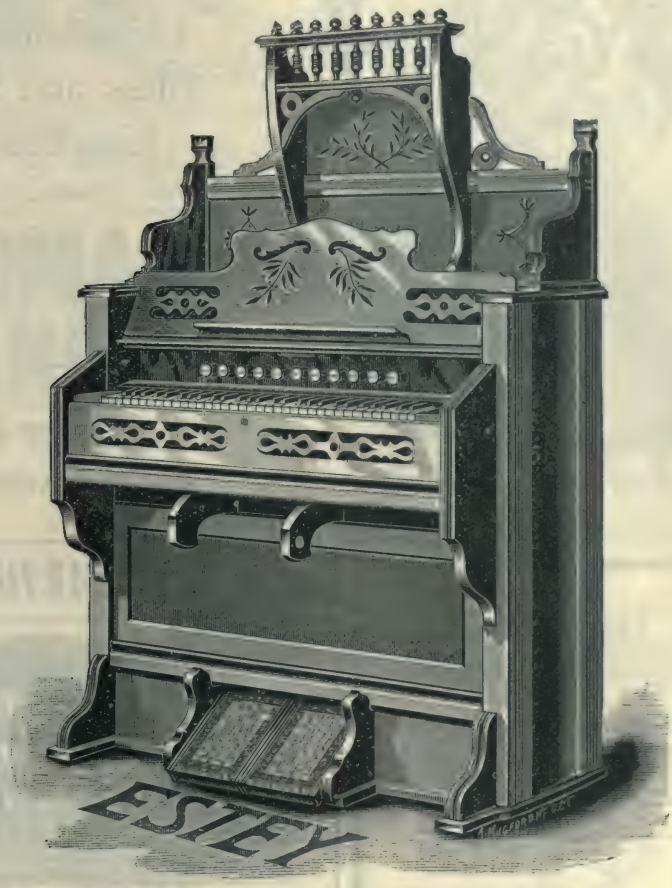
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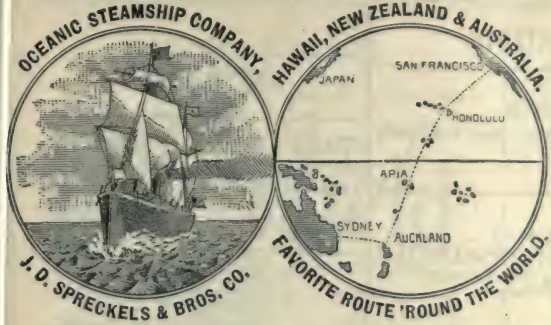
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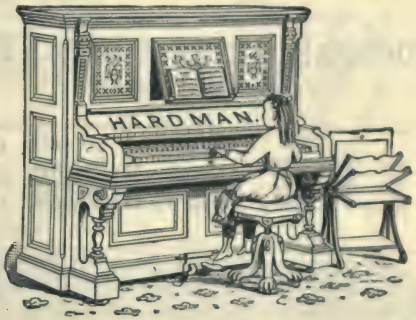
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Author of a "Life of Charles Darwin," "Living Lights," "Elements of Zoology," "The Ivory King," "A Strange Company," etc., etc.

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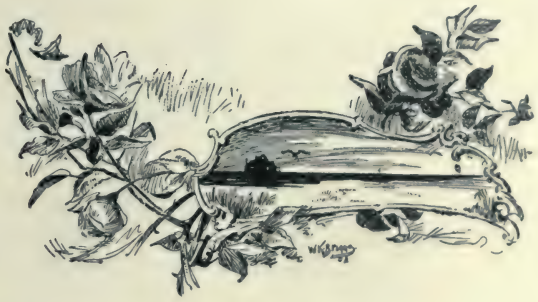


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THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1893. NO. 3.



SESTINA.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I wandered o'er the vast green plains of youth,
And searched for pleasure. On a distant hight
Fame's silhouette stood sharp against the skies.
Beyond vast crowds that thronged a broad highway
I caught the glimmer of a golden goal,
While from a blooming bower smiled siren Love.

Straight gazing in her eyes, I laughed at Love
With all the haughty insolence of youth,
And past her bower I strode to seek my goal.
"Now will I climb to glory's dizzy hight,"
I said, "for there above the common way
Doth Pleasure dwell companioned by the skies."

But when I reached that summit near the skies,
So far from men I seemed, so far from Love;
"Not here," I cried, "doth Pleasure find her way."
Seen from the distant border land of youth,

Fame smiles upon us from her sun-kissed hight,
But frowns in shadows when we reach the goal.

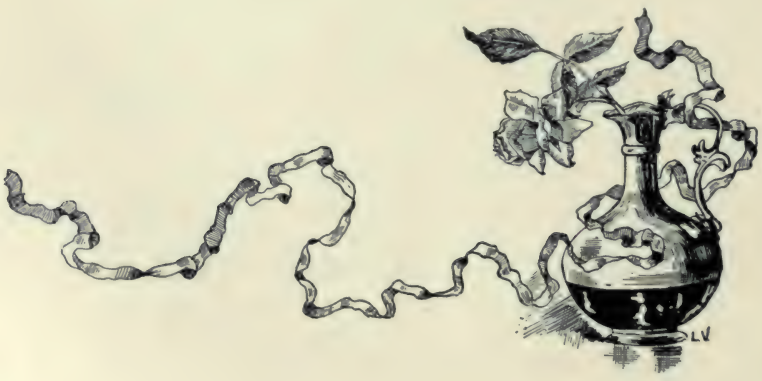
Then were mine eyes fixed on that glittering goal,
Dear to all sense-sunk souls beneath the skies.
Gold tempts the artist from the lofty hight,
Gold lures the maiden from the arms of Love,
Gold buys the fresh ingenuous heart of youth,
And Gold, I said, will show me Pleasure's way.

But oh! the soil and discord of that way
Where savage throngs rushed headlong tow'rd the goal.
Dead to the best impulses of their youth,
Blind to the azure beauties of the skies,
Dulled to the voice of Conscience and of Love,
They wandered far from Truth's Eternal hight.

Then Truth spoke to me from that distant hight,
Saying, "Thou didst pass Pleasure on the way:
She with the yearning eyes so full of Love,
Whom thou disdained, to seek for glory's goal.
Two blending paths beneath God's watching skies
Lead straight to Pleasure, oh, blind heart of youth.

Envoi.

Not up Fame's hight, not tow'rd the base god's goal,
Doth Pleasure make her way, but 'neath calm skies
Where Duty walks with Love in endless youth."





THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

BY S. E. CARRINGTON.

SIAM is always associated in one's mind with the White Elephant. This marvel of fiction is represented upon the national flag and upon the seals of the Government, and is so completely identified with the history of the country that it is not surprising that the impression has gone abroad that a purely white elephant is to be found in the courts of the country.

The white elephant is mentioned in the mythology of the land as associated with Buddha, but it exists only in the imagination—the animal being simply an elephant with reddish blotches, and rather lighter than the ordinary elephant.

"The white elephant," says Frank Vincent, the eminent traveler, "has been happily termed the Apis of the Buddhists. It is held to be sacred by all the Indo-Chinese nations except the Annamese. It is revered as a God, while living, and its death is regarded as a national calamity. * * * Even at the present day the white elephant is worshipped by the lower classes, but by the King and nobles it is revered and valued not so much for its divine character, being the abode of a transmigrating Buddha, as because it is believed to bring prosperity to the court in peace, and good fortune in war. The more there are of them, the more grand and powerful the state is supposed to be."

In the Ramazana, one of the sacred books of the Brahmins, there is reference to the white elephant as follows: "The sixty thousand descended to Patala, and there renewed their digging. There, O, chief of men, they saw the elephant of that quarter of the globe, in size resembling a mountain, with distorted eyes, supporting with his head this earth, with its mountains and forests, covered with various countries and adorned with numerous cities. When, for the sake of rest, O, Kakootstha! the great elephant, through distress, refreshes himself by moving his head, an earthquake is produced. Having respectfully circumambulated this mighty elephant, guardian of the quarter,

they, O, Rama, fearing him, penetrated into Patala.

"After they had thus penetrated the east quarter they opened their way to the south. Here they saw that great elephant, Muhapudma, equal to a huge mountain, sustaining the earth with his head. Beholding him, they were filled with surprise; and after the usual circumambulation, the sixty thousand sons of the great Sugura perforated the west quarter. In this, these mighty ones, saw the elephant Soumanuca, of equal size. Having respectfully saluted him, and inquired respecting his health, these valiant men, digging, arrived at the north. In this quarter, O chief of Ruzhoo! they saw the snow-white elephant Bhudra, supporting this earth with his beautiful body."

The order of the White Elephant is highly esteemed in Siam and few Europeans, among whom is Sir Edwin Arnold, have entered it. The following is a copy of the order:



CROWN PRINCE IN PARTY ROBES.

Somlech Phra Paramindr Maha Chulaloukoru, Chula Chom Klao, King of Siam, fifth sovereign of the present dynasty, which founded and established its rules, Katana Mahindr Ayuddhya, Bankok, the capital city of Siam, both northern and southern, and its dependencies, Suzerain, of the Laos, and Malays and Koreans, etc., etc. To all and singular to whom these presents come:

Know Ye, we deem it right and fitting, that Edwin Arnold, Esq., author of "The Light of Asia," should be appointed an officer of the most exalted Order of the White Elephant, to his honor henceforth. May the Power which is highest in the universe keep and guard him, and grant him happiness and prosperity!

Given at our palace, Parania Raja Sthit Maholarm, on Tuesday, the 11th waning of the lunar month Migusira, the first month from the cold season of the year Toh Ekasole, 1241 of the Siamese era, corresponding to the European date 9th of December, 1879 of the Christian era, being the 4046th day, or 12th year of our reign.

(Manu Regia.)
CHULALOUKORU, R. S.

The white or pink-splashed elephants are very rare, and in 1,352 years, between A. D. 515 and 1867, only twenty-four were captured, making about one in every fifty-six years. The last one was captured in 1885, and was conducted to the court of the King of Siam by His Royal Highness, Somdetch Chowf Mahamalah Bamrahp Parapako, mid much parade. His Majesty accepted and made the fortunate finder, with his mother and son, all poor natives, a present of a sum of money. The Siamese officials who brought the elephant to Bankok, were honored with an audience by His Majesty, and also given valuable presents.

In former days the ceremonies attending the capture of a white elephant were very impressive. The discoverer, were he the humblest man in the kingdom, was immediately made a mandarin; he was exempted from taxation for the remainder of his life, and presented with large sums of money, the King himself giving him one thousand dollars. As soon as the capture was made, a special courier



TEMPLE PHO, FROM THE RIVER.

was dispatched to the King, and a posse of nobles with gifts and robes started immediately for the scene of action. The ropes which the captors used in binding the royal victim were replaced by cords of scarlet silk. Mandarins attended to the slightest wants of the animal. Rich feather fans with gilt handles were used to keep the flies from it during the day, while a silk-embroidered mosquito net was provided at night. To remove it to the capital, a boat was built expressly for the purpose, and a magnificent canopy erected over it, ornamented and bedecked as were the King's palaces. Silk draperies, heavy with silver and gold, enclosed the royal prisoner; and in this state he floated down the river, receiving the acclamations of the people. When near the city, the animal was landed, the King and his court going out to meet him and escort him to the city, where a place had been built for him within the royal palace grounds. A large tract of land was set apart for his country place, chosen from the best the kingdom afforded. A cabinet of ministers was appointed, and a large retinue of nobles to attend to his wants.

The priest of the King was appointed to see to the elephant's spiritual needs, and eminent physicians ministered to his physical requirements. Gold and silver dishes were supplied to feed him from, and every want was attended to as became one of the Royal family. The city devoted three days to festivities, and the rich Mandarins made it presents.

When a white elephant died the ceremonies were the same as those of a King or Queen. The body lay in state for several days, and then it was placed upon a funeral pyre and cremated. This pyre often cost thousands of dollars, being made of the choicest sandal, sassafras, and other valuable woods. After the body had been thoroughly cremated, it was allowed to remain three days more; then the ashes were collected, placed



RUINS AT AYUTHIA, THE OLD CAPITAL OF SIAM.



land. The word Siam or Seam, is of Malay origin, meaning brow brown. Besides being known as "The Land of the White Elephant," it is also called "The Country of the Kings," "The Land of the Lotus," and the "Venice of the East," on account of the large number of intersecting canals. By its own people it is called "Muang Thai," meaning "free country."



Siam is an Asiatic kingdom inhabited by a quiet, peace-loving people of unique manners and customs which are peculiarly interesting and often picturesque, owing to their romantic surroundings and the influence of ages long since past. The natives, who are Buddhists, guard their religious beliefs jealously, and the priests render the most rigorous devotion to their temples, altars and idols, which are simply the material representations of the characteristics they worship in their God. They relate curious tales and legends, handed down from time immemorial, and believe in and cherish the superstitions that have prevailed in their country for hundreds of years. Many believe the Siamese to be of Malay origin. Europeans regard them as Mongolian, but it is much more probable that they belong to that powerful Indo-European race, whose chief branches are the Hindoos. Their language is tonal, having forty-four letters and fourteen vowels, and it is appropriately called "The Italian of the East," on account of its resemblance in sound to that language. The people generally are somewhat below the average height, slight, of lighter complexion than the Chinese, with the notable absence of the almond eyes and flat noses.

The Siamese trace their genealogy up to the first disciples of Buddha, and commence their records at least five centuries before the Christian Era. But it is only since the establishment of Ayuthia as the capital of Siam in



SIAMESE ACTORS.

1350, that history has assumed its rightful functions, and the course of events been registered with tolerable accuracy.

The climate of Siam has an undesirable reputation which has been attached to it through unfortunate circumstances, but of which it is not deserving. Many loafers and adventurers, who have tried their fortunes in every part of the globe, and have miserably failed, make this locality their last refuge. These people go there broken down in every sense of the word; they frequent drinking shops of the city and resign themselves to all the indulgences to which these dens are conducive. Sooner or later the residents are startled by the news that a European has died of cholera. The fearless sailor exhibits as little judgment in the neglect of his physical being. He will, contrary to all advice and remonstrance, drink the vilest of *samshu*, eat unripe fruit and drink river water to quench his thirst; and the river water will in all probability finish him. In a few hours he is dead of cholera, and the European community begins to be alarmed. There is no reason why they should, for these people would die of cholera in the healthiest place in the world if "they flew in the face of Providence" in the same outrageous manner.

Every precaution should be taken upon arriving in Bankok, the capital, to make sure that the drinking water is all right, and see that the cook plays no tricks with the water used in cooking. Rain-water should be collected on a clean roof, and stored for some length of time in the ordinary red jars of the country before using. The first showers should not be gathered, as they only serve to clean the roof. Pure water is a great requisite for good health; if that is all right, half the battle of living in a tropical country is won.

The great river, Ma Nam Cho Phya, is the Nile of Siam, usually overflowing in June and covering the whole vast valley like a sea. Before the season of inundation, sometimes the year is marked by the absence of early rains, causing much sickness and anxiety. Rice is then scarce and expensive and rendered unfit for market. At other times the overflow continues too long, and too much water in this country is nearly as great a calamity as too little. State barges are then sent down the river, containing priests who chant and wave wands, commanding the water to recede. Often the water continues to rise, and the priests are compelled to abandon their prayers in disgust.

A river festival takes place in the month of June, called the Loy Katong. The festivities are held during the night, the river at this time presenting a fairy-like appearance, and one could almost imagine the mermaids and fairies were vying with each other in gay contributions to this floating panorama. There are lamps placed in baskets made of plantain leaves, decorated with flowers and chaplets. Small models of boats are built on rafts formed by young plantains fastened together, also towers, gates and pagodas, bright with many colored lights. Men, women and children throng the river banks, not only to witness this brilliant scene, but each one to watch his own little bark with a single light, float down the rapid stream and out of sight. Should the light float away unextinguished, the omen is a good one, and the owner of the little chaplet retires contented. The King participates in the enjoyment of the sight with as much zest as any of his subjects. The object of the festival seems to be a test of merit, though there is no suggestion of seriousness in the dazzling spectacle.

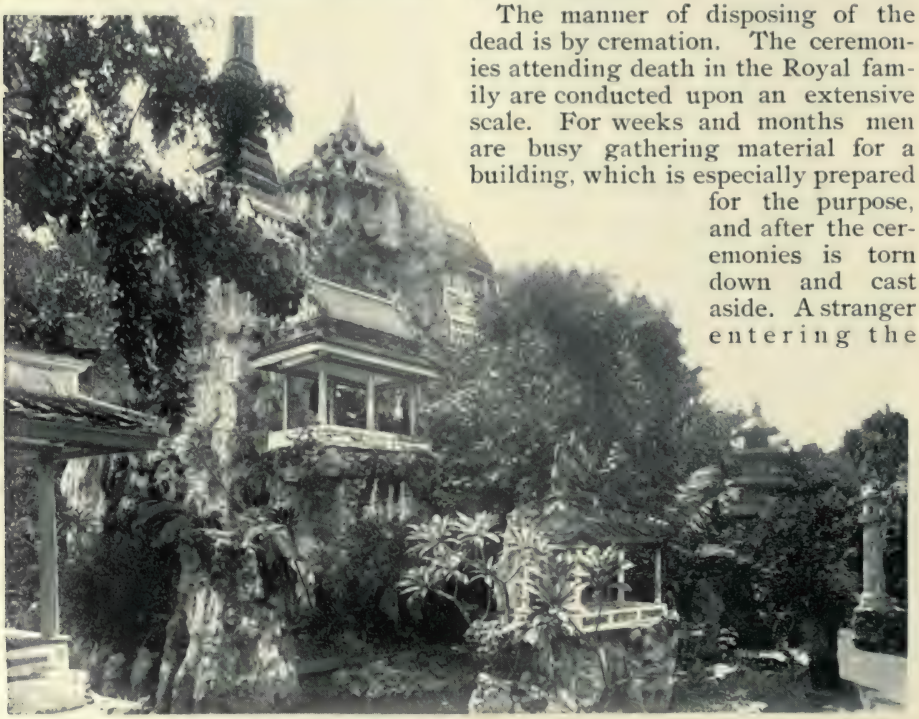
There are many national holidays; in fact the Siamese have a holiday about once a week. There is Teepching cha, or swinging holiday, Kroot cheen, or Chinese New Year, the season for visiting Phrabat, Buddha's foot-print, Kroot Tai-Holidays, or Siamese New Year, Tu nam, or drink-

ing allegiance, and Song Kraut holidays, when the women draw water to wash the idols, indulging in the sportive amusement of throwing it upon each other. This holiday is the only one in which men and women throwing off all restraint become as boys and girls, and hiding behind corners wait for the unsuspecting to give him a ducking. The lad who loves the lassie delights to give his lady-love a chance to see how skillful he or she can be, with the use of the bucket or dipper.

The festival in commemoration of the birth and death of Buddha is kept up three days, during which there is alms-giving, praying and preaching, accompanied by a display of fireworks. On Raakna holiday (beginning of seed time) a Prince is chosen, who, as a representative of the King, scatters rice—he being the first one to plant the seed at the opening of the season. The various kinds of grain are exposed that the oxen may eat, and whatever kind they eat the most of will be most abundant. Then there are the Kouwasa holidays—ordination of priests, who wish to be ordained for three months only—and the Auk Wasa holidays, when priests leave the temple presumably to get married. It is the universal custom that at some time a man must have been in the priesthood; it would be difficult to obtain a wife unless he had been a priest.

The temples, or Wats, of the Siamese priests are many and of great beauty, containing large idols of all sizes and being frequented at almost all times by many worshippers. One temple, known as Wat Pra Kaw, in which the emerald idol stands, attracts much attention, and would here be given more extensive description did time and space permit. Birthdays of the King and Crown Prince are celebrated with great pomp and display. Feasting, presents, and fireworks are in great profusion upon these occasions.

The manner of disposing of the dead is by cremation. The ceremonies attending death in the Royal family are conducted upon an extensive scale. For weeks and months men are busy gathering material for a building, which is especially prepared for the purpose, and after the ceremonies is torn down and cast aside. A stranger entering the



ROYAL TEMPLE GROUNDS, BANKOK.



EXTERIOR OF PALACE, BANKOK.

grounds or enclosure during funeral services would be led to think a fair or exhibition was in progress. There are booths, artistically decorated by each male member of the Royal family, consisting of very fine specimens of rare, curious and choice crockery, fine needle work brought from other countries, as well as some of the handy work of some of the ladies in the harem. Neither expense nor labor is stinted. The show connected with the ceremonies is usually unrivalled, continuing from three days to an entire week. The removing of the urn in which the body rests or rather sits, from the residence to the cremation building, occurs the first day. A grand procession follows. The building is made of bamboo and decorated with artistic taste, large bouquets with the unrivalled Siamese flower-baskets, and other natural decorations abounding in great profusion. The electric lights shed their radiance and add brilliancy to the scene, while the noise and din of the theatricals spoil the effect to such an extent that one forgets he is at a funeral. Chanting priests, Chinese gongs and puppet shows attract crowds, and the noisy laughter about the grounds suggests a gala day, rather than the solemnity of death.

These shows generally begin at nine in the morning and last until midnight, at which hour the yellow-robed priests take their places around the golden urn and retain them until daybreak, after which they breakfast and receive presents of food or priestly robes. The third day the remains

are removed from the urn and placed in one made of sandalwood, in readiness to receive the fire. The urn is placed upon logs of wood that have gilded ends, and are laid one upon another in the form of a pyramid. The King usually arrives about five in the evening, everything being in readiness to receive the fire from the King's hands. The fire is not supposed to be the ordinary fire of vulgar mortals, but is known as "Celestial Fire," caught from the lightning of the heavens. A lamp supposed to contain the "Chained Thunderbolt" is said to be seen burning in the royal temple, called Pra Keo.

The ceremonies of cremation in this country, which are usually supposed to be under the superintendence of the King, are emanations of the Buddhist faith. The urn signifies a personage of high rank, and no official can use the urn without special permission. There is said to be but one pure gold urn, and this is the exclu-



INTERIOR OF RAJA BO PIT, ROYAL TEMPLE.



RIVER VIEW OF BANKOK—ROYAL COLLEGE AT THE LEFT.

sive property of royalty. They have a curious custom sometimes of covering the face of the dead with gold, which is rather an expensive proceeding. The sums these people spend upon cremation are enormous.

There is a marked difference between the cremation of a King or a wealthy person, and that of one who is poor. There is a temple ground called Wat Sa Kate, where people too poor to buy fuel find vultures who devour the bodies of their dead, and when the bones are picked clean, three or four bodies, perhaps more, are put on one burning pile. The scene is revolting and offensive in the extreme.

There are two schools of Buddhism, ancient and modern. Modern Buddhists are inclined towards Atheism. They neither assert or deny a future life, saying they will not speak definately of that which they cannot clearly see nor understand. The words of an educated Siamese Prince may enable us to understand something of their convictions: "When you go and travel in the desert, you must always take a bottle of water with you. If you find water in the desert all very well; if you find none, you



Crown Prince. Czarowitz. King of Siam. Prince George. The King's Brother.

RECEPTION OF THE CZAROWITZ OF RUSSIA BY THE NOBILITY OF SIAM.

have your bottle of water. So it is with our creed. We should do our best. If there is no future, we have in this case, in the life, the conviction of having done no harm, and if there is a future, the good we have done will follow us in the next life. There is no creed which we attack or condemn. I can believe in Christ—I even confess that I am a great admirer of Christ. I am a great admirer of the moral principles which He inculcated." This man has visited the principal cities of Europe, speaks English fluently, and mingles with the European residents.

"Love your enemies. Sacrifice your life for truth. Be gentle and tender. Avoid everything that may lead to vice. Reverence old age. Provide food and shelter for the poor and aged. Despise no man's religion. Persecute no man." These are some of the precepts of modern Buddhism. They are all good, but, as in many others, their votaries often fall short in practice. The King professes to have adopted this religion.

The Buddhists believe in the law of retribution, and many stages of development through which the soul may finally attain Nirvana, or loss of identity in the infinite spirit of perfection. Buddhism has here, as elsewhere, its priests who seclude themselves from the world and spend their days in devotion and poverty.

There are about 5,000 temples in Siam, where boys are taught to read and write. For many years this has been the only way a boy could attain an education. The women are not taught to read, although five out of every ten have learned to do so now. This shows that women are sharing the general progress of Siam; they are becoming more competent to influence and direct the education of their children, and they seem to attach more importance to it than do the sterner sex.

There is nothing that can be called good literature in Siam. A few plays make up most of the reading matter, but there are also some translations of the Bible. The distribution of the latter is now under the care of Mr. Carrington, a former pastor of a church in San Francisco, who is engaged in missionary work.

Siam has been found a fertile country when properly cultivated, and is able to export large quantities of her products. There are many steamers constantly plying from one point to another with large cargoes of rice, fish, teak work, ivory, betel-nut, hides, sugar and fruit. Many of the modern improvements of western countries are found in the cities, and they seem almost a mark of vandalism upon the picturesqueness of the ancient manners, customs and habits of life. There are telephones, telegraph systems, electric cars and tram cars in Bankok; also gheries, carriages with liveried *syces* driving at breakneck speed through the crowded, narrow streets. The cars come and go with dangerous rapidity accompanied by the noise of a warning trumpeter, who blows sometimes simply to make a noise. The thoroughfares are crowded, and it is surprising that many are not killed and maimed, for the people walk along as indifferently as if they were on country roads.

The King of Siam resides in Bankok. He is popular with his subjects, for he always seems anxious for the best welfare of the people. He is a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and long before he came to the throne he vowed his country should be Muang Thai—a free country. All children born in the year in which His Majesty was crowned, shall be free at the age of twenty-one—so says this gracious King. He wears a crown of solid gold, weighing many pounds, and carries the title of Para Bard Somdetch Phra Paramender Maha Mongkut Phra Cham Klau Chau Yu Hua, with a few additions which we have forgotten.

The Royal family is a large one. The custom of polygamy has always been practiced, and in consequence of



THE KING'S SON IN COURT COSTUME.

this custom, the royal concubines of the King of Siam have ever been numerous, numbering upwards of hundreds—even thousands. It is a custom when a Prince ascends the throne, and becomes established in his reign, that each of his nobles and lords present his most beautiful daughter or niece to the King, to serve as a Nang ham—literally, a lady forbidden; that is, forbidden to go out of the palace. In former reigns, this class of persons have been rigorously confined in the royal palace, but in this reign they are allowed much more freedom. Their royal husband is their lord indeed, and they may not go away from home without a royal permit. This favor must not be sought very often, and then only on extraordinary occasions.

These ladies are not allowed to be idle, as each have *ra cha kan*, or royal business assigned them, some of them being appointed to superintend others, some performing the services of servants under mistresses, and all having some daily duties. Preparing betel-nut in soft round balls, the size of a marble, for His Majesty to eat, is one

of the occupations; rolling the spicy clove-leaf, which is plastered over with lime, to be eaten with this nut, is another. They also prepare wax and put it into little gold boxes for lip-salve, to say nothing of the making of tea and dainty sweet-meats for the royal palate.

There are two Queens—the right hand and the left hand. These ladies do not appear on state occasions, and seldom participate in festivities. Now and then one of the Queens will visit a temple with her children, in a closely covered carriage and with a body guard. The first Queen is closely related by blood to the King. As there is no more honorable family, he must seek a wife from a family of equally honorable parentage. The King does not woo his own wives. If he sees a pretty girl of noble stock whom he desires, she is conducted to the royal palace and schooled and trained as a Nang ham. It is also quite common for the relations of a girl to make an offering of their handsomest daughter, grandchild or niece, thinking it would be a great good to have the King for a family prop.

The crowning act of choosing a Queen, is the bathing of her whom the King delights to honor. The priests put into the water the leaves of a certain tree, which are thought to have a purifying and healthful influence. A platform is erected, ascending by three gradations to the height of six feet. At the top of this is placed a throne on which the woman is to sit while bathing, and directly over the throne is a white canopy through which the water is to be showered. The consecrated water is so arranged above that by turning the stop, it shall neatly and delicately sprinkle the chosen Queen. There is nothing imposing in this ceremony, nor attractive in the lady's costume.

Bankok is a strange city, totally unlike other places one may have visited. The city wall is a turreted battlement fifteen feet high and twelve feet broad. Its many beautiful gates are guarded day and night by policemen. Most of the streets are narrow, but are kept in good order, being frequently watered and swept by Chinamen. The shops and houses are peculiarly interesting, and there are many palaces of great beauty and highly artistic architecture.

It is becoming generally understood now that Bankok is not a tiger-hunted jungle, but a healthy, thriving city, and as time advances it is to be hoped there will be fewer Munchausen stories concerning it, penned by those whose only excuse is their ignorance. Bankok has now at least 300,000 inhabitants, while the whole Siamese population aggregates 1,200,000.



SIAMESE RICE AND CARGO BOAT.

Siam, with its large forests, yielding mines, productive soil, largely intersected and irrigated canals, should be recognized among the most promi-

nent of Oriental countries. The country owes much to the American missionaries, who have materially aided in establishing a feeling of friendship and confidence among the people with foreign powers, and Americans have been instrumental in introducing many inventions and improvements. The first steam rice-mill, telegraph, electric cars, hospitals, dispensaries, type-writer in the Siamese language, and medical class were established by Americans, and they are hoping to do still more for this industrious and appreciative people. In the King's own words—"The Americans have brought peace and good will."

THE MAN WITH A HOE*

BY CORA E. CHASE.

O peasant delving in the stubborn soil,
What solace has this mother Earth for thee?
Gaining thy bread through years of bitter toil,
Contented, like the cattle, just "to be!"
The patience of the yokèd ox is thine—
What child-like pathos in thy wandering eyes!
Oh, do they ever note the daisy's shine,
Or turn they ever to the vaulted skies?

If thou couldst stand upon some lofty height—
A great, fair city lying just below—
And view our progress with its steam-god's might,
Thou couldst not joy, because thou wouldst not know;
But, sore bewildered by the pageant's glare,
Wouldst turn with yearning to thy stubble field
And the familiar toil which waits thee there—
While Earth still keeps the secrets she would yield.

* * * * *

O knotted hand, canst thou not feel these tears?
That thou art pitiable, thou dost not know.
Kind Mother Nature, guide the closing years
Of this unlettered child, and help him grow.

*The Painting by Jean François Millet.

FOREST FIRES ON MT. HAMILTON.

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN, LL. D.

THE Observatory founded by Mr. James Lick differs from every other institution in the world, and that in many ways. Considered merely as an astronomical establishment it is of the highest class, and it has a battery of instruments and a corps of astronomers to use them, which would make it noteworthy, no matter where it was situated.

It was part of Mr. Lick's plan to provide not only the most powerful of existing telescopes, but to place it in the most favorable site; and the experience of several years has shown us that his choice of Mt. Hamilton in Santa Clara County was a wise one. His Observatory is perched on the summit of a mountain, 4,200 feet high, and surrounded by a wilderness of cañons (some 1,500 feet deep) and by other peaks of about its own elevation. The stage drive of twenty-six miles from San José takes the visitor into the very heart of the hills and to their very summits. The road is different from most mountain drives in that it does not choose the easiest and lowest grade, but, on the contrary, seeks to gain its elevation as quickly and as directly as possible.

When the summit is reached, the traveler finds a vast astronomical establishment, provided with every modern device, situated in the midst of a small village in which our colony of thirty to forty people lives. Every want which can be known in a city is felt here, beside many very special wants which arise from our very special occupation.

Many of these wants cannot be supplied nearer than the East or Europe, and we are frequently forced to provide for them by temporary expedients which develop a feeling of independence of all the world. Give us a little brass and iron and we can usually make the apparatus we require, long before it can be ordered and obtained from instrument makers. While our wants are like those of everyone else in California, our experiences are decidedly different.

During our second winter at Mount Hamilton (1889-90) more than twelve feet of snow fell, and we were cut off from all communication with the outside for days at a time; and during the summer of 1892, we had exciting experiences with forest fires which seemed to complete the cycle. Inundations we do not fear, and there seems to be nothing left to expect, unless perhaps, an earthquake like the Lone Pine shock of 1872.

The Observatory is situated at the very summit of Mount Hamilton. It is surrounded on all sides with deep cañons, and beyond these by high peaks which are a mile or two miles away. Towards the west are the slopes of the mountain, up which our stage road painfully climbs, and there are very few trees. To the north is a deep cañon—Cañon Negro—and beyond it a fine peak—Galileo. Beyond this again are wooded slopes reaching down to Isabel Creek, which stream runs in a semi-circle around the northern side of our reservation.

The summit of Galileo is connected with that of Copernicus (4,380 feet high) by a saddle, and north of this, saddle wooded slopes extend towards the Isabel Creek. At northeast and east of Copernicus is a wilderness of cañons and hills, all thickly covered with chapparal or scrub oak; and still further to the east and southeast lies the Isabel valley, which is used for a cattle ranch. Mount Santa Isabel

(some 4,200 feet high) lies southeast of us, two miles away, and separated from Mount Hamilton by the deep cañon of Sulphur Creek. A fire in such a region is a very different matter from the prairie fires of the plains.

The illustration shows the Sulphur Creek cañon in the foreground with the fire burning fiercely on the lower slopes of Mount Isabel, about a half mile from the Observatory. The long slope in the right foreground runs directly down from the Observatory, and the trees on the crest are thirty to forty feet high.

In the middle plane of the picture, to the right, is a wilderness of hills and valleys and beyond them, in the background, is the Gilroy valley, the southern end of the Santa Cruz mountains and the mountains beyond Monterey. The Observatory itself and the telescopes were at no time in great danger, but the outlying buildings, etc., were seriously menaced. I shall say nothing of the wonderful beauty of the spectacle (which was like nothing I have seen except, perhaps, the volcanoes in the Sandwich Islands), because the capital photograph expresses it better than any words.

The characteristic of the whole region is the chapparal, forming a tangled thicket from ten to fifteen feet high, which becomes as dry as tinder in our long and hot summer. Here and there grows a bay tree—the California laurel—which burns with a peculiar fierceness; and now and again we find a digger pine whose large cones once ignited can scarcely be extinguished. The larger trees in the foreground are Douglas oaks.

On Monday evening (July 20th, 1892), two Portuguese stopped at the Smith Creek Hotel at the foot of the mountain and then proceeded after nightfall towards the San Isabel valley.

These men passed Wandell's ranch, about a mile northeast of us, sometime about midnight of Monday; and it is believed that they made a camp fire that night, from the embers of which our forest fires were started. However this may be, it is certain that a brisk fire was burning about seven o'clock of Tuesday morning, near Mr. Wandell's place.

Finding that it was becoming serious he sent to the Observatory for help, and as it grew worse and worse the astronomers and men all turned out to assist.

From Tuesday noon until Thursday evening, it was impossible to obtain help from the outside and our little force of astronomers and workmen fought the fire round nearly half a circle, beating it back in one place to have it reappear in another, but gradually pushing it further and further away and always keeping it beyond the crests of the hills nearest to us. Our exertions were directed to a single end, namely, to see that the fire never passed these crests, or indeed never quite reached them. If it had effected a lodgment there, some of the pine cones at the summit would have been ignited and would have rolled down the hither slope, lighting grass and dry leaves on their way. Thus the cañon nearest us to the north would inevitably have been set on fire, and inevitably the fire would have swept from the bottom to the top of the cañon, burning everything in its way. Now the cottages of the astronomers and workmen, the barns, our supplies of fuel and forage were precisely in its path. And it was essential to save these as well as our waterworks, pumping engine, etc. The fate of them all really depended on keeping a single burning pine cone from rolling down the hither slopes, and this meant that the fire must be met and conquered on the farther ones. This was successfully accomplished, but at the cost of great exertions, and only after miles and miles of country had been burned over. One of our astronomers, for example, had no sleep for three days and two nights, having been almost constantly in the field for all this time.

Long trails were cut and ploughed (when possible) and the fire was met



A FOREST FIRE ON MOUNT HAMILTON.

and conquered along these lines of vantage. Whenever it was practicable, fires were purposely set beyond these trails so that the main conflagration might meet a burned space. But it was often necessary to face and subdue the flames along a narrow path only a few feet wide. No water was available. The Observatory supply is barely sufficient for daily use, and it had to be carefully husbanded in case of danger to the Observatory itself. Instead of water, dirt was used, and this was shoveled on the lines of fire at close quarters. At one time the astronomers were obliged to defend a crest something like half a mile long to prevent the flames from crossing it, while the fire was burning fiercely along the whole line. The flames rose thirty, forty or even fifty feet in the air, making a terrific heat, and the noise could be heard for two or three miles around.

Two things impressed upon me the intensity of this conflagration in two different ways, and I do not know that I can do better than to mention them. A steep hillside lay opposite to us, some distance beyond where we were working, and a few pine cones rolled down the slope and ignited the brush at the bottom of the hill. In a few seconds a line of fire extended all along the lower portions, and it was evident that the whole hillside must burn. There were at least six acres in the area. Some one took out a watch and said "Let us see how long it will take to burn it all." In twelve minutes there was not a green leaf left! A man on a fast horse could hardly have kept out of danger.

Statistics of this kind give a sort of arithmetical account of the force of the flames, but I can better express, I think, their terrifying aspect. My young son had an intelligent and affectionate shepherd dog who accompanied him to the scene of the fire (for even the children on the reservation were constantly employed in carrying water and provisions to the men who could not leave their posts.)

The animal looked at the fearful mass of flames and began to show signs of terror. My boy called him and made him go through some of his tricks so as to divert his attention. He was perfectly docile and obedient until the full force of the fire showed itself. Then he simply yielded to terror or to the fascination of the spectacle and running wildly up the hill towards the flames, disappeared. Nothing has been seen of him since, and I have no doubt that he rushed into the flames as a moth into a candle. When one reflects what it must take to affect an intelligent and obedient animal accustomed to depending upon his master, one obtains, I think, something of a gauge of the awfulness of the spectacle.

The illustration which accompanies this account may serve to show the same thing if the reader can fix in his mind the scale of the picture. The middle of the picture is more than a mile away from the Observatory. The slopes are covered with quite large trees, and their height may serve as a rough measure of the scale. The flames themselves often extended more than a hundred feet into the air.

In a report on this subject which I have made to the Regents of the University I have called attention to the fact that experiences of this sort do not fall to the share of the other members of the University faculties. It is possible to live a long life at Berkeley without being called upon to undergo an imprisonment of months under twelve feet of snow, or to fight a forest fire for a week at a time. I do not think any of the astronomers here would have been willing to forego either of the experiences, but I am very sure that no one of us wishes to submit to them again. They were met in a way to be proud of, and our corps of skilled astronomers mastered the theory of forest fires in the mountains precisely as if it had been a question of abstract science, and put it into practice with the vigor (and the success) of a city fire-brigade.



Types of Kentucky Beauty.

BY SARA H. HENTON.

IT is conceded by many that American women are the most beautiful in the world. This appears to be a reasonable hypothesis, owing, perhaps, to the fact that women in this country are free to a great extent from those restrictions to which women of other countries are subject, and enjoy greater opportunities to cope with the serious questions of life; a deeper character and a broader intelligence is thereby developed, which finds expression in their outward appearance. A wide diversity of type is thus created, and there is nothing more pleasing to an admirer of beauty than the absence of that insipidity and repetition of cast of countenance and form, that heretofore almost invariably characterized, and even now, in many classes, characterizes feminine beauty. A celebrated tourist says concerning our country women, "I have wandered in many lands and have seen the women of every country and nation, but nowhere have I found types to compare with our women of America. They comprise in themselves all that is noblest, brightest, sweetest and best in the feminine character."

The beauty of the Southern women has been particularly commented upon, and three generations ago they reigned in the world's society as rivals of the crowned and coroneted beauties of foreign courts, and were noted for their cleverness and grace. Many foreign gentlemen of rank, wealth and title have sought wives amongst our women ever since our country was founded. Betsy Patterson of Baltimore captivated the brother of Napoleon and became his wife, and the three McFanish sisters married English noblemen and became well known throughout Europe for their many charms.

It is said of the Kentucky girls, who are acknowledged by many to be the fairest daughters of the republic, that they cannot be bought by money nor titles. It is probable that they realize their own worth as women and decline to have material prices set upon them.

One of the most brilliant and beautiful young women that graces Kentucky society is Elise Castleman, the eldest daughter of General John B. and Alice Barbee Castleman. Two years ago she was chosen from amongst the fairest women of all the Southern and Western States to be queen of the Rocky Mountain carnival. The festival is given by the carnival courts on the Pacific Slope, and this regency is considered one of the highest honors that can be bestowed upon any American woman. She was a debutante at the time, and on account of the notoriety accruing from such a position, General and Mrs. Castleman thought best not to allow her to accept. Last year she was chosen from

among Kentucky's most beautiful women to be Queen of the Satellites. This was one of the most brilliant social events in the history of the Carnival Court, and the young girl played her rôle with all the requisite womanly grace and dignity.

Miss Castleman is rather tall, well built and graceful. She is neither blonde nor brunette, but possesses that soft beauty that escapes the usual insipidity of the blonde, and the heavy intensity of the pronounced brunette. Her eyes are brown, limpid and expressive. She is an excellent musician and a superb horsewoman, and she inherits her traits of distinction and fascinating personality from both of her parents. General Castleman is remarkable for his dignified appearance and soldierly bearing. He is one of Kentucky's most influential citizens, and has been at the head of the State Militia for several years. He is now chairman of the Democratic Central Committee and is spoken of as the "next Governor of Kentucky." Mrs. Castleman is a tall, queenly and magnetic woman who seems born to be a social leader. She is identified with many philanthropic movements, and works with unselfish devotion to promote the welfare of her fellow beings.



ELISE CASTLEMAN.

Virginia Singleton Brown, daughter of Gov. John Young Brown of Kentucky, is the eldest of three sisters. All of them are beautiful girls. Virginia is particularly admired in the social world. She is a decided blonde, tall and graceful, and has a refined and eloquent face. Sarah Bernhardt, who has seen the handsome women of almost every country under the sun, while occupying a box at a theater opposite the private box of the Governor's family wherein sat his three daughters, inquired who



VIRGINIA SINGLETON BROWN.

they were, remarking at the same time that Evelyn, the second daughter, was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen. John Young Brown, now Governor of Kentucky, was elected to Congress before he was eligible to occupy the seat, and was re-elected several times. His eloquence and fine oratory have made him very popular. His wife is a daughter of Hon. Archibald Dixon, who was Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky, and was afterwards elected Senator to fill the unexpired term of Henry Clay, and he performed his duties so well in this capacity, that he was elected to the Senate the following term.

Margaret Thornton, of Lexington, Kentucky, comes from a long line of handsome women and noted men, and she is a fair reproduction of her distinguished ancestors. Her face is full of expression, which varies with every passing thought and feeling. Her brown eyes are veiled by long lashes that produce a peculiarly beautiful effect. Miss Thornton's grandfather, Gen. William Preston, married Miss Wickliffe of Kentucky, and they reared a family of sons and daughters of which Mrs. Robert Thornton is one. Gen. Preston was Minister to Spain, a noted lawyer and a brave soldier. His widow still resides in their old ancestral home, from which Miss Thornton's mother was married. Her husband, Robert A. Thornton, belonged to an old Virginia family, but ever since his marriage he has lived in Lexington, where he has provided his family an elegant home.

One of the season's debutants is Mary Bruce of Louisville, a tall, sweet girl with golden brown hair, a fair clear complexion and hazel eyes. She is exceedingly bright and witty,



MARGARET THORNTON.

and is greatly admired by her friends and acquaintances. She is the youngest daughter of Judge and Mrs. Lizzie Helm Bruce, whose other two daughters are pursuing their studies in Paris and Berlin. Miss Bruce comes from a distinguished family. Her grandfather and great grandfather were both Governors of Kentucky. Gov. Ben. Harding, her great grandfather, was a brilliant lawyer, and many of his witty and pungent speeches have been handed down amongst politicians and statesmen. His daughter married Gov. Helm. Their eldest son was killed while fighting the lost cause of the South. Miss Bruce has a brother and also an uncle practicing law in the city. Judge Bruce's home is in the suburbs, or used to be, but the city is growing so rapidly in its direction that it will soon be included within the city limits. It is built in the old-fashioned massive style, and is surrounded by a large garden containing grand old forest trees. His library is very extensive, containing books of every variety and description. He is considered one of Kentucky's brightest men and finest lawyers.

Elenora Graves, a tall slender girl of the dark Spanish type of beauty, made her debut in society over a year ago. She is tall, willowy and graceful, with the promise of magnificent womanhood. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graves. Her father is a wealthy banker in Lexington, Kentucky; Mrs. Graves is also a Kentuckian, and was raised and reared near her present home. She is an artist, and her home is a rare cabinet of beautiful and artistic objects, for she has decorated it profusely with the work of her own hands. She is intellectual, active and progressive, and finds time, with all her home duties and social engagements, to take an active part in charitable organizations.



MARY BRUCE.

Nettie Belle Smith, the daughter of the railroad president, Milton H. Smith, is also a type of Kentucky beauty. She is a very handsome girl and is exceedingly bright and witty. While traveling abroad with her teacher, she stored her mind with all sorts of useful knowledge, and is conversant upon a variety of interesting topics.

May Field is also a Kentucky girl, and is considered by many the most beautiful woman in Louisville.

Another Louisville belle is Lily Lindenberger, whose rare beauty and charming personality are sources of delight to those who are so fortunate as to be numbered among her friends.

Among those of Kentucky's fair daughters who are studying abroad is Mary Currie Duke, daughter of Gen. Basil Duke of Louisville. Her performance on the violin at twelve years of age led many to consider her a prodigy, and her parents finally sent her abroad, where she has been studying music for four years. In a letter describing the enthusiasm with which her teacher greeted her performance, Miss Barbour Bruce says, "To return to Burch; his first violin concert was considered a perfect gem, and was made particularly interesting to us the other evening, from the fact that Miss Currie Duke played, accompanied by the composer himself. When she had finished, old Burch wild with enthusiasm, jumped up from the piano, embraced her and said she was 'an artist, a real artist, a great artist!'



ELENORA GRAVES.



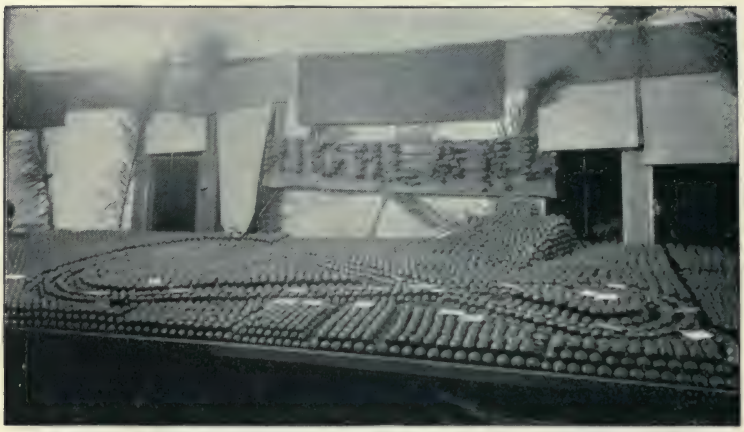
LILY LINDENBERGER.

She is one of Joachim's idols, and he promises her a great future. All Americans are proud of her. She wins both musical and social distinctions wherever she goes. She is wrapped up in her music and has turned her back on the world almost completely, for fear of spending that precious strength dedicated to her violin."

Truly admirable is that woman who, able to win great social distinction, gives up all the pleasure and honor accruing therefrom, for the sake of devoting her life to some cherished profession or art. Such a course not only fails to detract from her womanly qualities, but invests her personality with a new interest, and is an additional charm and crown to her life.

A MODERN HESPERIDES.*

BY D. B. WEIR.



KITE-SHAPED RACE-TRACK, LOS ANGELES CITRUS FAIR.

ORANGE groves call to mind bright, warm summers and spring-like winters, as the genial seasons of those climes in which the tree finds its happiest home.

The orange was first planted in Southern California by the San Franciscan fathers, soon after they established their first mission in the State at San Diego, in 1769. Under their care it thrived. As they established their chain of missions up the coast to the north they carried the orange tree with them beyond Point Conception, where the warm coast climate south of that point suddenly ends owing to geographical configuration, to the cool, summer climate found on the sea-board northward, until they reached what is now Santa Clara County. Here they planted it sparingly with fair success. To-day, on its foothills or thermal belt, Santa Clara Valley has regular crops of as fine oranges as are grown anywhere.

Into the unknown interior of California at that early date no missionary father had penetrated, carrying thither the symbol of salvation and introducing pastoral and agricultural industry among the savage, native tribes; consequently, no orange groves were planted there until more recent days. As time advanced the sphere of mission influence and enterprise expanded, and when the United States took possession of the province, Southern California had become a vast grazing ground, over which roamed thousands of horses and myriads of cattle and sheep. The pasturage, however, was so sparse that acres were required to feed a sheep, while a cow, if she procured a bountiful supply of provision during the day, might be regarded as having fairly earned it by the exercise required to obtain it.

This state of affairs continued down to within twenty years ago. Around Los Angeles the golden fruit was clustered, and a few outside orange

*See also article on "The Orange in California," in this magazine for April, 1892.

groves proclaimed that the soil and climate in that section, as to the requirements of citrus and semi-tropical fruit trees, could not be surpassed. The climate and its delicious product, however, in time asserted themselves, and it is to them that not only the beautiful city of Los Angeles, but the whole region of Southern California owes its great prosperity. When the secret of the soil's fertility—a secret which nature had so long kept guarded under the unattractive covering of parched sage and grease bush—was discovered and understood, the scene was rapidly changed, and the rich soil, riotous in the exuberance of delight at escape from the bondage of aridity, burst out into productiveness on a scale that drove men wild with excitement. They had found out that with irrigation those dry, barren lands could be converted into gardens of Hesperides.

The first experiments in the serious cultivation of citrus trees in Los Angeles County were attended with unexpected success. The young groves, as soon as they came into bearing, gave such magnificent fruits, and were so enormously productive that they captured the markets wherever distributed, and brought golden returns of from $200 to $1,200—and even as much as $1,600 to the acre. It is no wonder that men lost their heads. One of the wildest "booms" the world has ever seen was inaugur-



PROPPING UP NAVEL ORANGE TREES.

ated, and was naturally followed by a collapse of corresponding intensity, accompanied with dire results. But the orange groves still bore their fruit; they still furnished money, and the country quickly recovered from the shock.

It was the orange, therefore, that made the sunny south what it is to-day. What was desert, is desert no longer. A thousand crystal streams flowing from lofty snow-capped mountains, or from the bowels of the earth, are diverted and utilized, decking the land with greenery, and infusing life and scattering wealth around in a hundred beautiful valleys. Great dams have been built, impounding vast quantities of the life-giving fluid. For miles and miles water is conveyed in pipes and ditches over foot-hills and plains. This water supply for the foothills and uplands is the newest and grandest feature of all.



CLUSTER OF ORANGES.
(Photographed from nature.)

Formerly, it was thought that only the richest alluvial soil of the valleys would produce oranges. Modern experiment, good "common sense," and better horticultural knowledge has led to the irrigation and planting of the foothills, and the result is proving a grand success. In these localities the best oranges of the future will be produced; the crops will be full and regular, and the trees, with proper care and attention on the owner's part, healthy and long-lived.

In explanation of this, it is well to say that all around the valleys of this State, on the coast as well as in the interior, there is a warm belt, usually frostless in winter, ranging from 100 to 1,200 feet above the floors of the valleys, and appropriately termed the "thermal belt." These belts, ridges and hills, in broad valleys of whatever altitude, are California's best garden-lands for fruit, both as to soil and climate, and naturally most highly prized.

Our common citrus fruit trees and bushes are all broad-leaved evergreens, which are injured by the cold temperature if only a dozen degrees below the freezing point. Therefore, the growth of these fruits in the open ground is limited to regions where the cold of winter never registers lower than twenty degrees above zero. Injury from frost, however, is greatly dependent on the conditions of the atmosphere at the time. If the tree is wet, the weather cloudy, and the frost leaves the tree—that is, thaws while those conditions remain—neither tree nor fruit will be injured. Indeed, it is not an uncommon sight to see orange and lemon trees breaking down with the weight of damp snow, fruit and foliage, and yet the trees come out uninjured by cold. Such a sight could have been seen in Col. Hooper's orange and lemon grove on the east slope of Sonoma Mountain in the winter of 89–90. Both the fruit and tree, however, are often injured by a light frost only a few degrees below the freezing point, if suddenly

thawed out by a bright morning sun.

Moist, rich valley lands are not fit places in which to grow any fruit as a business, for the very good reason that they are much colder in winter than the high lands surrounding them, while in spring-time they are subject to late frosts, which often destroy all hopes of a fruit crop by killing the flowers. In such land, also, fruit trees are more liable to injury from insects and fungus diseases. Many other good reasons exist which convince the fruit-grower that such low lands are not desirable for orchards.

With the orange the Mission Fathers introduced the lemon, which thrived with equal luxuriance. On the low, rich soils, however, on which they planted it, and with abundant irrigation, the trees made succulent, coarse, but tender growth, and their fruit was overgrown with very thick and bitter skins. There was no demand for that kind of lemon.

Years of experience, and the planting of groves on higher, warmer, lighter soils, have in a great measure remedied these defects. Growers, moreover, have gradually learned how to cure the fruit for market. The result is that the lemon, at the present time, is the most popular of the citrus fruits. It gives much greater promise for future profit than the orange, inasmuch as it has many great commercial uses, which will always ensure a demand for all surplus; while the orange will necessarily remain simply an article of luxury in the fruit form.

The only other citrus fruits of much commercial value are the lime and citron. The lime has hitherto been but little planted in California, for two reasons. It is more sensitive to cold than either the orange or lemon, and being produced abundantly down the coast in Mexico, our markets are supplied with it in such plenty and so cheaply that there is little desire to compete with Mexican growers. Now that citrus fruits are being planted on the warm uplands, the lime may possibly find an opening, especially as hardier varieties are being found. The extensive commercial uses for which it is in demand may offer a further inducement to engage in its cultivation.

On the warmer shores and islands of the Mediterranean Sea, the citron is extensively grown. It is a handsome, smooth, glossy, lemon-shaped, yellow fruit, of from two to five pounds weight, and is the production of a small tree or bush highly ornamental and quite hardy. It withstands a lower degree of cold than either the orange or lemon, and has, therefore, a wider range throughout California. In addition to its ornamental value as a garden shrub, the citron has a commercial value; its rind, which is very thick, white, coarse and pithy, being candied or preserved and largely used throughout the civilized world. This fruit may have a place on this coast in the distant future. It is already receiving considerable attention; but as in the case of limes, figs, and dates, the cost of labor throughout the world must become more nearly equalized before we can advantageously cultivate such fruits as these.

I have said that oranges are only used as a choice, refreshing fruit. This statement is not strictly true, and is only applicable to this country. In Europe and especially in England, the orange is largely used, either alone or mixed with the pulp of other fruits, in the manufacture of jams, marmalades and jellies, and for iced dishes. Such uses will be developed here in time to an enormous extent. Many tons of refuse oranges, which might be converted into such delicacies now go to waste.

Two other important facts bearing on the culture of citrus fruits should be mentioned. The first of these is that like most other fruits of temperate and semi-tropical nature, the nearer they are grown to their northern limit, the richer are their flavor and



IRRIGATION ON LEVEL GROUND.

aroma, and the more sterling are their shipping and keeping qualities. The second important consideration is that like the winter apple, it is not possible to grow citrus fruits to perfection, or to keep the trees in health and vigor on this coast, without an abundance of good water with which to irrigate. For this reason citrus trees, like those of the winter apple, have to grow and mature their fruits in late summer and autumn, at which season this climate does not furnish sufficient moisture to enable them to do this without too great a strain on their vitality. Hence the growth and maturity of the fruit is retarded; it is small, insipid and poor from being forced by lack of moisture to mature in mid-winter or later. For this reason the citrus fruits of Florida, where the rains are abundant in late summer and autumn, are much earlier, more juicy and of finer flavor, though less handsome than most of our California fruit.

This indicates that our trees should have a full supply of water for both their roots and foliage during the dry period extending from June to the advent of the winter rains, their foliage being often sprayed with water in the evenings. Nor should the trees be grown on too rich a soil, but rather on a light, loose, well-drained loam, which must not be too highly stimulated with manure. The almost pure sand of Florida, with plenty of water, produces fine oranges, and would produce much finer ones if given a constant and right supply of water. Now if we have the water, we can give that constant regular



GROVE OF THE SEEDLING ORANGE.

supply, and our climate is such that we escape the damaging skin diseases so prevalent in Florida and which mars so much the beauty of her fruit.

Let us visit the northern part of California and see what is going on there in the way of citrus fruit culture.



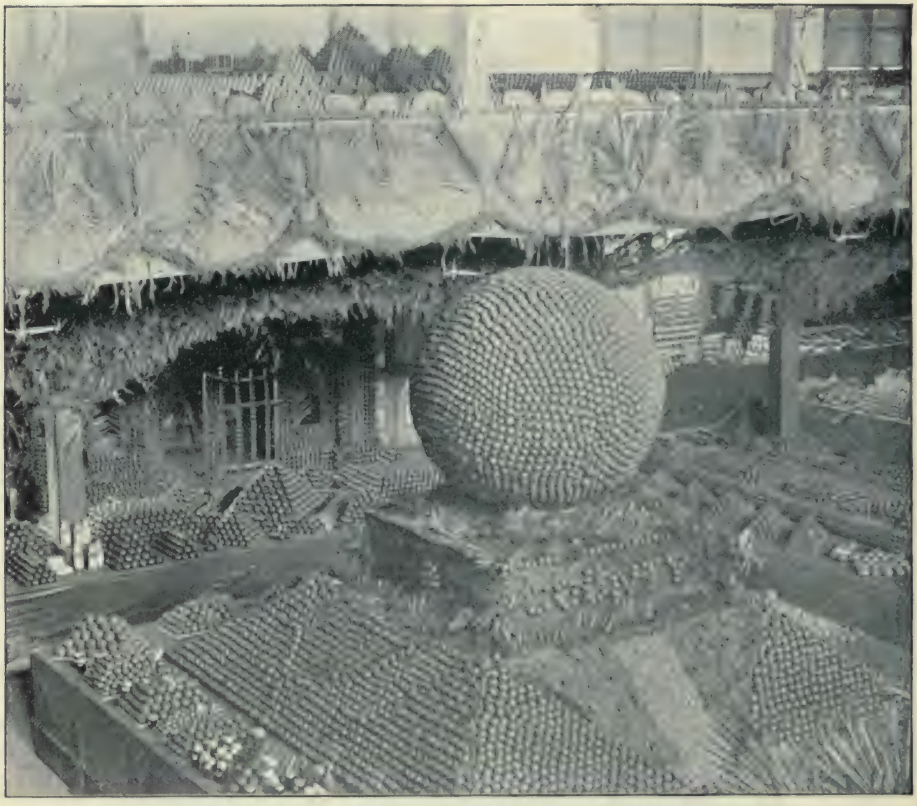
AN ORANGE NURSERY.

We will suppose the time to be early December and that we are in San Diego, where the oranges are just beginning to show a tinge of gold on the green. Taking the northern-bound train, after a journey of 600 miles, we arrive at Redding, in Shasta County. Here we find that we are still in a citrus belt, the most northern one. In nearly every garden we see orange trees laden with golden fruit, already ripe, or nearly so. There are no great orange groves, but we hear men seriously discussing the planting of such, and probably this would have been done long ago but for lack of water on suitable uplands for irrigation.

Again, we will suppose that instead of going to Redding, we proceed to San Francisco and travel up the coast one hundred miles to Cloverdale, a little city on Russian River, thirty miles distant from the Sonoma County coast line. In the gardens there we find many large orange trees which have been maturing the finest class of fruit for years; and if we extend our

observations we shall find most beautiful and thrifty young groves by the acre. And so on northward as far as Ukiah or even farther, there are thousands of acres of first-class orange land, blessed with a genial climate and only lacking the application to the orange planted for both ornament and fruit.

If those who are not familiar with the geography of the State of California will consult the map, they will observe that at about one-fourth of the way it is cut in twain by a great



ORANGE EXHIBIT, LOS ANGELES CITRUS FAIR.

irrigating purposes of the water which is everywhere abundant.

On our return to San Diego from Redding and Ukiah we shall not fail to notice that every mile of latitude between these three points contains in a superlative degree, as regards soil and climate, the requisites for successful orange culture. Even on the floors of the great interior valleys—at Fresno, Merced, Sacramento, Marysville and Chico, and in coast valleys at Santa Rosa and San Jose, we find range of mountains lying north of its southern boundary. In fact one might start from the eastern line of the State and travel westward nearly to the Pacific Ocean, and at no place on the journey be less than 3,000 feet above sea level. This great dividing range of mountains is traversed through Tehachipi Pass by the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Reaching the divide at this pass, as we go northward we mark how the railroad winds its sinuous way through

tunnels, along zig-zags, and often overlooking itself, down into the head of the great San Joaquin Valley, which only a few years ago was an arid desert, giving scanty forage to immense herds of cattle for a few months of the year. Now many thousands of acres of it are gorgeous with green and gold where irrigation has waved its magic wand of productivity. Still pursuing our way northward, we find that the foothills on either hand, but more especially those on the eastern side, possess both soil and climate most suitable for the cultivation of citrus fruit trees. And so on up the great Sacramento Valley to Redding. Resting on the lower foothills on the eastern side of that great inland basin which extends from Redding to the foot of Tehachapi Pass, we find Visalia, surrounded by lands than which none are richer. Though young in fruit planting, Visalia and its vicinity could get up a very respectable Citrus Fair with exhibits of her own growing. Many miles still farther south, we find Porterville, also in her juvenile days of horticulture, but fully able to hold her own at any citrus show with fruits of unsurpassable beauty, size and quality.

At Merced, far out on the plain, we find thriving orange trees, and thence deduce our estimate of the great capabilities of her warm foothill slopes to the east. North of Sacramento lies the oldest developed portion of the interior, and here we are constantly reminded of the golden days of '49, and the few following years, when thousands from every portion of the globe were busy washing from the river sands and gravel the yellow gold. A few of those engaged in that mad struggle for wealth bought oranges at fabulous prices, and having cooled their fevered palates with the juicy fruit, planted the seeds, and settling down, carefully watched over them until they grew into trees and bore bounteous crops. The trees themselves were beautiful and their fruit was a rare luxury. The example set by those pioneers was followed, with the result that to-day there is scarcely a homestead from Sacramento to Redding, or on the mountain slopes to the east, that has not the orange tree among its arboreal treasures. At Marysville, Smartsville, Oroville, Chico and Red Bluff, we find them freely planted in door-yards for shade and ornament, glowing throughout the first half of winter with their golden globes and making the air redolent in early spring with sweetest perfumes from their bridal blossoms.

In Marysville, hundreds of orange trees can be seen growing and fruiting in dooryards, under all degrees of neglect, and without either cultivation or irrigation; and Marysville is not only on the lower floor but in the very trough of the valley. For all that, the trees sustain but little injury from frost either there or at Chico, which is also very low. Even in the remarkably cold winter of 1887–88; the injury inflicted was slight, and at Oroville, higher up on the foothills it was very much less.

These old pioneer orange trees, and especially the success of those at Oroville, were the influencing causes which induced many persons to plant orange groves in that vicinity with a view to producing marketable crops. A water supply for irrigation was obtained, and the beautiful young groves of Thermalito, Palermo, Smartsville, etc., proclaim the success of the enterprise.

Such is a slight sketch of the citrus fruit culture of the past. It gives the reader some idea of the immense area in the State whereon the trees can be successfully cultivated, and of the soil, elevation and climate most suitable for their healthy growth. It is generally known that the planting has been enormous, and that Southern California has for the last few years been marketing thousands of carloads of the fruit, and this with only about one-fourth of her trees as yet in full bearing.

Without entering into a description

of the method of propagating the young trees in the nursery, we may make the general statement that the plants now usually offered for sale by the nurserymen are from one to two years old, produced from grafts or buds set in orange seedlings, two or three years old. The young trees are nearly all grown with from two to four feet of smooth straight stem, with a little broom-shaped top of branchlets. The tallest of such trees are those which the average man calls for, and for which he will pay the highest price, in defiance of the advice of all the best and most successful horticultural experts of the world. The nurserymen must grow such trees as he can sell, although from those high-headed ones which he produces, it is impossible to grow a vigorous, healthy, fruitful and long-lived orchard unless the planter cuts them back as soon as planted to within one foot of the ground. The right way to grow young citrus trees of all species is to cause them to form branches from the ground. The reasons will be given farther on.

The planting of an orange or lemon grove may be conducted exactly in the same way as that of other orchard fruits. The first thing, of course, is to select the right soil and climate; which being done the land is plowed as deeply as possible—not less than ten inches deep, while sixteen or even twenty inches would be better. On deep, loose, sandy loams, without hard-pan or bed rock, deep plowing is not necessary, but on such soils as are fine-grained, close and retentive of water, it is most necessary. The ground is then laid off in rows, forming squares, the sides of which are twenty feet apart; holes, not quite so deep as the ground was plowed, being dug at the corners, and wide enough to take in the roots when spread out. Having packed the soil very firmly among and over the roots, the surface should be covered with mellow unpacked soil. The roots of the young trees should never be allowed to become dry in the least degree, or be exposed to sun, heat or frost while out of the ground.*

When our little trees are planted, or while planting them, if they are tall, with straight, branchless, leafless stems, we cut them back — behead them in fact—to a height of only one foot from the ground, and make them start anew. It will be much better, however, if we can find trees rightly grown; that is, with branches from the ground up. In this case the lower branches are shortened to from two to four inches in length; those above are left somewhat longer, while the leader or center shoot should have a length of about a foot. During the first season the young trees are left to grow at random; thorough cultivation, however, and as much water as needed, being given them.

In the following spring, just before growth starts, we prune again. We find that our little trees have grown a shoot, or several shoots, at the extremity of each branch where it was cut back. Beginning with the lowest one, if it has made more than two shoots we prune all but one, cutting the lower one of these back to three inches, the next to six, and so on up; cutting the shoots of each successive branch a little longer than those immediately below, so that when we reach the shoots on the upper lateral branches we may cut the lower shoot back to ten inches, and the upper one to twenty inches—the main upright central shoot being also cut back to twenty inches, and so on each succeeding year.

This is all the pruning the trees will need. Any other pruning, except the shortening back to from two to four inches any shoots that have made a vigorous growth on the inside of the

*I am not writing for criticism, but simply giving the facts of modern expert horticulture—the experiences of the best, practical and most observing men. Therefore, wherever my statements differ from old modes, they approach nearer to the right method. This account is modern orcharding intensified. With this explanation, proofs, and facts may be left out. The man who plants an orchard and follows exactly the plan given here, will have the best orchard possible in every particular.

head of the tree is harmful. On no account should either twig or branch be ever cut clean out. Any other pruning than this has a tendency to spoil both trees and plan. This system builds up a tree that comes quickly into bearing, supplies it with vigor and enables it to hold up a great load of fruit without the branches bending or breaking. Nor will the latter curve down so as to be in the way of the plowman, who can cultivate without obstruction up to the boles. A tree submitted to this process will bear fine fruit and foliage all through its head. Its fruit is near the ground and easily gathered, while the operation of spraying is readily performed if needed. When the tree thus pruned has nearly reached the height and spread we wish it to attain, we cut back and thin out the outer and upper growth. It was said that twenty feet apart each way would give ample room, and so it does, for trees trained in this way. When they have reached the size of fourteen feet diameter through the head and the same in height, they are about as large as they should ever be allowed to be, and should be held to that size by cutting back and thinning out the surface of their heads from the outside inwards and from above downwards. They should be thinned enough on the outside to admit plenty of light and air into the center of their heads. If such thinning is sufficiently done, fine fruit and foliage will constantly be found throughout the whole head even to the very center.

The great exhibition of Citrus Fruits in Northern California at the Pavilion of the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, in January and February last, was a surprise to many, and proved conclusively that not only can these fruits be grown in commercial quantities over a great area of the northern three-fourths of California, but also that they possess as fine quality and beauty as are to be found in such fruits grown in any part of the world.

The writer has attended five of these great Citrus Fruit Shows in the northern part of the State, three in the southern portion, two at New Orleans, one at Mobile, and one in Florida exhibiting the Atlantic Coast fruits; and can say, without fear of contradiction by experts, that the Northern California fruits in the lines of size and beauty are the peer of any grown—fully equalling those of Southern California in these points. They are not quite so choice in flavor and thinness of skin as the best Florida fruits; but in cleanness of color are superior to them.

In order that an approximate idea may be formed of the importance of this industry and the progress that it is making in Southern California, it will be necessary to introduce a few statistics.

For the season of 1890–91 the shipments amounted to 2,849 carloads, divided as follows:

	Carloads.
San Bernardino County	1,705
Los Angeles "	781
Orange "	307
Ventura "	33
San Diego "	23
Total	2,849

The crop for the season 1891–92 fell short of the expectations, there being every promise of an output of from 5,500 to 6,000 carloads. Owing to untimely frosts and unusually heavy winds at the end of December, this estimation was greatly in excess of the season's product, only 4,593 carloads being sent East. This total was distributed as follows:

	Carloads.
Los Angeles County	2,212
San Bernardino "	1,708
Orange "	516
Ventura "	68
San Diego "	66
Santa Barbara "	23
Total	4,593

Comparing this list with the preceding one, it will be observed that the great increase was mainly due to the output in Los Angeles County,

where a great area had been planted to the orange, and was beginning to be productive. It will be noticed also that Santa Barbara put in an appearance with twenty-three carloads.

As the shipping season extends from the middle of January to the middle of June, it is impossible at the time of writing to state what the total shipments will be for the present season; but careful estimates put the crop at 7,000 carloads as a minimum, and 7,500 carloads as a maximum. This estimate, however, is not confined to Southern California, since Butte County will ship twenty-five carloads, a pertinent fact pointing to the satisfactory progress which the Northern counties are making in the horticultural industry.

The profits of an orange orchard naturally depend upon its age. The budded trees begin to bear the third year, but can hardly be said to pay expenses. At four years of age, however, the navel variety will generally yield a box of oranges to the tree, and at five years of age, prices and transportation charges being favorable, will net $300 to the acre. From this time forward the profits increase. A seedling orchard at Highlands, San Bernardino County, has netted $1,730 per acre.



EDWIN BOOTH.

BY INA COOLBRITH.

In vision, I beheld by Avon's side
The mighty Shakespeare, and a wondrous train—
The vast creations of that matchless brain—
Walked with him through the dusk of eventide.
Slowly the dim procession, solemn-eyed,
There with the tawny Moor, and Cawdor's thane,
And, soul most beautiful, the princely Dane,
Passed, and re-passed into the shadows wide.
Then, with a sense of overmastering awe,
And listening heart, that scarcely seemed to stir,
I woke,—to lapsing centuries of time,
To throngèd walls, and blaze of lights, and saw—
Not Shakespeare—but his grand Interpreter,
Than thought's great master only less sublime.

A SMOTHERED FIRE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



I DO not undertake to defend Mrs. Ffrench. I only tell you her story. It is not my fault that it is a true story.

A brief, sweet dream of how few years, and she was a widow in her twentieth summer, and longing for nothing so much as to be lying in the grave with Paul Ffrench, out there where mist and moonlight and green boughs invited to another land; where sunshine and blossoms and glancing wings suggested the heavenly rest that must not be hers. For there was the baby. She must live for little Paula. Live? How must she live? How could she live? And what was there to live on? All the property, by reason of that miserable entail, went to Paul's brother, the Colonel, who made no secret of the fact that he had meant to marry her had not Paul been before him, and who had now been long absent. Her education, sufficient for her station, was not of the quality that in these days of advanced ideas on the subject, would enable her to teach; she had no handicraft powers, and anything of that sort was so outside the sphere and habit of her life that it would have seemed to her like an impropriety. She had not a relative in the world; she could not think of Paul—she must shut out the thought of him; to think of him only led towards madness; there had been such joy, there was such nothingness, such blackness, such despair—such despair but for the baby. And here with a little life in her hands, penniless and the world to face, it had been no wonder had she grown something hard and bitter even in her tender youth.

Colonel Ffrench came home just as she had put the baby out to board in a neighboring farm-house, having decided to take a position as a nursery-governess, as the only thing she could do. She had always understood that the property went by entail in the main line.

"What is this?" the Colonel said, his black brows making a straight line across his forehead. "Surely you forget that your name is Ffrench. You will remain here. My house still needs a mistress."

His house—and so recently it had been hers!

"And—and Paula?" she breathed.

"The child? I have not been accustomed to children," said the Colonel, cutting off the end of a cigar with deliberation. "You will pardon me—but I am afraid it would be what I particularly dislike."

"She is—oh, she is very good." stammered the mother.

"They always are. Very well; then she will be quite content where she is. Your allowance will be quite sufficient, and you can see her when it is necessary." There was no alternative, for he left the room without allowing the word that was trembling on her lips to fall.

Her baby! Her little baby! How infamous! How indecent—how unnatural—how cruel! She would not stay in his house an hour! but yet—a nursery-governess—Paula's mother—of what use to Paula by and by would a nursery-governess be? but if she stayed here—in the uncle's home—her own home it was once—if, perhaps, possibly, by and by, her little child should interest him—his brother's child—the pretty darling—ah, how could that fail to be! Then it might give back to Paula something of all that which in the death of her

father had been lost to her. Oh, yes, she must stay! She could run down to Paula every day; she was but half a mile away; she could see her by morning and by night, and there would be long, precious hours of her darling anyway. And sometimes, when he was gone on his journeys, his hunting excursions, his outside pleasures, she could bring Paula home, and there would be the dear, sweet nights together then with that soft, deep breath upon her cheek, with that dear warm weight upon her arm, with that sense of invaluable possession—oh yes, she would stay!

But she had looked so beautiful as he strode through the door, with the tears just brimming her great blue eyes, her soft appealing tender face with the hair dropping about it—the Correggio face—he had half a mind to turn back, to grant her her wish; only then that beautiful grief might turn to weak rapture, and—yes, that Swibert needed oiling badly; it was receding out of sight; he must see some restorer; Paul certainly let things go; there was that old armor of the first Colonel Ffrench falling to pieces for the want of a rivet or two. A child working havoc among this old china, this old hammered silver, these tapestries — and Paul's child at that, the faithless scoundrel! Pshaw!

But that was a beautiful face. In the old times he had lain awake limning its beauty on the dark—let the old times go. They had nearly been the ruin of him. It was the manner of a young queen, the mother of this lovely creature. Whether he would or not, the thought of her haunted him. How well she became the head of the table at dinner—the face over that throat rising from the parting crapes, was like a lily on a stem. Paul always has good fortune set his way—and suddenly it flashed over him with a new meaning that he had fallen heir to Paul.

Heir to Paul! Houses—lands, pictures—why not this chiefest picture of all? Colonel Ffrench did not need any spur to his resolve that he would marry that white sweet woman. But to resolve is one thing; to carry out the resolve is quite another. How was he going to marry a woman whose heart was in the grave? Marry a thing like to people walking in the halls of Eblis, with their hands over the place where their hearts should be, and where was only a smothered fire! She hardly seemed to be alive. She had but one link to earth—Paula. It was difficult for Colonel Ffrench to be gentle to anyone; it was difficult for anyone to be ungentle to this woman. Perhaps the resolution of forces gave him an unusual quality which at least lifted her eyes. Beautiful great dove's eyes they were. There was something in his that made her drop them swiftly; she knew not why.

But Colonel Ffrench did not attempt to please her. He understood that that would be impossible. He simply demanded her attention. He had work for her to do at his dictation in the library, cataloguing, letter-writing, copying of old papers—work filling every hour of the day, leaving her no chance before dark to hurry off to Paula, and sometimes not even then. At other times he had guests in the house and required her to be on the spot, although perhaps not calling her into their presence; or he was having a garden made, and wished for her advice regarding beds and shrubs and hedges and lines and angles, all day long. He contrived by innumerable contrivances to claim her companionship from dawn to dark; and then, when on the watch among the thicker trees he saw the slender shape flitting, swift with a thousand fears, down the avenue and across the fields, he could only set his teeth and expend himself in oaths.

"I must go to Paula," she said once as the day waned.

"Is not Paula in safe hands?" he replied.

"Oh, I hope so!" she exclaimed.

"Because if she is not she can be

placed elsewhere. I know of an excellent person in Brasmere."

"In Brasmere!"

"You object to Brasmere?"

"It is ten miles away."

"What of that?"

"Oh, I should never see her!"

"Is that very important?"

"Important? My baby—the breath of my life!"

"If she were my child—"

"She is your brother Paul's child!" she cried, with the very cry of a bird above her fledglings.

"By heaven! I know she is," he muttered between his teeth. But how beautiful was this anger—as beautiful as the grief! It thrilled him as if it were some great tragic queen he saw. He would have renewed it more than once, but that had been a flash and outbreak of pent-up powers. After it was past she had herself in power again for another series of repressions. She must endure, she must obey, if she would keep the place here and the allowance, and lay by for Paula's education, and plan for Paula's future. Indignation with the man who, enriched by the death of Paula's father, could not give the child a place at his fireside, the child to whom in justice all belonged—that indignation was not to be shown, was not to be felt. Ah, it was hard—it was not to be shown. But if the face had been so beautiful in grief, in anger, what might it not be in joy? Colonel Ffrench thought it worth his while to see.

"You are unhappy?" he asked, stopping in his walk up and down, as he dictated to her pen.

"I?" she murmured wistfully. "I?" as if it could not have entered any one's mind that she could ever be aught else than unhappy.

"Yes. Your thoughts are with the child; Paula—do you call her? You long to be with her."

"Oh, with all my soul," she said.

"You would be glad to have her with you for a week, a month? She shall come to-morrow."

And Colonel Ffrench had his wish. Did she hear him? Was it true? The slow wonder spreading into smiles, into illumination, the color mounting flush over flush, the eyes shining with light, the face blossoming with joy like some sweet sun-bathed rose. Oh, was this the man she thought hard, brutal, cruel! What a wretch had she been so to misunderstand his nature! Of course, unused to children, and occupied as he was, the thought of a child in the way had been irritating, disturbing. And yet he was willing to undergo the vexation—oh how good, how noble! She had sprung to her feet, pushing back her chair; and now as he drew near and hung a moment on his foot, his finger-tips upon the table, she bent suddenly, pressing her lips upon his hand; and then rosy to the nape of her neck, and the quick tears sparkling till her eyes were only great suffused jewels, she ran from the room.

"She loves his child so," the thought swept through the man's mind. "She shall love mine better!" exclaimed Colonel Ffrench.

A servant had gone for the child; and it was nightfall when Colonel Ffrench lifted the curtain of his sister-in-law's sitting-room. There was no other light in the room than that given by the flames of the wood-fire. But on what a scene that light was shed! The young mother sat on the rug with the light flickering over her in rosy flashes, her long hair pulled down about her by the frolicking child, her eyes dancing, her cheeks dimpling and glowing, her lips changing in perpetual curves of delight, her voice breaking from singing to laughing and outcry of caressing—a thing of lovely radiance past belief, and the child herself, like a cherub fallen from the clouds. Was there ever sight so sweet? He stood silent for several moments, as if he were the spectator at a play, unobserved, then dropped the curtain and went away.

A week passed, and every day of it seemed to strip some pallor from the

cheek of this woman as she went and came. One night he parted the curtain and went in, pausing beside the mantel-shelf and leaning an arm upon it. She started to her feet and began twisting the long mass of hair that kept escaping her, the blush going and coming.

'You are very happy," he said, looking down at her.

For answer she snatched the child and held her up to him. "It is your dear uncle," she cried to the little girl. "He is so kind! He is so generous! Kiss him, love him!" But Paula turned before that lowering gaze with a truer instinct, and hid her sweet face in her mother's neck.

"You would be happy if you had her always with you?" he asked.

"Oh!" she cried, "Oh, so happy!"

"There is one way in which she could always be here," he said slowly, in order that she might gather his meaning. "If it were her mother's home. If you were my wife."

She turned quickly to look at him—uncertain, bewildered, amazed, half stunned, dropping the child at her feet.

He repeated his words. "Her mother's house would be Paula's home. If she were my wife that would go without saying. You do not seem to understand me," he continued, his heart beating in his temples through the riot in his veins, but with no wooing tone in his words. "I ask you to become my wife."

"Paul!" she cried. "Paul!" turning to the portrait on the wall as if begging for protection, with such an agonized cry that she heard its agony herself.

"There is no Paul," said Colonel Ffrench.

"Oh, Paul!" she cried again to that immovable semblance, where as the eyes met hers the smile should have flashed into angry lightning.

"There is no Paul," said Colonel Ffrench again. Truly there could be no Paul. Had he been in the farthest universe of the universes he must have heard this cry of his wife's, she thought. She stooped to take up the child—all there was—and then the world to her became suddenly vacant.

She was in Colonel's Ffrench's arms when she awoke; he was holding her, adjuring her passionately. He hardly breathed till she could command her movement; then she slipped away, caught up the silent and frightened child, and hurried from the room.

"I am going away for a week," said Colonel Ffrench when he next saw her, his dark eyes lingering on her with a strange spark in their depths. "If, on my return I find Paula here—the western wing can be set off for her use, and that of her nurse, of her governess, her masters, too. If, on my return I find Paula here, I shall understand that it is because it is to be her home, her mother's house." And then he put his hand on her head and bent it back and left upon her forehead what seemed the indelible stain of his kiss, and was gone.

A week, and what a week of misery it was! No Paul in all the dark and wide unknown; no help, robbed of all hope. It had seemed to her, before, that behind a barrier ever so filmy, even if impregnable, Paul awaited her; but the consoling sense of that was gone. Paul would have heard her, would have come to her. And the man had seemed to magnetize her by the strength of his will and his assertion. If it had not been for that she might have found it possible to slip out of this life and find her love. She dare not think; she dared not look forward or remember; it was all blank suffering—except for the moments when Paula's arms were about her neck, when Paula's little cheek at night lay close on hers, and the blossom-breath fanned her lips. And how could she give that up?

Day followed day, and she had not the strength to send the child away again; the child out of whom Paul's own

great, melancholy eyes looked at her reproachfully in their love. And yet how could she stay? And all at once the week was gone. She watched the child with hungry eyes at her play, through her sleep; she could not lose an instant of the day; to-day she had her, but to-morrow—and then it was twilight. And all like one in a dream she put on Paula's cloak and hood and snatched her up and ran out with her to take her to the farmer's wife where she had been before, hurrying along under the lines of lofty oaks that stirred and tossed and groaned in the wind, the child now singing softly as she went, and now babbling her sweet baby-talk.

"It was her father's house! It was her home!" the mother kept saying to herself. "I am taking her away from her home." And what a home it would have been for her had Paul lived; and she thought of the care and caresses he would have given her, how together they would have watched her growth with wonder, of the maids she would have had to wait on her, the clothes like those of a King's baby, the pony-carriage like the Dalton children's, the music-teachers, the painting-masters, the joys, the indulgences, and when it was time they would have gone to France together. She began to remember as she ran that she could have all this if she stayed here — that man, Colonel Ffrench, had said as much. And she was taking her to a life of ignorance, by and by of labor, with none of the culture and appliances that should develop Paul's daughter as she had a right to develop. She, her mother, was depriving her of her birthright! She had brought this child into the world; there were certain things she owed her; these were of them; she seemed to hear a voice, like a great bell tolling out these words through the spiritual blackness about her; no matter at what cost to herself she must give these things to Paula! And she turned about running, running breathlessly, the child in her arms, through the darker and darker twilight and the sighing and rustling of the branches, feeling as if she were pursued by shadows, mounting the steps, and gaining the western wing, as if fate depended upon her swiftness.

It was after a sleepless night, a night of cold terror of herself, that she came to meet Colonel Ffrench, pausing on the way to fortify herself by five minutes of Paula's embraces. Then she went down. She had made up her mind; and she went like a queen to the scaffold. When the Colonel came in and saw her at the head of the table, in her white gown, with the knot of rose-ribbons at her throat, he knew that the game was won. A few hours later they were married.

Colonel Ffrench perhaps deceived himself in supposing that he had carried his point. It was his wife for whom he ordered dresses down from town, who, clad like a princess, sat with him behind his high-stepping horses, pale, but gentle as she was stately. But it did not take him long to find out that it was a woman who, having assumed a duty was performing it; who was paying a price; and the thing paid for was Paula's well-being. When he first became aware of this fact, far from loving the little creature that had brought him his desire, he felt himself hating her with a new hatred. She had been detestable to him before, yet in a negative way; but now it was as if, like the men of Verona, he let

> the silent luxury trickle slow
> About the hollow where a heart should be,

and for the rest, if it was love, his emotion toward his wife, it had a singular way of showing itself. He ordered down the portrait of his brother Paul and had it sent to the attic. It did not hurt her as he had thought it would. It was a relief to her that those eyes, those dark and splendid melancholy eyes were no longer there to reproach her. "You

have no heart in your body!" he cried. "No," she thought, "it is in the grave;" but she did not say so. Her very silence irritated him. But yet, such is nature, such is feminine nature, she leaned towards him, she wished to fulfill the task she had undertaken, she wished to please him, to be a good wife to him; she had a faint warmth at her heart when she heard his step; she had a certain pride in him; he was her husband; she would even have been glad to love him had it been possible.

But after the first she had seemed only to displease him. She had learned early that it was not best to have Paula too much in evidence; but the time she spent alone with Paula was always the time when he particularly wished for her society. As surely as she sat with the child, he wanted her to go and drive with him; the one hour of joy in the twenty-four when Paula was put to bed, was exactly the one when she should be reading him the evening news; in the forenoon he wanted her to go over papers and accounts with him, to walk in the gardens, to mount the black mare and be off with him for a gallop; and in the afternoon he insisted that she should lie down; it was the way to preserve her bloom, and her bloom belonged to him; and later there were calls to pay or receive, and it ended in making all her interviews with the child, stolen ones. For it seemed as if he were determined to keep them apart to a point of alienation, were that possible. But mothers can circumvent even the evil Principle; and Mrs. Ffrench saw a great deal of Paula in spite of him; and every time she realized the unkindness to the innocent, orphaned child, it became an outrage upon her, and she gave her a double quantity of mother's love to atone, if might be. But the fact of the child's existence was poisonous to Colonel Ffrench; it met and darkened every relation of life.

He had sent once for some diamonds for his wife—a band for the hair and for the throat; he brought them to her when she was making ready for guests, and himself had them clasped about her throat and in her shining hair, with a thrill and bound of pride in her beauty that they made doubly radiant. But of course he would not have been himself had he told her of it; and she felt as she saw his eyes glowering over her, that he was only decking out his own possession. She went into the western wing before going down stairs, and the little girl cried out with joy at the splendid vision. Colonel Ffrench heard her, for he had followed and paused at the first door. And then like a red lightening flash in the midnight, he saw that Paula would inherit those diamonds if there were no children of his own, and he took them that night and locked them away, and she never saw them again.

And there were no children of his own. And when one year and another had gone, and the thing he had wished for was not his, his brow darkened if the little Paula came into his presence. "Take her away!" he said, at last, to the maid who had her in charge. "I loathe the sight of her."

"She is your own flesh and blood!" said the angry woman.

Of course the maid went that day. But that was by no means the end of it. For day in and day out Mrs. Ffrench was given to understand that he had been insulted in his own house by the servant whom he paid to wait on her child.

"Is she not your own flesh and blood?" she asked, all the sleeping lion of the outraged mother rising at length from its lair.

"She is the child of the man who stood between me and everything I wanted in life, who had the best of my mother's love, the best of my father's money, who married the woman—"

"The woman you make wretched!" she cried.

"On account of that child!" he thundered. "Then send her away!"

"No, no, no!" cried the mother.

"Why should I have under my roof, in my daily sight, the child of a man the thought of whom brings to my mind everything that is detestable—"

"Be silent!" she flashed out again. "Be silent!" You shall not speak so of my husband!"

He did not reply immediately. "I thought I was your husband," he said slowly then, and with a total change of mien and manner.

"Oh, you are! You are!" she cried, her feeling touched, her tears gushing. "But how am I to bear—what shall I do—oh, how can you distress me so!"

"That child's least look is more to you than my peace, my pleasure, my love, my hate!"

"Oh, I am her mother—"

"And I am not her father. You will not comprehend that there is something shameful to me in that fact. But I understand it all at last, Mrs. Ffrench. To keep her in luxury, to bring her up to wealth, you have deceived and ensnared me. You have so brought things about that that accursed brother of mine would rule me even from his grave. But by heaven! he shall not! The child is my flesh and blood, as that woman said. And she shall be taken care of and fitted to earn her own livelihood. To earn her own livelihood. She will need to earn it, for not a dollar of my money shall she ever have!"

"It was her father's before it was yours!" cried Mrs. Ffrench, off her guard one more. And that finished Paula's business.

What a life was this to which the mother saw her child condemned in this rich man's house, from this time. There was nothing systematic about it; a hint, a glance, was enough; the servants saw their master's mood; they learned that the mistress was a nonentity, that there was no one to punish their neglect, their insolence; the pale little child was brow-beaten when she came into her stepfather's presence, the teachers employed for her were given to understand that the utmost must be demanded of her; her mother was kept aloof from her all that was possible; she had no playmates; she was left apart when there were guests. Driven to desperation, the mother remonstrated; she was first laughed at, and then abused. All the world began to know there was deep trouble at Mrs. Ffrench's heart; but all the world loved Colonel Ffrench's dinners, all the world respected his money; there were even those who looked ever so little askance at the woman who failed to keep what she had won; and then there were others who called her an unnatural mother.

"Has not the child all I agreed that she should have?" he asked, exasperated by the mother's tears. "You forget that she—that she was a pauper when I married her mother. If you are not satisfied, she can return to her first estate!" and the mother was terrified into silence. For what would become of Paula, turned out of this house? What even if her mother went with her?

It was armed neutrality now, when it was not war. Sometimes he took notice of the child growing into a young girl, called her to him, fixing her with his unkind eye till the color bathed her face, asking her questions that she could not answer, making her the object of a sneer, dismissing her as if she were a hound in disgrace. He would look over at his wife then as if he studied the pain he gave her, the incomprehensible pain—the silent suffering woman whose fast-fading beauty had brought his passion to an end.

But now, as the little girl gathered years, she was not so much alone in that loneliness which had only just failed to break her mother's heart for the pity of it. There were many hours that Mrs. Ffrench was able to devote to her in the absence of the master on his various pleasures, his politics, his journeys, his delays in town, his hunting, his business affairs, the long days when he was off with his man and his fishing-rods. And

then Paula and her mother took great ease together; and darkness shut down again on the mother when, her husband returning, she felt the wrongfulness that required all to be as before.

The child, however, was perhaps not so unhappy as the mother had reason to think her. The circumstances of her birth had given her a grave and serious temperament. At first she was happy with a flower, it was a live thing, another baby; a doll was a companion; she put out her little hand to it in the night with gentle hushing touches; she went to sleep, singing the doll to sleep; she awoke to make to it her little confidences; when she cried for her mother she ran to her doll and clasped it and assured the doll that she was there, as if she would not have the doll suffer what she was suffering. And later, a book took her into the world of its own; she had no particular aptitude with her pencil, but her paint-box and brushes gave her something more than pleasure; she could never do much with music, but she sang like the birds in the morning, and sang as they did, because she could not help it, and at twilight she dreamed over her piano. But she had a talent for loving; she loved the beautiful old place which she knew was her birthplace and the home of her ancestors, the only home she could remember; the long green meadow sparkling with sunlight and veiled in violet vapors as the east wind met the sun upon it, the black shadows of the woodland sharply cut in moonlight, the brook that ran a thread of sapphire through the deep gardens, the great branch of pale pink roses that climbed across the balcony between her and the dazzle of blue sky—all these things filled her with poetic dreams and were precious to her. And she adored her mother; and as she slowly began to comprehend that she was entreated unlike other childen, with her adorations was mingled a strange and aching wonder if it could be possible that her mother was indifferent to her; if that was why she was not sent for in the drawing-room, was rarely taken to other houses, had no young girls brought to her, was hastened out of the way when Colonel Ffrench's voice or step was heard, had no pleasures made for her, was suppressed, and hushed, and perhaps but just tolerated. And as her mother divined her thoughts, a new misery was added to all the rest that mother had endured.

"I suppose," said Paula to her one day,—Paula slender, tall, dark, pale, growing into the beauty that had been her father's, "I suppose you would be happier, mamma, if I were not here to give you trouble."

"Oh, Paula! Paula!" cried her mother, laying down her silken skeins, and letting her heart out at once. "You are all the joy I have! To see you, to hear you, to know you are alive, to think of you when I am away from you, I have no other thought. To wake up in the night and think how innocent you are, how pretty you are,—it seems to me that you are very pretty, Paula—oh, I never can tell you for how much that repays me! There are reasons—I have been compelled—we will not talk of that—it is not best to speak—but if I seem like a clay-cold image to you it is because the fire burning in my heart has turned me to a stone."

"Mamma, he would not treat you badly if it were not for me"—

"How do you know—what makes you say"—the mother faltered breathlessly.

"I have heard the servants—they do not care if I hear them or not."

Every day a new degradation, thought Mrs. Ffrench bitterly, blow after blow rising across her memory. But she gave no sign. "Oh, Paula, you must not say so! Treat me badly! Oh, no—he was—he is—you comprehend, Paula, dearest, he is my husband"—

"But you do not love him, mamma!"

"A woman loves only once in her life, you know," she said, the delicate color swimming over her wistful face.

"But perhaps, dearest, you will understand better by and by. There is a bond"—

"Mamma, you say you think I am pretty. I hear others say I am going to be pretty, more than pretty. They do not mean me to hear that, I suppose; and that I shall marry—very well, maybe. And if that should be, then—then you can leave him, you can come and live with me, and we can be happy together all the time!"

"Leave him," cried Mrs. Ffrench. "I would never do that. Oh, how can you dream of such a thing! It makes me shudder to think of it when I remember the speech of people."

"You are so timid, mamma. I do not care for the speech of people."

"And then I do not know what he would do without me."

"He would do very well without you," said Paula.

"Besides—there is another life, Paula. One can bear so much with that in mind. Your father must be somewhere—it is impossible that he should have ceased—and we were one soul. And there I shall be with him. And he will forgive me, because he knows it was for you, and these things will not matter then."

"Yes they will, mamma dear, they will have made you perfect through suffering." And then they glanced up and said Colonel Ffrench coming down the avenue with Mr. Parcell, the old lawyer; and all the rose and sparkle fell out of the mother's face, and she was a white and half-lifeless image moving automatically, and getting into her own rooms before her husband should demand her.

"I have brought you," said her husband, when a few minutes afterward he sent for her to come to the library. "a paper that you are to sign, relinquishing your right of dower in consideration of the provision that I shall make for you in my will."

"My right"—she said, with a little gasp.

"I thought I should have trouble with you," he responded. "Your right. Such right as you have. You were a beggar when I married you. And so I suppose you will insist upon your full price"—

"I will sign any paper you give me to sign," she said.

"There must be witnesses," he replied, after a moment's survey of her. "Mr. Parcell is in the dining-room." And the lawyer and John, the inside man, witnessed her signature, Paula being summoned for a third. And Colonel Ffrench went about the place with something like boyish jubilation the rest of the day, and ordered up for dinner the Chateau Yquem that he bought himself in France.

"I have made my will," Colonel Ffrench said to his wife a few days later. "I have made for you a suitable provision, in a way that would have been affluence for you before I married you. But I have so arranged it that Paula can never share it. I have always said she was to provide for herself. And she has been educated to do so."

It was the last of many burdens. The burden-carrier rebelled. "Are you not afraid of what people may say of so cruel a disposition towards your brother's child?" she exclaimed.

"I never care for what people say," he answered. "They will say it after I am gone, too, and I shall not hear them. But I should rise in my grave if this accursed child who has stood between me and the joy of my life were one penny the better for my death!"

"Then," said Mrs. Ffrench, with a strange new decision born of desperation, "Paula will come into the drawing-room with me, and will sit at the table when there are guests and when there are not, and will be properly dressed, and shall have her chance to make a fit marriage"—

"Paula!"

"Or I will go away with her and she shall earn my livelihood too!"

"Do you know what you are saying, my—wife?"

"I think you are insane concerning your brother's child and always have been, and that I have been in error in giving way to you. And moreover, I have my doubts if the entail did not end with her father, and if the whole property is not hers anyway. I have thought this for a long time; but I thought also that you would do justice to her in the end. Now I have said it. And you can but kill me. You do worse than that every day."

"By heaven!" cried he; "I ought to kill you!"

And after this volcanic outburst, Mrs. Ffrench spent the rest of the day fainting in bed, and Colonel Ffrench drank himself stupid for several evenings in succession.

As week after week crept by now, he spoke to her only to insult her in the presence of the servants or to outrage her to her innermost soul. It was during this period that she found he had made the headstone of Paul's grave in the family burial-place a target for his pistol-shots, till he had shattered every letter of the name upon it. He spent little of his time at home; gossip reached his wife concerning other allurements that made her shudder, but gave her no closer pain than the sense of disgrace; and there were card and wine-parties following days of hard riding after the hunt. Nothing she cared for any of it; it affected her no further than to deepen that silent abhorrence which lay within her like lead. And she had long sweet days with Paula in consequence, that could they but continue, she felt, would compensate her for it all. Affairs equalized themselves, however, when he took a notion to stay at home, to demand her constant presence, to have her read to him in the morning, and be growled at for her want of comprehension, to have her play picquet or zonzen in the evening, and be sneered at for her stupidity, to have her orders to the servants reversed before her face, to have her little charities called back, her dress criticised, her manners reprobated, to keep quiet and wear a cheerful face through it all, to long, every day of her life of repression to die, and to have the longing stifled by the thought of Paula. Colonel Ffrench had always loved horses and riding, sparring, and all the physical sports. Nothing had ever given him such pleasure as breaking a spirited horse. He had begun with some such sensation in the treatment of his wife.

One day, training a splendid black stallion that looked like Satan embodied, he lost his temper and the horse knocked him down. He was brought in trodden to death.

He was buried as became his name. And such was the inconsistency of this feeble little woman that she grieved and grieved again. She forgave his misdeeds with a divine forgiveness; she forgot all she could forget; she blamed herself for the rest; and she spent her soul in pity. She was, in truth, like a tree that long sheltered by another, withers if that tower of strength is removed. She needed some shock to make her see the truth again, to call her powers to use.

The shock came some days after the funeral when Mr. Parcell, who had been ill at the time, made his appearance. Mrs. Ffrench in her black gown and widow's cap, sat beside the fire in the library; for although it was a summer's day and the sun was beating down outside till leaf and tree shone back in green splendor, there was always a low fire in the great damp shadows of the gloomy library. Now and then a tongue of flame leaped out and lighted up the face of one of the old Ffrench's on the wall with a sort of demoniac glow, that more than once before made this little dove, all unfit to mate with hawks, shiver as she looked. But perhaps a dove could not dwell among hawks, if it could dwell among them at all, without attaining some hawk-like quality; and Mrs. Ffrench called on herself for all she was worth when Mr. Parcell was announced.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Parcell as he sat down on the other side of the fire, "to be the bearer of the document which will oblige you to leave this pleasant place."

"To leave it? My home?" said Mrs. Ffrench.

"I refer," he said slowly "to your husband's will."

"Oh!" she murmured. And in a moment or two she added, "Did he then make a will?"

"He did. On the twenty-fourth of last September. I have it here. If you will send for your daughter I will read it."

"It is not necessary to call her," said Mrs. Ffrench. "You can tell me what it says quite as well in her absence."

"I—eh—it—ah—ahem! The heart of the matter—I—it is just this—Mrs. Ffrench. In brief the will makes me executor, and directs that the sum of five hundred dollars a year, from certain rents, shall be paid to you during your natural life, provided that you satisfy me yearly that no portion of that has gone to the care, support, or maintenance of your daughter."

"What!" cried Mrs. Ffrench.

Mr. Parcell repeated what he had said. "Of course I need not tell you," he added, "that I expostulated with Colonel Ffrench at the time, nor that I shall be very easily satisfied in this regard"—

"And the rest of the property?" she demanded.

"All the rest and residue, the place, the bonds, the city houses, the sum total, he has covered into a fund for the foundation of a charity of large proportions"—

"Do you mean to tell me that my husband left any such paper as that!" cried Mrs. Ffrench.

"Certainly I do," said the worthy gentleman, producing a variety of bulky envelopes from an inside pocket, "and much to my regret."

"It is incredible!"

"I am sorry to say that it is a fact," and he proceeded to unfold a crackling paper and to adjust his glasses. "Here it is—'I, Savage Delany Ffrench, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby make this my last will and testament— May I ask you to ring for a glass of water before I proceed?"

"I cannot believe it!" she said breathlessly, not heeding his request "Do you absolutely assure me that this paper disinherits me?"

"Absolutely."

"And Paula?"

"Absolutely."

"If there had been no will it would have been all Paula's, that was not mine. His brother's child"—

"Was his natural heir"—

"And it was her father's, and should have been hers. What would these people think to have their own flesh and blood beggared for the sake of all the charities in the world," with a sweep of her little hand to those old portraits as if she invoked the help of Paula's race.

"Undoubtedly they would think as you do, as I do. But law is stronger than anything else in the world, and the misfortune is that here is the will"—

"I cannot, I do not, how shall I believe it," she cried. "My husband—let me see it with my own eyes?" And she held out her hand imperiously, took the paper before he bethought himself and dropped it on the blaze, where it caught in an instant and curled and flamed, and left only a black scroll along which the wicked letters of his name lingered in a line of fire and vanished.

"What of it now?" said she, with a wild glad triumph in her tone.

For a moment Mr. Parcell stared aghast. Had his eyes deceived him? He closed them, and opened them again. Here in this room—among all these dead and gone Ffrench's—had anything happened to him—could he credit the evidence of his senses?

"Do you know what you have done?" gasped the lawyer, pallid and pinched with consternation.

"Perfectly. You see what I have done."

"You have committed a felony!"

"I—who says I have committed a felony?" asked Paula's mother, straightening herself superior to law and lawyers.

"I do."

"Have a care what you say. For you—you are an interested party, you know."

"Mrs. Ffrench, you appall me!"

"What are you going to do about it?" she said.

"To denounce you."

"You mean you will say I have destroyed that paper. Well, then, I shall say, if you drive me to it, that I did nothing of the kind. Do you suppose your word is any better than mine? I am willing to bring it to the proof. Who that has known me all my life will believe such a thing of me? I should advise you to let the matter rest."

"There are witnesses," gasped Mr. Parcell.

"Servants; who knew nothing of the contents of the paper they signed; who will make no question; and who will take it for granted that the law has had its way—people who can be made quite uncertain as to whether the paper they witnessed was a will or the one about my dower-rights."

"That, too. There is the agreement concerning the right of dower."

"Bring it forward, if you wish. It can be of no use if there is no will."

"Mrs. Ffrench, what sort of a woman are you?"

"I am a mother defending her child," cries Mrs. Ffrench, "as a bird defends her young against eagle or against snake. I am a wife resenting an outrage. I am an individual claiming what is my right! Now," she continued, rising, after a few minutes of stillness in which the old lawyer heard his heart beat, "is it to be peace or war?"

"I suppose it must be peace," he said presently, and with a slow effort. "I do not see my way clear to anything else, under the circumstances."

"I shall need counsel, Paula will need it, in the management of the estate. Give us your best service; and make your conscience easy by remembering that if law has been violated, justice has been vindicated," said Mrs. Ffrench, and she looked at the eager watching Ffrench faces on the wall, as if they must thank her for saving to one of their own that for which they had wrought and fought; and she sailed out of the room like justice herself in the robes of a lady-abbess, expecting to sink on gaining her own room, and finding her heart, instead, bubbling with new life and strength and the consciousness of victory.

I saw her a few years later. Mrs. Paul Ffrench was the name on her visiting-cards. She had plainly no idea she had done anything to regret; nor should I have known of the facts of her life but for Mr. Parcell's diary which came into my possession. I saw a tranquil and rather stately woman whose unsmiling face wore the scars of trouble, yet looked as if lighted from within by an interior joy. With her was a tall girl whose serene dark beauty, exquisite in modelling, perfect in contour and curve, was heightened by the severe simplicity of her dress of white satin that seemed to surround her with lustre. An Italian prince and an English baron were in her train, but I understood that she was going home to marry a young minister, and to realize with him certain ideas concerning a charity of large proportions, ideas belonging to her mother. And I saw that Mrs. Ffrench was still carrying out the habits of a lifetime of compromise.



BLANKET OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

A NAVAJO BLANKET.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

THE Navajos, main stock of the Athapascan branch of Indians which spread southward to Northern Mexico, have retained anthropological qualities distinct, in a marked degree, from their warlike and unsettled offshoots, the Apaches and kindred tribes. The latter, from the earliest historical records, have ever been the cruel scourge of the regions they invaded until their reduction by force of arms within the last decade. In scattered bands and with no permanent homes, they gained their means of living by plunder obtained by predatory expeditions covering a large area of the northern possessions of the Spaniards in the country. These savage branches of the Navajos can hardly be placed in the catalogue of Indian tribes which pursued industrial occupations, under the modern acceptation of the term.

With the Navajos proper — the parent stock which peopled the region now including the northwestern corner of Arizona—the contrary may be said. They made the mountains and the fertile valleys watered by the affluents of the Rio San Juan, whither their primitive ancestors had been led by divine interposition, their permanent home. It is true that they constantly sent out small war parties to harass the Pueblo Indians, destroying crops and impeding the agriculture of those sedentary and industrious people, yet their persistency and home love are proved by the fact that when the Spaniards reached their remote territory, they were found to be great land-tillers, "living in dwellings underground and having sheds for their crops and stores."

After their contact with the European they acquired flocks and herds, probably through the Pueblo Indians; the first effort to introduce domesticated animals into the Northern Spanish domains being made by the Church about the third decade of the seventeenth century. As soon as the Navajos recognized the utility of sheep, cattle and horses as a fertile source of supply in meat and clothing, they became too impatient to wait for the slow process (as they regarded it) of natural increase, and began to prey upon their old victims, the Pueblo Indians. Thereupon the Spaniards took up the defense of the latter, became objects of sincere and lasting hatred, and were driven out of the

country by the Navajos. During the close of the seventeenth century, Spanish settlements were re-established by another so-called conquest, but the subjection of the Navajos was never accomplished. They not only retained possession of their mountain home, but became assailants, and carried on aggressive warfare down to, and even after the annexation of New Mexico and Arizona to the United States.

In 1865, the tribe was removed from its long successfully defended mountain region—a region cool and bracing, covered with snow until late in spring—into the hot, level district of Bosque Redondo. There the Navajos languished. Their agricultural industry was handicapped, and their tendency to self-improvement checked. Three years later the government very wisely reinstated them in their old domain. Since that time they have lived peaceably, and, though molested by the ubiquitous squatter on other people's property, long displayed a forbearance of retaliation, and a manliness in appeal for protection of their rights that might classify them as a people on the same platform of humanity with that which, in the words of Tennyson, cried out: "Let us alone!"

But they are no lotus eaters. They have been rapidly progressive, and to-day their irrigation ditches, their fertile fields and their well-managed flocks, proclaim their systematic industry—though the majority of them *do* live in the log-cabin, half dugout, known by the name of *ho-gan*.

It might be supposed that this primitive race, whose offshoots have left their records printed in human blood, stamped in broad type, in assertion of their claim against the encroachments of civilization, would have no taste for art or tendency in the direction of intellectual expansion. No greater mistake could be made. The Navajos are conspicuous for their inventive faculty, their ingenuity, and their ready power of adaptation to self-improvement of extraneous suggestions. Nothing points more directly to the proof of this assertion than their reputation as manufacturers of textile fabrics.

There is evidence that among the Navajos the art of weaving antedates the time when any skill was imparted to them therein through the Pueblo Indians by the Spaniards. To-day they are pre-eminent in the art among the native tribes north of Mexico, and their advancement in the industry is due more to their own intelligence and artistic inclination, than to the influence of European instruction. The wonderful variety of designs displayed in their fabrics, and the innumerable combinations of colors, are witnesses to the fertility of imagination which the Navajo weaver's mind is gifted with; while the fact that in a thousand Navajo blankets no two patterns can be found exactly alike proclaims that each designer scorns imitation or repetition. Our artists might take a lesson from them.

Nevertheless, their savage instincts have not been thoroughly eliminated by their internal peaceable occupations for many years. They still retain their ancient customs; the Mountain Chant—the *quacàl*—their sacred song or chant is still heard; and the *fire-dance* is still practiced. The Shamàn and the arrow-swallower still pretend to cure the sick.

The following narrative will illustrate one latent trait of character, common alike to Indian and white man. It is a long time since the events occurred, but none the same do they hold up the finger of instruction.

Seated on a blanket spread upon the ground beneath a tree whose foliage affords protection from the rays of the sun, an Indian woman is engaged in spinning woolen yarn. She is a type of the comely women of the Navajo race. In breadth of shoulders and in the size and muscular development of her arms and hands she is almost masculine; the most casual observer would willingly admit that

in a personal struggle she would prove a formidable antagonist to most city-bred men of our times, while the dude would be a plaything and shuttle-cock to her in a test of strength. Her hair parted in the middle, is gathered back and tied behind her head in a complicated knot, which is held together by the insertion of a rude hair-pin passed through a loop of the twist, thus preventing the strands from disentangling themselves. Pendant from her ears are silver bangles, and on occasions she may be seen to wear a necklace of colored beads or turquoise gems. She is clad in the costume of her primitive race. This consists of a robe formed by sewing two of the smaller sized blankets together at the sides, armholes being left at about one-third of the distance from the upper border of the garment to the lower edge of the skirt. A girdle round the waist secures the dress to the body; as no sleeves are attached the arms are left bare, while the upper part of the robe is folded down from the shoulders over the breast, one shoulder being generally left exposed. These dresses of the Navajo women are very picturesque, displaying an endless variety of designs in colors of black and dark blue with stripes of red. Her lower limbs are swathed in rather broad bands of cloth wound spirally from the ankles to just below the knees, where they are secured by buttons so adjusted as to meet the corresponding button-holes at the end of each band. On her feet she wears moccasins, though not unfrequently both these and the above described leggings are discarded. The blanket on which she sits is one of the coarser kind, the pattern consisting of angular stripes running length-



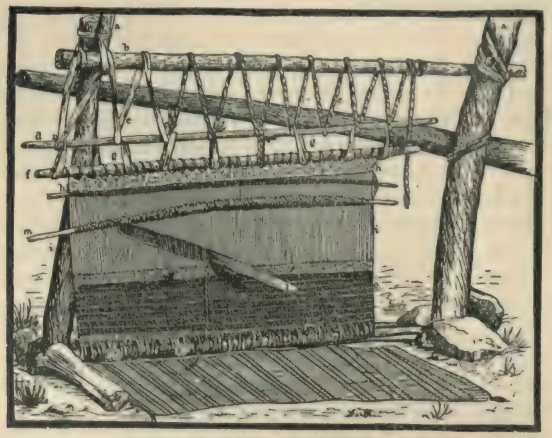
NAVAJO WOMAN SPINNING.

wise of the fabric within broader straight bands worked-in, parallel with its ends and sides. As before remarked, the fertility in design of the Navajo weavers is so great, that it would be difficult to find two blankets of exactly similar pattern.

At no great distance from her may be seen another woman seated under the shade trees. Before her is a primitive loom at which she is industriously at work, weaving one of those blankets which have a world-wide reputation for their durable and frequently water-proof qualities. Her dress is similar to that of the spinner, and so like to her is she in features and physical proportions that she might readily be taken for her twin sister. Her posture in front of the loom, however, is different from that of her companion, for she is squatted on the ground with her legs folded under her, thus being enabled to work at the loom with her long muscular arms until she has woven her web to a height beyond which she can no longer reach to pass her woof through the warp. When this occurs she rises and readjusts her machine in a manner that will be afterward described.

The spinner's mode of procedure is extremely simple. She uses no spinning-wheel, a thin stick passed through a flat, circular piece of wood being her only implement. Holding the end of this rude spindle in her right hand and the tread in her left, she sits hour after hour spinning the woolen yarn, ever and anon winding it, as it grows in length, on the ball which she holds in her lap. Her only material is native wool supplied from the vast flocks of domesticated sheep which the Navajos have possessed for ages. Recently imported American yarn has come into favor with the Navajo weavers and many blankets are now made of it, thus reducing the labor of spinning.

Independently of the various colored worsteds which these Indians now obtain by trade, they have always possessed a sufficiency of dyes to afford them a wide scope for the display of their designs in an artistic point of view. They had, and still use, native dyes of yellow, black and red. Indigo, introduced probably by the Mexicans, supplied them with a blue, and by mixture of it with their native yellow, different shades of green; from the same source they obtained the brilliant scarlet cloth, called *bayeta*, which they unraveled, using the threads in the manufacture of their blankets. By this enumeration of colors, it may be seen that the Navajo blanket of former days would not be deficient in gorgeousness. The one which our heroine is employed in weaving is being wrought in divers colors and with exceptionally artistic design. When she has completed it, the blanket is destined to play an important part at the most critical moment in her life's career. But before narrating the interesting episode with which it was connected, let us describe her loom and her mode of weaving.



ORDINARY NAVAJO BLANKET LOOM.

From start to finish her skillful production will cost her the work of many weeks; but as she ties the last knot, at the last corner, she can probably gaze upon the finest fabric, and

the handsomest in design and combination of colors, woven in her day. It will be the admiration of a multitude and the cause of jealous hatred on the part of many a sister weaver in her tribe, and will place her in imminent peril of her life.

In the forks of two tree branches, growing conveniently for her purpose, she has placed and securely bound a horizontal bar, to which she has suspended a straight pole by lashing it to the supporting beam with a rope applied in spiral volutions, leaving a sufficiency of unused rope to admit of it being lowered when necessary. To this pole she has attached by means of loops the upper beam of her loom, the distance between the two being about three inches. This upper beam is at an elevation from the ground corresponding to the length of the blanket she is going to weave, and which will be nearly seven feet long with a width of five feet six inches.



BRINGING DOWN THE BATTEN.*

She has already constructed her warp by means of a framework composed of four poles raised a few inches from the ground, in the form of a rectangular paralellogram, of dimensions adapted to the size of the blanket which she intends to weave. The poles at the ends being straight, smoothly rounded and of equal diameter from end to end, are not unfrequently used as the upper and lower beams of the loom. The weaver now proceeds to tie her yarn to one of the end poles winding it over and under in a continuous string, the thread after passing over the upper portion of the circumference of one pole being passed under the opposite pole. Two sheds are thus formed—the upper and lower—the sectional view of the warp presenting a figure similar to that of an elongated eight. A thin rod is placed in each shed, near the angle, through the entire width of the warp, to keep it open and the threads in place. The next thing done is to quilt the terminal loops of the warp together so as to form a firm, stiff border. Tying three strings together and sitting with one of the end poles in front of her, she fastens them to the lateral pole, on her left, and passing one of the cords under the first turn of the warp takes a second string and twilling it once or twice with the other two, takes in with it the second turn of the warp. Then with the third cord, twilled with the other two as before, she gathers in the third bend of the warp. Thus she continues, each string being taken in turn, until she has secured the loops of the entire warp. She now stretches this three-stranded cord—which it has become—to its full extent, thereby separating the threads of the warp sufficiently to allow the passage of the woof. The same method is applied to the opposite end of the warp. It must be understood that the weaver has been working along the outside surfaces of the poles.

*The batten should be held horizontally instead of obliquely, as shown in the cut.

The warp can now be detached from the framework, care being taken to keep the rods in the apexes of the sheds in place. Attachment of the warp to the loom is accomplished by lashing the ends to the beams, it having been already remarked that the smooth, uniform end poles on which it has been constructed are sometimes used as the upper and lower beams.

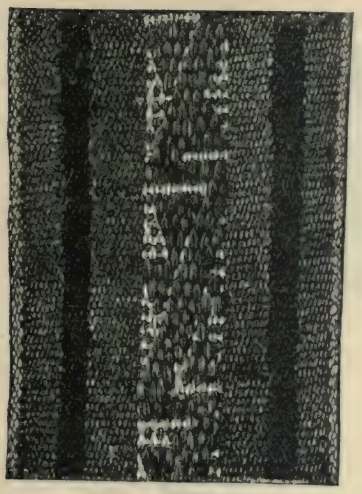
When the warp has been fixed in its vertical position, the upper shed-rod is allowed to remain in place, but to the anterior threads of the lower shed, heddles, or healds, are applied, and the shed-rod is then withdrawn. The heddles are applied in this way: Seated in front of the loom, the weaver having placed on her right side a ball of yarn passes the end of the string through the shed, and having tied a loop, passes through it the end of her heald-rod—a slender stick which she holds in her left hand horizontally, and in such a position that its right end touches the left edge of the warp. The heald-rod having been passed through the loop from left to right until its point is even with the second anterior thread from the left, the weaver deftly inserts her fingers in between the first and second threads of the anterior line of warp, and draws through them a heald-string; this she twists so as to form a loop into which she pushes the point of the heald-rod held in her left hand. Between every space that separates the following threads she forms a loop and passes the heald-rod through it until she has worked from left to right of the warp, each alternate thread of the lower shed being captured in a loop of the heald. When the last loop is made she ties the end of her heald-string to the rod, cuts it off, and withdraws the shed-rod.

In weaving the blanket the operator sits on the ground with the warp hanging perpendicularly in front of her. As she maintains this position during the whole process, it is evident that the web will attain a height beyond which it will be impossible for her to continue her work unless the web can be lowered. This is accomplished by loosening the spiral rope which holds the yard-beam to the supporting beam. The yard-beam is then lowered to the desired distance, and the loosened web folded and sewed tightly down to the cloth-beam.

In weaving, the Navajo woman uses no shuttle strictly speaking, the nearest approach to it being a slender twig on which the yarn is wound when the pattern is such that the woof has to be passed through six inches or more of the shed. When the pattern is intricate and the woof



NAVAJO WOMAN WEAVING A BELT.



SECTION OF NAVAJO BELT.

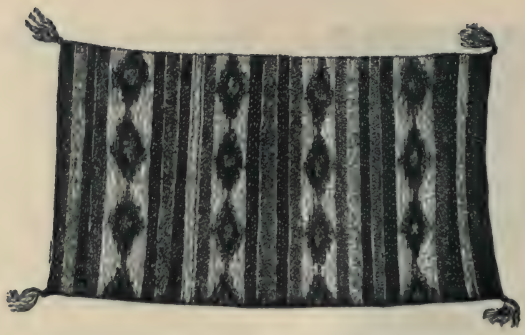
is passed through only a few inches of the shed, the yarn is wound into small balls and pushed through with the finger of the operator. The shed is opened by means of the batten, a flat piece of wood about three feet long and three inches wide, and used to strike home or close the threads of the woof. It is by the vigorous use of this implement that Navajo blankets are rendered waterproof. (See page 381.)

Beginning to weave in the lower shed, the operator draws a portion of the healds toward her, bringing forward the front threads of the shed which is thereby opened about one inch. She now inserts the batten edgewise, then, turning it so that its broad surfaces lie horizontally, by this means opens the shed about three inches and passes the weft through. When the weft is in, it is pushed down into its proper place by means of a wooden fork and the batten is then applied edgewise with firm blows on it. The lower shed having received its thread of the woof, the upper is opened. This is done by releasing the healds and shoving the shed rod down until it comes in contact with the healds, which process opens the upper shed down to the web. The weft is there inserted as before and the wooden fork and the batten are applied. Thus the weaver proceeds alternately with each shed until the web is finished.

In fine and handsome blankets a main object of the weaver is to have both ends uniform, and to accomplish this, most operators weave a small portion of the upper end before they finish the middle. This process is accomplished either by weaving from above downwards, or turning the loom upside down and working from below upwards in the ordinary manner.

It has been already mentioned that the ends of the warp are quilted firmly together with a strong three-ply string; the lateral edges of the best blankets are similarly bordered and strengthened by cords applied to the weft. The way in which these are interwoven is this: Two stout cords of yarn, tied together are secured to each end of the cloth-beam, just outside the warp, and then carried upward and loosely tied to the yard beam. Every time the weft-thread is turned at the edge of the warp, these two strings are twisted, the web being passed through the twist. As this border thread is always twisted in the same direction, it is plain that a counter-twist keeps forming above the web, which in time would stay the process of passing the weft through the twisted cords; when, therefore, the upper portions of the cords become inconveniently twisted they are untied from the upper beam, to which they have been only loosely fastened, and are straightened out.

The weaving of the last two or three inches of the web is the most difficult part of the process and the most tedious. Some time before this distance from the finish has been reached, the weaver has been compelled to discard the batten, being no longer able to insert it in the warp. At this stage slender rods are placed in the sheds, and the web is passed with ever increasing difficulty on the end of a fine splinter, while the wooden fork can only be used to press down the woof. Finally both the rod and the shed itself have to be removed,







NAVAJO BLANKETS FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

the alternate threads being separated by a slender stick worked in laboriously between them, and two threads of woof being passed through, one above and the other below the stick.

In weaving diagonals, the mechanism of the loom is more complicated, the warp being divided into four sheds, the uppermost of which is kept open with a shed-rod, the lower three being provided with healds. When the weaver wishes the diagonal ridges to run upward from right to left she opens the sheds in regular order from below upward; when she wishes the ridges to trend from left to right she opens the sheds in the reverse order. In the quality and finish of Navajo blankets there is a wide range, and though the patterns consist only of straight lines and angles, the variety in designs is almost endless.

And now let us return to the two Navajo women already introduced and watch them at work, as the one twists her colored wool, and the other plies her fingers nimbly and dexterously among the meshes of the warp, carrying through them one or other of the numerous woof-skeins that hang from the upper edge of her web. For the blanket she is occupied in weaving will be one of the most skillful productions in design and quality ever wrought by Navajo women; no matter how elaborate the pattern, she has a separate woof-skein for each component of the figure, and hanging from the face of her web there are nearly thirty such shuttles in all, proving how variegated is her design.

The two weavers are in the full bloom and development of Indian womanhood, and of that beauty which fades so soon under the exactions of savage life. Occasionally a few words are exchanged; but each one is so intently occupied in making the result of her handicraft the best of its kind that the silence which prevailed might feel oppressive to an invisible intruder. Once and again, as the web grows slowly upward the weaver calls the attention of her sister—for such she is—to her work. Thereupon the spinner rises and examines the web. The consultation is not long, but after it is ended the worker at the loom may be seen to ply her batten with increased vigor, and pass the threads of her woof-skeins with increased care.

For some time there had existed a feeling of rivalry among the weavers of the Navajo tribe, and so much jealousy was aroused among the women of two principal villages—for very few men practiced the textile art—that it was determined to adopt some means to settle the dispute as to superiority. For many years the weaver's art had been deteriorating among the Pueblo Indians, who found it more convenient and profitable to purchase blankets from the Navajos than to manufacture them. Dwelling nearer to the white settlements, they could dispose of their agricultural produce at better prices and less trouble than could the Navajos. Moreover, they have mines of turquoise—a gem much prized by the latter—and could readily obtain supplies of whisky which was, and is, held by most of the Navajos in higher estimation than ornamental stones. Thus while the circumstances of their mode of living and their topographical position caused a decadence of the textile art among the Pueblo Indians, the increasing demand for *serapes* excited competition among the Navajos, producing not only excellence of fabric, but also the jealousy alluded to above.

For the better peace of the female portion of the two communities, it was decided that a trial of skill in their art should be given by the weavers; that they should engage in a competitive contest. Any weaver might compete, and ample time was allowed for the manufacture of new serapes, though blankets already woven were admissible. Proper precaution was also taken that the judges, who were chosen from the Pueblo Indians, should not know who was the manufacturer of each blanket. Indeed, great secrecy was employed by the artists them-

selves while weaving, and it was understood that each competitor was to weave into her fabric a private mark so as to ensure the identification of her own work. It is in the production of her own exhibit at the important exposition that Tcikè is engaged as we watch her with retrospective sight.

Tcikè was the daughter of a principal chief, and was as skillful at the loom, in design and excellence of fabric, in her own tribe, as Penelope was among the Greeks. But unlike Penelope, though she had many suitors, she did not have recourse to the Greek woman's artifice in order to defer her choice, which had been made before the trial of skill was projected; and she knew that before many moons were passed the production of her fingers would enfold her husband's form. Aided by her sister, who spun the finest and most compact yarns colored with the richest dyes, she worked day after day at the loom until her web was completed, the last threads of the woof being inserted with infinite care, and the ends of the strong bordering cords being tied at the four corners, forming thereto ornamental tassels.

In regard to elaborateness of design, richness of coloring, fineness and strength of texture, and the uniformity of its ends, it was truly a beautiful work of art. Of the largest size, woven in serrated stripes which extended from end to end, with diamond-shaped figures in its central longitudinal line, Tcikè's serape would be very difficult to surpass in excellence, and she might proudly hope that no competitor's exhibit would prove superior to her own handiwork.

On the day appointed for the exhibition, the Navajos, men and women, assembled at the place of rendezvous conveniently chosen for the purpose. The judges also punctually attended, and the blankets, of which there were many, were placed on the ground side by side in parallel rows, forming the borders of pathways along which the arbiters were to pass. After the usual ceremonies the awarders of merit proceed to examine the fabrics and pronounce upon their respective qualities. It is a primitive art exhibition. The judges do not know who is the manufacturer of each blanket, though possibly a slight distinction in design and style of work may suggest to the Pueblo connoisseurs the village from which some of the serapes came. There are many beautiful exhibits, gorgeous in colors and fine in texture, and the judges carefully examine the most conspicuous of them, turning each one over to see whether the pattern is the same on both sides—as it should be—and comparing the ends as to uniformity. They patiently and taciturnly perform their duties, and when they finally pass judgment, not only is Tcikè's serape pronounced to be the best, but in point of number, those woven by the women of her village were in excess of those presented by the weavers of the rival village. The victory was complete.

Now it happened that Tsilkè, the lover of Tcikè, was a young chief of the defeated village. Moreover, the competitor second to Tcikè in order of merit belonged to the same clan, and was her rival in love as well as in textile skill. The double defeat aroused the evil passion of revenge in the Navajo maiden, and she watched for an opportunity to gratify it. She had not to wait long. Tsilkè a few days later went to pay his betrothed a visit, arriving in the neighborhood of the lodge, or rather hut, in which she lived, soon after nightfall. The well-known signal being given, he was presently joined by Tcikè, who carried on her arm the blanket she had so industriously wrought. With an expression of proud delight she threw it over his shoulder and the two wandered off among the trees and rocks. Little conscious were they, as they whispered together side by side, that they were being stealthily dogged by an infuriated woman. But the disappointed rival was following them,

and could any one have seen in the gloom the expression of her face, her murderous intent would have stood revealed. Her footfall emitted no sound, and nearer and nearer she crept up to her intended victim. She was within a few steps of the two lovers when they stopped, and the next instant the would-be slayer drew a keen knife from the folds of her dress, and with a silent bound stood immediately behind Tcikè with uplifted right-hand.

By what fortuitous impulse Tsilkè was urged at that moment to raise his arm and throw the ample folds of the blanket over his shoulder, it remains for the explainers of predestination and the preservation of an individual's life by accident to explain. But so it happened. As the pointed knife swept downward, the hand that wielded it became entangled. The intended death-stroke was averted, and the weapon struck Tcikè's shoulder-blade, inflicting no fatal wound. Well knowing that she had missed her mark, the thrice disappointed woman, with the speed of a deer, fled under the trees to a neighboring cliff, and in her rage hurled herself headlong over its edge.

Tsilkè and Tcikè have passed away, but the blanket, preserved by their offspring, still shows the marks of the vindictive woman's knife.

THE DIVISION OF A STATE.

THE REASONS IN FAVOR.

BY HON. ABBOT KINNEY.

	Area square miles.
Maine	29,805
New Hampshire	9,006
Vermont	9,136
Massachusetts	7,010
Connecticut	4,845
Rhode Island	1,080
New York	47,625
Pennsylvania	44,980
Eight States, total	153,487
California	155,980

CALIFORNIA *is* divided. The Southern part is spoken of as an entity by itself. South of Tehachipi everyone resides in *Southern* California, everyone hails from *Southern* California, every such resident is spoken of in other parts of the State, in the East and in England as of *Southern* California. Strangers coming here for pleasure, health or business are coming to *Southern* California; these so speak of themselves and are so spoken of. Books and articles are written about Southern California resorts, Southern California climate, Southern California booms, Southern California scenery, Southern California commerce and Southern California World's Fair exhibits.

There are Southern California National Guard encampments, Southern California G. A. R. encampments, Southern California Fairs, Southern California Fruit Growers' Associations, Southern California Teachers' Institutes and so on *ad infinitum*. There is a Southern California University, and the strong churches have Southern California organizations. The Episcopalians are an exception, but they have long demanded a division. Recently Bishop Nichols recognized the necessity of such action to the extent of saying officially that the church work demanded an assistant Bishop for Southern California, and the question will be brought up at the next general meeting. The Catholics have had for a long time a separate diocese and Bishop for Southern California.

Business enterprise recognizes the division in its nomenclature. We have a Southern California National Bank, a Southern California Railroad admitting the Santa Fé to this section; Southern California packing houses, fruit companies, smelters, manufactories and what not, all with this distinctive name. Secret and social societies have followed in the same line. These divisions in organization and these names are but a reflection of an accepted fact. California is divided. The only question is as to the recognition of this division in our political organization. A separation to-day would leave the two sections on the most friendly terms, and the two new Senators would be a clear addition to the strength of California in her Federal interests. To allow the irritations and inconveniences growing out of our present political condition to drift into open defiance and revolt, would be injurious to the State in all its sections and leave ugly wounds to cure when the inevitable came. It would then seem a timely matter to look in a friendly way at some of the phases of this question. Let us examine some of these.

We in the South have no navigable streams. California has important ones that she has been most remiss in neglecting. We have no slickens dispute between farmers and miners; we have no interest in brush dams or other remedial measures, and do not want to pay for them. Yet to San Francisco, the mining counties and the Northern farmers, this is an exceedingly important matter. The farmer is justified in fighting for his farm, but it must be everywhere conceded that it is desirable, if injury can be avoided, to take out the vast deposits of placer gold known to exist, and utilize the magnificent hydraulic plants established for this purpose.

I was impressed with the largeness of this industry in a trip made with Mr. Sandham, an artist of the "Century," before these hydraulic mines were shut down. We saw immense reservoirs, and long and expensive flumes and ditches. On one of these we traveled for sixty miles. We saw great numbers of well-equipped mining plants, and tabulated the millions of returns. Yet all this, of so much value to the North, is no more to us than it is to Oregon. We have no great lumber interests, while the North has the finest lumber section on this earth. The Redwood belt, without any exaggeration, is the best stand of timber now known or ever known. The interests of the North are clearly for an exploitation of this timber, and of the larger areas in the Sierra. We do not want any timber cut in our section at all. What little saw timber we have amounts to next to nothing, but our interests in irrigation involve our existence. We want our mountains as reservoirs for our springs and streams; we want the chapparal and trees to absorb the heat, mitigate the winds and so hold the rainfall as to prevent torrential devastation. This suggests a special Southern interest growing in its demands, viz: the defining and diking of the channels of our streams and flood beds. When we had little population the vagrant disposition of a flood stream mattered little, but now that large property interests have been created and thick population is affected this peripatetic characteristic must be dealt with. If we have paid for brush dams the North should expect to pay for torrent dykes—and a good solid bill it will be too. We have no reclaimed swamp lands nor lands affected by the swamp lands act. We have practically no fresh-water fish interest, such as salmon.

In the North, on the contrary, this was once an important industry which has been destroyed through the grossest negligence, and never re-established. Both these facts are a shame and reproach to the State which ought to be remedied. But we in the South have far less interest in legislation or expenditures for this purpose than has Oregon. The mining interests of the

North are all different in character from ours. The first are tributary to San Francisco and the second to Los Angeles. We have a rapidly dwindling sheep industry, while that of the North is a factor in the world's wool output. Some feel almost like Randolph of Virginia, and would go a mile to kick a sheep. We do not want sheep ranches nor sheep to destroy our mountain verdure. The wish with us has been father to the act. The sheep ranches are nearly all broken up and our only county affected by mountain sheep pasturing has passed stringent tax measures that are expected to be prohibitory.

Our game season is different from that of the North, and rules suitable for the reasonable preservation of game in the North are unsuitable in the South. So also in kinds of game—some are desirable in the one section and destructive in the other. The coyote for instance, though not exactly game, has probably been a benefit in Southern California by keeping down rabbits and other pests. We have no interest in paying a bounty on coyote scalps, while the central section, and especially sheep districts, clearly have. From Fresno south, irrigation is the life of the country.

The great railroad problem is quite different in the two sections. In the North the commerce of the State and all transportation has been in the hands of or under the control of one corporation. It is only recently that anything has been done to alter this situation, and that only in sea competition. The interior is still in the fetters. The railroad question with us is very different. We have two transcontinental lines. We also have several independent roads running to good wharves and there connecting with ocean traffic, and we are not dominated by anybody. Besides this two other lines are building toward Utah, one from Goffs and the other from Mojave. The Mojave one is only under contract at this writing and may go nowhere.

We are far from satisfied with a Northern and a Southern citrus fair. We have no interest whatever in spending State money on a Northern citrus fair. We have our hands more than full to market our fast increasing Southern crop. It may be said that seven or eight thousand carloads of oranges have little to fear from a hundred cars, but the answer to this is that a tax fund raised for the orange industry and divided in equal parts, half going to a small Northern producing area that ships but a minute proportion of the citrus crop, and the other half going to the great producing area of the South is not a fair division. It is, in fact, the official robbery of the South to create artificially a Northern competitor. If the South had control of this matter, it would probably say—"Gentlemen, pay for this commendable project out of your own pockets."

We do not want any State Citrus Fair at all on such terms. I do not wish to touch on the merits of the quarrel between the Horticultural Commissioners and the Southern counties. I have a high respect and friendship for Mr. Cooper, of Santa Barbara, but it is illustrative of the general conflict of interest between the sections that this State Board is at open war with the Horticultural officers of the South. We maintain many State institutions that we derive no benefit from. One such is the expensive mining bureau. Whatever value this department may have for the North it is of no earthly account to us. The Fish Commission is another similarly useless expense for us. On the other hand, a commission competent to serve our interests greatly, and that has done so in introducing suitable trees for difficult places, etc., is knocked on the head at the first excuse.

This division of interest always has existed. In 1810, the Franciscan friars suggested a division of the Missions at the line of Santa Ynez to be Northern and Southern. Under the

Mexican Government there was an almost constant conflict between the two sections. For the North there were Alvarado, Vallejo, the Castros, Haro and Munras, for the South the Picos, Carrillos, Echandía, Bandini, and Stearns.

In 1832, there were for about a year two political governments in California, one under Echandía at Los Angeles and one under Zamarano at Monterey. In 1836, when the Californians revolted against Mexican centralization the State was divided into two cantons, one with the capital at Monterey, the other with the capital at Los Angeles. After the return to Mexican allegiance, it was again divided by Alvarado into two districts, the line being at El Buchon in San Luis Obispo County. Again at the occupation of the Americans, California was divided into two military departments on the same old lines.

The capital alternated, as the one side or the other triumphed, between Monterey and San Diego. For many years before the American occupation it was fixed at Los Angeles. The Government order to make Los Angeles the capital was issued from Mexico in 1835. The great gold invasion changed the balance of power, and the first constitutional convention under our flag met at Monterey in 1849. The Southern delegation to that body was solid for a separate government.

From the debate over the question of the State boundary we can cull with instruction the following:

Hon. L. W. Hastings, as Chairman of the Committee on State Boundary, reported:

"* * * Your committee is of the opinion that the present boundary of California comprehends a tract of country entirely too extensive for one State. * * * The country within the boundary of this territory as now established must ultimately be divided into several different States."

Hon. W. M. Gwin said: "If we include territory enough for several States, it is competent for the people and the State of California to divide it hereafter. * * * And the past history of our country, sir, develops the fact that we will have State upon State here—probably as many as the Atlantic side—and as we accumulate States we accumulate strength; our institutions become more powerful to do good and not to do evil. I have no doubt that the time will come when we will have twenty States this side of the Rocky Mountains. I want the power, sir, and the population. When the population comes they will require that this State shall be divided." Here the proposal was made that a little later, not one, but many States would be created out of California as therein constituted.

Now that the conditions for division prophesied by the distinguished Gwin exist, now that the wealth, resource and population are here, we find that there are those who oppose the fulfillment of the promise of the convention of '49. The cases of both Maine and Tennessee were cited in the convention to prove that new States could be formed when the population was sufficient. The Southern delegates were opposed to the movement for a State Government and favored a territorial one. They were outvoted. The South, however, did not rest at this defeat, but held separate conventions in 1850 and 1851 at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Diego.

Amongst the resolutions passed by the Los Angeles Convention of 1850–51 were these:

Resolved, That the diversity of interests between Northern and Southern California is such that they ought not to be united in the same political compact.

Resolved, That there is more than sufficient territory for two large States, and the parallel of 36° 30′ would be a proper line of division between the two.

Strong protests were forwarded to Congress. This also failed, although Henry Clay, chairman of the Committee on Compromise Measures, said that the coast line of California was

too long for one State. The reason for the Congressional action in this case is stated by the committee to have been a lack of information on the capabilities of the southern part of the State to form a State Government. The ground then taken was probably wise, but it indicates the differences between the sections to be of long standing. From 1854 to 1856 there was an agitation to divide the State. Two division bills were introduced into the Legislature during this time. In 1859 a bill was passed by the Legislature setting off the then counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino and part of Buena Vista (Kern) for a new State. The bill was approved by Governor Weller; it was submitted to the vote of the people in the counties named and was ratified by a two-thirds vote. Mr. B. A. C. Stephens, who is our best authority on these facts, says that "The certified returns were duly forwarded to Congress and pigeon-holed by some occult force." The excitement of civil war doubtless played a part in this result. After this affair the State still recognized the entity of Southern California by the not over pleasant cognomen of "Cow counties." This is changed now by an insensible growth of common consent to "Southern California."

In 1880, a division convention was agitated in Los Angeles by such men as E. F. Spence, J. P. Widney, J. G. Downey, J. G. Estudillo and many others. A mass-meeting was held in February, '81, at which resolutions approving State Division were passed and a legal committee appointed. This committee consisted of our leading lawyers, including Albert Stephens, George H. Smith, A. Brunson, C. E. Thom, H. T. Hazard and others. This committee recommended that a constitutional convention should be called, and reported that in their opinion the act of 1859 was still in full force and effect, and that it only remains for Congress to admit the new State. A call for a general meeting of Southern California delegates was sent out. The meeting was held in September, '81. The sentiment was for State Division, and it was only that the movement was considered inopportune that no further action was taken. In 1888, another State Division meeting was held and strong resolutions were passed. The signers of the call for this meeting comprised nearly all the leading men of the community. Amongst the signers was the Los Angeles Furniture Company, of which Governor H. H. Markham was then president.

This division question commenced with the old padres, has continued ever since and will continue until the division takes place.

Some Northern Californians say that State Division is a mere political move fostered by politicians for office. The fact is that the leading politicians here deny any such sentiment. They are afraid to say a word about it. Since we have had Waterman, Markham and White, every prominent politician of the South is going to be a supreme judge, a governor or a senator. The bee is in their bonnets—they want State office. For a long time the South held no important State office and had no State institutions. Now the wedge has been put in. We have a normal school, a reform school and an insane asylum, together with the governor, the memory of a governor and a senator. This is nothing on our long back account. The Southern politicians really must have everything in sight for the next ten years at least to even up the old account. The balance for our millions of taxes and long exclusion from office and influence is heavily against the North. It will require a long time to square the account—if we stay in. The Northern politician may consider some things.

For a long time he has been eating turkey, nominally on shares, with his Southern brother. The South furnished the turkey and the North furnished the feeders. Now comes the South rustling and rudely elbowing

things political. The Southern politician with every increase of voting strength is growing bolder. Should he gain the power it would be his duty to square the account. The North then would doubtless be glad to furnish the turkey and smile, while the South gorged to make up for the past. Is it not a better Northern policy to divide now before the settlement is demanded?

To be more serious, the plan of State Governments in the West is not suitable to extended territory or diverse interests. It is inherently weak. The Governor is executive chief more in name than in fact. His cabinet is independent of him. The Attorney General, the Surveyor General, the Secretary of State and all the important officers are elected as well as he, and are usually of different parties or of different factions in the same party. There is as little expectation of unity of action, economy and efficiency under such a system as there is realization of such results. Such a government is incapable in its nature, and with every mile of distance loses the little force it ever had. The State policy to this far away section has been the "How not to do it." For this policy in most cases we are truly thankful. But it may well be surmised that a yearly tax toll greater than that of five important States sent from the South for such a result is unsatisfactory.

Thinkers would do well to consider the contrast between the plan of the Federal Government with only one elective executive officer and our cumbersome muddle in California. Our State Government in contrast may be termed hydra-headed. The fault of the Federal Government is a subordinate staff appointed by no rule of fitness, without examination and with no tenure of merit; appointed, indeed, on grounds entirely foreign to their competence for any office of trust. The holding of technical, routine and clerical office under the U. S. Government is the only career in this country which is not prepared for, and in which steady and conscientious work is not a means of success and promotion. Our State Government has this fault in even worse form than the Federal Government. Here no one is responsible to anyone. The Governor is, indeed, in public sight, but the majority of State officers with their patronage, are not responsible to him, and only come into view through some phenomenal badness. But all this is another story.

Southern California had by the census of 1890 over 200,000 inhabitants. Its area is 60,000 square miles, and its taxable property is about $200,000,000. This is ample for a State Government and in excess of the resources of a considerable number of existing States. A line of division drawn across the State at the north line of Fresno would give the Southern portion between 350,000 and 400,000 people.

When California was admitted to the Union, her population was 92,597, and the taxable property $57,670,689, considerably less in both cases than the present population and property in the County of Los Angeles alone. There can be no doubt that our taxes sent to Sacramento would give us a more satisfactory return here than they do there.

It will be interesting to note here the cost of a few State Governments:

	Cost per Year.	Population.
Alabama	$700,000	1,500,000
Arkansas	640,000	1,128,000
Delaware	120,000	168,000
Florida	399,000	391,000
Mississippi	900,000	1,290,000
New Hampshire	488,000	376,000
North Carolina	1,015,000	1,617,000
Rhode Island	937,000	345,000
Vermont	328,000	332,000
West Virginia	1,043,000	763,000

Our contribution to the State expenses exceeded any of these as far back as 1889. It is absurd to suppose that a reasonably planned State Government could not do large public service for our section on a revenue similar to that required for great States of over a million population, and with

even less State taxation than we now pay. We certainly would not readopt for a new State the present Constitution of California, and there is probably sense enough here to get up a reasonable tax system, leaving out most of the unsatisfactory personal



HON. ABBOT KINNEY.

property taxes so costly in collection. For one thing we might get rid of the tax on ships, and thus honestly encourage commercial competition and enterprise, instead of choking it to death or driving it to tricks of flag transfer.

The Pacific Coast has only three State Governments with six Senators. The Atlantic Coast has fourteen State Governments and twenty-eight Senators. To these fourteen should be added the great State of Pennsylvania. This State has indeed no coast line, but it does a large maritime business through the Delaware, and should be counted with her Senators with the others, making fifteen States and thirty Senators. Anyone can see what a difference in influence and consideration such a condition must create. Of our Pacific Coast, excluding Alaska, California governs more than half. If we take a straight line running from the Oregon line to San Diego, and compare it with a straight line run south from Eastport, Maine, on the Atlantic, we will find that the California coast line equals that of ten Atlantic States and part of another. California's straight line would extend from Eastport, Maine, to Albemarle Sound in North Carolina. Or taking another comparison, it would extend from New York City to Jacksonville, Florida.

If the territory now comprising California was to-day seeking admission to the Federal Union, there can be little doubt that at least two States would be asked for. A reasonable person free from the old State associations considering this division question from all sides, considering the perhaps wise weakness of our State Governments compared to the Federal organization, considering California's great size, its long coast line, its diversity of interests and the proper influence of the Pacific Coast in the Federal Senate, could only advise division.

There is a State sentiment, a pride and a glory in California as a unit. A sentiment by no means confined to the North, but one in which we of the South share—at least the older settlers who have been here six months or so.

Although convinced that State division is for the best interests of both Northern and Southern California, and for the whole Pacific Coast, I still must confess to a pride in California as a unit, and a sentiment for the name as it stands. I have been over the State from the Oregon line to Tia Juana in Mexico, and know something of its attraction and charms, something of its vast interests, its glorious climate and its splendid scenery. If I were guaranteed to-day an income and congenial occupation suited in each case to the standard of

life in the city, to be chosen and obliged to choose some city in the world for a permanent residence, I would select San Francisco without a moment's hesitation. (This, of course, barring Southern California). While the climate of San Francisco is defective for agricultural products, it is, in my opinion, by far better for humanity than that of any other city of three hundred thousand or more inhabitants, on the globe.

The desire for State Division in the South is not from loving California less, nor even from loving Southern California more. It arises from a conscientious conviction that State Division is demanded by the highest interests of all parties. There can scarcely be a doubt that a re-submission of the question of State Division to the voters of Southern California, would result in a more overwhelming approval than it received in 1859. At that time the proposed new State was deemed securely democratic; now the face of the returns shows it to be republican. If it was a politician's move in 1859, it is not so now. I am a democrat, and as such could expect nothing in the way of influence in a republican State. State Division has no politician backing—the desire for it arises from our real interests. It is a long and tedious journey from any part of Southern California to the State Capital, or from there to us. From most of our country it is a more arduous journey than from New York to Chicago. This is but one of many hardships and inconveniences that our present political union with Northern California entails upon us. So great are these in the aggregate that should California never be multiplied, the approaching voting predominance of the South will surely demand a removal of the State Capital to the neighborhood of Los Angeles, where it used to be.

People unfamiliar with the facts may think this voting predominence of the South a joke or chimera to scare the timid Northern taxpayer. But it is growing into a very real reincarnation of those original California conditions, when Los Angeles did the Salt Lake business over natural grades, held the political capital, and was the social center of the State. We are coming up faster than most in the North are aware of, and in more ways than one. The last Federal census credits San Francisco with nearly 300,000 people, and Los Angeles with 50,000. The last State school-census taken a short time ago, credits the increase of school children to be something over 1,300 for each city, with Los Angeles nearly one hundred ahead. Here is something to reflect on: a city credited with 50,000 having a larger increase of school children than a sister city of near 300,000 people — not, be it understood, a greater relative increase, but a greater absolute increase.

It is not then altogether one-lungers who are sending us along so fast, but it is our prolific climate also. We are great on climate. The returns of the Los Angeles Clearing-house show weekly percentages of increase of ten, twenty, forty and even over ninety per cent. So that the unimportant dollar is increasing like the essentially important American child. I mention these matters in no spirit of vainglory, but merely as a subject for the investigation and thought of the Northern taxpayer or politician. If we get back the balance of power below Tehachipi or Fresno it may be the Northerner's ox that will be gored, and not being used to goring as ours is it may make a difference. It may be the Northern statesman who will be as tired of standing in the cold shadow of political neglect as our politicians till so lately have been. It may be the Northern taxpayer who will be looking longingly after his dollars, going to Los Angeles as we have for so long after ours over the looped Tehachipi to Sacramento.

Thus the question of wise policy arises for the San Franciscan. If he waits till we hold the power now held

in the North, it may well turn out to be he who will struggle for a division. And he cannot but surmise that what he, dominant, will not consider will not be considered in the South, dominant in its turn. No wrong impression concerning the causes of the still inchoate wish of the South for a State Government should be held in the North. It does not grow from the fact that Mr. White is the first Federal Senator resident south of Santa Clara, not from the fact that for so long we have had so little of our personality in the Executive or on the Supreme bench, not from the fact of sending so much money North and getting so little in return, not from the fact that Del Valle's Normal school was our first State institution after so many years of neglect. The wish is due to the real reason of these and many other cumulative causes of complaint. The trouble is that we are too far from the life, and too much separated from the interests centering in San Francisco and Sacramento.

We appreciate the superiorities of the North. We know that Napa makes a claret with which we cannot compete. We know that our grapes are naturally productive of port and sherry types and not of the lighter table wines. We know that in fruits the North excels us in cherries and in other lines, just as we excel in the lime, lemon, guava and orange. We know too that in many products both sections are equally fortunate. Amongst them may be named barley and the grains (except oats) prunes, apricots, peaches, etc.

We in the South are glad of the achievements of the North. But all this appreciation and respect does not reconcile us to look forward to an eternal tutelage and government from a quarter far from us in time and distance, and in which we know from a long and painful experience our conditions are imperfectly understood, and our interests heeded more on compulsion than on intelligent approval.

Southern California must have a complete set of State institutions. Take for instance that unhappy necessity, a penitentiary. At present we are obliged to send our criminals and officers with them to San Quentin or Folsom. This entails upon us a vexatious expense. I cite this illustration because it may possibly strike the Northern statesman that it is no great gain to that section to have all our malefactors colonized on that community. Thus he may more readily recognize that if we are ready to bear our own burdens in this and other things, it cannot be a bad policy to give us the freedom to do it without taxing the North to share the expense.

Very few Northern Californians ever visit Southern California. An examination of our hotel registers show them to be in an infinite minority amongst our tourists. A few come down from San Francisco, hardly any one from any other part of the State. The real fact is that the great mass of people in Northern California do not know Southern California and cannot understand its needs. We are too far off and neither in the line of its business or its travel. Our growth is largely deemed a sort of gas-bag affair with a consumptive playing acrobat on the trapeze. In this the North is as much mistaken as the sport at one of the great Saratoga boat-races. In that event, amongst the dainty and dressy Eastern crews, competed a rough but earnest Western one from Michigan. Their looks and splashy stroke excluded them from sporting consideration. But in the great three-mile race, their energy and endurance vanquished the old favorites.

After the contest the sport, with the deference and respect given to success, went down to the Michigan boat-house, and after many compliments on the crews' splendid performance, admiringly asked the captain what name he gave to this new and conquering stroke. "Wall," said the captain, "I don't know much about the name, but I guess you might call it

the Git-thar stroke." Such of our Northern friends as will do us the honor of a visit, though not finding perhaps our manner or method harmonious to their polished standards and conservative financeering, will be convinced that we too have the "Git-thar stroke."

The idea that Southern California will have more people than Northern California within a few years will not be taken in earnest in the North, and perhaps not in the South just yet. Indeed it may never be, but there is reasonable cause to look for such a result. As everyone in California is proud of the growth, and glad in the good prospects of any part of this progressive community, I will venture to point to some of the reasons for this expectation. Let me say first, however, that I do not believe the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN desire an exhaustive review of our resources. Figures on freight movement and on products, such as walnuts, lemons, oranges, beans, winter vegetables, deciduous fruits, canneries, manufactories, mines, etc., would tire everyone.

The original boom in California was due to the Mission Fathers. These, actuated by high religious motives, considered also material conditions in their methods. Their idea was to build up self-sustaining religious communities amongst the Indians. To this end they selected what they deemed the most productive valleys for their work. The missions extended along the coast to Monterey, but nowhere further inland than San Juan Bautista. The great missions, in numbers of neophytes as in products, were in the South. The mission boom was essentially Southern Californian. Only four missions of any importance were established north of San Luis, and none of these were far from the coast. This life, though so recent in time, seems to have drifted into a far off era, dimly remembered in ruins and romance. This boom died a violent death at the hands of the Mexican revolution.

The next Californian boom was due to the discovery of placer gold at Sutter mill. It too, has left its ruins and its romance. Succeeding this came the boom due to the Comstock bonanzas — those wonderful mountains of precious metals. Nevada made by the bonanzas now reflects in sad shrinkage the indecorous decay of the San Francisco Stock Exchange.

These two booms created fortunes and ruined families. Southern California had little or no part in either of them.

Now comes the fourth boom, the advance heralds of which were mistaken a few years ago for the great coming host who will bring it. This boom is based on climate and on product. Of these the first is a permanent asset, and the second one growing in geometrical ratio. Both of these are veins that working will develop and never exhaust. The strength of our position resides in the fact that we have the only series of large productive valleys opening on the Pacific Coast between Sitka and Cape St. Lucas. This fact, with our Southern situation and our mountain barriers to the east and north, gives us a climate mild in winter and mild in summer. The soil is rich, the sunshine plenty, the water reservoired, the climate temperate. We just naturally have to grow. The Santa Fé really started us. When we obtain our Salt Lake road and our second deep-sea harbor tributary to the railroad center at Los Angeles, we will have commercial conditions in realization that, as far as the overland route is concerned, we have always had by nature's hand.

Few people appreciate the rapid development of Arizona at our door, and fewer still know that the largest body of the richest land in California if not in the Union, still lies unused in Southern California. It must have water, and above it flows in ample volume the Colorado River. One of the most promising regions for production of all the Union still stands

open to our enterprise. Our great deserts are great plains. They hold great possibilities for us. Their economic condition will be *sui generis* and should be dealt with here. It is no wild flight of fancy to prophesy for these deserts a greater population and a greater product than that of Pharoah's land.

State Division is no new thing in America. It is not exact to say that all the lands formerly held in the West by the old States formed an integral part of these. But the lands held, say by Connecticut and Virginia in Ohio were so after a fashion, and were merged into that great State. Besides this, however, we have the formation of Kentucky out of Virginia, Tennessee out of North Carolina, Maine out of Massachusetts, Mississippi and Alabama out of Georgia, Vermont out of New York, and West Virginia out of Virginia. In none of these cases were the conditions more diverse than those of our two great divisions in California. There is no record that any of these regret their new statehood, nor is there an intimation that they desire, or have ever desired to merge again into the old State. The desire for a local self-government in Southern California arises from no jealousies, no antagonisms to Northern California, and least of all to political place-hunting. It is the result of economic and political necessities. We need a State Government of our own. In Federal affairs we have our own separate officers, courts, military department, etc., just as Oregon has; we have our own financial and industrial independence as much as Oregon has, and we have a new population quite as distinct from that of Northern California as is that of the State of Washington.

The interests of Southern California as far as Federal affairs are concerned, are those of California and the whole Pacific Slope. These united interests can best be served by a new State adding to our general strength at the National Capital. Our interests locally are diverse all over the coast. Those of Southern California have from the very first been at odds with those of Northern California. Northern California was never satisfied with the Capital at Los Angeles, nor are we with the Capital at Sacramento, and would not be any more so with the Capital at San José.

Our federal system is a happy combination of a strong union with full provision for local management of local affairs. It is our ambition to secure the full benefit of this condition. Northern and Southern California are brothers—not one person. At present we are united by an abnormal political ligature that prevents the full development and full satisfaction of either. Both should unite to sever the hampering bond. We wish to be a Siamese twin with you no longer; we prefer to remain always your devoted American brother.

THE DIVISION OF A STATE.

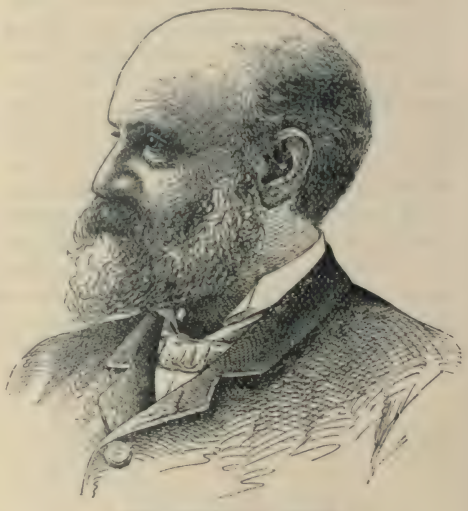
WHY IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.

BY HON. MORRIS M. ESTEE.

UNTIL the writer was informed that Mr. Abbot Kinney of Los Angeles had prepared an article for this number of the CALIFORNIAN favoring State Division, it was not believed the subject was being generally discussed by our Southern friends; nor is it now believed that the people of Southern California favor it. Since, however, those supporting the movement are seeking the public ear, some of the reasons why State Division is not feasible, are submitted, that the argument in favor of it may not go forth

unchallenged. There are business, political and social reasons why the division of California would be unwise. There are legal reasons why it is impossible. The business objections to division apply with great force to all sections of the State. The annual cost of maintaining the State Government of California is nearly $5,000,000, while the assessed value of all the property of the State for the year 1892 was $1,275,816.22. Of this amount $1,086,399,858 was assessed upon property in Northern and Central California, and $189,416,370 was assessed on property in the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, San Diego, Ventura, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, the so-called Southern counties. San Luis Obispo is not in fact a Southern county.

The total *county* indebtedness of the State in 1892 amounted to $6,256,301.77; the total indebtedness of the seven Southern counties above named was $1,548,487.15. The census of 1890 placed the total population of the State at 1,208,132. Of this number 217,424 were in Southern California, and 990,706 in Central and Northern California. It will thus be seen that less than one-fifth of the population of the State is in Southern California, and less than one-sixth of its wealth, while one-fourth of the county indebtedness is chargeable to the South. These statistics show the relative wealth and population of the two sections, and they show also how necessary each section is to the other. It goes without saying that if the State was divided taxation would be largely increased. Two State governments would cost more to maintain than one, and State Division would more than double the expense, for the reason that new State buildings would have to be erected, thus incurring additional expenditures and causing higher taxation. The increase of taxes decreases the net income of property and necessarily lowers its value. State Division would therefore be a serious business experiment to all the people of the State. That it would materially affect the value of property, there can be no question. California is now prosperous. Is it business wisdom to do or attempt to do anything which might unfavorably affect this universal prosperity? An attempt at State Divission and failure would be bad; an attempt if successful, would be even worse. And it would be worse, not alone for the business reasons given, but because it would tear down a fabric which has been forty-three years in the course of construction; it would sever the business and social ties which for so long a time have bound us together; it would inspire sectional strife which would greatly retard the growth of both sections and benefit neither. Note the factional struggle, the discord and the corruption which the mere division of a county causes, and then calmly ask, what would be the result in a contest for State Division?



HON. MORRIS M. ESTEE.

Nor do we find any reason for State Division in the argument that one section of the State is a restraint upon the prosperty of the other, because this is not true. The people of California are prosperous. There is no more striking illustration of the financial

condition of California than the amount and character of the deposits in our saving banks. California shows the highest average deposits to each depositor of any State in the Union, namely $750.32. The next highest is Rhode Island, amounting to $485.01 to each depositor. And this condition does not apply to one part of the State of California, but to all of it.

The political questions involved in State Division would be new and experimental. With two States, there would not only be twice the number of public officers, with no more people in both States than are now in one, and no more property to tax to pay the salaries of these officers than we now have, but there would be undivided public property; there would be new boundaries to establish; new laws to pass; a new constitution to adopt; new courts to create and new rights of property to adjust; the financial structure of both sections would be torn asunder, and the continuous and remunerative pursuits of the people would be very largely imperilled—and for what good purpose? Merely to give a few ambitious men a chance, which they would not otherwise have, to hold office. We see no other reason, because State Division would not increase our products, encourage our foreign or improve our domestic markets; nor would it attract to us a better class of immigration, or advance our financial or social condition.

The Southern counties have always had their full share of the public offices; they have been justly treated by the State. That section now has one United States Senator, two Congressmen and the Governor. If divided, under the recent Congressional apportionment, it would only be entitled to one Congressman. It has been justly taxed and taxed exactly as the rest of the State has been taxed; public institutions have been erected there by the State and a fair share of public expenditures has been made there. No marked differences exist between the people of the two localities; substantially the same industries are carried on all over the State; good fellowship prevails; local contentions, strife and political unrest do not exist. Indeed, there is no more reason to-day, for State Division, than there has been at any previous period since the State was admitted into the Union. Southern California may want the State Capital. Other sections of the State want it. But the answer to this desire is, that the majority of the people located the Capital where it now is, and a majority alone can remove it. Do our Southern brethren think a minority of the people can remove the Capital, or even divide the State itself? It must be remembered that in free governments, under the long established theory of the greatest good to the greatest number, the majority rules. It might be added in this connection, that each citizen cannot have a Capital at his own door. Our State is more than 3,000 miles from the Capital of the Nation, and yet we have not on that account seceded from the Union. Nearness to the Capital of a State or Nation is not always an unmixed blessing.

It is contended with peculiar force that California is divided by a natural boundary, and that such natural boundary is the Tehachipi mountains. This is not true, except that the Tehachipi mountains separate a part of Los Angeles County from Kern County, while along all of the northern imaginary line of Southern California so-called, which separates San Bernardino and Inyo Counties, San Bernardino and Kern Counties, and San Luis Obispo from Monterey County, no high elevations or ranges of mountains form or can form a conspicuous boundary. The fact is, however, that California is a mountainous State, and nearly every county, except the few in the great valleys is divided and subdivided by high hills or ranges of mountains. For instance, Inyo, Alpine, Mono, Lassen, Plumas and Modoc are separated from the

rest of the State by the Sierra Nevada range, which reaches to an average altitude of from 9,000 to 10,000 feet. The counties of Del Norte, Humboldt, Mendocino and Lake are separated from the valley portions of the State by what is known as the Coast Range, which has an average altitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet; and even the eastern portion of San Bernardino County is separated from the western part of the same county by the San Bernardino range of mountains, whose altitude reaches fully 11,000 feet, while the eastern and northern parts of Los Angeles are separated from the western and southern portions of the same county by the San Gabriel Range, which has an average altitude of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet.

It will thus be seen there is no such thing as great natural boundaries separating distinctive portions of the State of California, unless we admit that all of the hills and mountain ranges in this State are natural boundaries. If they are, California is divided, and so are many of the counties of the State divided, into small divisions — too small to form States.

And further, be it added in this connection, that the argument would be more potential if the Tehachipi Range was inaccessible; but the fact is, the only railroad now uniting Southern and Central California goes over the Tehachipi mountains, while a railroad is being built between Southern and Central California through the coast counties, which will not, at any point, reach an altitude exceeding 2,500 feet, and this road will soon be completed, thus forming two great railroad lines between Central, Northern and Southern California. To those who do not wish to build a wall between Northern, Central and Southern California, none exists. But suppose there were ranges of mountains separating Eastern and Western California, or Northern and Southern California, would that be any reason for State Division, if the different sections were accessible? And if not accessible, then of course they should form a separate nation.

It is also the contention of those who favor State Division that the territorial extent of California is too vast for one State, and they compare California with the States of New England and the smaller and older States of the Union. It need but be said in reply, that one hundred years ago, it consumed more time to travel from Albany to New York or from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, than it now does to go from San Bernardino, California, to Portland, Oregon. The railroad has revolutionized transportation, has brought the remote parts of the country near to the great centers; and thus the question of distance is no longer a vital or material issue. All new States are larger than formerly. For instance, Montana has 146,000 square miles of territory, Nevada has 110,000, Texas has 265,000, Colorado has 103,000 and California 158,000 square miles. California is no larger now than when admitted into the Union. All the Western States are mountainous. The topography of California is peculiar—all mountains and valleys. We have no great plains and rolling lands, as in the Middle and Eastern States. Less of the land on the Pacific slope is arable than on the central or eastern side of the continent; so we have more lands that are pastoral in their character and require more territory, and so it is that the inter-montane and Pacific States are all large. California was the first and is the largest.

The matter of State Division is not left alone to California. It should be noted that the Congress of the United States acts a conspicuous part in the admission of new States; and especially when such new States are formed out of old ones. There must be some overshadowing reason impelling such a movement before any new States will be admitted. The whole country has to be appealed to, and it becomes a national issue. Congress stands at the gateway through

which these new applicants for Statehood must pass. No political question has in the past so disturbed the public mind as the admission of new States into the Union. Three times in the history of the Republic has this subject sounded an alarm which took whole decades of years to silence.

The admission of Missouri, California and Kansas, were disturbing elements in national politics for forty years. At that time the monetary and industrial institutions of our country were less potential than now; but as wealth and population have increased, American politics are more closely interwoven with the business of the nation; and thus, whatever disturbs the one injures the other. Indeed, State Division would now cause political unrest all over the country, and like the threat of war it would affect State and national credit, decrease production, limit employments, lower prices, disturb public confidence, and, in a word, be a political sin for the commission of which there can be no adequate excuse or sufficient punishment.

The legal objections to State Division are found first, in Section 3, Article 4, of the Constitution of the United States, which reads as follows:

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union, *but no new States shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State*, nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislature of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress."

This constitutional provision was framed by the founders of our Government, first, because it was then believed that upon the harmony and unity of the States of the Union, would depend the harmony and peace of the nation, and that a change in the relations of any one or two of the States would interfere with the peace and good order of all of them; second, to avoid strife among the people of the different parts of the same State, or among the different States; and third, to maintain a stable, perpetual and equal division of political power among all the States, the object being to avoid the temptation of political majorities to increase, for political purposes, senatorial representation by means of an undue increase of the States of the Union.

Under this section of the Constitution, by the most favorable construction given to it, the State Legislature of California would first have to pass a resolution favoring State Division; second, the Congress of the United States would have to give its consent by a majority vote of both houses, before two new States could be carved out of one old one.

Possibly the most striking illustration of the danger and folly of State Division is found in an article written by Mr. James Sullivan, published in the Massachusetts "Gazette" of December 2d, 1787, and recently republished in Ford's "Essays on the Constitution" (page 42), which article refers to Section 3, Article 4 of the National Constitution above quoted, where the author says:—

"This section can be opposed by none who have the power and happiness of the State at heart, for by this section the designs of those who wish to effect the disunion of the States in order to get themselves established in posts of honor and profit, are entirely defeated."

State Divisionists point to the admission of West Virginia as an instance where the Constitutional rule was not followed. But they are clearly in error. The State of Virginia had seceded from the Union; the Capital of that State had become the Capital of the Southern Confederacy, which was then in open arms and making war against our country. The western part of old Virginia, consisting of forty-eight counties, opposed secession; and on November 26th, 1861, held a convention, and after denounc-

ing the secession of the State of Virginia, petitioned the United States to be admitted into the Union, and by Act of Congress passed December 31st, 1862, West Virginia was so admitted. But this was done in time of war—was a war measure. It was not claimed then, nor is it claimed now, by any student of Constitutional law; that under the Constitution of the United States, two or more States may be carved out of one, and those two States admitted into the Union, unless they follow both the spirit and the letter of the section of the Constitution of the United States above quoted.

The admission of the Republic of Texas is not a precedent. That territory was *annexed* to the Union. It had not previously formed an American territory or any part of a State. When it was admitted into the Union a proviso was made to the effect that four more States might be carved out of it. This was done to avoid the very Constitutional objections referred to; and yet no effort has since been made to make any additional States therefrom. Texas was a vast territory, and the creation of more slave States was then a vital issue—an issue however, which happily, is now forever settled.

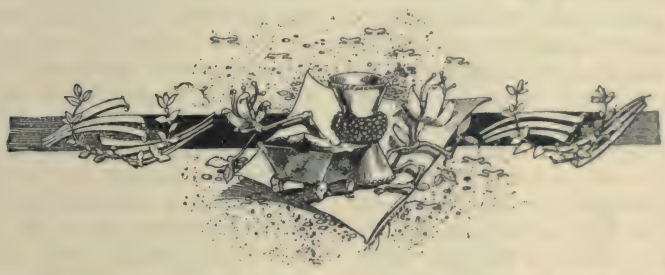
Second. Nor do our friends of Southern California find any legal authority for State Division in the Act of Congress admitting California into the Union. Happily, the law of Congress giving political autonomy to the State did not provide for the dismemberment of the very political organization it created, nor did it indicate any means by which its withdrawal from the Union or the division of the State might safely be accomplished. Congress fixed the boundaries of the State, and the people have no legal power to change those boundaries, except in the manner indicated by the Constitution. Indeed, the admission of California into the American Union formed one of the great political epochs of our country's history. It was the second national contest between freedom and slavery. The first was made upon the admission of Missouri. So conspicuous was the effort made by every leading Californian to get into the Union, that, north and south, the people were practically unanimous for admission, and the greatest men of the nation took part in christening the golden child of the Pacific and assisted in dedicating it to freedom. In all these acts, Northern and Southern men bore a conspicuous and patriotic part.

To the pioneers, State Division would be a bereavement, because the State pride of those who helped to build it, is boundless. They came here when our civilization was in its infancy, our population sparse and widely disseminated, our wealth limited, our industries few in number, our opportunities for communication with the rest of the country slow and uncertain. Their very isolation bound them more closely to the new civilization which they were creating. With commendable pride they have watched the marvelous growth of the State, its progress in every line of a better civilization, the building of its schools, churches and colleges, and the creation of improved social conditions, until they have learned to cherish for this State all the affection which a creator can have for the object of his creation. They are proud of every part of the State. They love it all. No true Californian who participated in the stirring events of its early Statehood could do less, and they will never willingly consent to its division.

In this connection, it must be admitted that those who came here in recent times, whose youth and early manhood were spent elsewhere, do not and cannot appreciate the deep-rooted affection which the pioneers of California have for the State. The newcomer is only attached to the part of the State in which he lives, while the old Californian knows but one California—the whole State.

We need but cast one glance over the great State of California to see what we would lose by State Division,

and the little we would gain by it. Remember that within the last forty years, great cities have grown up in our midst, orchards and vineyards have been planted and now beautify and adorn every landscape, while peace and prosperity and contentment is the lot of our people. We may look in vain for a country favored as ours has been favored, for opportunities as abundant as those we possess, for a climate as balmy, soil as generous, skies as bright or people more kindly and hospitable, more generous and charitable than the people of our great State. Then let us never change or separate while these conditions continue, and they ought to and will continue so long as the teachings of the early Californians, and the experience and practices of their children and children's children shall be felt and enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Pacific Slope.



ARTEMUS WARD IN NEVADA.

BY DAN DE QUILLE.

IN 1863, the Comstock mines of Nevada were in the full swing of their youthful prosperity. Already Virginia City contained about 12,000 inhabitants when, staging it over the mountains by the old Placerville route, Artemus Ward arrived under an engagement to deliver his famous lecture entitled the "Babes in the Wood"—a lecture in which not the slightest reference was made to the "poor innocents" that wandered in the wood "till death did end their grief."

Artemus had been lecturing in San Francisco, and other places in California, and expectation was on tip-toe when he arrived in Virginia City. He was "hail, fellow, well met" with every one the moment he reached town. All had so often read and laughed over the letters and sketches of the proprietor of the Great Moral Show that when he appeared on the Comstock he was greeted as an old acquaintance.

Ward was then in fine health and spirits. Everything he saw called forth a joke or a quaint saying. His drollery was without effort. His fun like the quality of mercy was not strained. It was natural to him to see the comical side of everything. He teemed with waggery which on the slightest provocation expanded into a surprising flow of facetiousness—into a merry, sportive string of pleasantries. There was nothing malicious in his fun, and he harbored no feeling of

resentment when he himself was the victim. Even when that poor old "chestnut" of "an oat" being in waiting for him at a certain place was played off on him he did not lose his temper. He said it merely made him feel sad, as it detracted from the "high opinion he had formed of the wit and originality of the Comstockers." Said he, "I could weep for the poor man."

Artemus remained in Virginia City about a week, spending much of his leisure time in the editorial rooms of the Enterprise. It devolved upon Mark Twain and myself to show him the silver mines and the wonders of the town; a very agreeable task, as the novelty of many sights and situations aroused in his soul the spirit of the "wax figger" man, and drew from him whole trains of witty remarks. He was as much at home among the miners a thousand feet below the light of day, as on the surface among the people on the street. The talk of the miners amused him and he treasured up all the mining terms and phrases he heard, asking the meaning of them as he jotted them down. "These are the things," he would say, "that give the life touches to a sketch." He made no elaborate notes. I never saw him write to exceed half a dozen words at any one time. "A line," said he, "if you can hit the right thing, will give as good an idea of a place as whole pages."

The serious manner and solemn face assumed by Artemus Ward added not a little to the fun of his impromptu "quaints." A stranger would gaze at the man for a moment in blank amazement. Then the oddity of the thing would prove too much for him and he would be obliged to "let go all holds" and indulge in a regular explosion of laughter—Artemus the while, more solemn than ever, gazing from face to face, as though astonished and somewhat hurt at being interrupted by the sudden outburst of merriment. He worked this trick with telling effect in his lectures. He had wonderful control of his facial muscles, and could make his face absolutely wooden. Nothing could surprise him into a laugh at such times, or even into the slightest approach to a smile.

Artemus had a favorite trick that he loved to indulge in, and out of which he appeared to get a good deal of congenial fun. This was the disbursing of a rigmarole of nonsense in a solemn and impressive manner, as though he was saying something of unusual weight and importance. It was a game of mystification in which he greatly delighted. At a dinner given him by leading Comstockers at the International Hotel, Ward played this trick on Mark Twain, all present being let into the secret beforehand. Artemus was seated beside Mark near the head of the table. Presently something was said about genius. Artemus at once cleared his throat and turning to Mark began in a voice loud enough to attract the attention of all present and put a stop to general conversation, about as follows: "Ah,—speaking of genius, Mr. Clemens, now, genius appears to me to be a sort of luminous quality of the mind, allied to a warm and inflammable constitution, which is inherent in the man, and supersedes in him whatever constitutional tendency he may possess, to permit himself to be influenced by such things as do not coincide with his preconceived notions and established convictions to the contrary. Does not my definition hit the nail squarely on the head, Mr. Clemens?"

"I don't know that I exactly understand you," returned Mark. "Somehow I—I didn't fully grasp your meaning."

"No?" queried Artemus. And then he elevated his eyebrows and gazed at Mark with a countenance expressive of profound astonishment and some shifting shades of pity.

All at the table gave utterance to half-smothered "humphs," snorts and grunts of disgust at Mark's stupidity. "Didn't grasp my meaning?" said Artemus, "why that is very singular.

However," he added, pulling himself together more hopefully, "I will try and express my idea more clearly. Genius, Mr. Clemens, does not appear to me to consist, or rest, merely in sensibility to that degree of beauty which is perceived by all, as there is an inherent illuminating power, the possession of which causes luminous ideas to dart like meteors across the intellectual firmament, and which, I say, checks in the person possessing it a tendency to permit himself to be influenced by preconceived opinions in regard to those beauties in nature, which all objects display to the eye of one of a warm and inflammable temperament, and which is not at all understood by those detractors who are constitutionally incapable of seeing those beauties. The—but I must have already made it plain to you, Mr. Clemens?"

"I am almost ashamed to say it," drawled Mark, "but, to tell you the truth, I was not able to catch your exact meaning. I will admit, however, that what you say appears reasonable enough, and you speak it in a very logical and convincing tone of voice; still I somehow fail to grasp your idea of genius."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Artemus, and for half a minute he gazed at Mark with a face in which a shade of impatience began to mingle with astonishment and compassion. Then heaving a sigh, he said: "Well, perhaps I was not sufficiently explicit. What I wished to say was simply that genius is a sort of illuminating quality of the mind inherent in those of constitutionally inflammable natures and whose conceptions are not of that ambiguous and disputable kind which may be said—"

"Hold on, Artemus," interrupted Mark, "it is useless for you to repeat your definition. The wine, or the brandy, or the whisky or some other thing has gone to my head. Tell it to me some other time; or, better still, write it down for me and I'll study it at my leisure."

"Good!" cried Artemus, his face beaming with pleasure. "I'll give it to you to-morrow in black and white. I have been much misunderstood in this matter and it is important that I should set myself right. You see that to the eye of a person of a warm and inflammable nature and in whose self-luminous mind ideas arise that are by no means confined to the material which conception furnishes, but may be—"

"For God's sake!" cried Mark; "if you go at that again you'll drive me mad!"

The general burst of laughter which followed this feeling and half-angry protest, made it plain to Mark that Artemus had been set to work on him with malice aforethought, and that all present were in the plot and had been amusing themselves at his expense.

Mark was in no amiable mood the remainder of the evening. He said such a thing "might be thought by some to be smart," but he failed to see "where the fun came in."

Artemus Ward gave no thought to money—not enough to take care of it when he had earned it. In the midst of a whirl of speculation on the Comstock and with mines of gold and silver all about him, he envied no one the millions that were being hoisted up to the light of day. He never thought of such a thing as joining in the stock speculations about which all with whom he came in contact were running mad. Had the mines been of copper, iron or coal he would have shown quite as much interest in them. He was wholly interested in the people he found in the mines, and the ordinary miner received as large a share of his attention as did the millionaire owner. Indeed of the two he preferred the miner as being the more picturesque.

At the time Artemus was in Virginia City, he said his peculiar style would soon surfeit the public if he wrote too much. For this reason he said he was going to give the people a rest. "But," he said, "I am taking notes

of the queer words and expressions I hear in different regions. These I shall sometimes use in sketches located in those places where heard." He told me that he had one book filled with notes of queer things he picked up among the boatmen about the wharves of the towns on the great lakes. He also contemplated altering his style as regarded spelling, except in letters in which he appeared as the "wax figger" showman. Had he not died at the early age of thirty-two he would doubtless have worked into stories and sketches much material that he had accumulated.

Although Artemus made no pretension to a knowledge of fine points of art, he frequently made hasty pencil sketches of places and persons that struck his fancy. In a letter he wrote me from Austin, Nevada, he sent me on the back of a programme a sketch of a brush-roofed saloon in which he lectured at Big Creek. That sketch has disappeared, but I still have two small ones made, I think, in New York at the water-front. I am of the opinion that he made most of his rude pencil drawings as hints for artists in making illustrations for his sketches.

As I said above, he did not take extended notes. He wanted only a few words. "Let me get that," he would say, and down went the expression that had struck him, with the name of the place. For the rest he trusted to his memory. In a few words he was able to give the local color of a place. In leaving Aspinwall it is—"Adios, Americanos!"

On the Panama Railroad—"There are huts all along the route, and half-naked savages gaze patronizingly upon us from their doorways."

Central America—"The Central American is lazy. The only exercise he ever takes is to occasionally produce a revolution."

Acapulco—"The pretty peasant girls peddle necklaces made of shells."

Arriving at San Francisco it was—"Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!"

Stockton—"A vivacious maniac invites me to ride in a chariot drawn by eight lions and a rhinoceros."

Carson City—"I hain't killed a man for over two weeks! What'll yer poison yourself with?"

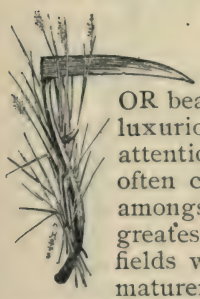
Virginia City—"It's splendid streets paved with silver."

Artemus Ward was fond of theatricals and theatrical people. His head was full of scraps of plays, which he constantly quoted in a comical way. While in Virginia City he blackened his face one night and appeared as "end man" in a minstrel show that was performing at Niagara Hall on B street. He happened to be acquainted with some of the leading members of the company and good-naturedly volunteered in order to help them along. Also he probably wished to see what he could do in that line. He made a good deal of fun, and of a kind that was fresh and droll. Though he appeared among them but once, Artemus gave the company many telling jokes and funny little stories.

Artemus at times contemplated taking to the stage as a comedian, but feared he was too old. He was of the opinion that he ought to have made a beginning when he was about nineteen or twenty years of age. Yet at the time of his visit to the Comstock he thought quite seriously of writing a play for himself; one that could be performed by a small company and in which he would have appeared in his great character of showman. His play would have introduced "Betsy Jane" and other "Baldinville" folk, also some of the "wax figgers." His show, with the characters he intended using, would undoubtedly have been a success on the stage, as it had been thoroughly advertised throughout the country by his letters and sketches, and would have added new luster to the career of the gifted humorist.

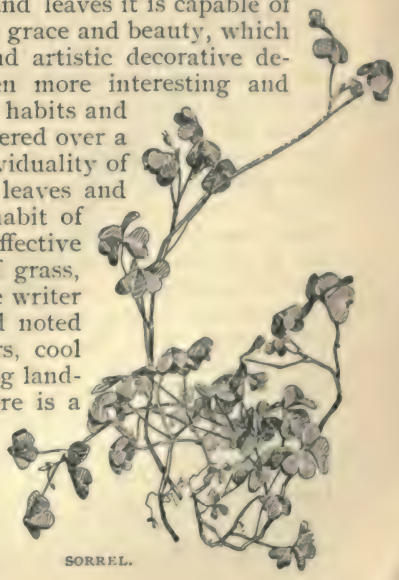
Among the Wild Grasses

BY GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.



FOR beauty we turn most readily to those forms of plant life that bear luxurious flowers, of such size and variegated hues that they demand attention and homage. But even as the greatest intellects and souls often conceal themselves beneath the most unassuming exteriors, so amongst the most humble surroundings may be found some of nature's greatest wonders and rarest beauties. If we should go forth in the fields with as keen susceptibilities as little children, but with our maturer discrimination and knowledge, and examine those well-known forms of plant life, whose very familiarity has rendered them worthless in our estimation, we would be rewarded by many surprising discoveries.

On account of the great diversities of climate, altitude, soil, and geological formations there are in our country many varieties of interesting and beautiful grasses, whose artistic value does not seem to be thoroughly appreciated. In plant life we seldom realize or understand beauty save in its concentrated essence. The Japanese have a higher and more artistic conception of floral beauty. They do not value it for the individual attraction of a flower alone, nor for the rarity of a plant, but for its artistic aspects and in its relation to the plant which bears the flower. They thereby get the benefit of a continuous and successive grace and beauty of a higher order than that possessed by the flower alone, for in connection with the stems and leaves it is capable of greater expression. The wild grasses possess this grace and beauty, which render them fit subjects for house decorations and artistic decorative designs. But in their native homes they are even more interesting and attractive, both for their artistic value and their habits and manner of growth. When they are widely scattered over a field or bank they display to advantage the individuality of the plant, the grace and texture of the stems, leaves and flower-stalks, while growing close together, a habit of many of the grasses, they often form masses of effective coloring, which varies according to the kind of grass, and the angle at which the light strikes it. The writer has often watched great fields of tall grasses and noted that they sometimes produce brilliant, at others, cool and restful effects in relation to the surrounding landscape. When a light wind passes over them, there is a gentle undulatory motion as they bend before it, not unlike that of the bosom of the ocean, while during a storm one could almost imagine there were angry waves racing on, and losing themselves beyond the distant limits of the field.



SORREL.

Such a field of grass bending in the breeze,

flashing back the rays of the summer sun, is a world in itself, and as the stalks bow and bend, chameleon like, the entire mass changes tint and hue—shades of green following one another in bewildering confusion over the surface.

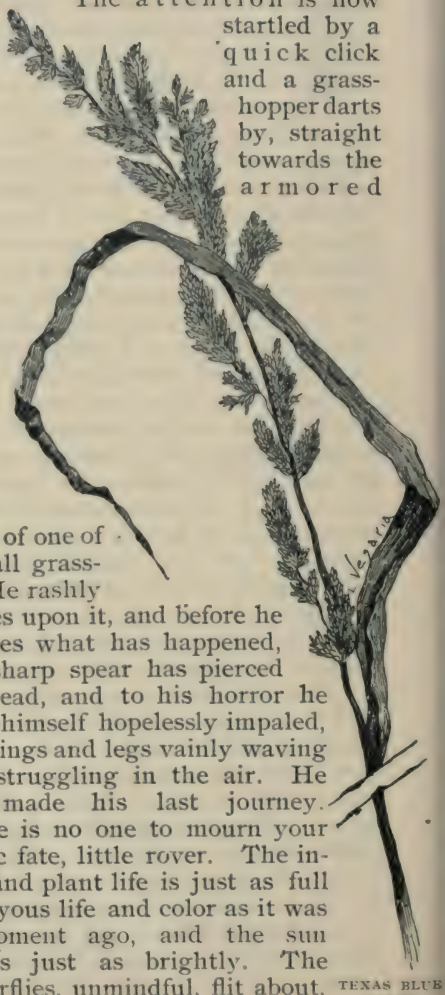
Lying among the grasses, their delicate forms take on a deeper meaning; every blade has its beauties; every leaf is a masterpiece of coloring. The wild oat, rich in yellow, dangles from its delicate stem a fairy bell that jangles music so soft that it is scarcely heard save by the quickened sensibility of the imagination, and it is at intervals rudely interrupted by the more realistic sounds produced, mayhap, by the bees that dash here and there in the Lilliputian forest. Overhead, swing forms of a delicate feathery appearance, others are crowned with sharp spines, each seed armed *cap a pie*, while away against the sky the parachutes of the dandelion sail, wafted from their light beds at the whispering of the mildest breeze, catching an ethereal silver glow from the sunlight, which, as it floods the openings in the grass, discloses wonders yet untold. From where we lie a broad band of light illumines a little vale, and above the grasstops unnumbered insect forms are brought into strong relief, moving in some mysterious dance. They apparently float on the beams of light, rising and falling in unison as if to the measure of the cricket's chirp beneath the leaves, or the shrill clarion of the grasshopper. The very grass makes music, the rustling and clashing of the leaves, the sensuous murmur of the wind appeals to the poetic and æsthetic senses, and here, in complete touch with the very simplest and lowest of God's creatures, one feels that ineffable longing to know all the secrets of nature and to rise above the limitations of human life.



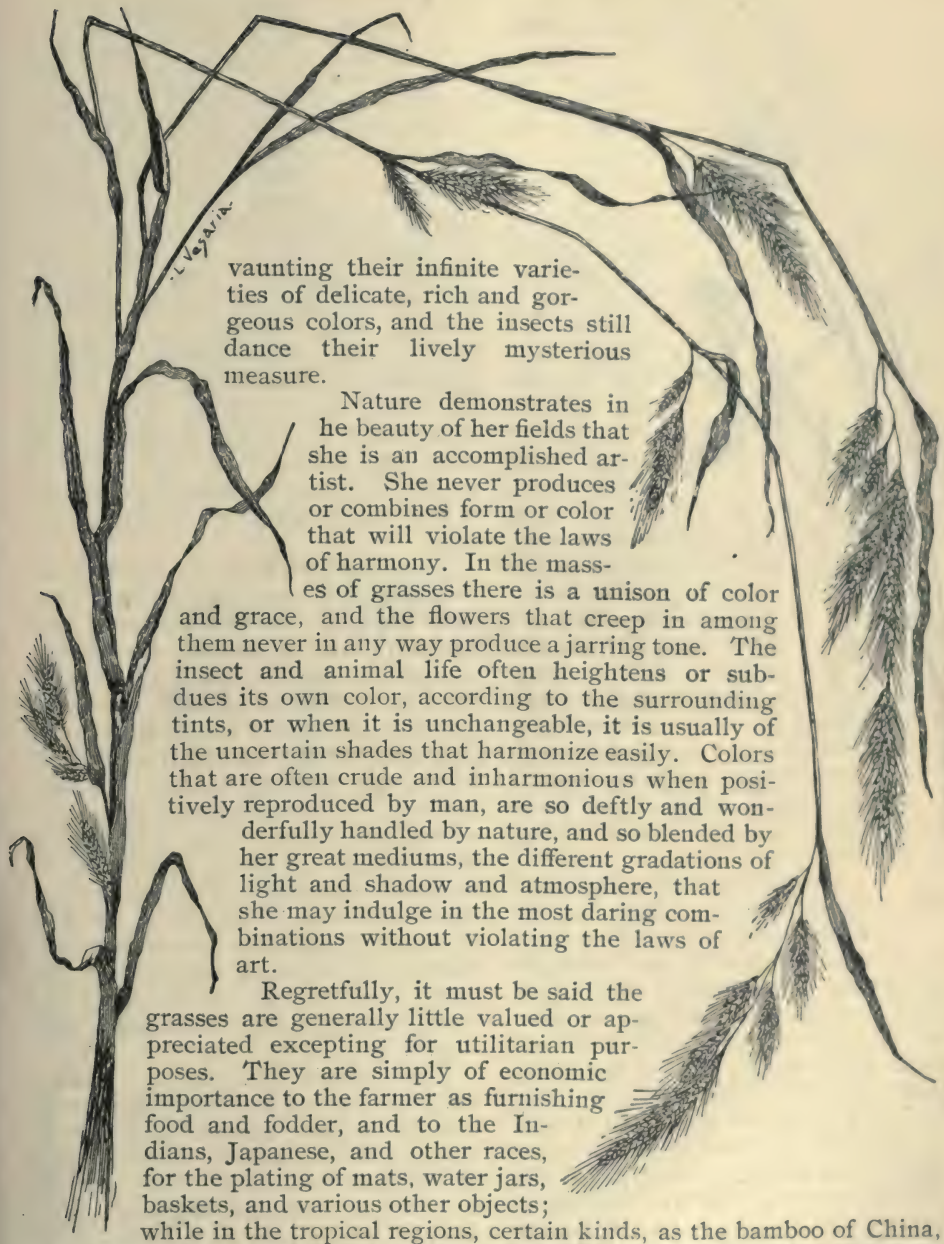


Presently a grass blade is seen to bend as though under some unusual weight, and turning we see a spider standing in the attitude of a gymnast, the rear part of his body and spineret elevated in the air. A tiny silken thread is being industriously spun, which gradually lengthens itself until it extends about a foot above the spider, swaying and curving in the sunshine. Suddenly a breeze catches it, and away it flies, carrying with it the æronaut. This is his vehicle of locomotion. Whether he has a rudder by which to steer his course has not been ascertained, but he finally alights somewhere, his silken threads gathered into a little raft upon which he is comfortably ensconced.

The attention is now startled by a quick click and a grasshopper darts by, straight towards the armored point of one of the tall grasses. He rashly dashes upon it, and before he realizes what has happened, the sharp spear has pierced his head, and to his horror he finds himself hopelessly impaled, his wings and legs vainly waving and struggling in the air. He has made his last journey. There is no one to mourn your tragic fate, little rover. The insect and plant life is just as full of joyous life and color as it was a moment ago, and the sun shines just as brightly. The butterflies, unmindful, flit about,



TEXAS BLUE GRASS.



vaunting their infinite varieties of delicate, rich and gorgeous colors, and the insects still dance their lively mysterious measure.

Nature demonstrates in he beauty of her fields that she is an accomplished artist. She never produces or combines form or color that will violate the laws of harmony. In the masses of grasses there is a unison of color and grace, and the flowers that creep in among them never in any way produce a jarring tone. The insect and animal life often heightens or subdues its own color, according to the surrounding tints, or when it is unchangeable, it is usually of the uncertain shades that harmonize easily. Colors that are often crude and inharmonious when positively reproduced by man, are so deftly and wonderfully handled by nature, and so blended by her great mediums, the different gradations of light and shadow and atmosphere, that she may indulge in the most daring combinations without violating the laws of art.

Regretfully, it must be said the grasses are generally little valued or appreciated excepting for utilitarian purposes. They are simply of economic importance to the farmer as furnishing food and fodder, and to the Indians, Japanese, and other races, for the plating of mats, water jars, baskets, and various other objects; while in the tropical regions, certain kinds, as the bamboo of China, Japan and India, attain such height and thickness that they may be used in building houses and masts for vessels. Even the wild birds find little use for the grasses more than the building of their homes, or feeding upon it when the grains are ripe. The children, perhaps, have a greater appreciation of the beauties and virtues of a field of grass, and take more pleasure in it than in the most royal floral display. They may romp in it without fear of destroying its pleasing aspects, and experience

MUHLENBERGIA SYLVATICA.



COMMON DANDELION.

a delight only known to childhood when they are completely hidden by the tall grass stalks, or make little nests where they sit and talk through the long August afternoons, or lie with the bending stalks lightly touching their faces, half asleep, listening to the droning of the bees and locusts, until the piping of the tree frog warns them that evening is approaching, and they return home with flushed and happy faces and hands full of the long slender flower tipped stalks that have shaded and cooled them during the heat of the day.

Nature must have had some hidden scheme which we are unable to understand in constructing so many of her creations on almost parallel lines, the slight divergence of which the purely poetic or artistic temperament, that absorbs great things with a fine disregard of details, fails to discern, but which the scientific mind will at once discover, for it is his nature to investigate and dissect. Perhaps if the scientist were to trace the lineage of some of these plants, so like in appearance, but of distinctly different families, he would be rewarded by some interesting discoveries. There is never anything unreasonable in nature—her laws are invariable, though sometimes incomprehensible.

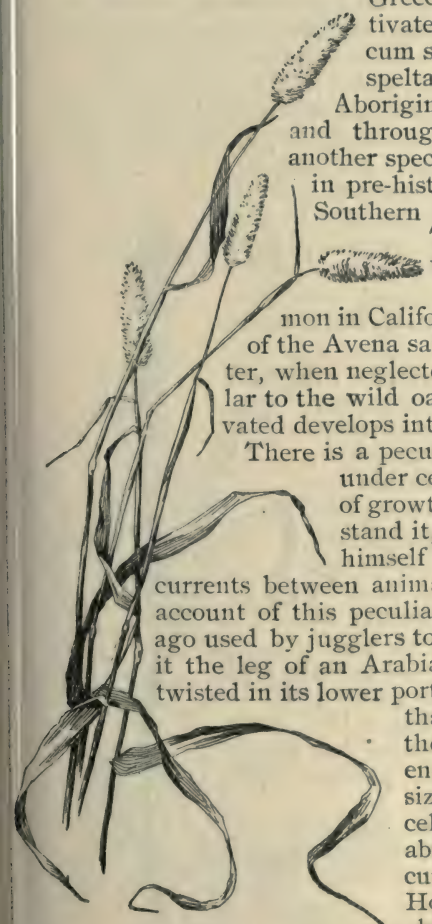
Grasses, scientifically speaking, constitute the family Gramineæ. They are flowering plants, having but one lobe or seminal leaf. The roots are generally spreading and of great length, the root stock being well developed, sturdy and far-reaching. The flower is characterized by an almost invariable uniformity. Belonging to the family are the many familiar cereals, wheat, barley, rye, oats and also the lesser plants forming the principal factor of turf of natural down. The rice, maize, millet, sorgho and sugar cane of warmer climates, and also the bamboo are less familiar types, but they all constitute a part of this indispensable species of vegetation.

A common form is the Elymus or Perennial rye grass, which was first cultivated in the 7th century, and which is now cultivated extensively throughout our country. In its wild state its habits of growth are most interesting. There are several varieties, alike in general construction and habits, but differing in some few particulars. It is generally heavy rooted, strong and coarse, often attaining a great height, growing in clumps on the banks of rivers and creeks or on moist prairies. The plant of the Elymus tricoides differs from the other varieties in its strong runners and its manner of growth, which is not in thick masses, but scattering and singly.

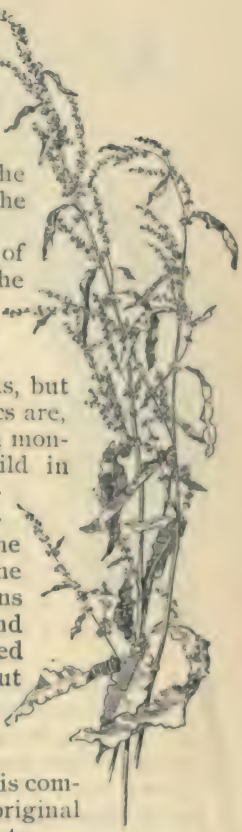
The Lolima perenne or Italian rye grass, which was introduced from Europe is quite graceful, the flower masses growing solitary on each joint of the simple spike. The culms, from two to three feet high, are very leafy, and terminate in a loose spike-like panicle about six inches long. The Poison Darnel is of the same family. On account of its poisonous tendencies it is usually exterminated from fields. It is to be regretted that among species of plants that are supposed to be the embodiment of health-

fulness, poison should exist, and in such a deceptive form, that unless the farmer well knows and understands the plant, he is likely to use it as the other forage products. Perhaps Milton, with his extraordinary, beautiful extravagances, might have accounted for its presence by saying that at the fall in the Garden of Eden, when the animals became savage, antagonistic and treacherous to each other and towards men, the venom of their ire crept subtly into its veins to react upon the source from which the poison came.

The Triticum or wheat family is the most widely distributed of annual cereal grasses. In structure it is very similar to the Elymus. It is a prevalent opinion among botanists that wheat is nowhere found wild, though M. Frederic Houssay is alleged to have discovered the plant wild in the mountains east of Kurdistan. There are many variations in the cultivated forms, but the principal genus from which they derive their characteristics are, according to Hæckel, their latest monographer, the Triticum monococcum or beardless wheat, which undoubtedly grows wild in Greece and Mesopotamia and is cultivated in other countries, the Triticum sativum, one species of which, the spelta, was first cultivated by the Aboriginal Swiss, the ancient Egyptians and throughout the Roman Empire, and another species, the dicoccum, also cultivated in pre-historic times and now throughout Southern Europe. The origin of the Triticum polonicum, or Polish wheat is not known.



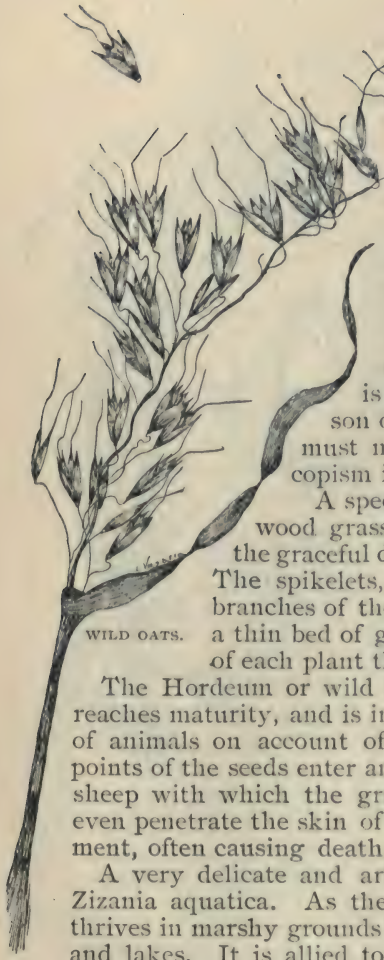
TIMOTHY-GRASS.



RUMEX ACETOSELLA.

The Avena fatua or wild oat is common in California. It is believed to be the original of the Avena sativa or cultivated oat, as the latter, when neglected, degenerates into a plant similar to the wild oat, and the wild oat when cultivated develops into a plant similar to the Avena sativa.

There is a peculiar motion manifested in some of these plants under certain conditions, apart from their usual manner of growth, which is startling to one who does not understand it, and even when it is explained one cannot rid himself of the idea that there exist responsive electric currents between animal and plant life. The awn of the wild oat, on account of this peculiar phenomena, which it exhibits, was sometime ago used by jugglers to predict events and tell fortunes. They called it the leg of an Arabian Spider, or "enchanted fly." The awn is twisted in its lower portion, and is so susceptible to heat and moisture that when breathed upon, or placed in the palm of the hand, it moves seemingly spontaneously, as if endowed with animal life. This is caused by the size, form and density of the subjacent series of cells, which expand and contract according to the absorption or loss of moisture, producing twisting, curving or contortion in alternate directions. Hooke, one of the early writers on microscopical objects, says of the awn, "Its sensibility to changes in the atmosphere seems to depend on the different



WILD OATS.

textures of its parts, for the awn is composed of two kinds of substances, one that is very porous, loose and spongy, into which the watery streams of the air may be very easily forced, which will be thereby swelled and extended in its dimensions; and a second that is more hard and close, into which the water can very little, or not at all penetrate, this, therefore, retaining always very near the same dimensions, and the other stretching and shrinking, according as there is more or less moisture or water in its pores, by reason of the make and shape of the parts the whole body must necessarily unwreath and wreath itself." Hygroscopism is also exhibited in many other forms of plant life.

A species of wild oat grass is the Chrysopozon nutans or wood grass. The stalks grow from four to six feet high, and the graceful drooping flowers are of a warm brownish straw color. The spikelets, of a yellow tint, are at the ends of the slender branches of the loose panicle. It grows rather sparsely, forming a thin bed of grass, and is more beautiful for the individual grace of each plant than when *en masse*.

The Hordeum or wild barley is a very coarse plant when it reaches maturity, and is injurious to the flesh, eyes and throats of animals on account of its barbed awns. The sharp rigid points of the seeds enter and bury themselves in the wool of the sheep with which the grass comes in contact, and sometimes even penetrate the skin of the animals by their screwlike movement, often causing death.

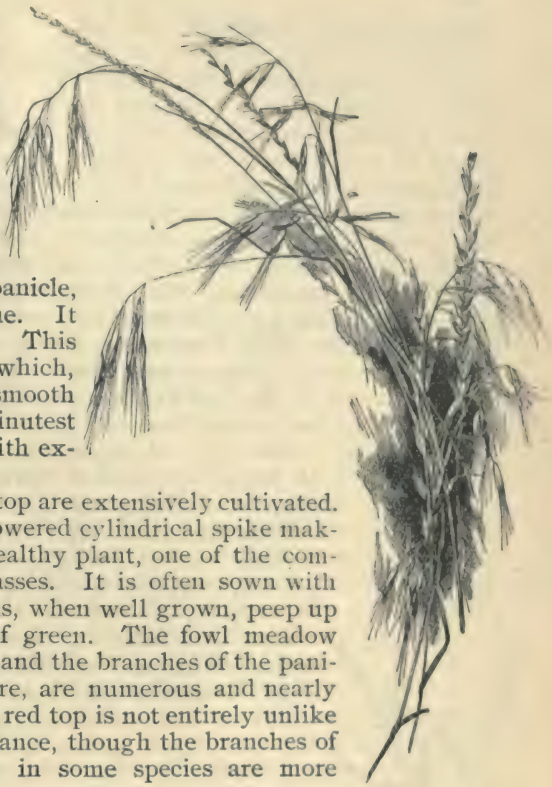
A very delicate and artistic grass is that of the wild rice, Zizania aquatica. As the name would indicate it only thrives in marshy grounds or on the wet banks of rivers and lakes. It is allied to the common commercial rice, but, is vastly different in appearance. The leaves are shorter and thicker than those of most grasses. The upper branches are somewhat oppressed, containing the fertile flowers, and the lower ones, spreading delicately outward, contain those that are staminate.

A blue grass of Texas is the Panicum texanum or Texas millet. It grows from two to four feet high, thriving best on rich alluvial soil, though it stands drought well. It has many short broad leaves and numbers of stems are produced from a single root. Another species of the Texas blue grass, Poa arachnifera, is much daintier and more graceful than that of the family Panicum. The leaves are slender, profuse webby hairs growing about the flowers.

The English blue grass, Poa compressa has sometimes been confounded with the Kentucky blue grass. It differs from the latter however, in its flattened, decumbent, wiry stems, and its leaves of a dark bluish green color, are shorter and narrower. The panicle, is more scanty, and the outer stems of the plant grow diagonally outward from the root,

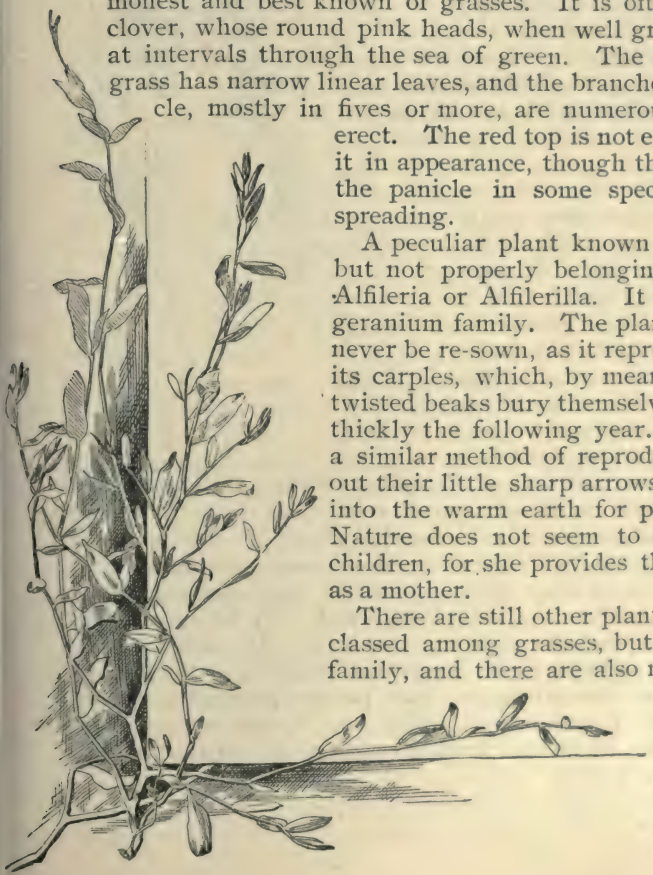


WILD RICE.



The real Kentucky blue grass, Poa Pratensis, also called June grass, and spear grass, is indigenous to the mountainous regions of this country as well as of Europe, and has been introduced into cultivation in many countries. It grows from one and a half to two feet high with a luxurious profusion of long, soft radical leaves. It is of a rich, soft color, and the panicle, pyramidal, or oblong in outline. It bears but one flower stem a year. This is the grass that produces lawns, which, when closely mown, are like smooth green velvet upon which the minutest shadow is faithfully reproduced with exquisite softness.

Timothy, fowl meadow, and red top are extensively cultivated. The timothy is stiff, its thickly flowered cylindrical spike making it seem top-heavy. It is a healthy plant, one of the commonest and best known of grasses. It is often sown with clover, whose round pink heads, when well grown, peep up at intervals through the sea of green. The fowl meadow grass has narrow linear leaves, and the branches of the panicle, mostly in fives or more, are numerous and nearly erect. The red top is not entirely unlike it in appearance, though the branches of the panicle in some species are more spreading.



A peculiar plant known as pin-clover or pin-grass, but not properly belonging to either family, is the Alfileria or Alfilerilla. It is really a member of the geranium family. The plant is very healthy and need never be re-sown, as it reproduces itself. It throws out its carples, which, by means of the sharp points and twisted beaks bury themselves in the soil, and spring up thickly the following year. Many of the grasses have a similar method of reproducing themselves, throwing out their little sharp arrows, that snuggle down closely into the warm earth for protection and nourishment. Nature does not seem to forget one of her newborn children, for she provides them all with a nurse as well as a mother.

There are still other plants that have been commonly classed among grasses, but which are not of the same family, and there are also many other varieties outside of those that have been named and described, differing infinitely in details of habit and development. Volumes could be filled with descriptions of them in their different phases,

which, if closely examined, will be found of sufficient variation to be almost as interesting as the human family in this respect. There is a grass known as the Tussock, which grows in sandy places and on the sea-shore. It is peculiarly useful during a storm in preventing, to some extent, the sand from being blown about. It grows in clumps which are sometimes set closely together and sometimes stray sparsely over the sands. They have long supple blades with pointed ends, and are very tough and pliant, bending easily before the heavy winds that sweep over them, but not easily breaking. Sometimes it happens that during a heavy storm their blades are so bent as to form two sides of a triangle, the point hanging downward and lightly touching the sands, and when they are stirred by a passing breeze they imprint peculiar marks on the smooth surface. Wandering by chance to some solitary spot on the beach, rarely frequented by human footsteps, one experiences a peculiar sensation upon seeing the lonely footprints of some sea-bird, or the long weary trail of a snail, and these curious marks of the grasses, often resembling ancient hieroglyphics. One is apt to find himself pondering over them, and wondering if they possess some hidden meaning, and a multitude of fantastic imaginings and speculations throng his mind.

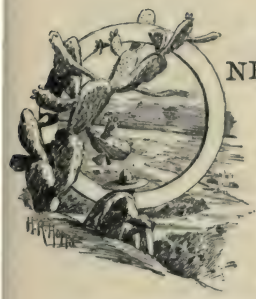


AWNED BUNCH-GRASS.

Animals have their means of communication with each other and even with mankind, and it seems but just that plants should be endowed with the same privilege. If it is not so, of what avail are the sweet and sensuous song and odor of the pines, the lightening phosphorescent interchanges of the nasturtium, the double marigold, the red poppy, and also all the infinite variations of form and color and the subtle power and insinuation of other plants and flowers? And perhaps these humble sand-grasses, that do not seem to be well endowed with the attractions and powers possessed by other forms of plant life, are mutely communicating with one another, or even seeking to convey their meaning to human kind through their writings on the sand.

IN THE CAVERNS OF ULO.

BY VERNER Z. REED.



ONE hot day in September, I journeyed down the sandy valley of the Rio Grande del Norte. I was taking a vacation, seeking rest and such adventure as might be found by wandering in the quaint land of the old Southwest. I had started from an old Indian pueblo on a slow freight train. We saw Oriental-looking Indian women with water jars on their heads, walking from the *acequias* to their queer grout houses; Oriental-looking Mexican villages with their clusters of adobe houses and the inevitable adobe church; and herds of sheep in charge of solitary herdsmen. Away in the distance the blue line of the Sandia mountains rose between us and the horizon, and at sundown the slow train pulled into the town of San Marcial. The conductor said the train would go no farther, as that was the end of the division.

San Marcial is a pleasant town to a leisurely traveler. There is a good railroad hotel there whose attachés take an interest in the strangers within their gates, and whose guests are usually sociable and companionable. There are wide verandas around the hotel, and the streets of the little town are lined with shady trees. At night Mescalero Indians wrap themselves in their blankets and lie down on the ground near the hotel to sleep.

I was sitting on the hotel veranda, smoking a cigar and watching the big yellow moon come up over the mesas, when an old Mescalero, wrapped in a gaudy Navajo blanket, came up to the veranda and looked at me curiously. I gave him a cigar and tried to talk to him. While thus engaged, a well-dressed Mexican of the better class took a seat at my side and said. "*Buenas tardes, Señor!*"

The Mexican was a genial, intelligent man, apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was anxious to be sociable, and like all Mexicans was very polite, but a perpetual sadness seemed to lurk under his smiles. We talked for an hour of Mexico, of the Indians, of the Southwest and of the Garza revolution, until we came to know each other as well as men often do after years of acquaintance. When the hotel guests had retired and we were sitting alone looking out into the moonlit night, he asked me if I would like to hear a strange, true tale of an adventure he had had. Of course I wanted to hear it. Many of the strange tales of the Southwest are true, and many are false and it is hard for one to choose between them; but the story told me by the Mexican is here recorded in the man's own words:

"The Señor has no doubt read something of the history of this country and of the country of Old Mexico, whose history is much the same, or was much the same until the present century. He knows of the traditions of the olden times that tell that the first people of this land came down to earth by way of the mighty mountain that is now called Pike's Peak—the mountain in whose shadow the Señor says he lives. Of course that tale of the people coming to earth in that way is a fable, but it is true that the first tribes, and all succeeding tribes who entered the great valley of Mexico, came from the North. First came fierce tribes who knew but little more than the wild beasts, then wiser tribes who knew somewhat of agriculture and working in metals, then other fierce tribes who fought the other

tribes, and so on until there was almost ceaseless war in the valley that was then known as Anahuac. In time came the Olmecs, those shadowy people whose very history is known only by the dimmest traditions; then the Toltecs, who either faded away or were amalgamated with succeeding races; then came the great empire of the Montezumas, and then the Great Conquest, and the sway of the white-skinned men. The tale I shall tell you is a tale of the present, but it also goes back far before the time of the *Conquistadores*, or even the time of the Aztec supremacy. It is a strange tale, and by many will be called a lie, but I say to you, Señor, that it is a true tale, and it tells almost all of sorrow or of joy that has been in my life.

"As you see, I am a Mexican. Of Mexicans there are many kinds: the Castilians, the *peons*, the pure-blooded Indians. I am a *mestizo*—a creole, you might call it. In my blood are strains of the purest Castilian Spanish and also strains of Indian blood. When the *Conquistadores* came, many of them took wives from the native women. My first male Castilian ancestor did this, taking his wife from a small tribe known as the Ulo, of whom there were not two hundred all told, and of whose descendants I am the only one, except the people of whom I will tell you. In this way the blood of my ancestors became mixed, and it was mixed often after that by marriage. My mother seemed more Indian than Castilian, for while she was a devout Catholic, she practised old Ulo tribal rites in secret. My father was a wise man for the place where he lived; he saw to it that I was started in the way of being educated, and then he died. My mother died soon after my father, and when she lay on her bed of death she sent for me and said to me:

"'My son, you may live to be an honored man among the people of this country, and you should, for there was a time when the Ulos, who are your ancestors, were counted among the rulers of this great valley, and they held sway over tribes far more numerous than their own. The old words that have come down to me from my mother and from my mother's mother and from all the women of my line, tell that in an olden time the tribe of the Ulo came to this valley from the North; came to the valley and conquered it, although the Ulos were but a small tribe. They ruled in the valley until the Toltecs came, that great tribe whose numbers were as the numbers of the birds of the air. The Toltecs were conquerors, and as the Ulos would serve no masters, they gathered together and sought out a new land far to the southwest of this. All did not go, and the ones of the Ulos who remained in the valley have all faded from the earth since the time of the Conquest—all but you and me, and now you will be the only one. The Ulos are the chosen people of Those Above; they were promised that on the earth there should always be a land for them, and that a prophet should always dwell with them to keep them faithful to the true creed of the olden time. The descendants of the tribe that left the valley are upon the earth to-day; I know not where, but upon the earth I know they are, for so it was promised. When I was young, I longed to go forth and seek out the dwelling-place of this tribe of my people, but a woman is but a weak thing; I loved your father, and I abode with him. But because of my longing to dwell with my own people I have always cherished memories of them; I have taught you, my only child, the language of this people, which language is now forgotten in the valley of Anahuac. And upon your arm I have placed the sacred mark of the Ulo, the writing that reads:

In this body flows the blood of Ulo!

"'Now, my son, when my body has been again returned to the earth,

go thou and seek the descendants of your forefathers ; seek them and learn truth from them, and by dwelling among them, be numbered among the chosen people of the world.'

"Then my mother died, and I was greatly impressed by what she had told me. It was true that she had taught me the language of the Ulo, and on my arm was tattooing that read as she had said. I was a young man, eager for adventure, and I desired greatly to find the dwelling place of this strange tribe. I went to the schools, to the heads of government departments, to travelers—everywhere inquiring for a tribe known as the Ulo. No one knew anything of such a tribe, but as I believed the tribe existed I traveled to the remote parts of Mexico, seeking it. I did not find anyone, however, who had even heard of the tribe, and in time I almost abandoned hope of ever finding it. My desire to seek out this people was founded only on a desire for adventure and not on account of the belief of my mother ; but for all that I was very loth to give up my hope of discovering them.

" After I had ceased to look for the Ulos, I became engaged as a minor officer upon a small ship that sailed from the port of Mazatlan up and down the west coast of Mexico. On one cruise we passed a barren coast where high rock walls rose up sheer at the water's edge, so steep that it seemed impossible for any living thing to scale them. The place had a charm for me on account of its being a locality destined apparently never to come under the control of man.

"The wall of rocky cliffs ran for several miles along the coast, and it chanced that as we were passing it I had a violent quarrel with my superior officer. In the heat of anger I struck him in the face, knocking him senseless. He was a vindictive man, and I knew that as soon as we reached a port he would have me arrested for mutiny. So I determined to escape, and some of the common sailors, who were friends of mine, assisted me. I took a small boat, rigged it with both sails and oars and provisioned it, taking a few belongings, such as a revolver, photographic camera and a supply of tobacco, and embarked, getting safely put off before the officer could prevent. The ship sailed on down the coast, and before it went out of sight I saw the officer I had struck looking back at me through a glass. No doubt he was pleased, for it must have seemed to him that there were chances that I might never reach a place where I could land.

"I was very well content in my small boat. I always loved adventure and I was happy as I sat in the boat and smoked, and looked out over the blue waves of the calm Pacific Ocean. I felt free from all the cares that beset men in the common walks of life, and it seemed to me that I would be content to drift forever, alone on that beautiful expanse of water that seemed to stretch from the world to eternity.

"As I was near the rock cliffs that had excited my curiosity I determined to sail as close to them as I could. As I was sailing along I noticed an opening in the cliffs, looking like the mouth of a cave. I sailed to this opening and was greatly surprised to find that it was large enough for my boat to enter. I took the oars and rowed directly into the mouth of this opening, and was more surprised to find that it led under a mass of overhanging rock into a perfect little bay, that was completely shut off from sight of the ocean. The bay was very small, containing an area of not more than forty acres, and the rock walls rose sheer from it on every side, extending upward hundreds of feet.

"I moored the little boat to a crag of rock, and prepared to spend the night in the bay. The next day I explored the bay, and discovered the mouth of a cave or passage that led directly into the rock on the side of the bay that was toward the mainland. I took candles with me to give light, and set out walking to explore this

passage. It was a passage wide enough for a carriage to have passed through, and was about ten feet from the floor to the roof. Water dripped from its sides, and stalactites and stalagmites projected from the rocks. The passage was straight for a long distance, when suddenly I left the straight path and plunged into a perfect maze of passages that ran in every direction. It was not long until I was completely lost, and I became greatly frightened. It is not pleasant for one to think he may have to wander alone in tortuous underground passages until he dies from starvation.

"Has the Señor a match? Thank you; I had allowed my cigar to go out."

"I wandered up and down the mazes of the winding tunnels for long hours, probably crossing and recrossing my own path numbers of times. When I was almost exhausted I came to a set of rude stairs made out of rocks piled one above another. The stairway seemed somewhat as though it had been built by human hands, and I wondered if some other man, lost and hopeless like myself, had builded it in order that the work might prevent him from becoming insane. I climbed up the stairs and found that they led to a large platform that lay under a part of the caverns that rose much higher than the roof of the passages I had been in. A soft light came into this cavern from a crevice high above my head, and when my eyes had become accustomed to this light I looked around me, and the sight that met my eyes was so strange that at first I almost feared I had lost my reason. In all parts of the cavern were human figures, some seated, some reclining, some lying flat upon the floor, some standing by rocks. At first I thought they were the figures of living humans, as each was fully dressed and all were in such life-like positions, but I soon discovered that the things before me were the bodies of dead men. I cannot tell you the feeling of horror that ran over me when I found myself in that ghastly company. Every figure seemed perfect, none seemed wasted or decayed, all were clothed, and over the face of each one was a strange white mask that closely fitted the face and showed the nose, the mouth, in fact the contour of all the features. The light that came down through the rift in the rocks gave a weird effect to the picture of silent death that was before me, and the deathly silence that filled the cave was almost unbearable.

"I tried to tear myself away from the grim fascination of the ghastly cavern, but found that it was hard to leave. Then I went close to the bodies and examined some of them. I found them to be clothed in garments made of buckskin, the buckskin having been oiled with some mineral substance that prevented decay. The bodies were mummified, each one being as hard as flint, but every contour and feature was perfectly preserved. I tried to tear the mask from one of the faces, but could not, as the thing seemed made of iron. I did succeed, though, in tearing open a sleeve covering one arm of one of the bodies, and when the naked arm came in view I found tatooed upon it the same words that were tatooed upon my own arm when I was a baby:

In this body flows the blood of Ulo!

I looked more closely. There was no mistake. The letters were the old letters of the written language of the Ulo, and the words were the same my mother had traced in ink in my own skin.

"The writing on the arm held me chained with a weird fascination. These mummies, then, were members of the lost tribe of Ulo, members of the same tribe to which my ancestors had belonged so many centuries ago. The words of the prophecy came back to me, ringing in my ears as though spoken by a living voice. 'The Ulos are the chosen people, and a prophet

shall always dwell with them to keep them faithful.' I wondered what they had thought when their prophecy had failed, and they had come to die like reptiles in an underground cavern. I wondered if the tribe of my ancestors had all died in this gruesome cave, and if the dead bodies before me were all that I should ever find. That could not be, though, for the bodies before me were all the bodies of men. I thought I might find the bodies of the women in some other cave, might find them if I did not die too soon. I tore the sleeve on the arm of another of the bodies. There was the same writing as on the first. Then I sat down on a rock in that dim cave—sat down as a man from whom all fear had gone, and I mused for hours upon the Ulos, upon myself, upon the chances of fortune, upon life and death. What, then, is a man? A weak thing speeding swiftly from a mysterious past to a future even more mysterious, a thing of a few days, a thing that reels under the weight of many troubles, a thing that dies and decays and returns to the dust of the earth, and is soon utterly forgotten in all places in the world. The Ulos were once a great people; they ruled tribes whose numbers were multitudes; they were so great that every Ulo was called a chief, and then they went as fugitives to the caves of the mountains; went as fugitives and perished even unto the last man! They were a forgotten race; their places were filled with other races, and in time they also would be forgotten. Such were the thoughts that came to me in the cavern of the dead.

"I sat there for hours, and then, almost exhausted from hunger, I wearily climbed down the stone ladder and began again my hopeless wanderings up and down the winding stone passages. Just as I was ready to give up in despair and lie down and die, a smell of salt water came to my nostrils, a breath of sea breeze blew into my face, and then a few steps brought me out again to the little bay where my boat was moored. I ate of the food I had in the boat, and then lay down on the rocks and slept for many hours.

"When I escaped from the caverns I thanked God for my deliverance, and vowed that no wealth upon the earth could tempt me to again risk my life in the mazy passages. But when I awoke from my long sleep and was refreshed from my hunger and fatigue, the mystery of the place took hold upon me again, and I set about devising a way to safely explore the caverns and learn, if I could, something of the secrets that were hidden in them. In my boat was a great coil of common fish line that I had hastily thrown in while making my hurried preparations to escape from the ship. I unwound this line and found that there was almost two miles of it. I bound one end of the line securely to a rock, and taking the coil in my hands, again entered the underground passage, allowing the line to unwind as I walked. In this way I went on until I came to the end of the line, and I had found nothing. I retraced my steps almost back to the mouth of the cave, and then set out in a different passage from the one I had been in.

"Just as I was coming to the end of the line again, I found that the passage was becoming light. It was merely a glimmer at first, then there came a soft light that showed the walls of the caverns, and then a full, steady light that one might have read by. Soon the passage widened, and then I came to a large cave that was high and light, and that was fitted up as a human habitation. A large couch made of skins and cotton cloths lay against one side of the cave, a stone table and seat were in the center, and various instruments, the uses of which I did not know, were scattered about. I discovered that the light came from the burning of natural gas, that was blazing behind shields made of isinglass. The farther end of this cavern was closed with a stone wall that

showed that it had been made by human hands, and a stone door was in this wall. Upon the walls of the room I was in were carvings, and upon looking closely I found some words written, or carved, in the language of the Ulo. I blessed my mother for teaching me that forgotten language, for now it might chance that it would save my life.

"Weary from my long wandering in the passages I sat down upon the couch to rest. While sitting there the stone door in the wall swung open, and slowly walking toward me came a figure exactly like one of the petrified mummies I had found in the burial cavern. I thought it was a ghost, but I was not frightened, so used was I becoming to terrible things. The figure approached me, the head bent down as though in thought, and I noticed that the step was slow and halting like that of an old man. Presently the man looked up, and I saw upon his face one of the strange white masks I had seen upon the mummies. The mask enveloped the entire head, the part covering the back of the head being smooth, and the part covering the face fitting every feature perfectly. The effect of the mask was something ghastly. There were all the features, the eyes, the mouth, the nose, but all were of that same dead-white color.

"Presently the masked man saw me and stopped. He did not seem frightened, as I thought he would be, but stood and regarded me intently. Then he walked in front of me, made a low bow, and said:

"'My son, from whence came you—from the sun?'"

"I answered that I came from Mexico, and he said that he knew not that the land of endless life was called Mexico. Then I tried to tell him something of the wonderful country of my birth, but for some reason I was slow in making him understand, and I soon saw that he regarded me as a god that had been sent to him from the land of the sun.

"'What came you here to do?' he asked.

"'I came to seek the tribe of the Ulo,' I replied.

"'I am the king of the Ulo,' replied the masked man—'the king and the highest priest of that nation. For many years have I ruled over them, given them laws, instructed them in truth, and have offered up their prayers to the most high gods. For many years have I dwelt alone in this cavern, alone except for the sacred snake of my people. While the other men of my tribe have taken wives and have reared children, I have dwelt in this solitude, praying, meditating and thinking thoughts of wisdom for my people. But the time of my death draws nigh; I feel my blood turn cold within my veins, and it will not be long until I must take my place among the vanished kings in the cavern of the dead. Do you know of the cavern of the dead, my son?'

"I replied that I did, and the king seemed pleased that I knew of it. Then the king brought me food, and a kind of wine made from some plant, and bade me eat and rest before talking further.

"When I had rested and refreshed myself I talked long with the masked king, who did not seem surprised that I spoke the language of the Ulo. I learned from him that the caverns and underground passages opened on one side into the sea, and on the other side into a valley that was surrounded with high stone cliffs. In these cliffs the people of the Ulo had cut out their homes; there they lived, and in the valley they grew maize and melons and cotton, and various things to eat. Beyond this valley, which was called the Valley of Cultivation, opened another called the Valley of the Beasts, and in this valley were deer and other animals hunted for food and skins by the Ulo. The king told me that there were 600 people in the tribe. He told me, also, the secret of the kingship. The people of the Ulo believed that their king was an immortal, and

that it was death to look upon his face. This belief had its rise in the fact that the first king who ruled them in the hidden valleys devised the white masks which made one face look like all other faces. He had told his people that he was an immortal and would live forever, and when his time came to die he sent for a religious youth from among the people, telling the people the youth was to be sacrificed to the sun, but he told the youth he was chosen to rule the people. Then he made a white mask for this youth, and the people knew not the difference, for the youth was masked and dressed exactly like the first king, and besides the king went but little among the people. The youth grew old, his death grew near, he chose another youth to succeed him, made him a white mask, and again the people knew not that a new king was ruling them, but thought that another sacrifice had been made to the sun. In this wise innumerable kings had ruled over the people of Ulo, yet the people thought it was one immortal who had always been their king. And the masked dead bodies in the cavern of death were the bodies of the men who had been kings of Ulo.

"'My son,' said the old king to me, 'the time has almost come for me to lay down my burden of years and take my place among the silent bodies of the kings who have gone before me. The people of Ulo think that but one king has ever ruled them, and it is well that they think that, but you who are to be the king must know the truth. When I was a youth I was devout in the practice of the worship of the gods of my tribe, so devout that the king often spoke to me in commendation. Now the Ulo, when they dwelt in Anahuac, gave human lives in sacrifice, giving the lives of people they had captured in the wars. But in this valley our numbers grew so few, and there were no barbarians to war against, that it was only in long periods that a human life could be spared even in sacrifice to the gods. In times that were long apart, sometimes fifty years, sometimes seventy, a youth was chosen from among the people and sent to the king's palace to be sacrificed. After being sent there the youth was never heard of again, and the king ruled apparently as before, the one called for sacrifice being really the king. In my youth the masked king came to me and told me I was chosen to be offered as a sacrifice. I did not fear, for the sacrificed ones have high places in the land of endless life. Feasts were given, many prayers were said, and then I went to the palace of the king; this same palace where I now hold speech with you. The king instructed me much in the wisdom of our nation, and then he threw off the white mask and showed me he was a man. He told me that his time to die had come, he told me the secret of the kingship, and appointed me to be king when he was dead. He made a white mask to cover my face, he taught me how to embalm the dead, which is done with a mineral liquid that is found in one of these caverns, he showed me the cavern where I should take him when his life was gone, and then he sent me among the people to see if I could pass as king. I went forth among the people and they fell down and worshipped me and called me king. For I was of the size of the old king, and my voice was like his. Then the old king showed me the place where the sacred snake is kept, and then he laid himself down and died, and I was the masked king of the people of Ulo. That was seventy years in the past, and the people know not that I have not lived forever. Now my time has come to die, and I have been meditating upon which youth of the people I shall call to be king after me. But instead of having to choose a man to be king, a man has been sent to me from the sun. I have been a holy man and a wise prophet to my people, and in reward for my wisdom you have been sent to me, that after me you may

become the sacred king of Ulo. Hail, sacred king of the land of Ulo!'

"I found that the old king was honest in the belief that he was a divine instrument, and as I am a true Catholic, I wanted sorely to try to win him to the true faith. But he was an old man, the hand of death was falling upon him, and I resolved to let him die in the happiness of his own faith.

"For many days the old king instructed me in the mysteries and rites of the Ulo worship, for the Ulo ruler was as much priest as king. He instructed me in the history of his people, he taught me the art of embalming, he told me how to choose my successor when my days were done, and he told me of the blood mark that should go upon the arm of every Ulo. He then examined my own arm, and when he found the mark upon it he had no further doubt that I had been sent to him as a miracle. Then he placed a mask upon me and took me to see the sacred snake, telling me that only masked men should stand in the snake's presence.

"The snake was kept in a large cavern, one-half of which was a large pool of salt water that had evidently been carried in jars from the sea, and the other half of which was floored with solid rock. The snake was an immense thing, as spotted as a leopard, its length thirty feet, and its body was as thick as the body of a man. It seemed to be a sea snake, and I noticed that it stayed much of the time in the pool of sea water. Horny substances, denoting extreme age, were about the snake's eyes, and it seemed to move about but very little, although I have seen it when it was as agile as any snake could be. The old king called the snake and it went to him and wound itself around his body. The sight sent chills over me, but the snake seemed to love the man, and did not hurt him. The old king took me to the snake's cavern many times, I being masked each time, and in time the snake would come to me when called the same as it would to the old king. But I always feared that snake, and would fear it if I should see it now, although it once saved my life. The king instructed me in the snake worship, but I need not tell you of that, as my tale is long enough without speaking of all the strange things I learned in the land of Ulo.

"When I had learned all that the old king had to tell, he bade me don a robe like his and go forth, masked, among the people, in order that I might learn as much of them as I could before he died. He gave me many directions, and it was almost impossible that I should let the people learn the secret, or discover that I was not the king who had ruled over them so long. I passed through the stone door in the wall of the cavern, passed through a number of smaller caverns, and then I went down a stone stairway into the valley. I had not seen the light of the sun for many long days, and my blood ran fast as I saw the blue arch of the beautiful sky once more. The valley seemed to have been hidden from the world by nature. It was about one mile wide and about six miles long, and at the farther end was a narrow pass or cañon that opened into the Valley of the Beasts, a place where I never went. As I went down the cliffs I saw the homes of the Ulos that had been cut out of the solid rock of the cliffs. I saw men and women working in the fields, and as I drew near them, walking slowly as the king had told me to do, they ceased from their labors and raised their arms in salute to me.

"'See, the king comes,' said one man to another; 'the king, who has come down into the valley but once since the feast of the harvest of maize.'

"'It may be that he comes to choose a youth to be sacrificed,' answered an old man. 'It is seventy years since a sacrifice has been given, and I doubt not the gods hunger.'

"My voice was much like that of the old king, and I had schooled myself in imitating him, but my knees

trembled when I first spoke to the people.

"'My children,' said I, 'I have not come to choose a sacrifice. The gods of our people are well content; our people are wise and worshipful, and it may please our gods that no human life will ever again be offered as a sacrifice.'

"The people did not answer, but they gazed at me curiously, and I thought I saw a scowl upon the face of the old man who had spoken. He was a barbarian in his worship, and the thought of human sacrifice was dear to his heart.

"I walked entirely through the valley of Ulo, drinking in every new scene, but seeming to notice nothing. When I was returning to the palace in the caverns I met a party of young girls going home from the fields where they had been at work.

"The girls were young, ranging in age from twelve to sixteen years, but they would have seemed much older to any one who lived in a land where women do not develop so rapidly as in that warm clime. They had soft black eyes and raven black hair, and were dressed in kirtles and skirts made of cotton cloth. Upon their heads they bore pottery jars filled with water that they were carrying home from a spring in the mountain side.

"My attention was immediately attracted to one of the girls on account of her wonderful beauty. Her features were as finely chiseled as the features of the most patrician queen, her form had the perfect proportions of a statue, her black eyes were as soft as the eyes of a dove, and her wealth of raven black hair fell in silken masses to her knees. She was not brown, as many Indians are, but was red, as are many of the women of the Pueblo tribes. As soon as I saw her my heart went out to her in love, and I determined to win her if such a thing might be. I did not stop to consider that the laws forbade the masked king to look in love upon any woman, nor to think of the danger and trouble I might bring upon the maid and myself if I sought to win her. The maidens tripped merrily along, and I heard the beautiful one called by the name Lo-Zeenah. That name in the Ulo speech, means Beautiful Star. The maidens saw me, bowed in worship, and I passed on my way to the caverns.

"That same day the old king died. I bathed him in the petrifying fluid, and placed him in the cave of death. Then I was alone in the cavern palace; alone, with no living thing to bear me company, no book to read, no work to do.

"The next day, after I had walked in the valley, there came to the outer rooms of my palace a deputation of the old men of the tribe, asking that I sit in judgment upon a charge preferred by the war chief against the maid Lo-Zeenah. The Ulos had not been in war for centuries, but they held the tribal formation of the olden time, and the war chief was one of the great men of the nation. The present war chief had craved Lo-Zeenah in marriage; her father and mother had given consent, but Lo-Zeenah herself had persistently refused. The refusal was a breach of law; Lo-Zeenah could be punished even unto the taking of her life, and in anger the war chief had brought a trial before the king. If the chief had known that under the austere robes of that masked king there beat a young heart on fire with love for the beautiful Lo-Zeenah, I think he would not have begun the trial.

"I consented to sit in judgment upon the cause of the chief and the maid, and they, and nearly all the people of the tribe, came before me just outside the hall of my palace. The angry chief came with a dark brow, intent upon revenge for the slight put upon him; the people came with sorrow written on their faces, for they all loved the Beautiful Star, and the maiden herself came with a gentle presence that won all hearts to her. But the laws of the Ulo were deemed inexorable, and all expected that the

king would decree that she should wed the chief or lose her life for disobedience. I knew there was danger for even the king to go contrary to the laws, but I would have died before inflicting either punishment upon the beautiful girl that stood before me. The case was stated to me while I sat like a carven statue upon my stone throne of judgment. When all had spoken, I said:

"'People of Ulo, the laws of our nation were named by the fathers of long ago. They are just laws, and they cannot be evaded or revoked. You all know that in this case the maid should wed our war chief, or that her life should be taken in punishment. Even I, your undying king, could not change this law unless Those Above should bid me. I am not sure of their will, though, for in a dream it has lately been revealed to me that the people of Ulo shall again become a great people of whom every man shall be called chief. They shall again become the rulers over many peoples, and in that dream it was shown to me that a woman of the Ulo shall be chosen by Those Above to be the mother of another king, a king who shall take part of the tribe and go forth in strange places to extend the sway of our nation. Those Above have promised to send me an image of this woman who shall be chosen to become the mother of a king, and until that image comes I shall pass no judgment upon any woman in the land of Ulo. Therefore, this cause shall be held in abeyance, waiting the pleasure of Those Above, whose chosen people the Ulos are. Those Above have said that the image shall be wafted down from the mouth of the entrance to my palace, and shall fall in the valley. Go, then; set men to watch in the valley for the image, and when it has fallen, then will I decide. Until then it is my will that the maid Lo-Zeenah abide in the inner rooms of my palace.'

"The people were greatly excited when I had thus spoken, and all the old men and the chiefs murmured because I had decreed that the maid should remain in my palace. It was against the sacred laws for any woman to be alone with the king, and an old priest, the father of Lo-Zeenah, rose in his place and said his daughter should not go. He said he was a true son of Ulo, a wise, a just and a holy man, in whose eyes rebellion against the king was a wicked thing, but he loved the laws and the wisdom of his fathers even more than he loved the king, and he said he would lose his life in battle with me before the sanctity of the religion should be profaned.

"Much excitement was caused by the speech of the old priest, and the people began taking sides, some with me, some with the old man. The war chief, who desired to wed Lo-Zeenah, was a fierce man with a dark face, and he rose in his place and openly accused me, the king, of being guilty of sin in desiring to have a woman in my palace. I was afraid a rebellion would take place, but I made no sign of fear. I rose in my place, stretched out my hand, commanded silence, and said:

"'Oh thou fools, thou fools who dare question the wisdom of your holy king! Know you not that I can stretch forth my hand and cause you all to die?'

"The women and some of the men cowered in their seats, but the war chief and the old priest laughed and said that although I was the king they knew I could not kill. Again I rose in my seat. 'Go forth,' said I, 'and bring to me a fawn. And while the hunters are gone for the fawn let no man speak nor leave his seat.'

"I knew I was in danger, but I felt so sure of success that I could have sung a song while waiting for the hunters to bring the fawn. The hunters soon returned with the fawn, and I commanded them to leave it at a certain spot about a hundred paces from me. Then rising in my seat I pointed my revolver at it, said 'Die!', fired, and the fawn rolled over dead.

"It was a simple thing, of course,

to you and me who have known firearms all our lives, but to those simple Indians who had been immured for centuries in a lost mountain valley, it was nothing else than a miracle, and the people covered their faces in fear of me who could bring death by stretching forth my hand. They saw the fire leap from the revolver's mouth, and they believed that I could have killed them all with a wave of my hand. I noticed that while the war chief trembled like the others, his face was yet black with hatred, and I commanded him to stand before me. Slowly he took his place before my stone throne, and I said:

"'You, oh war chief, have harbored hatred of your king in your heart. It would be just if I should kill you as I have killed the fawn, but I am a merciful king, and your punishment shall be tempered with mercy. Instead of killing you I will place upon you an everlasting mark that shall warn others never to harbor hatred for the king. From now to the end of your life you shall carry the mark of the avenging fire of my wrath, and if ever again you shall show hatred for me, the fire that now enters your hand shall enter your heart, and you shall die and be accursed! Hold up your right hand!'

"The chief held up his hand, and all the time his face was ashen with the fear of the supernatural punishment. I took aim with the revolver, fired, and the bullet sped through his hand, leaving a hole in the palm. The people hid their faces in fear. Never before had their king shown his wrath in such a terrible way. But when they began to fear me they began to hate me, and I had sown the seeds for the ending of the reign of the masked king of Ulo. Again I spoke to the people and said:

"'Now, oh people of Ulo, return to your homes and your fields. Hunt in the Valley of the Beasts, say your prayers to the sun, but never again



"HIGH ROCK WALLS ROSE UP SHEER AT THE WATER'S EDGE"—



THE OPENING IN THE CLIFFS.

say one word in opposition to your sacred king. And remember that I have willed that Lo-Zeenah, the maid, remains with me.'

The people rose, when I had concluded, and bowing low before me left my presence in fear and trembling. Lo-Zeenah remained behind, gazing at me with her star-bright eyes. When the people were all gone she came before me.

"'Oh, king,' said she, 'you are merciful. The people reviled you and you did not kill them. You are merciful and just, and I, your daughter, revere you more than ever.'

"I took the maid with me, went through the stone door to my private

place, and talked much with her, not telling her that I was not really the Ulo king. She was a beautiful creature as she stood before me, and it was hard for me not to tell her of my love for her. Her mantle only half concealed the fair proportions of the wearer, her hair was loosed and fell in flowing profusion to her knees, and she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I found her to be a maid of wondrous purity of mind. All her life had been passed in the narrow valley of Ulo, but she was as wise as many people who have roamed to the ends of the earth. I asked her why she had not loved the war chief, and she answered that he was a man who was no better than the brutes who roamed in the Valley of Beasts.

"With my photographic camera I made a picture of the girl and showed it to her.

"'Oh king,' said she, 'and am I then the one chosen to be the mother of a king? I, Lo-Zeenah, a simple maid of my people! Do you think that I may be good enough and pure enough so that this great thing can be? And may I go forth with the new tribe, go forth over the cliffs and the mountains and see the breadth of the beautiful land that was made by the great gods of Shi-pa-pu? Oh king, often have I sat in the valley and watched the birds fly over the cliffs, and I have longed to be free like them to roam at will over the beautiful earth. For the earth must be beautiful, as it was made by the gods. Never has my heart turned in love to a man as have the hearts of the other maids of our people, and sometimes I have feared that my longing for beauty and for a wider life might keep me from loving any man of Ulo, and I might go childless and loveless down to my grave.'

"Such was the speech of Lo-Zeenah. Do you wonder that I loved her more as I knew her more?

"At sundown I took the picture I had made and walked to the precipice that was at the end of my palace. Looking down into the valley through a hole in the rock I saw old men sitting in waiting for the image I had promised them. Standing back so they could not see me I threw the picture, and I looked through the hole in the stones to see it fall. The old men saw it as soon as it fell, and picking it up gazed upon it in wonder. Then they raised their voices and cried out:

"'Oh, people of Ulo, the words of the prophecy have been fulfilled! The sacred image has come from the gods, and Lo-Zeenah, the Beautiful Star of our nation, is chosen to be the mother of the unborn king! Oh, people of Ulo, Lo-Zeenah is the chosen one!'

"Then the people took up the cry, and as the sun went down I could hear them chanting, 'Lo-Zeenah is chosen! Lo-Zeenah, the beautiful, is the chosen one of Those Above!'" And then I went back to my palace in the caverns to talk with Lo-Zeenah.

"I was but a youth, then, Señor. The hot blood of my young years was coursing in my veins, and it was hard for me not to clasp that fair girl in my arms and tell her all the tale of my love for her. But I feared the result, and I treated her as an old man might treat a little child. In time she and I came to know each other well. I told her that the religion of the Ulo was about to change, told her by degrees of the one true faith, and in time we came to know each other so well that I told her the blessed story of the Great Redeemer of the world, and I baptised her as a follower of the Nazarene. Then I removed the white mask from my face and stood before her as my true self. She gazed upon me first in fear, then in wonder, and then the soft light of love came into her beautiful eyes. I told her the true tale of how I came there. I told her all the story of my life. I showed her the hall where the dead kings lay. I explained to her the mystery of the revolver and of the picture and then I said:

"'Lo-Zeenah, sweet one, now you know me as I am. I am no god and no king. I am but a wayfaring youth whom fortune has sent to the strange land of your people. I came here seeking adventure; I found you and love, and now my future, my very life is in your hands, for a word from you will cause your people to fall upon me and take my life. But I love you, Lo-Zeenah, more than ever maid was loved.'

"She smiled, her soft arms went round my neck, her sweet lips pressed mine, and I knew that Lo-Zeenah loved me. The memory of that time abides with me to this day as the sweetest and best time that was ever in my life, and it will abide with me and cheer me even unto the time when I shall cross the dark valley of death.

"How we lived from then on I need not tell you. But to me the pearly vales of heaven could not have been a more blissful abode than were those stone caverns by the sea, where my loved one dwelt with me. We were young then, Señor. We had never loved before. Does not that tell you all? And as men may do in barbarian lands, I took her as my wife, intending to have the sacrament performed when we were where a priest could be found. Such marriages are recognized by our church.

"Lo-Zeenah listened in wonder to the tales I told her of the places in the world that lay outside of the lost valley where her life had been lived. She was glad when I told her I would take her to those places, and she entered into plans with me to convert the people of Ulo to Christianity, and then to go to Mexico together to live. In time I told the people something of the new creed, and, while they greatly feared me and my mysterious power, they were so angered that they stoned me. I tried for many days to teach them but their anger grew worse. In time they tried to kill me, and I was compelled to retreat to the inner palace and barricade the passage.

"Then the Ulos, who had a hatred for everyone, even their king, who tried to profane the old religion, sought to come upon us by climbing into the caverns. The war chief succeeded in reaching the passage that led from the palace to the sea. He found my fish line and tore it up, and then he entered the palace. His leer-



"IN ALL PARTS OF THE CAVERN WERE HUMAN FIGURES."

ing face had no sooner come inside the palace than a bullet entered his brain, and he fell dead before us. Then were we prisoners; a savage race on one side, a maze of winding passages on the other. But in spite of our danger we were happy, so great is the power of love to lighten the dark places of life.

"One day we were planning of the life we would lead in far away Mexico, and wondering if we should succeed in finding our way to the sea, when we heard a muffled beating at one of the inner doors of the palace. I had heard the same sound in the old king's lifetime, and knew it was made by the snake, but I feared to admit it as Lo-Zeenah might be afraid. I told her what it was, and she said:

"'My loved one, is not the snake one of God's creatures, the same as you and I? I would not fear anything that God has made. The snake may not be so beautiful as the birds or the fawns or the flowers, but it came from the wisdom of the great father of wisdom, and we should love it and not fear it.'

"I opened the stone door and admitted the snake. I was masked, and it did not know me from the old king who was dead. It wound its slimy folds about me and reared its grisly head high in the air. Then it saw Lo-Zeenah, the first unmasked person it had seen for long years, and a hiss came from its mouth. It quickly unwound itself from me, it reared its horny head high in the air, and before either of us comprehended what it might do, it struck Lo-Zeenah a mighty blow full in the face, struck her and bit her as it struck, and she fell back dying from its poison! I clasped her in my arms—I besought her to live for my sake—I wept tears of the most bitter grief over her—but she was doomed, and I could not save her. She drew my head down to her soft bosom; she pressed sweet kisses to my lips, and then she died in my arms with a sweeter smile on her face than I ever saw on the face of any woman. All the time the ghastly snake reared its ugly head high in the air, coiling and uncoiling the slimy folds of its body, and sending forth shrill hisses that made my blood run cold. All the world had grown dark to me, the caverns of Ulo seemed to me like the caverns of Purgatory; all the brightness had gone from my life, and I prayed that merciful death might come to me there by the side of my dead loved one.

"When my grief had somewhat spent itself, I arose and struck the snake on the head with my hand. I hoped that I might anger it so that it would bite me, but it cowered and slunk in fear. In some older time a masked man had conquered that terrible reptile, and it still feared the power of the mask. I trampled it and struck it with rocks, but the more I beat it the more it cowered in fear. Then I took my revolver and tried to kill it, but the bullets fell harmless against its thick hide.

"I took the body of Lo-Zeenah and embalmed it, and placed it in the chamber of the dead kings. There it lies to this day, the most beautiful thing that is hidden from the sight of the world. Then I strove to make my escape, and I greatly missed the guidance of the line. I wandered for hours in the caverns and passages, and at last, worn out with weariness and despair, I found my way back to the palace, that place where I had known so much joy, and where I had known grief that was blacker than the gloom of the grave. The snake was still in the palace, lying prone on the stone floor, and its tongue hanging out as though from thirst. Its thirst for salt water would have sent it back to its own cave, but the stone door through which it should have gone was closed. My grief was so great that I paid but little heed to the snake, and I was worn out at last, and lay down and slept for hours. When I awoke I saw the snake still lying where it had been.

"I feared that I would never find

my way out of the caverns, and that I was doomed to die there alone under the earth. Some of the people of Ulo knew the windings of the passages, but I dared not go to them. As I was pondering on my hard fate, I saw the snake raise its head and move it from side to side as though seeking something. A thought struck me, and I believed that the snake might be made to lead me to the sea. I had a jar full of salt water that I had used for bathing, and I took it and held it before the snake's head. The snake seemed almost dead, but the smell of the salt water animated it; it reared its head high, and emitted a sound that was almost like a groan. Again I held the salt water to its head, and then as I moved away it followed me until I set the water down. By carrying the water I led the snake to the mouth of the passage that led to the sea, and then I threw the water as far down the passageway as I could.

"Old memories that had lain dormant for years seemed to be revived in the snake. It reared its head until it struck the top of the cavern, and gave vent to almost human groans; then it dropped its head to the earth, raised its tail as a snake does when it runs, and with a shrill cry started off down the passage. I believed that some old king, long years before, had captured that snake from the sea and brought it through that passageway, and I believed that it would find its way back. I grasped its horny tail in my hands as it crawled, and I followed it through the dark passages that were dripping with water that had soaked through from the mountain tops.

"Slowly the snake crawled along. It paid no heed to me, although I clung to its tail, and constantly gave vent to moans and cries that were almost human. Sometimes it stopped as though puzzled, and then it went on again, winding its way through the mazy tunnels. Once it stopped and remained still for a long time, and I almost despaired, for I thought I should be lost and should die—I and that ghastly thing, hidden deep in the bowels of the mountains. Then the snake went on again, slowly at first, then faster, then haltingly again, until we turned a sharp corner of the passage, and a faint smell of the sea came to my nostrils. The snake smelled it too; it reared its head, a loud cry came from it, and then with the speed of a race horse it sped down the passageway. It had smelled the sea, the scent of its native element had come to it, and its age and weakness seemed to fade away as a mist fades before the sun. It sped onward so rapidly that I was almost thrown from my feet, but I clung to it, and as we ran the smell of the sea water became plainer and plainer. Soon the passage became light, the wind from outside blew in my face, and then with the speed of the wind the snake drew me forth from the caverns and I stood once more by the side of the little bay where my boat was moored. There again was the beautiful sky that I had seen but once in months; there was the blue water of the bay sparkling in the sunlight, and beyond the stone walls of the cliffs I could hear the surf beating upon the rocks. It would have been a glad time to me if it had not been for the sad memories of the beautiful one I had loved and won and lost in the hideous caverns of Ulo.

"When we came to the salt water the snake was like a thing demented. It twisted its huge body in hideous coils, it wound itself and then unwound, it reared itself upward until it seemed to stand on its tail, and then with a shrill cry it leaped off the bank and threw itself into the water. It shrieked as it struck the water, it dived and rose again, it laved its body, and then with a long, shrill, almost human cry it raised its head, as a snake does when it swims, and it sped away through the rocky pass to the broad ocean, and I saw it no more.

"I remember that hideous snake almost as though it were human. It



"THE BULLET SPED THROUGH HIS HAND, LEAVING A HOLE IN THE PALM."

both loved and feared the old Ulo king, and it feared and loved me because I seemed like him. It was a prisoner, and a prisoner had been for how long no man can tell. It had been stolen from the ocean, had been imprisoned in the rock caves of Ulo, and it seemed to me that it had held a hatred for all things but the priest,



"I GRASPED ITS HORNED TAIL AND FOLLOWED IT."

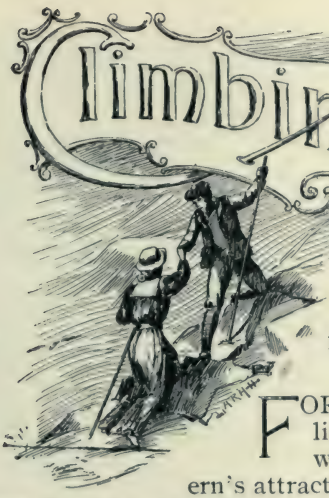
hated them because it was a prisoner. It had killed Lo-Zeenah, but it would not kill me who courted death from it, and it had saved my life by leading me down the mazy passages to the sea. If it had not been for that snake I might now have Lo-Zeenah for my wife, and if it had not been for it, too, my bones might now be rotting in the caves of Ulo. It was one of God's creatures, and it must have been created for some good use. *Quien sabe?*

"That is about all of my tale, Señor. I found my boat as I had left it; I unmoored it, steered it through the rocky pass, and set sail in the open ocean. Within a day I was sighted by a small sailing vessel that ran between the Isthmus and San Francisco. The ship took me on board; its men jeered at the tale I told them and called me crazy, and the ship landed me in San Francisco. I returned to Mexico, and after a time I went again to strive to find the rockbound bay that leads to the Valley of Ulo. I could not find it, and I do not believe that any man after me will ever find the lost tribe of Ulo. It is well, too, for people like us not to find them, for they are a heathen people who hold a hatred for everything outside of their own lost valley. But they are not a bad people, else how could one so pure and good as my lost Lo-Zeenah have been reared among them? I suppose they found out long ago that the masked king was gone, and I think they may have a new king, for heathen minds can always find something to worship."

The town of San Marcial slept on in the moonlight. The Mescaleros lay motionless under the cottonwood trees, and the kronking of a tree frog was the only sound. The Mexican sat in silence for a while, his face buried in his hands; then he raised his head and said:

"Is not the night beautiful, Señor? There is much trouble and bitterness and sorrow and suffering upon the earth, but God is over all, and the world is very fair if our eyes are not too blinded to see its beauties."

Climbing Shasta



BY MARK SIBLEY SEVERANCE.

FOR weeks Mt. Shasta had looked down on our quiet life at Castle Crags, seeming to beckon us with its white, snowy fingers. To say the truth, the Tavern's attractions had begun to lose their keen edge of novelty. For days we had trudged in the early morning air to the Springs, a half a mile away, for our ante-prandial quantum of soda water. We had climbed the rough sides of Castle Crags, from which the Tavern takes its name, a bold, serrated ridge, standing directly in front of the Tavern and rising some 4,000 feet above it. Then, as we clambered on hands and feet to a safe resting place among the jagged crests of the ridge, and flashed back with a mirror to our friends at the Tavern, there stood Shasta again, towering above us, twenty miles away. We had toiled one long half-day up a blind trail to the summit of Castle View, a scantily wooded ridge rising directly back of the Tavern, about equally high with the Crags, and so named because of the superb, comprehensive view which it affords of the Crags; and again Shasta hung in mid-air, dominating all the landscape to the northward.

We had talked law with the learned Judges from California and Oregon. We had ridden the burros with the babies. We had plunged in the cool pool. We had explored the pine-covered trails on every side. We had swung half asleep in the hammock at "The Cottage," while through the open windows we listened to the sweet-voiced reader within, beguiling the warm afternoons for her coterie of friends, but with the vision of Shasta always before us, we felt a sort of incompleteness in everything. We sighed for other worlds to conquer.



CASTLE CRAGS.

Placid dowagers, rocking themselves industriously on the broad piazzas, lifted their eyebrows at the idea of ladies reaching the top of Shasta. One doubting Scotchman had even questioned their ability to



THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS.

climb the Crags, but had they not accomplished it? Anxious mammas feared for their offspring on such a trip, but when a particularly enthusiastic young girl appeared, fresh from her camp life at Butte Creek, her earlier, breezy sojourn in Colorado, with an occasional spin up Pike's Peak as an appetizer, and began to recount her exploits, the die was cast; enthusiasm was at fever heat, and the next day we started. Our party was six: four gentlemen and two ladies, but we had no side-saddles. Our ages varied from nineteen to forty-eight; our weights from one hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and ninety-seven. We had two guides, and in addition to our eight saddle-animals, we had three pack-animals, laden with camp equipage, blankets and food for man and beast, so that all told we were eight people and eleven animals, probably the largest party that has ever attempted Shasta.

There are but three well known ways of climbing Shasta. An old trail from the northward, by way of the crater, is now abandoned; another, the shortest way and that usually taken by climbers, is almost a direct line from Sisson's to the summit. By this route, the party leaves Sisson's at noon, rides ten or twelve miles to the edge of the timber line to "Timber Camp," spends the night, starts at some early hour next morning, rides another mile up to "Horse Camp," where the horses are tied to rocks, and the ascent on foot is begun. The distance to be walked over rocks, snow and glaciers, is said to be about five miles, and with ordinary luck, a party can reach the summit, return to "Horse Camp," and "Timber Camp," and on to Sisson's by nightfall—the round trip consuming about thirty-six hours. It is by this route that at a proper season of the year, the exhilarating sack-slide is made on the snow. The truth-loving guides decline to state the precise velocity with which the descent of half a mile is made, but we were assured at the Tavern that it is quite rapid enough.



MOUNT SHASTA FROM THE SCOTT MOUNTAINS, SHASTA CO., CAL.



SHASTA FROM MUD CREEK CAÑON.

The third way—that taken by our party—occupies three days for the round trip. You leave Sisson's at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and climb the southern base of the mountains until you are nearly, if not quite one-fourth the way around it. Then you camp 10,000 feet above the sea and at the edge of timber about twenty miles from Sisson's, ride about five miles next day up the steep southeast slope, tie your animal to "Lunch Rock," climb on foot a mythical distance to the summit (said to be a half mile, but by any known lowland measurement probably a mile and a half), return to "Lunch Rock" and your camp by evening, camp another night, and the third day return to Sisson's easily.

This third route is but little known. We could find but one man in the country, Edward Stewart of Sisson's, who had traversed it. For several years he was connected with the United States Goedetic Survey, and has been four or five times up the mountains this way. Previous to our expedition four ladies only had ever tried to reach the summit by this route, and of these

but two succeeded. Mr. Stewart was their guide, and in spite of much exertion, coaxing and mild bullying he could not prevail upon the other two to persevere to the summit. Mr. Stewart had not been up the mountains since 1891, but he appeared to know the way so well and have such confidence in his ability to take us to the top, that we had little hesitation in trusting ourselves to his guidance.

Our other guide was Wickham, another most trustworthy, energetic and capable man. He had been some twenty-five times up the short way, but had never tried the three-days' route, and was glad of the present opportunity. The two made a strong combination—sturdy, vigorous, cheerful, used to climbing in high altitudes, and withal as good woodsmen as ever packed an *aparejo* or threw a leg over a cayuse. If anybody who reads these lines shall ever attempt the ascent of Shasta, Wickham or Stewart will be found in every way satisfactory as guides. They have quiet, unruffled tempers, their only weakness consisting in their inability to estimate a mountain mile correctly when it stands on end.

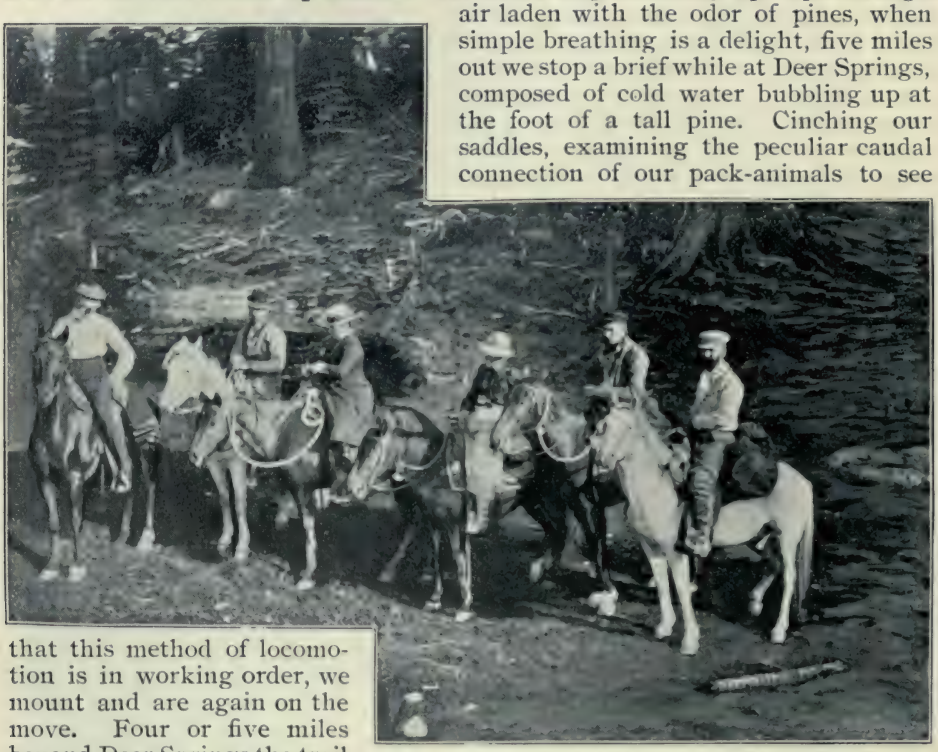
At nine o'clock, on the morning of September 6th, 1892, followed by a mythical shower of rice and old shoes, we left Sisson's Hotel, under a bright, cloudless, blue sky such as California alone grants to her mountaineers. We had come up from Castle Crags the day before to look after various details, select saddles and hobnail shoes, and otherwise prepare for our brief blanket-life. Passing through the town of Sisson, with our long cavalcade, the three pack-animals tied together by their tails, our ladies with difficulty distinguishable from the men because



CASTLE CRAGS FROM THE RIVER.

of their mode of riding, we were a target for the local small boy's wit, which we endured with an equanimity tempered by the feeling that these urchins' voices were probably the last human sounds, outside of our own party, which we were to hear for three long days.

Immediately on leaving the rough, mountain town, we plunged into a pine forest through which we rode substantially all day. Crossing and recrossing lagging roads for several miles, we at last entered a narrow trail, a common trail for the two routes up Shasta. At every step climbing up, up, through air laden with the odor of pines, when simple breathing is a delight, five miles out we stop a brief while at Deer Springs, composed of cold water bubbling up at the foot of a tall pine. Cinching our saddles, examining the peculiar caudal connection of our pack-animals to see that this method of locomotion is in working order, we mount and are again on the move. Four or five miles beyond Deer Springs the trail is very steep. There is not a dangerous spot, but this distance is largely made up of steep, rocky trails, where the animals, in the continually rarefying air, are unable to make more than a few feet before stopping to blow.



THE CAMP—READY FOR FINAL ASCENT.

The Devil's Garden is passed—a spot made up as might be imagined of rough, unshapen masses of rocks, twisted lava, gnarled trees and burnt undergrowth, all of which is supposed to be congenial stamping ground for his Satanic Majesty. About five miles from Deer Springs, we come to a broad, comparatively level mesa, strewn with pumice, where we leave the trail. The trail from here continues about due east toward "Timber Camp" and "Horse Camp" above mentioned, while we leave all trails behind us and turn southeast. We are now about 8,000 feet above the sea, Sisson's being 3,555, and Castle Crags 1,943 feet. We have an elevation of 14,442 feet to attain before we reach the summit; can we do it?

For some three miles we ride along the undulating mesa, now in and now out of timber. The horses crop the mountain grass, apparently a species of bunch-grass, which grows profusely in the open spaces in the forest. The



HEAD OF MUD CREEK GLACIER.

caudal linking of the pack-animals render this a difficult operation for them, but they nevertheless attempt it, with many a spasmodic jerk and sudden straightening of tail. We are already high above the Crags, which we had mounted with so much exultation a few days before. The whole rugged body of Shasta, with its torn mantle of snow, lies to our left, in plain view. We seem to be, in fact actually are, sparring to get an opening, swinging around its gigantic base to reach the only ridge up which horses can approach near to its crest. It is a delight to ride light-hearted and joyous through these pine-scented stretches of mesa. Every quality of song bursts from one end to the other of our long cavalcade, ranging from shrill treble to rumbling bass. It is a potpourri of harmony. No wonder the astonished deer flies incontinently as we approach with this wild medley of song. And our dear doctor, traveling at every step farther and farther from his little fractional family at the tavern—how touching, how sad comes every now and then his wild lament, sung in any convenient key, for his *gute kleine frau und Ottolein*. Would he ever see them again?

About thirteen miles from Sisson, with the Grey Butte to our right, we stop for lunch at Panther Creek. It is now two o'clock. The animals charge frantically at the little dashing creek, seeing a beautiful growth of green grass, knee-high. It proves to be wild onions, which they spurn, but which take a sweet revenge by perfuming the whole party with their pungent odor. After resting an hour in this bed of onions, shaded with tall trees, we take up our line of march. A spirit of humanity or convenience possesses our guides—they attempt to



SUMMIT OF SHASTA AND HEAD OF WHITNEY GLACIER.

dispense with the link-tail connection between the pack-animals. Numerous side excursions on the part of "Old Roany," who has never been packed before, and numerous pursuits by the entire body of horsemen, show the impossibility of keeping the packs in line this way, and their tails are again tied affectionately together.

forest, where several deer are again started, and about three miles from Panther Creek strike Squaw Creek, another beautiful, little ice-cold stream, bursting from the hillside but a short distance above us. We all drink copiously of this clear water. It is the last water we will find before reaching our camp, still four miles



PARTY ON THE SUMMIT.

Again up and down steep, rocky trails, passing the Grey Butte, we turn to the left in our circumnavigation, and enter a wild, rocky region, directly under a huge snow-field on the mountain, with scarcely a tree in sight. Huge bowlders and immense fragments of cliff have been thrown down from our right, and lie along our path. The party is here, as usual, in single file. Herr Doctor and I bring up the rear, and catch sight of the long cavalcade winding ahead, the packs and the guides, while the red blouses of the ladies add an Indian coloring to the gray scene.

Through "The Gate," a broad pathway between immense cliffs of barren rock, we plunge once more into the away. We have been nearly eight hours in the saddle.

Until now, there has been literally no danger in our path, no more than would be expected on a fair mountain trail. But I cannot say as much of the last mile or two before reaching our camp on Mud Creek. Here the trail is peculiarly steep and dangerous. I say trail, but there was no trail until our worthy guide, Stewart, had led the way with his fine mountain horse, and our party had followed in his wake. We stop on the brink of a deep cañon and look down. Over there among those last pines between the snow is our camp, our camp that is to be, if we can reach the spot. Can it be that we are to descend into

that deep, precipitous chasm and mount that seemingly insurmountable opposite before we can call a halt? We can almost send a rifle shot across, yet it will take us an hour to make the distance on horseback. There is but one place for miles where the crossing of Mud Creek can be made. Above us towards the mountains is a steep precipice, both sides being nearly perpendicular and with no place for a horse to get footing. Below, it is almost equally bad. Here, just where a little stream of clear water joins the discolored Mud Creek, is the only passable place.

After a careful looking at cinches, and a few laments for the "*gute kleine frau*," we boldly plunge down. It is nearly sundown, a forbidding time to make such a descent. Down a steep bank, in long, diagonal lines, where the animals can hardly stand; over smooth, treacherous rocks partly covered with vines and undergrowth, when the slightest misstep means a broken leg or worse; down into the rough boulders of the stream; across its swirling, muddy current; across its clear little confluent stream; then, the worst climb of the day, up the steep bank, where riding is out of the question, and everybody is on foot. A balky pack-animal pulls backward, at nearly the top of the steep grade, severs the caudal connection with the horse ahead and comes rolling down hill, to the eminent danger of the three of us immediately behind him. Up, up, in the gathering darkness; over logs, along narrow "hog-tracks," until we finally hear, at 7:30 in the evening, the welcome cry of "Camp!" and find ourselves in a little grassy plat by the side of the little clear-water stream, under the shadows of the scattering pines, at the upper edge of timber line. We are said by our guide, Stewart, to be some 10,000 feet above the sea. We have been in the saddle nine and a half hours, not including our stop for lunch. We are supposed to have come about twenty miles. Everyone is in good form.

The camp is an ideal spot. A little grassy plat furnishes grateful green food for our tired horses. The pines shelter us on the east, and a steep bank across the noisy little brook on the west. To the northward the whole bold outline of Shasta rises before us—large snow fields, glaciers, the steep incline up which we are to climb to-morrow, all in plain view, but not the very summit. I have camped in many places—in the backwoods of Maine, on shaggy Lake Umbago, on the beautiful Upper Potomac, for months in the wilds of Utah and Arizona and Montana, and often in more accessible places, but I think I have never before rolled my blanket in a spot more picturesque and imposing, or with a party more cheerful and harmonious. The full moon rises over the pines. The horses are whinnying for their grain as they stand tied to the tree just below, camp-saddles and packs by their side. The crackling camp-fire, piled five feet high with pine logs, lights up the rough mountaineer's dinner which we are presently devouring with a mountaineer's appetite. Shasta, with its white snow fields, takes on a new beauty and an unnatural brightness under the full light of the moon.

Ah! that camp-fire! The delicious languor, as we lay on our blankets after dinner, toasting our toes, telling stories, and looking into the fascinating flames! How we pitied the poor lowlanders at the Tavern, breathing the heavy air of 2,000 feet, while we are drinking the pine champagne of the 10,000 feet upper vintage. Now and then we toss a huge log on the fire and bestow on each other those brevet titles which come so naturally to the free-hearted, amateur mountaineer. With his Tam O'Shanter drawn far down over his ears, thinking of his "*kleine frau*" is the Hungarian Doctor, happy as a freshly liberated bird to be free of his thronged office for a brief while. He has never slept on the ground before, and never before climbed a peak approaching Shasta.

In the Austrian Alps he has had in early youth, considerable experience in mountain climbing, however. And there, next to the Doctor, chaffing him on his picturesque appearance and on his promise to dance his native Hungarian *csardas* for us, if he ever reaches the summit, there is the Chaperon, our female Napoleon, so dubbed from some fancied resemblance to the stout, little corporal, as she sat her horse. She, too, had never sat on the ground before, or sat around a merry camp-fire, poor thing! But in the Swiss Alps, in days before she resembled the stout little corporal, she had climbed the Pitz Languard and other peaks, and later, a stiff peak or two in the Sierra Nevadas—would she with her late attack of inflammatory rheumatism, whose effects had not yet left her, would she ever reach the summit to witness the dancing of the *csardas?* It seemed doubtful to those who did not know her Napoleonic pluck, and it also seemed doubtful if there would be any dancing of the *csardas*.

There is the Young Merchant from one of the largest San Francisco houses, who by a strange coincidence, had also been a climber of the Pitz Languard in earlier days. By another coincidence, his brother had been the first to carry an amateur's Kodak to the summit of Shasta, several years before, with one of the guides who is now with us. It was quite fitting that he should follow his brother's example and again carry to the summit a Kodak, whose results will be found in the illustrations of this article.

There, too, leaning against a huge pine tree and gazing abstractedly into the fire, is The Baby, so called, but stoutest in frame of any of us, and consequently sometimes addressed by us as The Athlete. He, by another coincidence, was on the 7th of September climbing to the peak of Shasta, while his former boxing teacher, Corbett, was on the same day fighting his way to another summit of glory in New Orleans; and so, again, our "Baby" was often addressed with considerable respect as "Corbett Jr." And there, brown as a berry and fresh as a lark after the long day's ride, sits the "Glorious Girl," all unconscious of her own picturesqueness. All day long she sat her horse like a centaur, and now, fresher than any of us, she is enlivening the group with stories of her life at Butte Camp, her long rides over the Colorado plains, and her beloved horses and dogs. She is to teach us a good lesson to-morrow.

There is the "Capitano," so named from some trivial supervision of the details of the trip, who was later by a rising vote in the saddle, promoted to a colonelcy for bravery in the field! The rest of us are old campaigners who have climbed many peaks in both hemispheres, and have many a time fallen asleep with our toes to a slumbering camp fire.

But there is a long day of work before us to-morrow. The "Capitano" counsels blankets, and soon, with the light, night wind rustling through the pines and the little brook making music not twenty feet away, rolled in innumerable blankets, the sky for our tent, we fall into fitful sleep. And the moon is full. Five o'clock in the grey morning, and the guides are rousing us. There is to be no boy's play to-day. At six, we have breakfasted lightly, a heavy meal not being recommended by our guide, and we are in the saddle.

Few of our animals, if any, have ever been in such high altitudes. For a couple of miles we go almost directly towards the summit, with frequent short zigzags. The soil is a light, disintegrated lava. The horses sink six to ten inches at every step. They puff most distressingly.

About two miles from camp, we stop almost on the eastern edge of Mud Creek Cañon, looking hundreds of feet down on Mud Creek glacier. We can hear the water running under the glacier. The glacier extends far up towards the top of the mountain. The



GOVERNMENT TOWER ON THE SUMMIT.

guides roll boulders down into the cañon and the echo reverberates for a long while among the rocky cliffs. We move on, swinging around again to the eastward. For a couple of miles the ascent is not so steep as before. We ride in long diagonals, gradually creeping upwards. There is actually no danger at all if one is a fair horseman, though some of us begin to feel a little dizzy and light-headed, not liking to look at distant scenery or down the steep inclines along which we are moving.

After a couple of miles we have approached nearly to the Ash Creek glacier. The ascent has become very steep, the horses puff and blow, and we can feel their hearts beating like trip-hammers between our knees. We move now in shorter zigzag courses, holding on to our horses' manes and leaning well forward. With frequent stops, and after much puffing and snorting, we arrive at Lunch Rock, a little before eleven o'clock, having started at six. Some idea of the nature of this climb of perhaps five miles, may be had from the length of time consumed. The "Capitano's" horse proved the worst of the party, puffing and blowing as if he were going to burst. He is largely responsible for the slow time.

Quickly dismounting at Lunch Rock, a huge, yellow sandstone rock, rounded to the semblance of a lunch table, we tie our horses and are ready for the climb on foot. We have not gone far before we find our hearts beating at the rate of one hundred and twenty a minute. It is the only inconvenience we feel. We cannot climb twenty feet without feeling the tremendous heart-beating, which occasions a terrible weakness, not to say alarm.

For a half mile, the climb is at an angle of quite forty-five degrees. Mr. Gilbert, my old confrere on a Government exploring party, is said by the guide Stewart to have taken two mules to the summit by this route. By a unanimous vote, we decide that they must have been a winged species.

After a while the ascent becomes less steep and rocky. We again strike the soft pulverized lava. The feet sink into it, but with careful placing it is easier walking than over the jagged, rocky cliff which we have just passed. An indignation meeting is held, called to order by "Herr Doctor." Present—"Herr Doctor" and "El Capitano." "It is an outrage; it is a burning shame. Old man Sisson stating that we can ride within half a mile of the summit. Here we have been walking for two hours or more. We will publish it. We will blazon it far and wide. It is two miles if it is a step!" Such was the resolution moved by one, seconded by the other, and unanimously carried, as we stood in the lava rock, overlooking Ash Creek glacier.

Meanwhile the great "Napoleon" is moving steadily upwards, aided by the guides. It is fearful climbing with those rheumatic knees. The "Glorious Girl" and the two young men have forged ahead. There is no danger of missing the way. The summit, with its iron beacon, is now in plain sight. We hear a shout above us. It is a party of three, who had left us yesterday at the parting of the trail, ten miles out of Sisson's, and had come up the short way. They have gained the summit, and are waving and shouting to us. Presently another and a shriller shout, and we recognize the "Young Merchant," who has also reached the top and is calling. Soon afterwards the "Glorious Girl" and the "Baby" appear

at the summit. The rest of us, mothers and fathers of families, who should perhaps have known better than to be on such a trip, are toiling laboriously upward.

We skirt the upper edge of Ash Creek Glacier, which tends southeast. We leave Mud Creek Glacier to our left; it extends southward. We walk a hundred feet or more over the upper end of the great Whitney Glacier; it has a general westerly course. This is the only snow walking of our entire trip. We are surrounded by snow-fields, which are permanent, but until striking the Whitney Glacier, we have been clambering over a rocky, lava ridge which runs between Mud Creek and Ash Creek Glaciers. We have consequently had no difficulty from snow-blindness, a common trouble in the shorter route.

The "*gute kleine frau*" seems farther away than ever. Our little "Napoleon" is pushing pluckily upwards between the two guides. Directly over the upper end of the Whitney Glacier stands the summit, rising sheer and forbidding, a couple of hundred feet, surmounted by the iron tower. A cry of "Bring up that lunch! Quick!" comes down to us. But it is a long time before we make the circuit of that precipitous pile, clamber on hands and knees up the last hundred feet of broken rock and sliding, slippery soil and join the others above. A Harvard cheer goes up, for there—encouraging the two young men and bracing them with the fumes of ammonia from a small phial—there is the "Glorious Girl," covered with a capacious "sweater," with the dear old "H" in huge proportions on its front. I wonder how many Harvard cheers have gone up from the top of Shasta? Not many, I conceive.

The summit is a narrow, rocky, jagged ridge, except on the western end, where it broadens somewhat into a shelf, the site of the monument. We throw ourselves, exhausted and famished, on the rocks. The Kodak is unstrapped and several pictures taken. We have packed a mirror all the way from Sisson's, a mirror about ten by six inches in size, in order, if possible, to flash back to the Tavern of Castle Crags. It is strapped to a board, slightly larger than itself, and the whole wrapped in a gunny-sack. We unroll it and try to signal to our friends, some twenty miles away in a direct line. There is a slight haze over the Tavern. It is three o'clock. Our friends, we are afterwards told, have waited patiently for hours on the banks of the Sacramento, above Castle Crags, expecting our signal by one o'clock at the latest. They have given us up, and our signalling avails nothing.

We take a slight lunch of crackers, cheese and cold tea. We have two or three small flasks of whisky but by the advice of our guide we do not use it on account of the high altitude. We register our names in the well-worn book kept in the stout box in the tin-covered cache. The guides are pointing out the distant Lava Beds, where the Modoc war was fought, the winding McCloud, Sisson's, in plain view, Lasser Peak, the only prominent peak in sight because of the light haze on the horizon, and there—but what is this?

A terrific war-whoop is heard. We start, full of apprehension that some one has lost his senses in the upper air. But no; there on the narrow edge of rock, shouting a wild refrain, in as loud a voice as a pulse of 120 will allow — there is our dear Doctor, dancing the Hungarian *csardas*, with his legs and arms in every conceivable position, whirling a bottle in the air, and finally throwing it on the rocks below where it crashes in a thousand pieces! Whatever may be said of the Harvard cheer, I think I am quite safe in my assertion that this is the first time in the memory of man, that the Hungarian *csardas* has been danced on the top of Shasta, 14,442 feet above the level of the sea.

What are our sensations so far up

towards the vault of Heaven? For one thing we are peculiarly light-headed. Several are more or less nauseated, in spite of frugal meals; all, including the guides (who say it is their usual experience) have the most excruciating headaches. It is as though a vise were clamped tight across one's forehead, but it quickly wears away when we descend to lower altitudes.

And now the light is waning. The mountain begins to cast its long, pyramidal shadow to the eastward, and we have a long descent to make to the camp. We are not scientific. We are not topographers. We have no glacial theories to study. We are not especially charmed with the view from the summit—far and wide over a mountainous country, unrelieved with water—a view not to be compared to that of Shasta from the surrounding country, looking upward. So we do not linger long on top. There is no wind. The thermometer shows about 56°. We return by way of the Hot Springs, a most remarkable exhibition of Nature's forces—a boiling spring, hot enough to cook an egg in four minutes, bursting forth in hissing jets, not 200 feet away from the Whitney Glacier, and on a little open mesa slightly lower than the upper end of the glacier. We recross this glacier, the weary "Napoleon" distinguishing herself by falling into a crevasse up to her waist. We fairly fly down as compared with our ascent, and reach Lunch Rock at half after five in the afternoon, having left the summit at four. We find our patient animals tied as we left them.

Down, down, down, without a pause for breath, and our descent is accomplished in three and a half hours. Again the roaring camp-fire and the rough *al fresco* meal. Many of us are too exhausted to eat, and no *Capitano* is needed to counsel early blankets; We curl up in them around the waning fire! Only one uneasy spirit flits back and forth, replenishing the fire, as the rest of us enjoy our slumbers by the edge of the gently waving pines.

Another early call, another light breakfast, another wild scramble up and down the Mud Creek Cañon, another long day in the saddle, and at four o'clock, dusty, grimy and rather scornfully and suspiciously eyed by our friends who have come thus far to greet us, we gallop into Sisson's with a brave show of exuberant spirits but with many a rent in our garments.

"Does it pay?" is the first question asked us by the utilitarians at the Tavern. Probably not for you, pudgy clubman, nodding in your cozy corner, with a convenient bell at your elbow; nor for you, snug note-shaver, who would be lost if you did not feel the old familiar pavement under your feet. Probably, not for our delightful dowagers, rocking away on the Tavern's piazzas, or for any and all of the stout-waisted gentry who stick by the beaten path and would scorn the breezy hilltops.

Certainly it paid our stout-hearted little party, as it will pay anyone whose heart and breathing apparatus are in normal condition, who can sit a horse all day, who is not afraid of dizzy heights and treacherous trails, and above all, who does not expect Delmonico's on the mountain slopes, or a hotel mattress under his blankets.



William Blake.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

With a thousand angels upon the wind—

THERE, and so accompanied rode Blake, the mystic, from childhood to the end of his three-score and ten. The poem entitled "Verses," from which this line is taken, opens with couplets that fitly introduce the singer so strange in equipment and method, standing well toward the front among the defiant forces, the insoluble phenomena:—

With happiness stretched across the hills
In a cloud that dewy sweetness distils,
With a blue sky spread over with wings,
And a mild sun that mounts and sings;
With trees and fields full of fairy elves,
And little devils who fight for themselves,
Remembering the verses that Hayley sung
When my heart knocked against the root of my tongue,
With angels planted in hawthorn bowers,
And God himself in the passing hours;
With silver angels across my way,
And golden demons that none can stay.

We are swung at once into midair, and the natural exclamation is, "Madman!" Blake, in his lifetime, was known to many as a madman, but let us not be too hasty in consigning great gifts to the asylum; for Coleridge, De Quincey, Byron, even Wordsworth, have been tracked beyond the bounds of sanity. The spice of madness demanded for the poet, Blake assuredly had, and this is all that concerns us at present. The many make too little of such a mind, while a few make too much of it. Mr. Gilchrist and Swinburne are guilty, I think, on the side of over-appreciation.

But while I find, here and there, applied to Blake adulatory adjectives larger than his erratic genius can well carry, I find him something very different from what he has been found by his detractors. I find a deal of queerness, a medley of Ezekiel, Ossian and an innominable *tertium quid;* I find independence, intolerance, wildness; I find incoherence, vast scattering, rhapsody thinning away into nebula, mysticism slipping into nonsense,—in short, defiance of much that is right in thought, and in method; I find this, but mingled with it strains and whole poems possible only to the poet pure and simple, to the singer by the grace of God. Indeed, Blake, at his best, is, what we should always joy to find, an excellent illustration of the old notion, the true notion of the poet; with imagination, vision, faith, enthusiasm, he has the poet's kind of thought, his straight sight, and his swift method, his fire and his music shining and singing along the native, inevitable lines. As we read the place of his birth, there is something prophetic in the names,—"Broad Street, Golden Square"; of a truth, he was the babe for a spacious, radiant cradle. It is a waste of time to look for system in the work of such a mind; as in the case of Emerson, the light is too white for more than gleams, flashes. Blake is a reporter, a flesh-and-blood conduit for the high might that descends to become, through certain rare organisms, among the most precious possessions of men. We get from him occasional meteor streaks of prophecy; we get scattered blossoms of philosophy; we hear the voice of the teacher, indirect, trembling with passion; we listen to the joyous songs of nature and of "humble livers" from the lips of one the color of whose singing-robe matches the sunset purple of Wordsworth's; we hear the last echo of the days when youth and music ruled the

English world; and having this, we have something harder to find than theories and systems.

The vision is mightier in this poet than the faculty divine. He sees so much that he forgets the blindness of the world; with so much of the poet in himself, he forgets how little of the poet there is in us; he draws the rapid outlines, dashes off the sketch, and our own imagination is left to complete the picture. It should not be forgotten, however, that in many cases the poems are but half the artistic whole; that it was Blake's habit to engrave his poems, illustrating them with colored drawings round the page or on a separate page. To read the poems apart from the designs is like listening to Wagner's operas, blindfold. To be sure, the poems must stand or fall by themselves, still it is only right to bear in mind that we do not realize, as we read them on the plain page, the full action of the author's imagination.

Emerson describes himself as a transparent eyeball, yet his vision is normal; Blake's vision is abnormal. If Emerson sees more than he can tell, Blake pushes on to the point where language is thrown into utter confusion:—

"I assert for myself," he says, "that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea? 'Oh no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window, concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it."

The more we look into the matter of art, the more evident it becomes that patience is of the very essence of success in it; but, unluckily, all the patience of the little Blake family was in the heart of faithful black-eyed Catherine. Had it been among the temperamental treasures of the master of the house, what might he not have done, he that in green boyhood can remind us of Shakespeare himself?

And may our duty, Chandos, be our pleasure.—
Now we are alone, Sir John, I will unburden
And breathe my hopes into the burning air,
Where thousand Deaths are posting up and down,
Commissioned to this fatal field of Cressy.
Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,
And gird the sword upon each thigh, and fit
Each shining helm, and string each stubborn bow,
And dance to the neighing of our steeds.
Methinks the shout begins, the battle burns;
Methinks I see them perch on English crests,
And roar the wild flame of fierce war upon
The throngéd enemy! In truth, I am too full;
It is my sin to love the noise of war.

* * * * *

Considerate age, my lord, views motives,
And not acts, when neither warbling voice
Nor trilling pipe is heard, nor pleasure sits
With trembling age, the voice of Conscience then,
Sweeter than music in a summer's eve,
Shall warble round the snowy head, and keep
Sweet symphony to feathered angels, sitting
As guardians round your chair; then shall the pulse
Beat slow, and taste and touch and sight and sound and smell,
That sing and dance round Reason's fine-wrought throne,
Shall flee away, and leave him all forlorn;
Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend.

We are a long way from Shakespeare, but to get this near him is no common feat for an unschooled youngster. Further on, we come upon the splendid expression,

Threatening as the red brow of storms.

In passing, the adjective, red, illustrates the indefinable, the inexplicable, poetic force of certain words. We find it again in Beddoes's

The red outline of beginning Adam.

Blake had not the shaping power of imagination for protracted composition, neither was he specially fitted for the favorite effort to unite taste with condensation. The longer pieces

are loose, shapeless; and no less failures are such hyperbolic announcements as,—

A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
Doth the rising sun affright;
* * * * *
The soldier armed with sword and gun
Palsied strikes the summer's sun;
* * * * *
Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in eternity.

Blake poised on a thin ridge; on the one side chaos, on the other the depth of the ridiculous; and he made missteps both right and left. True; but the recovery! not only does he balance on the height once more, in the rest of the blessed cloud, but rises on the songbird's wing, and circles and carols at blissful ease in the empyrean.

There is no denying that Blake is prone to go "beating in the void." We must expect it of one that can write after this daring fashion in a quiet letter to a friend:—

"I am more famed in heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life; and these works are the delight and study of archangels. Why then should I be anxious about the riches or fame of mortality? The Lord our Father will do for us and with us according to His divine will, for our good. You, O dear Flaxman, are a sublime archangel—my friend and companion from eternity. In the divine bosom is our dwelling-place. I look back into the regions of reminiscence, and behold our ancient days before this earth appeared in its vegetated mortality to my mortal vegetated eyes. I see our houses of eternity, which can never be separated, though our mortal vehicles should stand at the remotest corners of heaven from each other." The Visionary that can so write has no difficulty in summoning the builder of the pyramids from the shades to sit for his portrait; and the completion of the work is appropriately celebrated by repairing to his garden arbor, there to while away a summer hour with his Catherine, neither of the two farther from nakedness than were the first man and woman of sacred legend ere yet the fig-leaf wear came into fashion.

But it is not always in the void—even this he peoples with wraiths of beauty—; the author of the "Book of Thel" is at home on the ground, as much at ease there as are the "Chimney Sweeper" and the "Little Black Boy," ay, as are the humblest animal and plant.

Names alter, things never alter.
* * * * *
To be good only is to be
A God, or else a pharisee.
* * * * *
Great things are done when men and mountains meet.
* * * * *
He who has suffered you to impose on him knows you.

If, on the one side, is madness, on the other, is good old-fashioned sanity; in fact it is not difficult for Blake to be as worldly-wise as one could wish. Despite his abnormal vision, and incoherent utterance, despite his inequality and his thousand vagaries, Blake was a close critic of life. Mr. Watts is of the opinion that the criticising of life is to be done by the writers of prose. Let him read the "Defiled Sanctuary":—

I saw a chapel all of gold
That none did dare to enter in,
And many weeping stood without,
Weeping, mourning, worshiping.

I saw a serpent rise between
The white pillars of the door,
And he forced and forced and forced
Till he the golden hinges tore:

And along the pavement sweet,
Set with pearls and rubies bright,
All his shining length he drew,—
Till upon the altar white

He vomited his poison out
On the bread and on the wine.
So I turned into a sty,
And laid me down among the swine.

While Blake's vision was abnormally active, the range is round a few elementary principles, a few essentials of life. It is the safe circuit of Epictetus himself; while the favorite themes, love, youth and childhood, indicate not only sanity, but special qualification for the office of poet. Sweet tempered and joyous, barring the few lapses unavoidable with so ardent a temperament, he saw the world as the old prophets saw it, beautiful, good; he trusted it, looked up from it to the maker of all, and sang as he journeyed, angels overhead and lambs at his feet. No man has lived a more thoroughly poetic life, a life realizing closer his happy phrase, a "shining lot."

For an instance of the peculiar manner of this reporter of life, we may take a stanza of the poem "Night," where the favorite angels are at their gentle offices:—

> They look in every thoughtless nest
> Where birds are covered warm;
> They visit caves of every beast,
> To keep them all from harm:
>
> If they see any weeping
> That should have been sleeping,
> They pour sleep on their head,
> And sit down by their bed.

This is unlike anything we have heard before. Again, he says of Christ, He

> O'erturned the tent of secret sins,
> And its golden cords and pins.

And in that intense poem, "Broken Love," we have the stanza,—

> A deep winter dark and cold
> Within my heart thou dost unfold;
> Iron tears and groans of lead
> Thou bind'st around my aching head.

His voice sometimes rises to a shriek:—

> The God of War is drunk with blood,
> The earth doth faint and fail;
> The stench of blood makes sick the heavens,
> Ghosts glut the throat of hell!

But the secret of genius soon confronts us again, hiding in such lines as those where Delilah lies at the feet of Samson:

> He seemed a mountain, his brow among the clouds;
> She seemed a silver stream, his feet embracing.

This is more striking than the laureate's picture of Vivien at the feet of Merlin, drawn with four times as many lines save one:—

> There lay she all her length and kissed his feet,
> As if in deepest reverence and in love.
> A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe
> Of samite without price, that more exprest
> Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
> In color like the satin-shining palm
> On sallows in the windy gleams of March.

I attach little importance to the environment as a means of accounting for Blake's poetry. Swinburne, I think, makes too much of it, as he does of the oracles of the poet's later period. Blake was kin to the Elizabethans, and were he writing to-day he probably would take his inspiration from them as surely as he did in the third quarter of the last century. True, Shakespeare and the whole nest of singing birds were being closely studied when he began writing, but I think he would have found them out any time.

If the Elizabethans were Blake's inspiration, they were by no means Blake. Fuseli's familiar admission concerning his pictures is of special significance in this connection: "Blake is a damned good fellow to steal from." In other words, he was a painter full of original ideas; and so it may be said of him as a poet. I do not remember to have seen it noticed that we find in Blake the first touches that we know as Coleridgean; for instance, the last stanza of "The Little Boy Lost:"—

> The night was dark, no father was there,
> The child was wet with dew;
> The mire was deep, and the child did weep,
> And away the vapor flew.

Blake, turn whither he may for inspiration, is an original genius; his method of reporting is his own. The poems bear witness to this, and their



ENGRAVED DESIGN BY WILLIAM BLAKE—FROM "THE BOOK OF JOB."

testimony is both confirmed and supplemented by the kindred but distinct expression from which they should not be divorced. Mr. William Rossetti, the author of the descriptive catalogue of Blake's art works, uses language that we should heed and make such use of as we may in the effort to comprehend the expression of this most daring and startling soul of his time :—

'ELOHIM CREATING ADAM."

"The Creator is an amazingly grand creature, worthy of a primeval imagination or intuition. He is struggling, as it were, above Adam, who lies distended on the ground, a serpent twined around one leg. The color has a terrible power in it ; and the entire design is truly a mighty one.

FIRE.

"Blake, the supreme painter of fire, in this, his typical picture of fire, is at his greatest ; perhaps it is not in the power of art to transcend this treatment of the subject in its essential features. The water-color is unusually complete in execution. The confla-

gration, horrid in glare, horrid in gloom, fills the background; its javelin-like cones surge up amid conical forms of buildings ('Langham Church steeples,' they may be called, as in No. 151). In front an old man receives from two youths a box and a bundle which they have recovered; two mothers and several children crouch and shudder, overwhelmed; other figures behind are running about, bewildered what to do next."

The design "When the Morning Stars Sang Together," is, in the language of Dante Rosetti, one that "never has been surpassed in the whole range of Christian art."

I have mentioned some of Blake's defects. His weaknesses, his failures, conceded, his fame without the aid of his wondrous work in the sister art stands firm on a few poems; poems now exquisite, now virile, always imaginative, musical and masterly. If ever poet was born, it was the author of these lines, written when he had barely entered the teens:—

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

The inspiration is so like that of music itself that no name can be given the first eight poems; they are entitled simply "Song." None but a son born of the muses could thus address them:—

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove;
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

Such are the verses of a boy, an untrained son of a London hosier, fallen on the evil days of Pope. Let us not spend too much time, I say, prying into the environment.

Nature reaches out her hand in the dry time and in the barren land, and some eternal bloom is sure to respond; she calls amid the din and jar of an indifferent world, and at its hoarsest hour a voice answers in tones so pure, so sweet, that they never leave the hearts of men, but tremble on, echoes out of heaven, from generation to generation.

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
Ah! She did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

Or to go back to the period of boyhood,—

Love and harmony combine,
And around our souls entwine,
While thy branches mix with mine,
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,
Chirping loud and singing sweet;
Like gentle streams beneath our feet,
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
I am clad in flowers fair;
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young,
Sweet I hear her mournful song;
And thy lovely leaves among
There is love; I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,
There he sleeps the night away;
There he sports along the day,
And doth among our branches play.

Among the lyrics, rippling the melodies that neither time nor toil can teach, that neither wisdom nor ambition can attain,—here is the haunt of the real Blake. Here is the poet; where one line is worth all his riddles of politics, of metaphysics, of religion, and what not, which serve no purpose but to show into what unavailing vapor, into what damp and devouring shadow the bright child of song may wander. A thousand "Jerusalems" and "Urizens" cannot smother the pure star-flame; it springs triumphant despite such extinguishers as the "Book of Ahania" and the "Song of Los."

Father, O Father! What do we here,
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The land of dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star.

While this mood holds, we learn anew the difference between the stocks and stones of prose and the rejoicing stars of song. Atmosphere is confessedly one of the sure tests of the poet, and the secret of Blake's power in this element remains inviolate until the time of Coleridge. Be it sleeping child or prowling beast, the magic accents fall, and we are enveloped by the heavenly innocence or by the horror of the wild:—

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

* * * * *

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

If Cowper first counsels a loving return to nature, Blake seconds him with insight not found again until we come to Wordsworth, and with passion not found again till we come to Burns. The sodden photography of Thomson, the classic handling of Gray and Collins, the smooth, soothing rurality of Goldsmith, the close, hard-lined sketches of Crabbe—none of these exhibit the enthusiasm and affection that in Blake's work and in Cowper's stamp these two blessed madmen as the ancestors of Nature's laureate, the bard of Rydal; and not Wordsworth himself was more at home with the simplest beings and things, the children, the lambs and the blossoms. Does Blake sing of these, the notes of gentle old Ramsay, are not more native and sweet, and none of all I have named excel him in evanescent touches, in airy ignition, mystic flashes, beyond the reach of will and endeavor. And when we remember that this distinguishing charm of the Elizabethans was recalled in the midst of the metallic gloss, the wax-work, and the monotonous, choppy hum of the phrase factory still running with the impetus of the Restoration, Blake stands, unquestioned, the unique genius that he was.

In the light of modern research it is

hardly safe to decide that Blake did not see things invisible to the physical eye. If he was a man when he said he had touched the sky with his stick, he was a child when he saw, on the tree, angels for apples. He had from the first, what we term a sixth sense; and while, at times, he pushed this gift too hard, not always is he to be taken seriously. Many of his narrations, notably the one about the fairy funeral, may have been but a rebuke to prosaic dullness. I can easily imagine a twinkle in his great eyes as he gravely asks a stiff, unimaginative companion, "By the way, did ever you see a fairy funeral?" But fact or fancy, let us be thankful for so pretty stories; few are they that can tell them:—

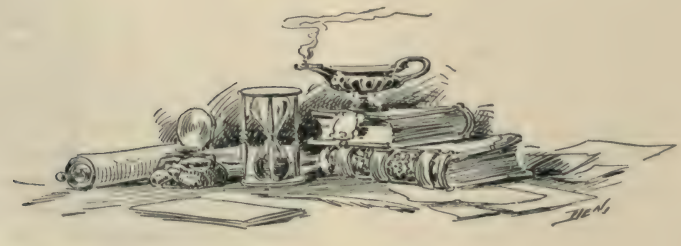
"I was walking alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures, of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral."

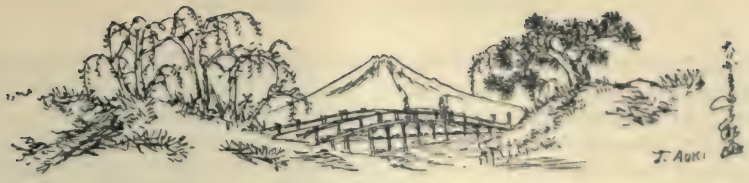
Had we to lose either the "Culprit Fay," or these three sentences, I should say, "Take the poem, leave the prose." "All things," Blake affirms, "exist in the human imagination." This he meant, this he believed. "It must be right," he says; "I saw it so." Whether or not he hob-nobbed with Moses and Homer is of little importance compared with the fact expressed in his own noble words, "I possess my visions and peace."

Madness of the right sort has its charms for the stablest critic. "There is something in the madness of the man," says Wordsworth of Blake, "that interests one more than the sanity of Byron and Walter Scott."

Ay, would the world were full of so brave, so joyous, so beautiful lunacy! Heaven send many such madmen; for 'tis mainly through them that we learn to scorn the dust and darkness of the ground. Hark! it is the call of this free, soaring son of the morning:—

O Earth, O Earth, return!
Arise from out the dewy grass!
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumbrous mass.





THE ROMANCE OF YONO-SAN.*

BY JOHN W. WOOD.



YONDER, across the beautiful valley, Fuji-san raised its head in majestic grandeur. Upon the winding paths and verdured slopes were perched picturesque little houses, and a toy-like bridge spanned the white foaming waters that were fed from the eternal snows that frosted Fuji-san's stately head. The waters sang merrily as they coursed adown the ravines, and irrigated the verdure upon the parched plains below.

The picture was poetic and beautiful, and yet Jack Barnaby sat looking at it gloomily within the sliding screen that formed the side of his room. He wondered why he had come to Omiya, and having come, why he remained. The sweet scent of almond and cherry blossoms that was wafted in to him, the song of the robin and thrush, the chirping of Cicadas, the drone of the honey-bee were alike unnoted; while the hoarse cries of the jinrikisha men, trotting nimbly on their toilsome ways, across the little bridge and up the steep mountain ascents, irritated him more than usual. Jack had often, during the past week, fallen into the same line of reflection, and repeated to himself the same inward query. He had more than once resolved to pack his belongings and get him over to Yokohama or Tokio, where, in the bustling contact with many men, he could the easier forget his trouble and heartache. Yet such is the perversity of mankind, that Jack Barnaby had sought the quiet of this idyllic spot to escape the very thing which he now resolved to seek once more.

In brief retrospect, let us say, that a certain young lady of San Francisco had with deplorable inconsiderateness entangled poor Jack's heart. Reciprocating his affection, the two became engaged. Jack was rich; the young lady adorable, though gay and fickle. Coquetry did not suit Jack's ideas after he became engaged, half so well as before, and as the young lady's natural tendencies made it difficult for her to refrain, he became unreasonably jealous, perhaps, and she unnecessarily resentful. The result was that ere long the dream was over; and Jack, desiring to forget as soon as possible, set out for Japan. In Yokohama he met Milly's cousin, and being thus unpleasantly reminded of San Francisco, he went to Tokio. In Tokio he met her uncle, turned missionary, and in vexation he sought for a retired spot where relatives came not, and so it happened he went to Omiya, where, after having resided for a month, he found himself still uncured. A dull month it had been, watching these adult children, as they seemed to him, making a pleasing job of life, and as this was contrary to his own uncheerful feelings he felt annoyed and irritated.

Presently, as he sat in darksome despondency, there fell upon his hearing the soft tumpety-tum-tum of a *samisen*,

* The illustrations for this story are made from original drawings by T. Aoki, a native Japanese artist.

accompanied by a sweet little voice that drifted through the lattice into his room. At first, scarcely listening, he presently became fully attentive, for the voice was wonderfully sweet and melodious. He arose lazily and looked from his window to the pretty garden below. The words that were wafted up to him were distinct and pure, their burden an invocation to the god of love. This was interesting at all events, and the young man listened in admiration. It is true that as yet Jack knew little of the native tongue, but that little rendered by so sweet a voice was well worth hearing. The garden was neat and trim with its bordered walks and little beds of bright jonquils, hyacinths, and other pretty flowers, and in the center a tiny fountain threw out a stream of sparkling water. In one corner, beneath a blossoming cherry tree, there was an arbor of wisteria, and from this cool refuge issued the sounds that had attracted Jack's attention. As he stood watching and listening, the music continued, now in light and merry cadence, then sinking low and soft, dying away and mingling with the murmuring of the splashing fountain. Eager to miss no note Jack leaned far out of the casement, resting his shoulder so heavily upon the sliding frame that, just at the finish of a fine diminuendo, it shot back and sent a potted oleander spinning to the garden walk below, where it fell with a loud crash.

The music came to an abrupt ending; there was a rustling within the arbor and Jack caught a glimpse of a bright-robed female hurrying up the pathway on the other side. With a quick turn of the head, the young lady cast a startled look upward, then disappeared with a half-smothered laugh amidst the umbrageous oleanders. "Well, she's a beauty," mentally commented Jack, and for the moment he forgot his late doleful humor. As he had no particular object in hurrying away from the place he postponed his packing, put away his valise and sat down by the window to smoke. Perhaps he expected a reappearance of the fair musician, but if he did it was not vouchsafed him that evening, although he sat there long after the sun had sunk below Fuji-san's snowy head. But he would inquire, and he had a plan already arranged, when old Naka-San, the woman who served his meals, came with his evening tea.

"Oh, Naka-San," he said, interrupting the humble prostration which anticipated her departure — "Naka-San, I love music much; I love sweet voices much, and yet you have their very possessor here and you send her not to me. Do you tire of pleasing the stranger, Naka-San?" Jack had intended to be diplomatic.

"Oh, noble Sir," and Naka-San courtesied to the floor, "you would have a *geisha* to sing and dance? Then it must be so, even this very night."

"No, no, Naka; I want no *geisha*. Is it a *geisha* who sings in the garden below of an afternoon?"

"What! a *geisha* sings in the garden there? Impossible, O, Sir!" Ah, she would see about that—no *geisha* could be thus allowed to disturb his excellency.

The little angular eyes snapped, angrily perhaps. Jack surmised that she knew more than she cared to tell, and this piqued his curiosity the more of course. He would await developments.

The next afternoon he was on the watch, but intending to be more discreet. Presently, as he peeped through the closed screen, there was a flutter of a silken robe in the avenue of oleanders beyond, and a young girl came down softly and timorously, as if anticipating an inquisitor upon her retreat. She glanced curiously upward to Jack's closed window, and then, as if satisfied that it hid no ruthless spy, sped into the vine-covered arbor, and soon the thum of the *samisen* and its sweet accompaniment silenced the shrill chatter of the cockatoo that was perched yonder upon the prune tree.



"DO YOU TIRE OF PLEASING THE STRANGER, NAKA-SAN?"

The wisteria vines hung low, yet but partially concealed a trim little figure, its soft flowing robes enhancing its rounding curves of beauty. Jack sat long behind the half drawn *shojio* (screen) listening and watching. After a time the music ceased, and the musician leaned back in her seat as if in contemplation of the clustering flowers above. Then, as if by the hypnotic power of Jack's steady gaze, her eyes were drawn toward the screen where he sat. Half unconsciously he had opened the sash, and as she looked she discovered him with a confusion that sent a thousand blushes across her face. A half coquettish smile broke forth, and then, as if conscious of her imprudence she leaped to her feet and was gone in a twinkling. Jack, impulsively and with grave lack of forethought, leaped through the low sash and quickly dashed after her, for what purpose he scarcely could have explained, then. He only succeeded in getting a final glimpse of her flowing robes as she disappeared behind the *shojio* of a cottage on the other side of the grove. "It must be there she lives," thought Jack, as he returned to his room, considerably ashamed of his impulsive quest. Who could she be? Although he had been sojourning in the house of Naka-San for three weeks, never before had he encountered the maid of the *samisen*, and he determined to discover who she was. At all events he could try the persuasive power of gold upon old Naka. So, when that toothless dame came to serve his tea that evening as usual, he met her with an affable and friendly manner that surprised her.

He asked many questions concerning the neighborhood and neighbors, which Naka answered cheerfully but carefully. She was also diplomatic. Yes, she knew every one thereabouts, but mentioned no young lady that corresponded in description to the one in whom Jack was interested. As she was about to remove the little tray containing the teacup, she discovered a piece of gold therein. Naka started and looked interestedly round about the room; her gaze rested upon the little pot of chrysanthemums, upon the bracket in the wall, upon the little wooden god that posed upon the stand in the corner, and finally settled upon Jack, who had patiently watched the workings of the charm upon the untutored Naka-San. Then lifting the piece of gold from the teacup, Naka, after gazing for some time upon the coin, slowly handed it to Jack. But Jack pushed her hand away.

"It is yours, Naka-San; yours for a keepsake. When I go away you will buy lots of pretty things with it."

Naka's face relaxed into a grim smile, and she made a courtesy to the very floor. "Oh excellency," she broke in, "my memory so bad. Never can I remember some things. Let me think; yes, there is another—there is one more. She arrived day before yesterday; the little Yono-San, I mean. She and her aunt, who is a far off cousin of mine, live there—in the little cottage. She has lived for two years at Tokio. There she went to school and learned everything, everything." Naka-San's tongue was now loosened, and it ran as a mill race. Behold the power of gold!

Jack learned too that Yono-San was descended from an illustrious race; her grandfather was a *daimio* of the province of Yamashiro. She was even distantly connected with a Shogun. No, there was no plebianism in pretty Yono's blood, no indeed! Another gold piece concluded the recital, and Naka even promised to effect a proper introduction to the granddaughter of the *daimio*.

The next day Yono-San failed to appear in the garden, whereat Jack was much cast down, but in the evening he was gratified to learn from Naka-San that the fair Yono's Aunt Shorisha would be pleased to meet the young American stranger.

Two hours later found Jack comfortably seated in the pretty little drawing-room of Aunt Shorisha, a stiff and formal old lady who smiled at stated intervals and sipped tea continuously. But Jack did not mind this; his attention was chiefly devoted to the little Yono. "Yono is demure and beautiful, sweet and charming," thought he, as he noted her pretty dimples and graceful motions. Her eyes glowed with interest as he described his country, its cities and the thousand and one things heretofore considered by him so commonplace. The diffidence with which she at first met him wore off, and the English she had learned at the school at Tokio now proved useful to her. Then she played at his request upon her beloved *samisen*, and sang ever so many pretty little airs of her country in her own native tongue. The soft, spicy breeze that blew gently through the open casements came from tropical gardens like a sensuous caress. The half-lighted interior, with its grotesque bronzes and its old lacquer decorations, the striking, stately figure of Aunt Shorisha, and the pretty little figure that played upon the stringed instrument and sang those wild, quaint songs, seemed to Jack a dream of orientalism, and he thought long about it that night ere he fell asleep. And this was the beginning.

After that Jack came often; and often he and Yono sat in the garden in the cool summer-like afternoons and evenings, listening while Yono sang, or else bringing out his own favorite guitar, and playing thereon the old songs that had been silent to him for many years. And thus passed many weeks; weeks of listless pleasure to Jack, who had by this time ceased to remember the unpleasant past, or merely thought of it as a vexatious episode. He almost forgot San Francisco and every one there, and became imbued to the soul with the soft and dreamy atmosphere of this lotus land, ever redolent with perfume—the land of never-care. And he welcomed its ensnaring sensuousness with eagerness, and delighted in a life that carried with it no trouble, no exertion, no pain. And Yono—who could tell? Jack himself could not analyze the changeful but always charming humors that animated her, as many and as pleasing as the prismatic colors that broke from the sunbeams falling upon the snowy summit of Fuji-San, yonder. At one time playful, bubbling over with merry wilfulness; again, sedate in her studied decorum and conventional stateliness, and then melting into grave and changeful moods. Sometimes her dark



YONO-SAN.

eyes softened into a fascinating intimation of fondness that made Jack's heart beat with keen pleasure, only to change suddenly to pain and anxiety as he studied upon the future.

They took many walks together amidst the magnificent old groves of cryptomeria that abounded. They inspected parks and gardens and drank *saké* from tiny cups served by pretty damsels. They visited Kori shops and drank tea, and sometimes Yono herself officiated in the brewing of it. Jack declared it nectar—although he had ever hated tea before—and drank many cupfuls. They visited the little shops and bazaars that beset his way, and he purchased all manner of pretty and interesting things for Yono.



THE MOUNTAIN OF FUJI-SAN.

On a certain day—the Feast of the Cherry Blossoms—they started with light hearts to a bower at the foot of Fuji, where some of the exercises of the day were to be held. Aunt Shorisha also went, but being fat and elderly elected to travel in a *kuruma*, but Jack and Yono would travel afoot, albeit it was no more than a *ri* distant. The morning was beautiful, the air soft and fragrant, and the birds melodious on the wayside. Yono was as a child on a holiday from school. She chased the great blue and gold butterflies and when she at last caught one, tied it by its struggling wings to Jack's hat. He gathered blossoms and mosses and strung them into garlands which he wound about Yono-San's neck.

Presently Jack espied a gorgeous cluster of a rarely beautiful flower hanging high from a moss-grown cryptomeria's projecting limb. Yono wanted it of course, and of course, too, she must have it, although it was with no little difficulty that Jack climbed the great trunk to the depending blossoms. He was about to pluck the coveted flower when the slender bough upon which he stood, snapped short and he fell heavily to the ground below. The distance was not great, but the shock was sufficient to stun his senses. Yono screamed with true femininity as he fell, and seeing him lying upon the ground, his white face upturned and his eyes closed, went at once into a spasm of wailing, believing him dead or at least fatally injured Tenderly she drew his head upon her lap and fell to caressing his face with her hands, while tears fell from her pretty eyes. And thus it happened, when Jack's scattered senses presently returned, he found his head reposing softly and comfortably, and Yono's eyes looking into his with a mixture of tenderness and grief. And was he correct in the surmise that he had felt the warm pressure of a kiss upon his forehead? At all events he closed his eyes again, quite unnecessarily, and

felt quite comfortable and contented, albeit he was aware of a sharp pain in his ankle. He almost forgot to rise until Yono inquired with affectionate solicitude whether he was hurt; then he discovered that he was unable to move without pain. Yono aided him to a reclining position against the offending tree, and presently Aunt Shorisha came along and also soon a jinrikisha that was empty. Into this latter Jack was carefully placed with the help of its attendants and they started homeward, Yono-San walking mournfully at the side of the jinrikisha and constantly adjuring the carriers to select the smoothest part of the road.

It might have been a hardship for Jack to be laid up in his room thus disabled, but he found that there was a compensation in being the object of solicitude from the whole household, and particularly that Yono had constituted herself his almost sole nurse and attendant. A native physician felt of the injured member and assured him that only rest, together with frequent applications of a magical lotion he himself prepared, were required for a speedy recovery. And it was Yono's fair hands that deftly applied the medicament and tenderly wound the bandages, and there seemed to be so much hypnotism about her soft hands that Jack was ever asking for repeated treatment! Then she attended his many other wants, filled his pipe and even lit it for him. She sang in her sweet way many songs, and wrote invocations in verse to the gods upon fragile bits of rice paper, asking for his speedy recovery. These she threw from the window from time to time, where they were taken up by the breeze and wafted far away on their missions of mercy. 'Twas thus the season wore on in happy abandonment. Aunt Shorisha came from time to time upon the scene and seemed quite happy at the condition of affairs.

About three weeks after the accident, and when Jack had recovered sufficiently to walk about with the slight assistance of a cane, he sat one afternoon upon the little trellised piazza, looking in content and comfort upon the beautiful scene surrounding him and watching the graceful figure of Yono-San as she flitted about the garden, engaged in the pleasing pursuit of manufacturing a bouquet of japonicas and roses—for himself as he well knew. He had almost forgotten the other world from whence he came, nor indeed did he desire to recall it. Why not take up his permanent abode here, in this quiet paradise? The world would not miss him, neither cared he for it. This part of it was strange in its paradoxes—a kingdom of opposites—but a happy, don't-care life suited his temper now. And then with Yono-San he might be truly content and happy—who could say?

His meditations were interrupted by a footstep. It was the little bare-legged man who ran errands, did chores, and occasionally served as a carrier of letters. This time he came trotting up to the piazza where Jack sat, and suddenly dropping upon all fours before him, dipped so low that his forehead touched the ground, and the little bald spot upon the top of his head came prominently into view. Then he quickly arose and handing Jack a buff envelope, nimbly ran away. Jack knew it was a telegram, and hesitated to open it for he knew its portent could hardly be less than an interruption to his pleasant summer. He looked at Yono coming up the path, waving a great bouquet over her head, then slowly opened the missive. As he feared, it was important, for it announced that a rich aunt in San Francisco was ill and besought his presence, as she feared her days were numbered. Poor Aunt Fanny! Jack had more than ordinary affection for his Aunt Fanny; besides he expected to be the chief heir to her great fortune.

He looked again at Yono-San who was coming to him, her eyes bright and sparkling, her cherry lips parted with a smile that disclosed her pearly

teeth. His heart grew tender, and he wondered what she would say when he told her. But it must be done and at once. As Yono tripped lightly up the steps she noticed the little slip of paper in his hand, and glancing up at his sober face instantly divined trouble.

"What is it, Sir Jack?" she inquired anxiously.

"Bad news, Yono; bad news indeed. I must go home."

Yono grew white and let fall the bouquet.

"You go away? Home—to leave me—us? Oh, you cannot mean it, Jack?"

Leaning heavily upon him poor Yono closed her eyes and sighed deeply, her bosom heaving convulsively in her pain.

Jack hardly knowing what else to do, kissed her tenderly upon her cherry lips. Half opening her eyes she endeavored to stand unaided. "Don't go, Jack," she murmured, "don't leave me."

"But Yono," said Jack, and there was self-reproach within him—"Yono, I will come back. Yes, in the spring, when the cherry trees bloom again I'll be here." And he meant it, too.

This revived Yono-San, and she tried to look happy. Then Jack went on to explain his connection with Aunt Fanny, financially and otherwise.

What Jack meant to do when he "came back" he could just then have hardly explained to himself. He tried to define his future relationship to Yono late that night, as he sat outside his room smoking, as was his habit when a problem was to be solved. The garden below was in obscurity, the remittent lightning of June bugs appearing in that dark space like a rapidly moving constellation. The soft perfume floated dreamily about him with its semi-intoxicating influence, and as he gazed pensively upon the thin crescent moon that hung like a silver scimeter above Fuji-San, he thought that nowhere else could he live so contentedly. Yes, he would return.

Next day Jack was ready to go. As a keepsake at parting he gave Yono a fine diamond brooch, and fastened it himself at her pretty throat. Then he jumped into the waiting jinrikisha, and with a last kiss and word of promise, was off. Yono stood a long time at the wicket, watching the disappearing vehicle as it sped down the road among the low-boughed plum trees. At the bend of the road, leaning far out of the conveyance, he threw her a farewell kiss, to which she responded by a sad waving of her hand, and, as he was lost to view, she burst into tears, and going within the house consecrated gifts to *Jizo*, the travelers' deity.

Jack was petulant and cheerless during the whole journey. Ere he reached his destination his Aunt Fanny had died, leaving him a handsome legacy, together with an unfinished lawsuit that seemed boundless in its harassing tardiness. Worse than all, it demanded his personal attendance, and what with this and other business necessary in the final adjustment of Aunt Fanny's estate, the whole winter was consumed.

The glitter and blaze of the city, the artificiality of the drawing room, as he designated it, palled upon him. The smirking young men and the frivolous young women made him sigh for the gardens and freedom of Omiya again. And then Milly Benson was married, and although he was glad of it, he felt grieved and injured because she seemed happy and almost forgetful of their past mutual tenderness. At last, there seemed a prospect of getting through with it all, and just when he was congratulating himself upon this prospect, he fell ill of fever, and lay for many long weeks unable to think consecutively upon any subject.

When convalescence came at last, the summer had almost passed. Many hours he had spent dreaming of the flower-land across the Pacific. His

thoughts dwelt with pleasure upon the green fields, the water-falls, the gardens of Omiya, and upon Yono-San. "Poor Yono," thought he, "what would she think of him and his promise now!" More than a year had passed since that day he left her, and he had promised to return in the spring. But at last he was met by old Naka-San, or perhaps by Yono herself, was displeased. The strange servant knew no English, but he understood that Jack was inquiring for Yono. But Jack, in his impatience making no progress with that name (for his inquiries were met with a blank stare) asked for Naka-San. A look of happy intelligence



THE JINRIKISHA.

able to travel. The swift speeding steamer was none too fast for his thoughts, that dwelt in the gardens at the foot of Fuji-San.

One afternoon he found himself ascending the road amid the rows of plum trees that ended at Yono-San's dwelling. He had come for a purpose, and Yono-San was a part of that—the whole of it—for he would remain here always. That he had decided at last. He knocked impatiently upon the door, once, twice, ere his knock was answered by a picturesque looking *kato*, a stranger to him, who with abject prostrations desired to know what the honorable stranger wanted. Jack, who expected to be overspread the *kato's* face, who made a low obeisance and hastily departed. Presently the panel slid back and old Naka dropped upon her knees before him, and tapped the polished floor with her head.

"Rise, Nako," said Jack, "I've come back to see Yono-San—to stay here forever! Where is Yono-San, Nako?"

A troubled look overspread old Nako's face.

"Alas, poor Nako, Angel of light," Nako moaned sadly; "Yono gone—Yono dead! Ah these many moons!" The words came to Jack with a rude shock. Dead! he never had dreamed of anything like that! She might

have gone away; she might even have been given in marriage—but to die! Instead of the shy, smiling face of Yono, the old beldame stood there, telling him that Yono was dead, and beating her shrunken breast as if that would appease him. The sun seemed clouded, the sweetly perfumed air grew rank and unpleasant to him as he sat there desolate and shocked at the sudden termination to his dreams of the past months. At last, the exuberance of her grief being exhausted, Nako-San was induced to tell the story.

Long after his excellency had gone, Yono had pined like a wilted flower. Daily she had picked the choicest of Jack's favorite flowers and decorated his old room. In the spring she had brightened much, she sang gaily, and stood often at the wicket by the road looking in the distance. Summer came, and her eyes became more wistful; she grew pale and thin, but she still watched down the road. Then at the end of the summer some dreadful fever came and she lay very ill for a long while, pining slowly, uncomplainingly away. At last she died, clasping in her thin little hands the precious brooch she had worn constantly since Jack had given it her—she even begged that it might be buried with her and her wish was granted.

That was all. It was enough for poor Jack. After a time old Nako sorrowfully led him out through the garden where he had spent so many happy, careless days. Through a long lane running therefrom, and over a little mountain path, within an enclosure of bamboo bushes where the shadow of Fuji-San fell at twilight, they came to a little mound on which loving hands had planted lotus flowers in abundance. Here Jack found the grave of Yono-San.

DOWN A SUMMER STREAM.

BY JOHN R. EDMONSTON.

WE suspected that our trout stream was born in the high Sierras. Its waters were icy cool, clear as crystal, and its flashes of color, its flecks of snow-white foam were suggestive of great glaciers on the highlands that were fast disappearing under the summer sun. The stream came from a deep-wooded cañon in the main range, bounding into the open like a living thing. Now, it dashed merrily over smooth pebbles, beneath trailing willows, toying with the green leaves and piling in foaming masses over the huge rocks; now it was burdened with masses of verdure—pine cones from the uplands or leaves of the fragrant bay—while ever and anon great limbs and branches of trees came sweeping down to lodge in the boulders and obstruct the plunging waters.

The stream has its moods and fancies—of that we were certain. We first knew it in the deep cañon, where it rushed among big rocks and leaped over moss-covered precipices—a musical, exultant thing. Now it was deep in the gloom of big sycamores, foaming capriciously out into the warm sunshine that there flooded the cañon. For some distance it flowed quickly over gravel beds, hurrying around little islands of stranded brush, but soon cut its way into the rich mesa, where it broadened and developed, and amid green fields and nodding flowers, flowed on to the sea.

For miles the stream, which we followed from the mountain down, ran silently, reflecting myriad flowers and rich grasses; then it darted beneath green cottonwoods and away into a broad laguna, where cat-tails

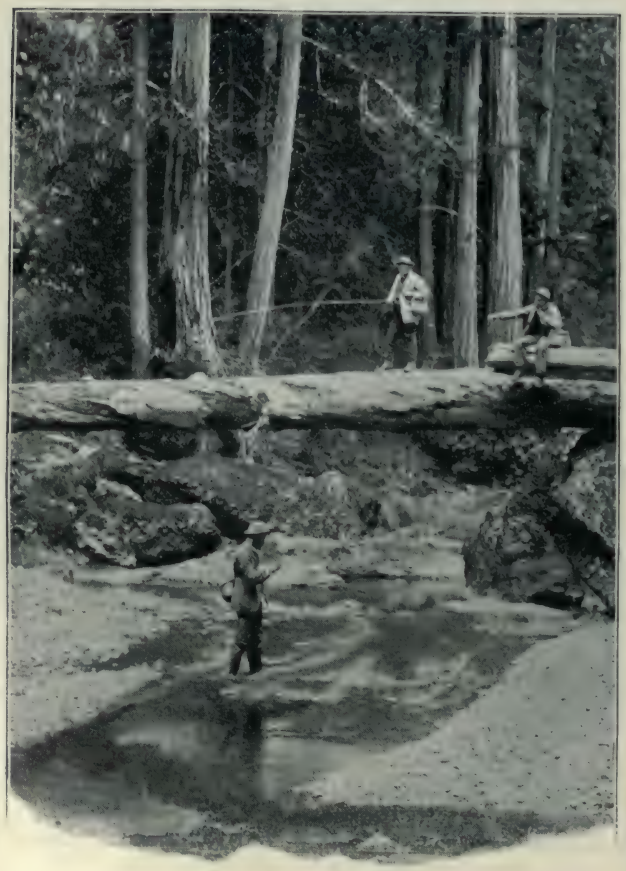


THE REDWOODS FENCE.

flourished, and the black bird reigned supreme.

We took our first fish among the big trees that covered the range. There deep pools were frequent at the base of big boulders, and creeping gently up to one and glancing through the big ferns that formed a barrier, I saw a trout of heroic proportions dimly outlined against the bottom. A rift of sunlight poured down through the big sycamores and illumined a spot ten or more inches in length, and in this the giant lay, taking a veritable sun bath. The question was, what would he take? I had been using worms and a speckled fly with some success, but it occurred to me that this magnificent fellow would be capricious. His game was different from the fish of the lowlands, where sun-burned grasshoppers missed their objective blades of grass upon the bank, and went sprawling into the stream to be snapped up. The trout of the deep pool and woods depended more upon flies, or the speckled black-and-white tree-toads that crouched upon the rocks of the stream, mimicking them in tone and color.

I had a peacock blue fly (a St. Patrick), and this I managed to land a foot or more in front of the fish—a dainty, delicious object it was, a delight to the eye, and as it rose and attempted to fly away at the bidding of the tip of the split bamboo, there were few trout that would have refused it. This monarch of the pool, however, was not to be tempted. A few inches forward he moved, rising slowly, then sank back, gently vibrating tail and fins, eyeing the fly with evident scorn. The trout must be caught, but how? I used a lighter fly, then a brown speckled beauty, and finally in desperation decided to try a frog, one of the little tree or rock varieties that were jumping about the rocks. One was soon found and sent sprawling into the pool. A blaze of light, a quick, sharp, splashing report told that this was indeed the lure to his taste. The pool was not over ten feet in width, and formed an artificial basin leading by a gentle fall to the stream below. The first rush took the line beneath the ledge, where the fish had evidently lived for seasons undisturbed. Then out he



CASTING FROM THE BRIDGE.



THE FLOWER-BORDERED LAKE.

came, and failing to rid himself of the torturing hook, took a magnificent leap over the falls to the music of the reel. How it sang, and how nobly the great creature tried every manœuver known to the gamey tribe! That the line was not cut a score of times was something of a miracle, but I followed down stream, and finally landed the beauty among the brakes and ferns of the bank—the "bonniest fish," as my Scotch companion said, ever taken from these waters.

Fishing here cannot be compared to like sport in the East. The mountain streams are often hard to follow, and the fisherman must often lower himself from rock to rock; now finding pools six or eight feet deep, and anon walking over rocks that form the stepping-stones of a shallow. How the trout obtain a footing in some of these high



WHERE THE SUNLIGHT POURED IN.



"LOFTY REDWOODS PIERCED THE SKY."

basins is a mystery. In some of the streams they are found in pools that are entirely isolated from the stream so far as fish migration is concerned, and the only explanation is that the trout have forced their way up during floods, when a great mass of water was pouring down, forming a continuous stream.

"These streams," said my companion, "are not always the quiet ones they appear, and what astonishes me is that the fish are not entirely washed out. Some years ago I was making a trip over the mountains in winter, when I was caught in a rain storm, and camped not far from this spot. I thought I would be safe on a boulder, but during the night I was aroused by a terrific roaring sound, and found that the water was rising, and that the entire cañon had been transformed into a wild torrent. Fortunately there grew a big sycamore by the rock, which I reached by some wild-grape vines, gaining an upper limb, and that was my camp for nearly twenty-four hours. By actual measurement the water rose ten feet above the rock."

We fished this mountain stream from end to end, then later found our way into the picturesque county of Marin that reaches from the Golden Gate north along shore for miles, a region suggestive of trout streams and wild game.

The county has Tamalpais as a landmark, a fine, isolated mountain peak whose shadow darkens the waters of the Golden Gate, and from whose sides burst springs and rivulets that make up many trout streams in Marin. We entered this fair trout country up to the north by Cazadero, and worked our way down the summer streams by easy stages, literally, a horseback fishing party, since we made our long stretches by this means, and carrying our blankets and other equipments, while we slept at night beneath the redwoods in the sweetest, purest air under the sun.

Around Cazadero there are many famous trout streams that flow gently along through a most charming country. There are the redwoods in all their glory, magnificent specimens of trees still untouched by the vandal wood-chopper, and among the giants wind one of the best streams for trout in the vicinity. Fastening our horses we took to the stream, where four lofty redwoods pierced the sky, and were soon wading down the stream that forced its way into the very heart of the forest. The water was as clear as crystal, and young trout dashed here and there at every step, while their larger fellows could be seen under the rift, inviting conclusions with the fly. The stream flowed silently along, creeping now and then beneath the low branches of the trees, then coming out into the warm sunlight and flowing over half-exposed pebbles to merge again into the deep gloom of the redwoods. Standing knee-deep in an open spot where the sunlight poured in, I cast my first fly in a gentle riffle down stream. A gleam of silver and gold, a dash and the melody of the reel told of noble game. Away he rushed down a little fall out into the sunlight, shaking golden spray all about in a desperate effort at freedom, falling back to come up stream faster than I could reel in, then, turning, catching a glimpse of me only to dart away again. Far down stream he ran, now hiding beneath the combing banks, then out into the sunlight, fighting hard for life only to finally come in game to the very last.

Wading down the stream, we obtained more than the enjoyment of landing gamey trout. The brook took us into some of the most delightful nooks and corners of California. Winding down through fertile valleys with high mountains on either side, the outer Coast Range to the west formed the ocean barrier over which rifts of fog came, gleaming like patches of molten silver, to be broken or dissipated by the warm air rising from the valley. Here the stream crept

through deep underbrush and suddenly seemed to stop as a giant fallen redwood barred the way, the latter illustrating well the peculiar growth of these trees, as from the trunk numbers of trees were growing forming a literal redwood fence of rare beauty, beneath which many large trout lurked and tempted the angler to inglorious ventures. Not far below, a tree had bridged the brook, at a famous fishing point, and flies were cast from this vantage point with goodly results. Some of the most delightful scenery was found in the shadow of Tamalpais. Here the stream wound its way down a deep cañon or valley from which rose lofty hills clothed with pines and redwoods, so old and tall that even fierce fires that had swept over the country had not affected them. Standing among these giants of the forest, their tops seemed lost in the blue sky above, while their great bases were buried deep in masses of fern and moss, the accumulations of centuries. Wading slowly along, noting the rare beauty of it all, occasionally dropping my fly upon the ripple, I suddenly came to a leafy barrier, and saw beyond an open space into which the sun poured, beautifully illumining a little sandy beach with a flood of light in strong contrast to where I stood. There was absolute silence except the occasional hoarse cry of a blue shrike as it dived down into the green abyss from above, or the love note of the plumed quail that came gently on the breeze. As I stood silent in the very enjoyment of the scene, there came a soft crunch upon the gravel, and out from the brush stepped a black-tailed deer, a noble fellow, with a fine pair of antlers. He stopped a moment, raised his big, lustrous eyes to the hillsides, listened to the tell-tale quail notes, expanding his nostrils, then walked boldly into the stream and drank the clear water, so near me that had it not been for the verdure I could have dropped a fly fairly upon his back. Not a suspicion had he, and after drinking his fill he waded into the brook, spoiling my fishing by cooling his hoofs along the shallows, until the deep underbrush swallowed him up.



LANDING A BEAUTY.

From this trout stream we climbed the range and looked down upon Bolinas with its bay and long stretch of sandy beach—the blue ocean on one hand and the eternal green of the redwood forest on the other. Here a little inn crowned the summit, where good refreshments for man and beast were found, and about which grand scenery delighted the eye. We were almost as high as the summit of Tamalpais, that



THE SUBMERGED FENCE.

looked like a hill to the east. Far beyond rose the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas, while to the north stretched away the country over which we had fished, with its forests, hills, valleys, its streams, its acres of flowers and verdure. A fine carriage road carries one from the summit back to civilization, and one bright morning our horses brought us to Lagunitas—a little lake deep in the woods at the very base of Tamalpais. Here we took a boat and spent the day drifting in the little bays that indent its shores. The trout were small, but gamey, and afforded fine fly fishing. The lake is one of the most picturesque spots in Marin County, an ideal place for the artist as well as the angler. Tamalpais rises abruptly to the south; while to the west a wall of verdure forms a wooded barrier that is reflected in the lake.

The high water had encroached upon the land, and masses of white flowers bordered the lake, affording runways to the small fry that defied the fiery eye of the watchful heron standing silent guard by a submerged fence, under and through which the trout passed. To the artist the beauties of Lagunitas are endless, the vistas of water beneath big madronas or flowering shrubs, the banks of wild flowers reaching up from the lake, the little bays here and there reflecting the sky and tiers of forests, forming conditions that appeal strongly to the artistic sense. It may be suspected that we did not fish for the mere sake of fishing; trout was not the only object, it was the excuse to wander over one of the most delightful regions in California—a land almost within sight of a city of 300,000 inhabitants, yet nearly as wild and untouched by vandal civilization as the heart of the Sierras.





COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE SIX COMPANIES, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE CHINESE SIX COMPANIES.

BY RICHARD HAY DRAYTON.

WHEN the Act of May, 1892, known as the Geary Act, was passed, the Chinese Societies, commonly called the Six Companies, at once made strenuous efforts to render it inoperative. As is well known they sent their emissaries through the length and breadth of the land proclaiming to the ignorant Chinese laborers that the enactment was in contravention of treaty stipulations, and that they intended to prove its illegality in the Courts of the United States. They raised a large sum of money—$200,000, it is estimated—for that purpose, by calling for pecuniary aid, or rather imposing a forced contribution of one dollar per head upon coolies and laborers, while the merchants and other classes subscribed sums varying from that amount up to twenty dollars. They counseled noncompliance with the law and held out confident promises of immunity in case of failure to register. Such is the power of these Companies that their suggestions or instructions were so well carried out that of the 110,000 Chinese resident in the United States, little over ten per centum took out certificates of registration.

When the Supreme Court of the United States, on May 15th last, declared the Geary Exclusion Act to be constitutional, there was no little excitement in this city among the misguided Chinamen, and as soon as their eyes were opened to the evil counsel which they had followed, their anger was great. But of this we will speak later, preluding remarks on the effect of the disappointment of the Chinese community by a brief history of the Six Companies, with some explanation of the cause of their anxiety to overthrow the Act.

These societies are known by the names of the Sam Yup, the Yeong

Wo, the Yan Wo, the Kong Chow, the Ning Yeong and the Hop Wo Companies. There is also the Shu Hing Company, which, however, is only a branch of the last-named of the Six.

The presidents, named in the same order, are respectively, Chun Ti Chu, Chu Shee Sum, Chan Fau, Lui Kun, Lee Cheang Chun, Yee Ha Chung and Chang Wah Kwan. These officers are elected annually by the votes of the merchant members of the societies in San Francisco, who take care to appoint men of education and ability.

A few words explanatory of the illustration of the meeting hall, where the representatives of these companies assemble, will not be out of place. The members of the different societies take their seats in the massive, heavy, dark-wood chairs arranged along the sides of the wall and at the farther end of the room. Around the center table are seated the directors when in conclave, and the altar-looking construction at the head of the hall represents the presence of the Emperor, who is supposed to preside over the council. A copy of his signature is presented on the white rectangular slab in the center of the pictorial representation of the royal presence.

These Six Companies were developed from six Chinese agencies established originally in the same number of districts in Canton for the purpose of promoting coolie immigration into this country. As early as 1850, Chinese labor was in demand in California, and American agents proceeded to Hong-Kong to procure coolies, which could only be done by the employment of Chinamen as auxiliaries. These latter with the shrewdness of their race, soon perceived that an extensive and profitable business could be built up by the exportation of laborers and workmen to the Pacific Coast. They established headquarters in San Francisco and presently formed themselves into the corporation known as the Six Companies. Since that time they have introduced into the United States every Chinaman that comes under the denomination of working man. The farmhand, the manufacturer's operative, the domestic servant, the washerman, the vegetable gardener and peddler, the placer miner, the shrimp-fisher and the small retail vender are all imported by them and are their serfs. In fact the Six Companies have practically established a system of slavery under the very nose of our Government. Their method of procedure is as follows: Through their agents in China they agree to pay the emigrant's passage and secure employment for him on his arrival here; to provide and care for him when sick; to give him legal advice; and in case of his death abroad to send his remains back to China. On the emigrant's part he binds himself to obey the orders of the Companies, and for the repayment of his passage money mortgages the proceeds of his labor, his earnings being also garnished with an exaction of two and a half per centum during his stay in this country. Few are the Chinamen resident here who get out of the clutches of the Six and become independent of them; the vast majority are their bondsmen. It will readily be seen what immense profits are derived from such a system of taxation.

As a matter of course, they soon began to flood California with Chinese workingmen, and no longer confining their emigration agencies in China to the exportation of out-of-door laborers, introduced into this State a class of workmen of higher intelligence—operatives of the skilled labor order—established factories and instructed the immigrants in manufacturing arts entirely new to them. The faculty of imitation is strongly developed in the Chinaman, while his patience and careful attention under instruction is superlative. He rapidly acquires the practical skill in mechanical work which enables him to turn out manufactured articles of a quality equal to that of the generality of productions

by white labor, and by reason of his extraordinary endurance under a system of long-hour work, cheap living and low pay, has proved himself a most depressive competitor to the white operative in most branches of industry on this coast.

This formidable competition in time reached such proportions and was of such serious detriment to the welfare of our laboring classes that, in 1880, the Government at Washington sought to restrict Chinese immigration into the United States by entering into a new treaty with China. The provisions of it were, however, inadequate to lessen the influx, and in May, 1881, a restriction law was passed, prohibiting the coming of Chinese laborers into this country for ten years and requiring the registration of all future immigrants from China, who for that purpose were to be provided with certificates from the Chinese authorities to the effect that the persons bearing them were not of the laboring class. As is well known the intention of this law was frustrated by the action of the Six Companies, who, by supplying immigrants with forged certificates, enabled them to get registered on their arrival at our ports. Subsequent enactments of 1884 and 1888 proved equally ineffective and thousands of the obnoxious race have fraudulently gained admission into the Pacific Coast States during the last ten years.

The heads of the Six Companies rank in intelligence among the ablest and most astute of their countrymen. Well educated, possessed of administrative and commercial abilities of the highest order, and free from all those scruples of conscience which the Asiatic regards as weaknesses, they are men who can and will take every advantage, fair or foul, that will conduce to their own interests and those of the Companies over whom they preside. Chung Tone, the Secretary of the corporation, is exceptionally gifted with the talents and qualities for which the educated Chinaman is conspicuous. Highly accomplished, rich, and of fine presence, he is a leading spirit among the members of the Six Societies. Though belonging to a class in China which the Emperor would not recognize, his wealth and importance as an individual will insure his cordial reception at court when he chooses to return to his country.

A still more prominent leader in the important question of the day is Chun Ti Chu, the president of the Sam Yup Company. This organization is the most powerful of all Chinese societies. The great Sam Yup family is composed of hundreds of thousands of members, and it is believed that one-half the Chinese in the United States are members or dependents of this company, which has its headquarters at 825 Dupont street, in this city. Chun Ti Chu is the ablest leader in the councils of the Six Companies, and was the foremost mover in the organization of a vigilance committee among the merchants to oppose the highbinder Tongs, who were wont to levy blackmail upon them with impunity. Since the establishment of that committee the fertile fields of plunder have been fenced in against the highbinders and hard times have followed. Their joss-houses were recently destroyed by the police, and the infamous bagnios on which they used to levy tribute have been closed and the inmates driven to out-of-the-way apartments, inconvenient for the practice of their calling; numbers of the highbinders left the city to work in the canneries in the North, or were expelled by the police authorities, and those who remained have found it a difficult matter to gain the means of living. Having reached this fallen state mainly through the instrumentality of Chun Ti Chu they have long regarded him with feelings of hatred which were intensified when it became known that the Geary Act was pronounced constitutional. It was he, in fact, as in the case of the institution of a vigilance committee, who

was the principal mover in the plan adopted to prevent registration—a plan known to have been objected to by several of the other companies as well as by many prominent Chinese merchants.

The hatred of the man by the highbinders displayed itself immediately after the defeat of the Six Companies in the Supreme Court of the United States became generally known, and on May 17th a price was placed on Chun Ti Chu's head. This lawless and murderous class has a wholesome dread, it seems, of their arch enemy and feared to assail him. Detective Cox, than whom no one is better qualified to speak, owing to his long-continued services in Chinatown, thus expresses his opinion of the president of the Sam Yup Company. "Chun Ti Chu is one of the ablest and smartest Chinese here. He can fight as well as talk. He is a fine shot and the highbinders fear him as much as they hate him. He is brave enough to stand off three or four highbinders."

Hoping, however, to reach their enemy by offer of a reward for his assassination, they secretly posted up placards in many of the thoroughfares and alleys of Chinatown, offering $300 to the highbinder who would kill the president of the Sam Yup Company and promising protection and assistance in court if the murderer were caught. In the placards Chun Ti Chu was denounced as an enemy to the Chinese race as having been the cause of Chinamen not procuring their registration certificates within the time prescribed by the new law. He was, moreover, charged with being an enemy to the Tongs and with aiding the police in driving highbinders out of the city. Of course, the circulars were quickly torn down by the police and proper measures taken for the protection of President Chu.

Later in the day, however, they gave vent to their animosity in abuse. Another circular was pasted up of an insulting and offensive nature. "The President of the Sam Yup Company," it stated, "contains twelve stinkpots which are inexplicable. He has no literary talent. He bought his position with money. His father was a reformed thief. His mother's first husband was Fung and her second Chung"—illegitimate in China. "He shields guilty criminals, and tries to free them. He provoked people to anger at a meeting and tried to escape. Therefore, all persons had better close their noses before passing his door." These placards and the venomous feelings which they display show that the path of life for the directors of the Chinese Six Companies is not smooth. These highbinder associations, or Tongs, have long been a thorn in the side to them. Hiding the real object of their organization under the pretense that they are rebels against the Tartar dynasty with the object of restoring a Chinese monarch of pure blood to the throne, they have made themselves liable to execution immediately upon landing on their native soil. To them deportation means decapitation, and they regard with deep resentment the dangerous position in which their obedience to the mandates of the companies has placed them. When the deportation begins these troublesome and lawless Chinamen will be among the first that the authorities will send home.

Shrewd and far-seeing as to their own interests though they are, the leaders of these companies seem to have been influenced in their action with regard to the Geary Act by even shrewder minds. The prospect of big fees induced astute lawyers to hold out promises of breaking down the law, promises so plausible that they doubtless had great weight with the ruling spirits of the Six Companies in their decision to contest the constitutionality of the Act. At least such is the statement of those Chinese merchants who were opposed to the policy adopted. In thus yielding to the advice of the lawyers the companies have overreached themselves, and

placed themselves in a position in which they are liable to incur far greater pecuniary loss than they would have suffered had they withheld their evil counsel. As the matter stands their action has placed in jeopardy a vast annual income which they would have received for many years to come, and it must not be supposed that with such large interests at stake they have given up the struggle.

Unfortunately for the interests of white labor and the white manufacturer, there is reason to fear that the fight will be a long one. Amply provided with funds with which to fee talented counsel, the Chinese companies will take advantage of every loophole that can be discovered in the meshwork of law that surrounds the case, and holes are already being picked in the Act itself. No stone will be left unturned to delay the operation of the enactment. Chinese emissaries are abroad through the land, hard at work among religious people and sentimentalists in endeavoring to excite pity for much-abused John ; the consequence is that in many of the Eastern States where he is not understood, and which his presence in the country in no wise affects, a great amount of misdirected sympathy for him is expressed. But this same abused Chinaman, in spite of ill treatment, would, in time, if no impediment were placed in his way, come and possess this land "flowing with milk and honey."

These sentimentalists not only ignore the curse which coolie labor is to the Pacific Coast, where alone its blight is felt at present, and where, for years past, thousands of men, with families to support, have been kept in poverty and want by Chinese cheap labor, but in their self-sufficiency leave out of their mental sight the welfare of our posterity. They may be put on the same platform of intelligence with that Irish member who, in his opposition to a bill before the Parliament involving benefit to future generations, exclaimed: "As for posterity, why should we consider it ? What has posterity done for us ?"

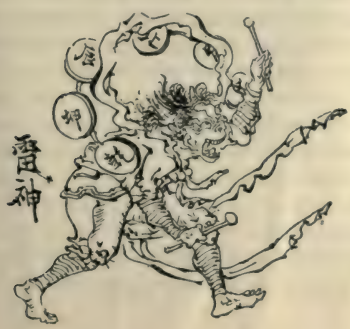
When the Geary Act was declared constitutional much agitation prevailed throughout the land. The Chinese were bitterly disappointed and angry ; the white population of the Pacific Coast States were jubilant and somewhat impatient under the difficulties that stood in the way of carrying it immediately into effect, and in the Eastern States a large amount of sentiment was aroused in favor of the Chinese. The cry, too, was raised that China would retaliate by the expulsion of Americans from her ports, and possibly by the massacre of the missionaries at the inland stations. A war might even be the consequence if the Act were enforced. The short-sighted and narrow-minded authors of these bug-a-boo stories of reprisals were more self-interested than actuated by a sincere conviction that John was being abused and unjustly treated. All the nonsense talked about harsh and brutal treatment of him is disgusting. If he wanted to stay in this country why did he not register ? The American citizen has to register before he can poll his vote, and as he has to comply with the requirements of the laws, why should not aliens ? The Six Companies doubtless are to blame for the failure on the part of most of the Chinese to register, but if the latter—be they here by right or fraud—are under more obligation to follow the dictates of the former than to obey the laws of this country, Hong Kong or San Quentin is a good destination for them, and the sooner they reach one place or the other the better for ourselves. The inimical and defiant attitude assumed by the Six Companies ought to entail punishment, which can be inflicted upon them by depriving them of the slaves from whose labor they make their wealth.

It has been alleged that the Six Companies, understanding as they do the situation of the Chinaman in

America much better than the diplomatic agents of the Emperor of China, more directly represent him than his representative and minister at Washington. This belief—rightly grounded or not—has led to the conjecture that the Six Companies, in their open and aggressive disposition in resisting the Geary Act, are acting under directions from the Government at Peking. In view of the manner in which previous Acts passed by Congress for the restriction of Chinese immigration were received by that Government, this view is untenable. The arrival in this city of Chew Shu Sum, a mandarin of high degree, and the document of which he was the bearer entirely overthrows this theory.

He arrived on June 18th last to fill the office of President of the Yeong Wo Company, and also to act ex-officio as a member of the board of consulting directors attached to the Imperial Chinese Consulate. On June 21st, a copy of the document was posted in Chinatown. It was to this effect: "By order of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of China." After a long preamble by way of greeting from the Emperor to his people in America, he assures his subjects that the existing relations between the two countries are of a nature most satisfactory, and he commands his people here to do nothing that can in any way prejudice this desirable state of affairs. He commands his people to obey the laws of this country, and to let their actions be such that the American people will be proud to recognize them and let them enjoy the same rights and privileges as are accorded to the subjects of other powers. Above all he enjoins patience, and assures them that it is by the exercise of this excellent virtue that their demands will finally be acceded to. He then deplores the fact that certain classes of the Chinese have persisted in maintaining organizations the object of which is to carry on a system of blackmail, and he calls upon law abiding Chinese to unite in an effort to root out these societies, as it is through the unlawful acts of these highbinders that so much discredit has been brought to the Chinese people. The circular closes with an admonition to the Chinese in the United States to obey the laws, refrain from any overt acts, and to join in an endeavor to erase from the minds of the American people, by honest and upright living, the prevailing feeling of antagonism toward the Chinese people. The Emperor pledges his unfailing support and unflagging love to his people in America.

Although in this official circular no mention of the Geary Act is made, its publication at the time of the excitement aroused by that enactment is significant, and tends to show the feelings of the Chinese Government on the subject, and the pacific line of policy that it will pursue. It remains to be seen whether the Six Companies will now continue to defy the provisions of the law and thereby aggravate the difficulties of the Chinese who have been so blind and ignorant as to follow their evil counsel.







THE EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

IT may be said that a session of Congress called by the President has been a rare event. In time of peace, the regular sessions have generally been deemed sufficient to provide for the wants of the country. Extraordinary sessions have usually been called when war was imminent or a state of war actually existed. The last of such sessions commenced on the 4th of July, 1861, which was made necessary by rebellion against the Government. The country was carried through that gigantic struggle and the difficulties of reconstruction without an extra session, and financial and economic legislation made necessary by the change from war to peace, was enacted by Congress in regular sessions. Every President has been loth to call Congress together, and none has done so except in a great emergency.

Does the condition at this time require that Congress should be convened at a date not more than ninety days distant from the session appointed by law? There is no war nor prospect of war, and no such business depression prevails as to demand immediate action. The revenues of the Government are sufficient to meet current expenses, and payment to no public creditor is withheld. There is, however, a monetary stringency which has existed for several years and which has grown more and more serious as population, production and trade have increased. There is no pretense that the extra session which is to commence in September, is called to enact laws that will relieve from the monetary stringency, nor is there anything in the professions of the party in power which furnishes ground for expectation that any such legislation will be enacted unless it be the pledge of the Chicago Convention to repeal the internal revenue tax upon State bank circulation. This would probably result ultimately in an enlargement of the paper money volume, but State bank notes cannot be made legal tender, and they will be a circulating medium devoid of uniformity and indifferently secured at best to the bill holders. It will bring a return of the annoyances and losses from which the people suffered before all classes of our money became national and circulable without discrimination in every part of the country.

The ostensible objection calling the extra session is to repeal the Sherman law, which requires the Government to purchase 54,000,000 ounces of silver per annum, on which certificates shall be issued, and which enter into circulation as money. This does enlarge the volume of the circulating mediums and tends to remove the stringency which is the direct result of an insufficiency of money to accommodate the business of the country. No measure is proposed by the administration as a substitute for the Sherman law, and its simple repeal will have the effect to still further contract the currency where there should be a liberal and continued expansion. The complaint against the law is that through redemption of the certificates, the gold reserve in the Treasury is being drawn upon. As construed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the law produces that result, but is his construction a correct one? The Act expressly says that they may be redeemed in gold or silver coin. They are made legal tender and are receivable for all dues to the

Government, and may be used by the national banks as the reserve required by law. To assure a sufficiency of silver coin to redeem these certificates the Act requires that 2,000,000 ounces shall be coined monthly until July, 1891, and thereafter as much as shall be necessary to enable the Secretary to redeem the certificates. It would seem, therefore, that Congress intended that the certificates shall be redeemed in silver, especially if the use of gold for that purpose would embarrass the Treasury. There is a provision which makes it incumbent on the Secretary to preserve the parity between gold and silver. This is construed to mean that the parity shall be preserved treating gold coin as money, and silver coin as a commodity, when our coinage laws declare the relative value of the two metals, when coined, by saying that 412½ grains of silver ten per cent alloy shall be equal to 25.8 grains of gold. The coinage laws nowhere deal with either of these metals as a commodity. The construction given to the Sherman Act by the Treasury department is a forced one and is in the interest of the gold-holding class. If the Secretary had exercised his discretion in the interest of silver, there would be no draft upon the Treasury gold, and hundreds of millions of dollars would not now lie idle in the vaults of the Treasury, nor would the possessors of gold have advantages over the masses of the people.

Conceding for the sake of argument that the Secretary of the Treasury correctly construes the Sherman law, and that he is bound to redeem the certificates issued thereunder with gold, it does not prove that the law occasions the shipment of gold to Europe. The gold reserve is not drawn upon for domestic use, but to ship abroad. This is not done for the sake of producing financial mischief; to say that it is done for such a purpose would be alleging that the operators or shippers are idiots or unpatriotic rascals. From the 1st of July, 1876, to the 1st of July, 1892, there were but two years during which gold was sent abroad to pay balances of trade. The aggregate in those years was but $30,000,000, and in the whole period between the dates stated the balances of trade in our favor aggregated $1,762,000,000. The fact is gold is drawn from the Treasury on silver certificates and sent abroad to pay balances of trade. This not only depletes our stock of gold, but adds to the money stringency; it is so much taken from the volume of our circulating medium.

What has caused this change from favorable to adverse balances of trade? It is not that there have been short crops, or that the producing power of the country has been reduced by natural causes, nor that consumption has been greater beyond what results from an increase of population. Certainly the people have not lived more profusely or expended more recklessly than during the preceding sixteen years.

Production of domestic manufactures have fallen below the demand for domestic consumption. That is what has made us a debtor instead of a creditor in international commerce. The cause of this change lies in the prospective, and if solemn promises are to be relied on, inevitable change of policy affecting our industrial interests. During the period when balances were so largely in our favor the protective principle in tariff legislation was recognized. So long as it appeared certain that it would be preserved, industries thrived and home productions increased. The protective principle is combatted by the Democratic party, and in the late Chicago convention it was pronounced unconstitutional. And in the campaign of 1892 it was denounced in savage terms. The McKinley law had been in force less than eighteen months, when the Presidential election of that year took place. The discussions during the campaign were bewildering to those who contemplated embarking in industrial enterprises. As soon as the result of the election became known, radical changes in the tariff laws were anticipated, which deterred the investment of additional capital, and caused those already engaged in manufacturing to curtail production and reduce stocks that they might escape ruination when the flood gates of foreign importations should be thrown open. The repeal of the Sherman law will not restrict the exportation of gold; it can only be accomplished by the retention of a policy that tends to enlarge domestic productions and to lessen importations. Our domestic commerce is more than ten times

greater than our foreign, and it is far better to legislate with reference to the former than to develop the importation side of the latter.

As soon as the result of the last November election became known, the leaders of the successful party began pressing upon the President-elect the project of calling an extra session of Congress, and it is well understood that before the inauguration such a step was determined on. The object was to make radical changes in the revenue laws; the subject of finances was not considered, but the single standard theory has by circumstances been brought to a severe test. The money stringency is now put forward as the reason why an extra session is necessary, when the real object evidently is to overhaul the revenue laws on the line of Democratic theory. The session has been postponed until an indefensible execution of the Sherman law should bring embarrassment to the business of the country that may be charged upon the tariff legislation of a Republican Congress, and constitute the justification for a revision that will suit the views of the importers and those opposed to giving protection to American labor. The expense and confusion that will be caused by the extra session are to be imposed on the country in order that there may be plenty of time to prepare for the election in 1896. The first Congress after a Presidential election is always devoted more or less to preparing for the next Presidential election. This Congress will probably have been in session twelve months or more when its term expires. The Democrats are in full power, and if they act in concert they can do what they please, and therefore will be solely responsible for what is done.

Among thinking and impartial men there is regret that the McKinley law will not be thoroughly tested, and that economic legislation is made the foot-ball of party politics. Changes in it disturb values and create uncertainty. Fluctuations in business injure all concerned; those that result from natural causes can be provided against better than those that are arbitrarily produced by law. The Republicans being in power successively for many years, and during the previous term of Mr. Cleveland having control of the Senate, the reduction of duties were gradual, and a reasonable degree of stability was preserved. In 1873, through the failure of a banking house having ramified connections, and gold gambling in Wall street, a considerable disturbance was created in business, but there was no distress in the entire period of Republican domination directly traceable to changes in economic legislation; generally the country was prosperous, and wealth was developed more rapidly than during any other period of our history. It is unfortunate that we are probably on the eve of a change that will be radical and untried in this country for more than thirty years. Theoretically the change proposed cannot work well, and the principle that is to be introduced did not produce good results when it was in operation from 1846 to 1861. Unless something is done to stop the outflow of gold, and to enlarge the volume of the circulating medium, monetary stringency will become greater and times harder than for many years. The Hon. Boorke Cochran, in the June number of the North American Review, says that a free silver coinage bill cannot become a law so long as Mr. Cleveland is President. Hence it may be considered settled that an enlargement of the money volume will not come from that source, and a revision of the tariff in accordance with Mr. Cleveland's ideas will have the effect to increase the outflow of gold. What good will come from the extra session, indeed from any session of the present Congress, it is difficult if not impossible to conceive. The best thing that the President can do is to assure the country that the protective principle in tariff legislation shall be preserved, so far as he can control, and that the money volume shall be increased through free coinage of silver, or in some way other than that of flooding the country with State bank issues.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"—when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something."—*Browning.*

THE World's Fair presents an extensive and variegated array of literature from every civilized nation, the result of centuries of historical investigation, scientific research, philosophical evolutions and artistic experiments and developments.

Among these products of ages California, though still very young, claims a place for the work of her sons and daughters of the genius of literature. A room which bears the impress of the artistic taste of Edmund Russell, the well-known disciple of Delsarte, is devoted to an exhibit of California literature. It is enclosed by a beautifully carved redwood screen six feet high, designed by Mr. Russell; and along the top is run a cornice of bronzed magnolia leaves and flowers. The color and form of all the articles in the room are in harmonious relation, producing a subdued, artistic and restful effect. Inviting divans are arranged in the corners of the room, upholstered with the decorative California leather, concerning which an article appeared in the Columbian edition of the CALIFORNIAN.

There are portraits of notable musicians of California, albums of their compositions, and Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian and Indian musical instruments. On one side are sets of shelves holding painted China, pottery, brass and iron work by California artists. There are also portraits by women of the Golden State, of California celebrities, notable among which are fire etchings of Ina D. Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte, and an excellent portrait of Joseph LeConte. The book cases contain the different products of California literature, and on an old-fashioned book stand are the most prominent of these works by Mark Twain, Chas. Warren Stoddard, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Ina D. Coolbrith and others, bound with dull plushes, velvet, cloth and leather, and attached to the stand by chains. All these treasures are guarded by a gorgeous golden gate at the entrance of the room, on which are wrought most artistically fruit, foliage, branches and tree trunks in various tints of gold quartz. It is a fitting emblem, not only of the mineral wealth of the State, but of the intellectual riches and future prospects and possibilities of a community that has so early demonstrated its intellectual powers and literary genius.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins has reviewed California writers and literature in a volume entitled *The Story of the Files*. Mrs. Cummins has carefully searched the files of the Californian papers and magazines from the earliest days of California to the present time, and has spared no effort to collect reliable data concerning the work and lives of native writers of promise and prominence. Her task was not an easy one, and she is deserving of much credit for the energy and exhaustiveness with which she has prosecuted it. A perusal of the book will completely establish the fact that California has a distinctive and original literature which commands national recognition. Among the names recorded are many of the country's foremost writers, whose work enjoys a widespread reputation.

The book is issued under the auspices of the "World's Fair Commission of California," and is in every way worthy of the suc-

cess with which it is certain to meet. Mrs. Cummins is a clever writer of marked ability, and may be classed with pride among Californian authors.

Life's Sunbeams and Shadows is an attractive volume of poems and prose, which is offered the public by John Cotter Pelton, and his friends who have materially aided him in issuing it. It is an inviting and interesting book, containing poems by Mr. Pelton, interspersed with some by Joaquin Miller, Charles Edward Markham, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, John Vance Cheney, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Rose Hartwick Thorpe and others. Mr. Pelton is well known, respected and loved in educational circles, having founded the first free public school in San Francisco, and having been identified with educational movements many years afterwards. He has been a hard worker, and has undergone great adversities and vicissitudes with undaunted courage and unflagging energy. He is now advanced in years, and the victim of unfortunate financial circumstances,and is deserving of all the help his friends and admirers will be sure to bestow upon him. This volume of poems is, to a great extent, autobiographical, and records the inner reflections of the man, who through all the gloom of his misfortunes, looked to the future with faith and sweetness.

He says—

"'Tis now the deepening twilight hour,
Lo! in the Eastern sky afar,
In smiling beam and twinkling bar,
Up glides my hope, my guiding star!"

Youth,[1] a series of French essays by Charles Wagner has been translated into English by Ernest Redwood. They are well written, and contain some apposite truths and valuable suggestions. Attention is called to the evil influences upon the young of the artificialness of social life and of its lax morals, that destroy self-valuation and respect, of the deadly effects of treating these conditions as subjects of witticisms—"the deadly mirth that consumes in its fire all that should be sacred—" and of the evils that may be brought upon children by heredity. Our world is progressing, our conditions improving, he says, and "We must produce men who can govern themselves, and become masters of the new world in order to acquire the good there is in it. We can reach this end by a return to normal thinking, which is the application of the inductive method to all human facts, and, above all, to the forgotten realities of the spiritual world, by a return to a normal way of living,— to reverence, to a feeling of responsibility, to work and to simplicity."

An author whose works have endeared her to all young people, Margaret Sidney, has written of "*Whittier and the Children*,"[2] in a way that reveals her comprehension of the poet's love for and sympathy with the little ones. The spirit of wholesome warmth, sweetness and purity that pervades Whittier's poetry, seems to have entered into the pages of the book, and rendered it a fitting tribute to his memory. There has probably not been another poet who so thoroughly understood child nature, and who was so able to meet it upon its own grounds with its own directness and simplicity. His soul to the day of his death was so pure and beautiful that he was not obliged to look back over the usual vista of sin and sorrow to the happy valley of childhood, but he chose a path wrapt in God's own sunshine, that held him through life in sympathy with the first glad days of youth, when he lived in close communion with nature; when he

"—was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy."

A series of addresses on *The Drama*[3] by Henry Irving, with a frontispiece by Whittier, should be of general interest to the reading public, especially to those who have not been accustomed to concede the drama a place among the fine arts, but have relegated it to an inferior artistic and moral plane. Irving says, in the essay on "The Stage as it is," that the productions on the stage are merely the reflex of public taste, and that "if the good people continue to come to the theater in increasing crowds, the stage, without losing any of its brightness, will soon be good enough, if it is not as yet, to satisfy the best of them." The book also contains two essays on the art of acting, in which he reveals its nobility and importance, and a short sketch on the four great actors from Shakespeare's time to the time of Byron. Burbage, the first of the four, was one of the first interpreters of Shakespeare, then came Betterton, Garrick and Edmund Kean, each one's originality adding something to the art of his predecessor and to the important adjustment and relation of stage settings to the art.

Henry Irving will probably visit the Coast during autumn, and a perusal of his

[1] Dodd Mead & Co., New York.

[2] D. Lathrop Co., Boston, Mass.

[3] Tait Sons & Co., 31 Union Square, North N. Y.

book on the drama will probably lend new interest for those who intend witnessing his performances.

Mortal Man[1], by A. Easton, is a philosophical essay of five chapters in verse. It is of such substance that rhyme and rhythm seem rather to interfere with than aid in its interpretation, though the philosophy itself is, in many respects, good.

Ethianism, or the Wise Men Reviewed,[2] by F. J. Ripley, is a well written treatise upon the different religions, philosophies and sciences that attempt to solve the mysteries of the eternity of the past and future. The author rather ridicules these efforts in a way that is original and interesting, saying that no conclusions can be drawn concerning it, and that one can but project the unknown past and future by his deductions from the limited concatenation subject to his immediate inspection. But he also deprecates the ignorance and arrogance of those who declare there can be nothing more in the universe than that which they are able to see and comprehend. The author has attempted to give a comprehensive criticism of the theories formulated by philosophy, religion and science from a purely unbiased standpoint. "The book," says the author, "takes the position that truth is truth wherever found, and that truth never conflicts with itself. Only error conflicts; therefore, that if you expurged error from science, philosophy and religion, leaving only truth, as it is in them, there is and could be no antagonism." He has endeavored to harmonize philosophy, religion and science by eradicating their errors. As his theories are not orthodox to any of them, they necessarily conflict with them as to these errors, but his effort has been to select and accept the truth from each.

He says: "If you know better than God how the world ought to have been created, then it is a great pity you were not by to advise. To affix a tail and prefix horns to God, smearing him with Mason's blacking, as some artists do, because, forsooth, the God has not seen cause to attend exclusively to man's interests in the matter of creation is simply monstrous." "Man is not born to solve the mystery of existence, but he must nevertheless attempt it in order that he may learn to keep within the limits of the knowable," are Goethe's words.

A fascinating study of the human soul may be found in a book entitled *Reincarnation*[3], by Jerome A. Anderson, M. D. F. G. S. He quotes the words of Aristotle, who says, concerning the existence of the soul, "It is decisive of the question whether the soul exists, if among the activities and emotional states of our being are to be found such as do not belong to our bodies."

The author sets forth his views concerning reincarnation, uniting the most beautiful ethics with logical argument. He explains naturally the phenomena of hypnotism, mesmerism and the still greater subjects of animal and spiritual magnetism, carrying his readers far into the world of occultism.

He says, "But once admit the fact of reincarnation, and observe how the apparent chaos of injustice changes into the most beautiful harmony. Apparently discordant and irreconcilable phenomena are marshaled into orderly array. Confusion and injustice disappear and life assumes a deeper and more significant meaning. The terrible inequalities of birth, utterly inexplicable by the single birth, and still more so by the materialistic hypothesis, are shown to be the result of causes set in operation by the soul itself in former incarnations and not the careless or stupid incapacity of some personal god playing at creation and making a sad mess of it."

Shelly, whose beautiful countenance has been described by Chas. Edwin Markham, the poet, as a "wrapt seraphic face," displays in his work a tender strength and aspiration to grasp those truths and flashes of mental revelation that so often elude, yet he has a sensitiveness that is almost a misfortune to him. Wrapt in etherealness, his spirit was easily hurt coming in contact with the vigor and roughness of the world. While he and Byron were in Italy, the stronger spirit of Byron dominated and absorbed him. He was unable to write at the time, while Byron composed some of his most exquisite and delicate productions. Shelly's constant aspiration is expressed in his exquisite melodious burst of song "To a Skylark."

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

* * * * * *

"Teach me half the gladness
That my brain must know.
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

G. L. B

[1] Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
[2] Constitution Publishing Company, Atlanta, Georgia.
[3] The Lotus Publishing Co., 1504 Market Street San Francisco, Cal.



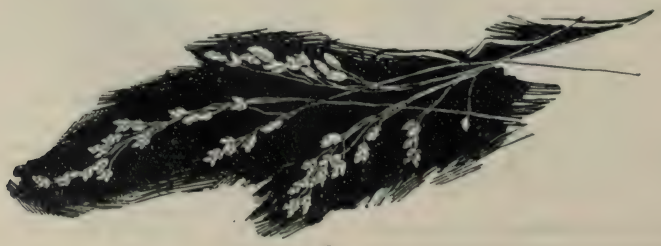
THE OLD MAN SINGS.

BY E. M. STOREY.

There's a wabble in the jingle and a stumble in the meter,
And the accent might be clearer and the volume be completer,
And there might be much improvement in the stress and intonation,
And a polish might be added to the crude pronunciation ;
But there's music like a harper played before the ancient kings,
When the old man plays the fiddle and goes feeling for the strings;
There is laughter chocked with tear drops when the old man sings.

And we form a ring around him, and we place him in the middle,
And he hugs up to his withered cheek the poor old broken fiddle,
And a smile comes on his features as he hears the strings' vibration,
And he sings the songs of long ago with fathering intonation ;
And a phantom from the distant past his distant music brings,
And trooping from their dusty graves come long-forgotten things,
When he tunes the ancient fiddle and the old man sings.

We let the broken man play upon the broken fiddle,
And we press around to hear him as he sits there in the middle ;
The sound of many wedding bells in all the music surges—
Then we hear their clamor smothered by the sound of funeral dirges.
'Tis the story of his lifetime that in the music rings—
And every life's a blind man's tune that's played on broken strings;
And so we sit in silence while the old man sings.



Recipes for August By Marion Harland, Miss Parloa, Mrs. Rorer and Mrs. Lincoln.

Breakfast Fruit Cake.—By Marion Harland.—1 quart of flour, 2 cups of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of lard, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 quart of strawberries, huckleberries, blackberries or raspberries, ½ cup of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, chop in the shortening, stir in the milk with a wooden spoon. The dough should be just stiff enough to handle. Roll into two sheets, line a baking pan with one, put in the berries, strew with sugar, lay on the other sheet and bake. Cut into squares, split and eat hot with sugar and butter. *Use only Cleveland's baking powder.*

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Luncheon Muffins.—By Maria Parloa.—For one dozen muffins use one pint of flour, a generous half pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's Baking Powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter and two eggs. Mix the dry ingredients together and rub through a sieve. Melt the butter. Beat the eggs till light and add the milk to them. Add this mixture to the dry ingredients; then stir in the melted butter. Beat the batter vigorously for a few seconds and then put in buttered muffin pans and bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven.—(Copyright.) *Use only Cleveland's baking powder.*

Plum Roll.—By Mrs. S. T. Rorer.—*Principal Philadelphia Cooking School.*—Add 1 teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder and ½ teaspoonful of salt to 1 pint of sifted flour. Sift again. Rub in 1 tablespoonful of butter, add sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out, sprinkle with 1 cup of chopped raisins and ½ cup of chopped citron. Dust with cinnamon, roll up and steam for 30 minutes. Serve warm with hard sauce. *Use only Cleveland's baking powder.*

Blueberry Muffins.—By Mrs. D. A. Lincoln.—*Author Boston Cook Book.*—Pick over, wash and dry 1 pint blueberries; sprinkle thickly with flour, to keep them from settling in the dough. Mix well 1 teaspoonful salt, 4 level teaspoonfuls Cleveland's baking powder and ½ cup sugar, with 1 quart sifted flour. Rub in ⅓ cup butter. Moisten with about 1½ cups milk, or enough to make a dough that will keep in shape when dropped from a spoon. Stir in the prepared blueberries, being careful not to mash them. Drop by the large spoonfuls on a well buttered shallow pan, or in round muffin pans. Bake about 20 minutes, and serve hot with butter if for breakfast or tea, or with cream if for luncheon.—(Copyright).

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NEWSPAPER FUN

An Oregon editor who had a dog for sale advertised as follows: Good family dog for sale. Will eat anything. Is very fond of children.

"Binkles and his girl have had another falling out." "Is it possible? What caused it?" "Defective hammock."—*Washington Star.*

Jones.—I'm quite a near neighbor of yours, now, Mrs. Golightly. I've taken a house on the river." Mrs. G. "Oh! Well, I hope you'll drop in some day."—*Exchange.*

Still in Doubt.—First Little Girl. "Has your sister begun takin' music lessons yet?" Second Little Girl. "She's takin' somfin' on th' piano; but I can't tell yet whether it's music or type-writin'."—*The Daily Traveller.*

It has long been our candid conviction that if all the dogs in the world were boiled down into one, there would be in the result the making of a very noble man. On the other hand, we fancy that if all the men in the world were boiled down into one there would be in the result the making of a precious poor dog.—*Eugene Field.*

A tall red-whiskered man with a slouch hat and frontier accent walked up to the boxoffice of the Schiller Theater, in Chicago, one night lately and demanded two seats. He informed the treasurer that he was Mayor of Missoula, Mont., and wanted to be treated accordingly. He was told that a good seat would be presented to him if he had the price. As he slipped the tickets into his pocket he said, "What time does the show begin?" "At 8:15, sir." "Well, if I aint here on time don't wait for me; I'll drop in afore long."—*Exchange.*

Parent.—"And does my daughter really love you?" Chappie. "Dearly sir!" Parent (reflectively): "I presume so, poor, frank-hearted little Kâtie! She could love most anything!"—*Democrat Chronicle.*

"I had a fearful dream last night. I dreamed I was riding along a lonely road"—

"What on?"

"A nightmare."—*Texas Siftings.*

An Irish sergeant was drilling a squad of militia recruits, whose ideas of marching in line were altogether original. Getting utterly disgusted at their irregularity he bawled: "Halt! Just come out and look at yoursilves. It's a foine line you're kaping, isn't it?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Happy Bridegroom. "Waiter, I want dinner for two." Waiter. "Vill ze lady and gentleman haf *table d'hôte* or *à la carte?*" Happy Bridegroom (generous to a fault, but weak in French): "Bring us some of both and put lots of gravy on 'em.—*Judy.*

Sir John Lubbock quotes two gems from Parliamentary speeches; one by a Highlander who said of an appropriation that it was a "mere flea bite in the ocean." Another Scotch member remarked that "you may depend on it, sir, the pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the Indian army."

It is the man who never saw the inside of a printing office who knows the most about editing a paper, the man who never had any business of his own who can give others business pointers, and the man who never batted a ball who can tell just how a game of base ball ought to be played. What a successful world this would be if the folks who know it all would put their knowledge into practice!—*Boston Transcript.*

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The Pen-Worker's Maelstrom.

F. Marion Crawford, in "The Three Fates."

Among the many consequences of entering upon a literary life is the losing forever of the feeling that any moment there is nothing to be done. Let a writer work until his brain reels and his fingers can no longer hold the pen, he will, nevertheless, find it impossible to rest without imagining that he is being idle. He cannot escape from the devil that drives him, because he is himself the driver and the driven, the fiend and his victim, the torturer and the tortured. Let physicians rail at the horrible consequences of drink, of excessive smoking, of opium, of chloral and of morphine—the most terrible of all stimulants is ink, the hardest of taskmasters, the most fascinating of enchanters, the breeder of the sweetest dreams and of the most appalling nightmares, the most insinuating of poisons, the surest of destroyers. One may truly venture to say that of an equal number of opium-eaters and professional writers, the opium-eaters have the best of it in the matter of long life, health and peace of mind. We all hear of the miserable end of the poor wretch who has subsisted for years upon stimulants or narcotics, and whose death, often at an advanced age, is held up as a warning to youth; but who ever knows or speaks of the countless deaths due solely to the overuse of pen, ink and paper? Who catalogues the names of those many whose brains give way before their bodies are worn out? Who counts the suicides brought about by failure, the cases of men starving because they would rather write bad English than do good work of any other sort? In proportion to the whole literary profession of the modern world, the deaths alone, without counting other accidents, are more numerous than those caused by alcohol among drinkers, by nicotine among smokers, and by morphine and like drugs among those who use them. For one man who succeeds in literature, a thousand fail, and a hundred, who have looked upon the ink when it was black and cannot be warned from it, and whose nostrils have smelled the printer's case, are ruined for all usefulness and go drifting and struggling down the stream of failure till death or madness puts an end to their sufferings. And yet no one ventures to call writing a destroying vice, nor to condemn poor scribblers as "ink drunkards."





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Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1892

Assets, $175,084,156 61

Reserve for Policies (American Table 4 Per Cent.)		$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities		734,855 67
Surplus		15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums	$32,047,765 34	
Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-Holders	$19,386,532 46	
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as follows

United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such Voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

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The Nicaragua Canal

AND

OTHER ESSAYS

BY

Richard H. McDonald, Jr.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE PACIFIC BANK, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

PRESS NOTICES

The articles give ample proof that Mr. McDonald is a pungent and incisive writer, and, while some cannot agree with his conclusions, all must admire his style and the masterly use of the English language.—*Wasp*, San Francisco.

The essays are very ably written and reflect great credit on Mr. McDonald. The work is highly commendable and invaluable to all who wish to be well informed on the political and economic questions of the day upon which it treats.—*Times*. Pleasanton.

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The writer is undoubtedly a scholarly, but what amounts to a great deal more, a thinking man. One would suppose that the topics which he discusses had been utterly exhausted by this time, but all of his essays are so very masterfully handled, that they appear decidedly new, to an attentive reader. Mr. McDonald has the ability to make even a dry subject interesting reading, and in that respect he surpasses the many writers on political economy.—*Independent*, Santa Barbara.

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The essays show thought, and are logical presentations of subjects from a Republican standpoint.—*Argus*, Auburn.

We earnestly recommend them to our readers for for careful perusal.—*News*, Rio Vista.

Mr. McDonald is a forcible writer and his essays on the great questions of the day will be read by all who take an interest in the advancement and betterment of our political, commercial and social usages.—*Times*, Escondido.

These articles have already appeared in print and attracted much attention on account of the recognized ability with which the subjects were presented. Mr. McDonald is a thorough student, and the salient points of the questions under discussion are brought out clearly and forcibly.—*Gazette*, Martinez.

The contents are masterly essays on important questions of the day—topics of importance and interest to every public-spirited person on this coast—written by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., vice-president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, and reprinted from previous numbers of the *Californian Magazine*.—*Ojai*, Nordhoff.

Those who are at all familiar with Mr. McDonald's method of grappling with these important problems will hail the appearance of these essays with delight. They are admirably written and get at the root of the matter with charming distinctness. — *New Era*, Monterey.

Mr. McDonald is a constant student, thinker and writer upon the great questions of the day. In speaking of the writings embraced in this volume, he says: "If they aid in establishing better standards in political, commercial and social usage, in influencing any citizen to take a firmer stand for all that is good and right in public, then the purpose of the writer will have been served."—*Appeal*, Marysville.

Richard H. McDonald, Jr., vice-president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, has during the past few months contributed to the *Californian* a number of interesting and scholarly articles on the Nicaragua Canal and other political and economic topics.—*New Era*, Benicia.

These essays, besides discussing the Nicaragua Canal, cover quite a range of economic subjects, the topics being "Is Labor in Danger?" "Regulation of Railway Charges." "How to Secure Good Municipal Government." "Political Duty of Californians." "Our Commercial Growth and the Tariff." from both a Republican and a Democratic standpoint; "Ballot Reform" and "The Danger to the Republic." There is much matter in the pamphlet for thoughtful people to consider.—*Times*, Los Angeles.

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PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has no

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessons the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides everyone knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

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2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
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5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
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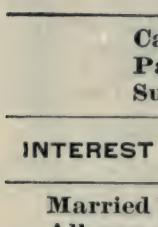
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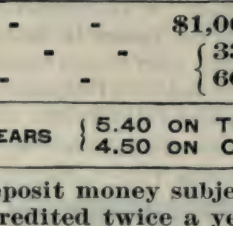
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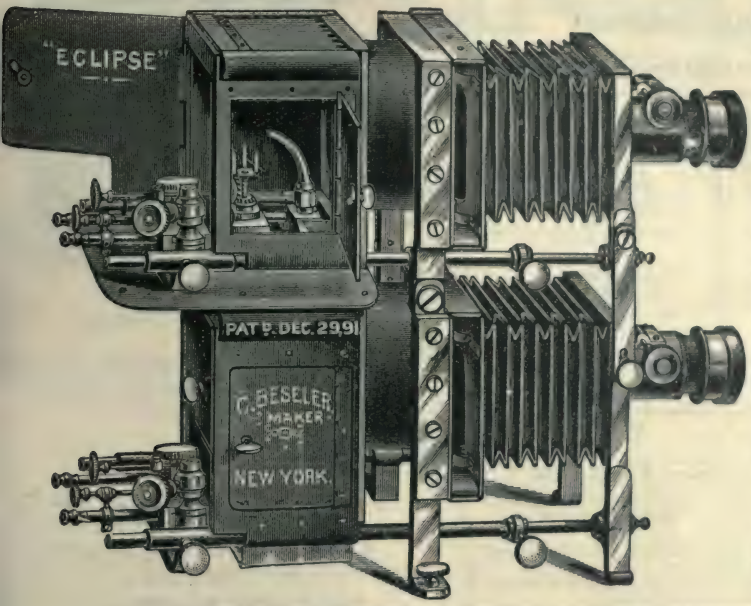
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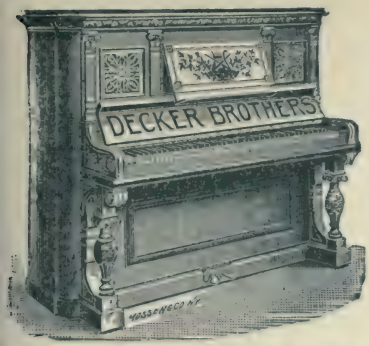
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THE CALIFORNIAN

SEPTEMBER 1893

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

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The CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, published in San Francisco, is a credit to the best resources of any city. It is a magazine of brains, capital, and has a future.—*The New York Sun.*

The October Californian

The October CALIFORNIAN will, in its literary matter and the beauty of its illustrations compare with the best of its older contemporaries, and will represent art and letters on the Pacific Slope. Among its **Descriptive Articles** will be found a delightful account of **The Garden of the Gods,** while in **The Lost Woman of San Nicholas** is described the now famous island, the harbor of which has been closed within a few weeks by an earthquake. The illustrations of this paper, by Harmer, are of especial merit. Of interest to women will be the paper by **Mrs. Fletcher,** on the **Professional Beauties of Japan,** fully illustrated. **The Deer Hound in America as a Wolf Hunter,** will interest those who enjoy this famous sport. **Dr. Remondino,** of San Diego, writes on **California for Health,** while **Dean Clarke** replies to Dr. Elliot Coues, and proves to his own satisfaction, at least, that **Ghosts Can be Photographed,** showing some remarkable and hitherto unpublished photographs.

Lovers of Literature will enjoy the article on **Some Army Authors,** by the **Rev. Dr. Bateman.**

In Fiction the October issue is especially rich. Lieut. Fletcher, Neith Boyce, Rosalie A. Knell and others being among the contributors; while the illustrations by Harmer and others will add greatly to the attractions of the issue.

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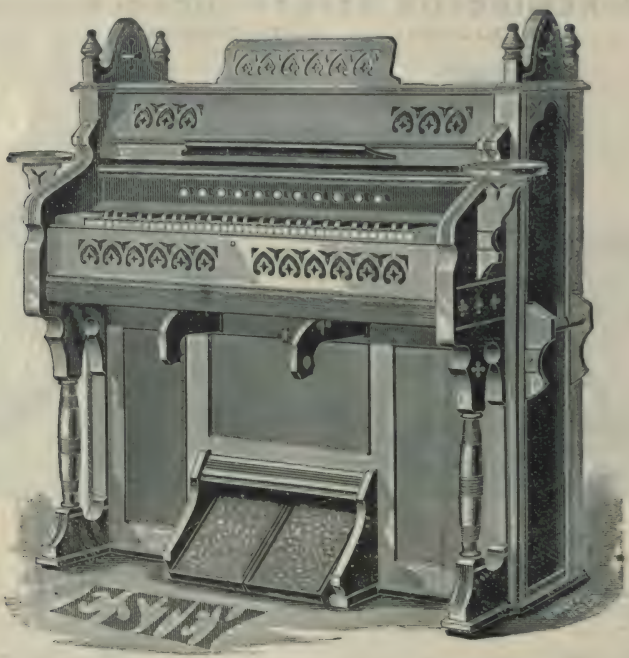
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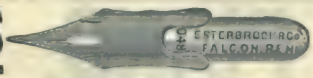
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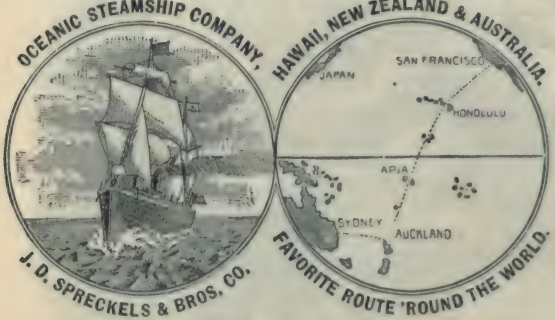
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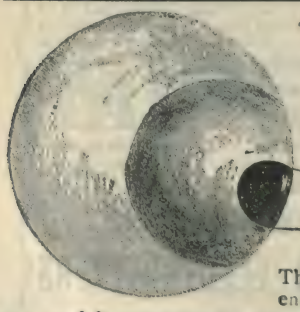
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Assets, $175,084,156 61

Reserve for Policies (American Table 4 Per Cent.)		$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities		734,855 67
Surplus		15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums	$32,047,765 34	
Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-Holders	$19,386,532 46	
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as follows

United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities in Force	882,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such Voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

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HENRY IRVING AS BECKET.

See Page 591.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1893. NO. 4.

MORRINA.

BY NEITH BOYCE.

O bold, brown bird, swaying invisible
Among the topmost eucalyptus leaves,
In the soft air, star-set, purpureal—
Oft have I heard thee on warm summer eves
Pour forth thy heart in pulsing passionate song
Of love, love, love, in maddest ecstasy
Of joy!—It may be thou this night dost hold
With magic sweet and strong
The dim vale rapt in silent reverie,
Even as thou heldst my heart of old.

The secret of thy spell—that potent fire,
That free, full, thralling sweetness blend for me
With memories of the languorous southern air,
The burning skies, the breadth, the mystery
Of mine own land. Well mayst thou sing, indeed,
Who holdest these in fee. But if no more,
O golden voice, should make response to thee
That harmony full-keyed,
If thou wert alien on a pale cold shore—
Couldst thou still sing—or wouldst thou silent be?



THE SOUTHERN UTE INDIANS.

BY VERNER Z. REED.



IN an older time the Ute, or Utah tribes of Indians, roamed over the mountain ranges of all of Colorado, Northern New Mexico and a portion of Utah. They have always been mountain dwellers, but they often made incursions to the plains to hunt buffalo and deer, or to fight their hereditary enemies, the Comanches, Kiowas and Arapahoes. It is not many years since the white people first began to colonize the lands of the Utes, and among the Uncompahgre, Uintah and Southern Ute tribes are many men not yet old, who have lived lives as wild as the lives of their ancestors before the discovery of America. But the white men came rapidly after they began to come; they coveted the rich valleys in the country of the Utes, and in time the Utes were "corralled" onto reservations, some of which have from time to time been made smaller by government treaty land purchases.

The Utes have ever been brave, fierce, fearless, warlike people; their thoughts were of battles and hunts, and they have not kept pace with some of their cousins of other tribes in the arts of civilization. They are now at a point that is midway between the old era and a new. The days of battles, rapine and pillage are over, but what the new era will be no man can tell. There is little doubt that most of the Utes are yet as savage at heart as were their most bloodthirsty ancestors—Utes of old-time thoughts, customs and desires, but hedged in by the mighty power of the conquering whites, who compel them to live in a different way from that of the free, wild, olden time. They are among the last Indians that civilization has attempted to reach. Civilization has touched most of them not at all, and scratched the others only skin deep, and the Utes are extremely interesting as being among the best examples of the aboriginal tribes of the West who continue to lead lives akin to those of the old days before the white men had come.

The Utes are divided into three main tribes, the Uncompahgre and Uintah tribes of Utah Territory, and the Southern Utes of Colorado. At one time all three of the main tribes acknowledged the authority of a common head chief, although each tribe had its own sub-head chief. Ouray was the last chief to hold sway over all the Utes, and since his death the three main tribes have maintained entirely separate organizations.

In the extreme southwestern corner of Colorado, in the picturesque "Silver

BEAR DANCE.

San Juan," a country reached only by crossing over the tops of towering mountain ranges, is the reservation of the Southern Utes, the only Indians now remaining in Colorado. The reservation is about fifteen and one-half miles wide from north to south, and one hundred and twenty miles long from east to west. It comprises a series of fertile valleys watered by streams that trend to the southwest and flow through the San Juan into the Rio Colorado, and whose waters in time enter the Pacific Ocean. The reservation contains valleys, mesas and mountains, and is suitable for hunting and fishing, or for farming. To the east the Conejos range of mountains shuts out the wide world; to the north and northwest the white summits of the La Plata and Needle mountains rise to the line of perpetual snow; and to the south and southwest is the great desert country that borders the land of the Navajo. The valleys in the reservation lie between high mesa walls that in many places rise almost as high as mountains, and between the valleys are high table lands and foothills, covered with sage brush, cactus, yucca, and clumps and forests of scrub oak, piñon and pine. The streams, among which are the Rio de Pinos, Rio Florida, and the Las Animas, carry great quantities of the purest melted snow water, and are capable of irrigating large areas of the richest and most productive land in the West. The altitude averages six thousand feet; the climate is generally equable and mild; there is a little snow, not a great deal of rain, and a vast amount of sunshine.



UTE INDIAN WAR DANCE COSTUME.

The Southern Ute tribe was formed by the union of three tribes or clans, viz: the Weeminuchees, the Moaches and the Capotas. The Weeminuchees have always lived on or near the land now comprised in the reservation; the other tribes, or clans, were removed there about sixteen years ago. The government of the tribe is graded as follows: head chief of the tribe; chiefs of clans or sub-tribes; head men of bands. At the present time Ignacio, "the living good Indian," is head chief of the tribe, and also chief of the Weeminuchee clan, the largest of the sub-tribes. Buckskin Charley, whose original name was Horned Toad, is chief of the Moache clan, and Severo is chief of the Capota clan. The clans are subdivided into bands, each band numbering from four to ten men, and being governed by a head man or sub-chief. It will thus be seen that a common citizen in Uteland owes allegiance first to the head chief of the tribe, then to the chief of his clan, and lastly and leastly to the head man of his band. There is also a war chief whose authority in time of war would transcend that of the head chief. Buckskin Charley, who did hard fighting with other tribes before the days of railroads and white settlers, is war chief of the tribe, and it is believed that in the event of a serious emergency he would also hold that office over the two other main Ute tribes, the Uintahs and Uncompahgres

of Utah. The sway of the chiefs is not tyrannical or severe, but it is almost absolute, and their subjects yield ready obedience to orders, as a bullet is the penalty of serious disobedience. Tribal law attaches no emoluments to the office of chief, but it is the custom for the chiefs to have first choice of such good things that come the way of the tribe.

At the census of 1892 there were 986 members of the Southern Ute tribe, of which 489 were males, and 497 females. The census stated that there were 425 families, but that is far from being correct, owing to the fact that the Indians have not a good conception of the meaning of the word "family," and made many erroneous statements. Many single families were numbered as three or four families. Many men with wives were listed alone, the man being classed as a family, his wife and children as another. It is rather difficult to determine what constitutes a Ute family, and the census statistics regarding families are almost without value.

Of the sub-tribes the Weeminuchees numbered 550 members, the Moaches 270 members, and the Capotas 166 members. There were 290 males over eighteen years of age and 199 under that age. Of the females there were 305 over sixteen years of age and 192 under that age. The census of 1893 will show an increase in the number of all the clans, the total population being now estimated at 1060



MOUNTED UTE.



UTE BOYS ON HORSEBACK.



INDIAN CAMP.



UTE FAMILY.

people. The tribe has been increasing in numbers for several years, the increase being attributable to the absence of warfare, to the presence of an American physician, and to a life of lesser hardship than was known in the old era of battles.

The average life of the men is about twenty-five years, that of the women somewhat less, on account of their harder work and greater exposure; but some of the women attain great ages, the oldest person on the reservation being a woman ninety-three years old. Any noticeable increase in the population of the tribe is prevented owing to the fact that when twins are born only one is allowed to live, and because children born deformed are not allowed to grow up. The superfluous twins and deformed children are carried to exposed places in the forest and allowed to die from neglect. It would seem more merciful to kill them by a less lingering and painful process, but the manner of their taking off is according to Indian ideas of right. It is doubtful whether there are any Indian ideas of mercy. If twins should be one of either sex the male is reared, if they should be both of one sex the healthiest and most promising one is reared.

The Ute men are generally well formed and agile, and possess great endurance. They are quite strong, although their muscles are soft and flexible. Some of them become stout, while others are thin and "wiry." They have prominent noses and ears, high cheek bones, and rather retreating foreheads. They all have long, black, glossy hair, of which they are scrupulously careful. They do not average as tall as white men, although a few of them are over six feet. The women are shorter and stouter than the men. In girlhood and early womanhood they are plump and well-formed, but as they grow older, they become fat, and their busts and hips develop to an unusual size.

From an Anglo-Saxon point of view the costumes of the Utes are simple and scanty, but they are always picturesque. The clothing is now made chiefly of velvets, calicoes and cotton cloths purchased from agency traders, but is cut after the patterns of the olden time when the materials were the skins of animals killed in the chase. A few of the men wear hats, which are invariably small sombreros. In addition to this the male costume consists of an undershirt of cotton, a long-sleeved overshirt falling to the knees, leggings of cloth or buckskin, a gee-string and moccasins. The overshirt is usually fringed at the neck, cuffs and bottom, and generally the breast piece is made of double thickness. Should the overshirt be of buckskin it is almost invariably painted, yellow being a favorite color. The leggings fit the limbs very close; they reach from the ankle upward to the beginning of the hips, and are fastened to a belt that encircles the body. The same belt to which the leggings are tied holds the "gee-string" in position. This garment is a strip of cloth or buckskin about eight inches wide, and from three to five feet long, that passes between the hips and hangs down in front and behind. The moccasins are almost invariably made of buckskin or elk hide, and are generally beaded. The leggings and shirts are also beaded, and often finely fringed. As an outer garment there is the invariable blanket, which is worn almost constantly, winter and summer. The top of the blanket is passed over one shoulder and under the other, and is fastened around the waist by a belt; over this is worn the invariable cartridge belt and six-shooter, as all the Utes go armed. The Utes do not weave, procuring their blankets from the Navajoes, or from the government traders.

The costume of the women consists of a dress that reaches from the neck to below the knees, leggings that reach from the knees to the ankles, and moccasins. They all wear very wide belts, to which they hang their purses, awls and tools, and as outer garments they wear shawls or blankets. Some of their dresses are made of buckskin, or the tanned skin of wild mountain sheep. These skin dresses are almost always painted, and small bells and rattles are attached to them. They also wear bead jackets, or scarfs, some of which are executed in very good designs.

The men wear a great many ornaments, consisting of ear rings, finger rings, bracelets, armlets, breast plates and hair ornaments. They make very good rings out of German silver and turquoise, and make their own armlets from the same materials. The necklaces and breast plates are made from the teeth of wild animals, or from beads purchased from the Mexicans and traders.

The men take good care of their hair, parting it in the middle and braiding it in two long queues, one of which hangs over either shoulder. These braids are often wrapped in beaver or otter skin, and bear teeth and claws are sometimes tied to them. The women also part their hair in the middle, but do not braid it, cutting it off so that it falls only to the neck. The men wear eagle and crow feathers in their hair, but the women do not.

Both men and women pluck out their eyebrows, and nearly all the men pluck out their scant beards, although an occasional one will indulge in a small mustache. The men paint their faces almost constantly, the women more rarely. On ordinary occasions a man will have his face painted in but one color, but for a dance, a council meeting or a ceremonial occasion of any kind, he will use many different colors and designs. He also paints the front portion of the hair and portions of the clothing. The women paint their clothing but little, and their face painting does not often go beyond round spots on the forehead. The children, especially the boys, begin face painting very young.



UTE WAR DANCE HEADDRESS.

The Utes are a roving people, who dwell in tents and wander up and down their reservation hunting, fishing or visiting, carrying their tents and belongings with them. The government is endeavoring to encourage farming and permanent residence among them, and thirty-two farms are now being worked on the Southern reservation; but when the season of farm work is over, the farmers wander and hunt with their fellows. The government has erected small houses of planks or logs on the farms, but the Indians usually prefer to live in wickiups, as did their forefathers, conical shaped tents, formerly covered with deer skin and buffalo hide, now almost invariably made from canvas supplied by the government. The tent poles are erected something after the soldier fashion of stacking arms, being joined, and often tied, at the top, and over this framework of poles the canvas is stretched. An opening for the escape of smoke is left in the top, and another for ingress and egress in the side, this door-hole being covered with a flap stretched on sticks. A small excavation is made in the center of the wickiup and used for a fire place, the fire being built on the ground. A mat of limbs and small tree branches is built around the fire place, and this mat is covered with blankets and skins that serve as seats during the day and as beds at night. In the wickiup are kept the few utensils used in Ute housekeeping, and here the Ute family rests, eats, cooks, sleeps and receives visits from friends. The women build, and usually own, the wickiups. When the family moves, which is often, the women take down the tents, roll up the canvas and load it on packhorses, tie the ends of the tent-poles to saddles and allow the poles to drag on the ground. They also load the coffee pots, willow water jars, baskets, wooden ladles, blankets and hides onto pack horses, and they and the children ride on top of the packs. The men ride ahead of the cavalcade, and do not usually load goods on their horses. The half-grown boys and girls ride



UTE WAR HEADDRESS.



A PORTION OF THE SOUTHERN UTE RESERVATION.

behind the van and drive the sheep, goats, and extra horses.

The Utes are sometimes polygamous, but not to any great extent, owing to the equal numbers of the sexes. Several men have two wives, and a few have three. All the wives sometimes live in one tent with the husband, but it is customary to have a separate tent for each wife and her children. The men marry at about eighteen years of age, the women from fourteen to sixteen. Courtship is of short duration. A brave, after falling in love with a girl, will don his best clothes and feathers, paint his face in the brightest colors, load himself down with beads and ornaments, and then frequent the wickiup of the family of his inamorata. He will converse volubly with the girl's relatives, but affect a profound indifference toward her, often not noticing her when she speaks to him. She and her friends understand the significance of these tactics, and the man's availability and desirability as a husband are discussed. The girl's parents may endeavor to dissuade her from the proposed alliance, but by long established tribal custom the final decision is in her own hands, and she may marry to suit herself. If a man believes his suit is looked upon with favor, he goes upon a hunt, and returns after he has killed a deer. With the body of the deer slung to his horse he rides to the wickiup where dwells the object of his longing, ties his horse to a tree near the tent, and goes in, often not noticing the girl. If the girl has decided to reject him she pays no heed to him, but if she accepts him she goes out to his horse, waters and feeds it, unstraps the deer and cares for the meat and skin, cooks some of the meat and invites him to partake of it with her, and by so doing she has concluded both the engagement and marriage, for the two will begin living with each other at once, with no further ceremony. The young couple usually begin married life by dwelling in the wickiup of the bride's mother, but after two or three children are born to them, should they live together so long, they will build a wickiup of their own. As soon as married the man joins the clan of the woman and becomes one of the same people as herself, and the children, when born, belong to her clan. In case of divorce the man may return to his own clan, but often does not.

Divorce, or more properly separation, is very common, and may be effected by either the man or the woman. In case of separation each takes his own property, and the wife usually returns to her mother's family, taking her children if they are very young. If the children are almost grown, the sons go with the father and the daughters with the mother. Parents are very affectionate toward their children, but seem to have little regard for children who have left them because of divorce. In some cases the easily made marriages have lasted through life. Ignacio, the head chief, has but one wife. He entertains a great regard for her, and has lived with her for many years. In some cases a man or a woman may have been married as many as two dozen times.



SEVARO, CHIEF OF CAPOTA SUB-TRIBE.



BUCKSKIN CHARLEY.

The morals of the Utes are very lax, as are the morals of almost all wild Indians. A woman is supposed to be true to her master, but the man is free to indulge in as many amours as opportunity and his inclinations will permit, and he will not fall in his wife's estimation thereby. If a woman is unfaithful her husband may adopt one of several courses. The mildest punishment is to kill the favorite horse of the man who has trespassed; another punishment is to whip the woman and separate from her; another, now falling out of use, is to slit the nose of the unfaithful wife, and kill the offending co-respondent; and in rare cases the husband has been known to kill both the unfaithful wife and the offending man. Usually, however, if the wife consorts with another Indian her punishment consists of being beaten or divorced; but if her crime is committed with a negro, a white man, or a Mexican, the punishment is death. No half breed children are allowed to live if it can be avoided, and many an erring woman has seen her child killed, and has lost her own life for bringing into the world a little stranger in whose veins flowed the mixed blood of two races.

The men do the farm work, when any is done, and hunt and fish, and sometimes care for the horses. The women build the wickiups, provide wood, carry water, do the cooking and most of the laborious work. The female children begin to work young, but the boys do little except ride, herd horses, and practice shooting with revolvers, guns, and bows and arrows. The children are as well cared for as their elders, and are greatly loved by their parents. The families are not large, but two or three children being usually born to one mother. The children are not named as soon as born, and when a name is given it is usually hap-hazard, and may be changed several times during a lifetime. The infants are of course placed in *koonuhs*, or pappoose boards, and carried slung over the mother's back.

There is little regularity about the Ute family life. Each one eats when he chooses, sleeps when he likes, and arises when he pleases. The food consists of beef, coffee, *tortillas*, and wild game. The *tortillas* are cooked by holding them over the fire, and the meats are cooked on flat stones, or held on sticks and cooked in



UTE CHILDREN.

the flame. The cooking utensils are few and crude. Ladles are hewed out of oak knots; willow *ollas*, or water jars, are woven by the women and are very serviceable; drinking cups are made from cow horns that are heated in the fire and then flared; and jars and cups are procured from the Apaches and Pueblo Indians. In eating, the Indians sit upon the ground, and needless to say, they exemplify the old saying that fingers were made before forks. Chunks of cooked meat are usually kept in the wickiups, and any member of the family may eat of it when he chooses. They retire to bed early, and usually sleep late. An entire family will sleep in a single wickiup, each one wrapping himself in a blanket or skin, and lying with his feet toward the fire. The intercourse among the members of a family is nearly always pleasant, quarrels are very infrequent, and children are rarely chastised by their parents. Children hold their parents in great respect, and brothers and sisters are usually very affectionate and friendly with each other.

Both men and women are inveterate gamblers, betting on horse races, foot races, on the Mexican game of monte and the native game of *kan–yu–te*. This game, the only native one, is very simple, consisting merely in guessing in which hand one of the players holds a bone or small object. The one who holds the object will make a number of maneuvers with both hands, passing the object from one hand to the other, and finally holding up both hands closed. Then the players will guess in which hand the object is held. Gambling has a great fascination for them, and many a man has lost everything he possessed, even to his clothing, by betting against a run of bad luck. They play fair in their games, and a dishonest player, if discovered, might lose his life.

In handiwork the Utes are less skillful than most of the other frontier tribes. They make a great deal of bead work, consisting of ornaments for leggings, moccasins, dresses and shirts, hat-bands and scarfs. They make saddle bags of buckskin and ornament them profusely with beads. Almost all kinds of clothing are made out of buckskin, sheep skin, and elk hide, and whips and lariats are also manufactured. They make very good arrow quivers from raw hide, and arrows that are identical with those of the Apaches, being three-feathered and pointed with flint or iron. They also make a few bows, but they are not equal to Apache bows. Their willow work consists only of water jars and a few baskets. They make finger rings, ear rings, bracelets and breast-plates, and manufacture some of their paints from plants and minerals. In the past the men were all expert in the use of bows, arrows and spears, but they have lost this skill with the introduction of fire arms.

An important but dangerous occupation among the Utes is that of the *pwu–au–guts*, or medicine men. The medicine men use very little medicine, healing by magic, called *po–o–kan–te*. The healer procures his magic power from dead Indians who visit him at night from the Happy Hunting Grounds, where he goes when he is in trances, and from eagles, bears, and other birds and animals. When a man establishes his reputation as a magician he is believed in implicitly, and many fees of blankets or horses are paid to him for his services. When an Indian is to be treated for sickness a small wickiup, or medicine tent, is erected at some distance from the other tents, and the doctor and his patient repair there for the healing. The medicine man places his head upon the afflicted parts of the patient's body and draws the disease away. He ties a little bundle of herbs to the sick person's garments, and then chants and makes motions over the invalid. The chant is sometimes carried on for hours, a bright fire being built in the tent if it is to continue during the night. The chant is unspeakably weird, and can be heard



UTE MEN AND BOY.

at a long distance. The patient's male friends may visit him in the medicine tent, but in most cases women or strangers are not allowed to come near, it being believed that women exercise a bad influence. The medicine man, as well as the patient, believes fully in the power of magic to heal, but if a cure is not effected the patient and his friends believe that the medicine man is not trying to cure, that he is using his magic for evil purposes, and they may take the unlucky magician's life. I know of two instances where so called bad medicine men, or witches, were killed. In both cases the killing was done with the consent of the chiefs, and in one case a chief held the victim while his throat was cut by the father of the boy who had been bewitched. It is esteemed no crime to kill a witch, and trouble rarely follows such a deed.

The Utes believe in trance mediumship, in the power of a medium to leave his body and visit the Happy Hunting Grounds, and in the supernatural power and magic of animals and birds. The eagle, in their estimation the king and ruler of all birds, possesses wonderful *po-o-kan-te*, and if an eagle is killed and its heart eaten by a medicine man, they believe the eagle's magic is transferred to him. The eagle's feathers are believed to impart bravery to their wearer, and many fine feather war bonnets have been made by the Utes, a few yet being found among them.

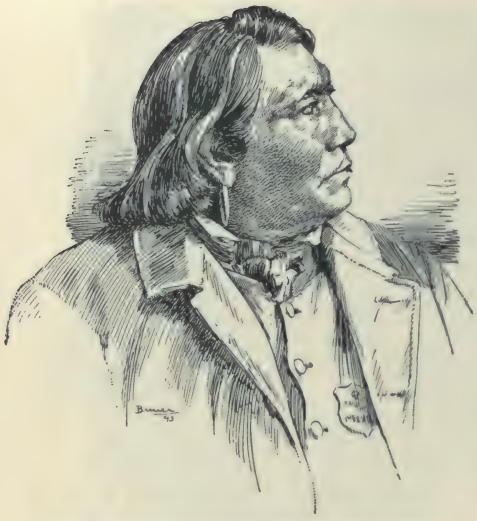
The Utes believe that one God, or Great Spirit, rules all the Indians, and that he desires his children to be mighty hunters and brave warriors. They believe that their code of morals came originally from this Great Spirit, and that war is a good thing in his sight. They believe in a future life, but not in a future punishment. As soon as an Indian dies it is believed that his soul goes at once to the Happy Hunting Grounds, a fair land in the sky where there is no death, where there are towering mountains, broad forests, grassy plains and rivers of sweet waters that flow undiminished forever. In this Happy Hunting Ground each tribe of Indians has its own land, and when an Indian dies he dwells among his own people. In this blessed place there is no sickness, the men are all strong, the women are all beautiful, the horses are all fleet, and existence is one long, happy, endless round of hunting, feasting, dancing and making merry. The Indians who have been in trances tell of this happy land, a strange thing being that all give the same description. It is implicitly believed in, and every Indian, no matter what his life may be, believes that he will go there as soon as he dies. Because of this implicit faith no Ute fears death, and none are cowards.

The Utes have great respect for the memory of the dead, and while they erect no permanent monuments, they can remember for long periods the burial places of friends. Their burial customs vary according to the rank and importance of the dead person. If a witch is killed he may be thrown into any hastily dug hole without ceremony. An ordinary Indian will



THE UTE CHIEF'S WOOING.

be buried with some state. A horse will be killed over his grave in order that he may take it with him to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and a pipe, a jug of water and a few necessaries will be thrown into the grave. His female relations will cut their hair in mourning, and when any of them meet friends for the first time after the burial they will stop and give the death wail, a weird, melancholy cry, whose significance is known to every member of the tribe. If a chief or important personage dies, an elaborate funeral takes place. The women take charge of the funeral ceremonies, and the men, working under their directions, dig a grave, making it about eight feet deep. The grave is then lined with cloths and blankets, and a couch of blankets and robes is built in the grave, a pillow of fine furs being made for the head. The body, dressed in the best finery the Indian owned when alive, is then passed down to men who stand in the grave,



IGNACIO, HEAD CHIEF OF SOUTHERN UTES.

and is placed in an easy reclining position. Tobacco, playing cards, money, meat, fruits, saddles, revolvers and a jug of water are then placed in the grave for the dead man to take with him on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Rude timbers are then placed in the grave above the body, tanned skins or canvas are fastened to them, and then a wickiup is built over all. Six or seven horses are then killed for the use of the dead man's spirit, and sometimes the wickiup is burned down.

Five dances are numbered in the Ute catalogue, each of which has a sacred or mystic significance, although most of them are indulged in on festal occasions as well. The Dog Dance is danced by men only, being a kind of war dance. The Tea Dance, is danced by men and women, and the Ghost Dance, similar to the Sioux dance of the same name, is danced by both sexes. The Lame Horse Dance, is exclusively for women, and the Bear Dance for both men and women. The Bear Dance is given by some one of the main Ute tribes once each year, and is for the purpose of assisting the bears in the mountains to recover from hibernation, to provide food for the living bears and the spirit bears in the Happy Hunting Grounds, to charm the dancers against danger from bears, and is, besides, a social function. It takes place in March, lasts four days and one night, and is followed by a feast. The dance is held out of doors in a circular enclosure, called *ah-vick-wak-it*, the enclosure being made of green boughs.

No serious effort has been made to convert the Southern Utes to Christianity, and but little progress has been made in educating their young. Several boys and girls have been sent to schools and kept there for a few months at a time, but the best educated among them can only manage to read in the third readers of the public schools. They learn rapidly, taking into consideration the fact that before they can advance they must master a foreign language, but they are not kept long enough in the schools. Parents are very averse to sending their children to the schools, and the school training does but little good to children who are sent back to the old careless tribal life and blanket costume.

The lives of these Indians are very narrow and restricted. They are hemmed in on a narrow reservation, the boundary lines of which are the boundary lines of their world. They have no intellectual pleasures, and aside from hunting, gambling and dancing, they have little to occupy their minds. A few of the more active spirits chafe under their bonds of inertia, but there has been no trouble with the wh tes for many years. Brawls among themselves occur, but no more frequently than among a similar number of whites; but if they become serious, killing is usually the result. They have but little intercourse with the whites, as they know white men are not well disposed toward them. If they are approached in the right way they are very friendly, and they greatly esteem the friendship of white men whom they like and

respect. They are staunch in friendship, honest and truthful, but bitter and implacable in enmity.

A few of the men can speak some words of English, nearly all speak Spanish. Some speak the Navajo dialect, and many of the women understand Spanish to a certain degree, although few of them speak a word of English. Their own dialect is rather more harsh than other Indian dialects. There are comparatively few words in their language, but it is difficult to master, as a word may have many different meanings, according to the way it is inflected. They have a system of notation running to one hundred. After counting to that number they begin at one again, making a mark for each one hundred. Considering the few words at their command, and the meagerness of their language, some of them are very eloquent. The force of the spoken words is greatly enhanced by their intense earnestness when speaking upon serious subjects, by their indescribable dignity, by their sparkling eyes and by their magnificent powers of gesticulation in which they have no superiors. Buckskin Charley, the war chief, who, like many a white man, is painted worse than he is by his enemies, recounted to me the history of his life, speaking in the Ute dialect, his language being translated to me by a competent interpreter. An extract or two may serve to give some idea of Indian thought and eloquence. The first extract from his story is an account of a battle he took part in, and is given almost verbatim as translated.

"In an old time a great road came from the States to the city of Santa Fe. On the east side of that road, away on the wide plains, I and six other Utes went once to hunt buffalo. We killed great numbers of buffalo, and about the middle of one day we packed our meat and hides onto pack horses and started for home, wanting to reach our camp because we had used all the water we had with us. Two of our men rode ahead, and after we had ridden a little distance, we saw those two men turn and ride toward us, coming as fast as their horses could run. When they came near us they waved their hands and called out:

"'Comanches! Comanches! The Comanches are coming!'

"Then the Comanches came in sight; many, many of them, spread out in ten long rows, and riding hard toward us. As there were but seven of us we turned and ran, letting our pack horses go where they would, as it would have put us in danger to try to keep them. When we had ridden for about the distance of three miles, we saw ten men of our own people riding toward us, and we were very glad, and we ran our horses to meet them. I had but a bow and arrows, but my bow was good and my arrows had points of steel. Only one of all our people had a gun, as that was before the time many Indians had guns. Almost as soon as we reached



KA-RATCH, AN INDIAN POLICEMAN.

our ten friends the Comanches were upon us. There was no place to run, as our horses were tired; we had but one gun; we were very few and the Comanches were very many, but I knew we had to fight, and I rode up and down before the Utes and I said to them:

"'Utes, now has come our time to die. We cannot run from the Comanches. We have but one gun; we are but seventeen men and they are a great many, and they will kill us all. But we will fight bravely, and we will die together like men and Utes. But before we die, many Comanches must die. Come, be of brave hearts, be brave men, and let us fight and die so bravely that our people will forever speak to their children of how brave we were. Our people have fought the Comanches always, the Comanches have killed many of our friends, they have stolen many of our horses, they have taken many of our women, and now before we die let every man pay off his debt to the Comanches for the wrongs they have done us. When the Comanches kill one of us, then let us try to kill three Comanches. When we are all killed but two, let those two stand side by side and fight. And when the Utes are all killed but one, let that last one die killing Comanches. If the Comanches kill your horse from under you, stand on the ground and fight; if they break one of your legs, stand on the other leg and fight; if they break both your legs, lie on the ground and kill Comanches until you are too weak to put an arrow to your bow. Come, be brave, let us fight like Utes!'

"Then were my men of good hearts—they were Utes, they were brave, and I had cheered them although I was not yet a chief. Then the chief who was with us told me to command the fight. We could not live always, we must die some time, and I believed that in that fight we would all die, but no fear was in my heart, nor has fear ever been in my heart.

"Then the Comanches came close to us, and they rode up and down before us, calling to us and telling us our time had come to die. Then they shot a great volley at us, and in less than the beating of a heart we had shot back at them, and all the time we were very close together. Their first shots killed one of our horses, and their next shots killed one of our men who was a good friend to me, and then we called out to them:

"'You Comanche dogs, you eaters of dogs, we will kill you all!'

"Then the fight was fast and hard and hot, and we fought for many hours, fighting until the sun was almost gone. My men fought like men who fear nothing, and they were so brave and so mad with anger that the great band of Comanches became afraid, and after we had killed some of them they turned and ran from us like cowards. We were brave men, we had good *po-o-kan-te*, and so well did we fight that but one of us was killed, although more were hurt.

"When the fight was over we were worn out, for we had had no water all day. We tied our horses to pegs and we threw ourselves on the ground and slept until the sun came up, and then we buried our dead friend and killed a horse over his grave, so that he might have a horse in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

"Then we rode in sorrow to our camp, and our people grieved because one of us was dead, and the women relations of the dead man cut off their hair and wailed in sorrow for many days, and all our men met together and swore to kill any Comanches they might meet."

The following extracts from the chief's conversations are inserted here because they throw some light upon the relations of the white and red races, viewed from an Indian's standpoint.

"The way the times are now has made me many troubled thoughts. I am now too old to learn like the white men, and I was not born soon

enough to live out all my life like the Utes of the old time lived. I once thought the white people were very bad people and that they did much wrong; and the whites thought the Indians were very bad people and did much wrong. But I think different now, for I understand more of the laws that came from the God. Long, long time ago our god put us on earth and told us to fight, to hunt, and to take from each other in war. Your god put the Americans on earth to farm, to read in books, and to know many more things than the Indians know. The reason the white men know so much is because their god gave them the power. The Indians did as their god told them; the white men did as their god told them; but the white men did not understand the Indians, and the Indians did not understand the white men, and they were enemies. Your laws say: 'If a man kill he shall be taken;' our laws do not say so. Your laws say one thing, our laws say another thing, and we have not understood each other. But I believe that the white men's laws are good for the white men, and the Indian laws good for the Indian, and that when the white men and the Indians understand more of each other they will no longer hate each other. I believe that when all peoples know what God meant they will all be friends with each other; all Indians,—the Utes, the Navajoes, the Comanches, the Arapahoes—and the Americans, the Mexicans, and the black people."



THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S "YES."

This chief, his words accompanied by the most eloquent gestures, and emphasized with flashing eyes, told me many strange, wild tales of his people, tales of murder and bloodshed, with no idea that the deeds were wrong; but he also told me many thoughts he had upon the future of his people, upon their relations with the whites, and of things a semi-savage Indian would not be supposed to think about.

The Utes are a little nation, and are recognized as such by the government. They have their own rulers, their own priests, their own laws, their simple manufactures and their limited pastimes. They are of interest as being a people of to-day who live according to the savage customs of a thousand years ago. They are almost savage as yet, but within a few years their customs will have undergone many changes, and they will have become parties to the great scheme of American civilization.

THE WALNUT IN CALIFORNIA.

BY WAYNE SCOTT.

CALIFORNIA is a state of great possibilities. Its development is only in its infancy. Enough has already been done, however, to show that the State in its entirety is capable of producing almost everything known in the vegetable or mineral kingdoms. And as the years roll on, each season brings to light some new and strange discovery going to show that her resources are well-nigh inexhaustible.

Indiscriminate propagation has had more to do with the tardy development of the products of the State than all other causes combined. The climate and soil are present, but the experience is lacking, and there is too great hurry indulged in to bring about a proper development. The virtue to "make haste slowly" has never been a distinguishing characteristic of the average Californian, who is, as a rule, more anxious to realize quantity than to develop quality, and for this reason a false idea exists, both at home and abroad, with reference to the products of the State. Whenever a superior quality of fruit is produced it is shipped east, and the consumers there imagine that their purchases represent the average, if not the entire crop of the State. The eastern visitor being compelled to put up with the inferior stock left for the home market, exclaims: "Why, this is not like the California fruit we get in the East," and thus a false impression is produced at both ends of the line, which is detrimental to our home interests. Time will correct this evil, and already the conscientious growers of the State are laboring to effect that end.

Of all branches of horticulture so far experimented upon in California, there is probably no one so little understood as the culture of walnut trees. Many causes have operated to bring about this effect. More than forty years ago the "Los Angeles" walnut, so called from the fact that it was first cultivated at the old mission of that name, was introduced, but owing to the fact that it is the most delicate variety of walnut, its indiscriminate propagation was not an unqualified success.

By constant propagation from the seed, it has been allowed to deteriorate until its cultivation is a barren waste of time, and the tree occupies a place that should be used for something of a more profitable nature. And yet this same barren tree can be grafted into a Præparturien, or other variety, and made very profitable. By itself it blooms irregularly, and is therefore unreliable as a bearer, and is extremely tender as a plant. The *Juglans regia*, as the English walnut is known to botanists, is unisexual, bearing both the staminate and the pistilate flowers. It is a native of Persia and Himalaya, and was cultivated by the Romans during the reign of Tiberius, B. C., forty-two years. It is at this time being extensively cultivated throughout Southern Europe, and does well even in England, although in that trying climate it does not begin to bear until it has attained its twenty-fifth year. It grows to a height of from sixty to one hundred feet. There are many varieties, not all equally profitable, and with regard to the propagation of which there are as many opinions expressed as there are growers, on the one hand, and varieties of soil and climate, on the other.

Mr. Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, is of the opinion that the area of land suitable for successful

walnut growing in this State is very limited. He says: "It requires well drained, deep, sandy bottom land, well protected, and where no live oak trees have grown within the last century. Everywhere where the live oak has been recently rooted out the walnut tree will die about the time it bears the second crop, perhaps earlier. The second, planted to replace, will die in about the fifth year; the third, in the first, second or third year. I doubt if any fruit trees will do well where an oak forest has recently existed. The Elder Pliny, in his natural history written nearly two thousand years ago, speaks of this fact existing on the northern coast of the Mediterranean, and cautions planters from attempting fruit growing where an oak forest has recently existed."

Mr. Felix Gillett, of Nevada City, returns a vigorous protest against theories advanced by Mr. Cooper. He says: "The idea that walnut culture in California is possible only in those little valleys bordering the sea in Southern California, is, I must say, a preposterous and erroneous one. * * * Now I do strongly object, in the presence of facts to the contrary, to the above banishing of walnut culture from nine-tenths of the area of the State of California; and I do not care, either, what Pliny said two thousand years ago on that subject, but will cite an instance that will set at naught the theory that walnuts will not do well 'where an oak forest has recently existed.' That walnuts will grow more luxuriantly and bear larger crops at comparatively earlier age in deep and rich bottom land, well drained, well protected, and with plenty of moisture, is an obvious fact; though there arises another question—whether it is advisable to plant walnuts, a class of trees requiring so much space and with so little regard to the nature of the soil, in our richest land, so well adapted to the growing of other valuable crops that have absolutely to be raised in rich land. My experience in walnut culture—and for twenty years I have imported, propagated and fruited, all the leading varieties of Europe, besides having collected a large amount of data on that subject from nut-growing countries—warrants me in saying that walnut culture can be successfully carried on on the whole Pacific coast, provided we plant none but hardy kinds; in fact, the success of walnut culture in California lies exclusively in the hardiness of the kinds to be planted."

Before entering upon the details of walnut raising in this State, the advice given by some of the more prominent growers will be found to be interesting and instructive reading. Mr. G. W. Ford, of Santa Ana, says: "Before you plant a walnut orchard, see that you have good, rich, deep, valley soil, with first-class water facilities, or do not expect such promising returns as I or my neighbors in Orange County have had. I don't recommend planting a walnut orchard if you have poor soil, but something that will come off the ground early in the season. Certainly your land need not be anything extra, but I say that on almost any land where corn can be grown without any irrigation, especially in the southern part, a good quality of walnut can be raised without artificial means of watering." Mr. Ford winds up an interesting paper on the "Culture of the Soft-shelled Walnut," by extending a general invitation to all concerned to pay a visit to his orchard in Santa Ana, adding, "and I will show him there an orchard which will satisfy the most skeptical that a soft-shell walnut orchard is a paying investment."

Mr. A. Dorman, of Rivera, says: "I think that if the (planting of) corn, and irrigation were left out after the first three years, and the land given clean and thorough cultivation, it would be more profitable for the owners. Shallow cultivation is advocated by the most successful walnut growers in the valley. * * * The experience of the past season has had

a strong tendency to increase the popularity of the hard-shell walnut. * * * I believe the practice of sulphuring is injurious to the flavor of the nut, and hope it will soon be discontinued with the hard-shell, as has already been done with the soft-shell."

Mr. Felix Gillett says: "My advice in regard to foreign varieties of walnuts is that where the Los Angeles or common walnut of California does badly, people should not hesitate a moment to plant them (the foreign variety) as being so much superior and more hardy. * * * It is as easy to grow fine nuts as poor ones, and certainly more profitable."

Mr. Ellwood Cooper says: "My advice to those anticipating walnut growing is—first visit the various localities and profit by the experience of those now engaged in the business. * * * Trees will die, apparently without a cause, and the planter, after waiting ten or a dozen long years, will be compelled to root them out and try something else. One-half the orchards planted will never be a success."

It is more than probable that the planters have experimented with different varieties of the nut, but one fact is made manifest, and that is, that under the best circumstances the cultivation of the tree is difficult, and the results not at all well assured. The experiments in this State include a wide range of variety. There are the Præparturiens, or Fertile walnut, the Cluster, Mayette, Franguette, Parisienne, Grenoble, Serstina, Chaberte, Gant, Mesange, or Paper-shell, Vourey, Meylan, Culong, Weeping walnut, Ash-leaved walnut, Mammoth walnut, the last three mentioned varieties being of the fancy kinds, and many others not here classified. Each has some special characteristic. Some bear nuts of extraordinary size and fine shape. Some are wonderfully fertile and precocious. Some are so late in their budding that they are able to withstand the late frosts in the spring that effect nine-tenths of the entire area of the State. In some varieties the male flowers or catkins, as they are called, drop off before the female flowers or nuts have had a chance to show themselves, and as a consequence the nuts, not having a chance to be fertilized, by the pollen or yellow dust secreted by the catkins, drop off after attaining the size of a large pea.

The favorite method of propagation in California, and the one that has insured the greatest success, is to plant the nut in the spring of the year, in nursery form. The best soil is a sandy loam, well cultivated to a depth of about six inches. Let the nursery rows be four feet apart, and the nuts one foot apart in the row. The first year those nuts that are fertile and sprout, will attain a height of from six inches to a foot; the second year they will grow to a height of from eighteen inches to three feet, and the third year they will attain a height of five or six feet. This is a proper time for transplanting. First, prepare your ground carefully, by deep plowing and pulverizing. Plant forty feet apart, which will allow twenty-seven trees to the acre. Let the trees slant somewhat towards the direction from which the prevailing winds come. Prune constantly while the tree is young. The branches grow rapidly, and are apt to bear down with their own weight, or break off during high winds, and thus destroy the symmetry of the tree. The trunk should be kept free from limbs, for a distance of five or six feet from the ground, and earth should be kept away from the trunks; and if the top roots are exposed, so much the better, as it will assist the tree "in breathing." If the trees, however, have been planted in proper soil, and well cared for, they will begin to bear when they are eight years old, and in ten years from the time of transplanting, they will yield a handsome return.

The most careful cultivation is necessary; and after the fifth year nothing should be grown between the rows. There are planters who will controvert

this theory, and contend that partial cultivation, planting peanuts or potatoes, if not positively beneficial, will not prove injurious, but the prevailing opinion appears to be that the orchard should be kept clean, but not cultivated. A good plan is to plant an orange tree in the center of every four walnut trees. This will give twenty-seven trees of each kind to the acre, and if three-year-old walnuts are planted, and the trees are properly cared for, the owner will begin to reap rewards in about three years more. The walnut, being covered with heavy foliage, will protect the orange from the cool, coast winds that prevail during the summer, and during the winter season, being stripped of their summer robe, the sun will have full play on the ripening oranges. Oranges grown along the coast will be vastly improved by this means, and will be made to more closely approximate the lusciousness of the fruit grown further inland.

The tree having attained its maturity, we next look at its productiveness and the profit to be derived from it as a bearer. Instances are on record of eight-year-old improved soft-shell walnut orchards, averaging one hundred pounds to the tree. The average prices of the nuts sold were from ten to fifteen cents a pound. At ten cents, the trees would yield ten dollars each per year, or two hundred and seventy dollars an acre. This would be ten per cent on two thousand seven hundred dollars, or say, a good interest on one thousand dollars an acre after all of the expenses of cultivating, irrigating, etc., are allowed. Some years the minimum price here mentioned cannot be had, but the returns have not been discouraging. In 1888, sixteen carloads of hard-shells, bringing seven cents a pound, and one carload of soft-shells, bringing nine cents a pound, were shipped from Rivera.

In 1889, thirty-two carloads of hard-shells, which brought seven and one-half cents a pound, and two carloads of soft-shells, which brought eight and one-half cents a pound, were shipped from the same place, the returns this year for the entire lot having been about forty-five thousand dollars. The soft, or paper-shell nut, is finely flavored, but it is not a good grower. The nuts are small and being extremely delicate, are difficult to ship. For family use, on a small lot, and for close planting, the paper-shell will give good satisfaction; this is especially the case with the "Improved Soft-shell Walnut." But as a certainty, and as a matter of profit exclusively, it is better to adhere to the hardy kinds. Even after they cease to bear they are profitable. An instance is recorded of a walnut tree, grown from the seed, which had, at the age of sixty years, attained a diameter of four feet, which, when cut up into lumber and seasoned, realized four hundred dollars.

Grafting and budding the varieties of walnut are growing in favor, and will eventually attain as great a degree of popularity as the same process with reference to other varities of fruits. Grafting is not as easily performed as budding, nor is it as likely to be a success. This is principally attributable to the large amount of pith to be found in the shoots. The best way to graft is to make a triangular incision in the side of the stock, about an inch or an inch and a half in length. The tree should be about a year old at the time. Cut out from the stock a triangular piece of wood and insert a scion of the same size. The scion should be taken from the terminal shoots of the variety it is desired to produce. Wrap this with a piece of cloth, which must be waxed over, and then cover the graft with earth to within an inch or two of the top of the scion. Do not make a cleft in the stock, by splitting. Let the cloth be waxed only where the cut is exposed, so that in as short a time as possible the parts not mixed may decay and prevent the cloth from cutting into the stock. Use a very sharp knife and perform the operation late in the spring, when the stocks have

begun to show signs of growth. Budding is easier. In removing the bud, cut deep into the wood, so as to give the bud as much bark as possible. The bark should be about an inch and a half from point to point. With the sharp point of the grafting knife, gouge out nearly all of the wood in the bud. Insert this bud in a slit made in the stock of the tree to be budded. Tie tight with budding twine, and allow it to remain thus for three weeks. Then remove the string. As soon as the bud begins to swell, cut the stock back and allow the bud to grow. After they have attained a year's growth, they can be transplanted into orchard form. The process is very simple, but requires great care.

The English, or Madeira variety of the nut, it is said, will become rancid, if kept a year, no matter how much care may be taken of them, but the improved soft-shell will keep from two to three years without undergoing any unfavorable change. Collateral industries arising out of walnut culture are the drying of the kernel and the manufacture of walnut oil. In the city of Paris, France, there are annually consumed fifteen million pounds of dried, and ten million pounds of fresh nuts. Half of the oil used in France is walnut oil, or three times as much as of olive oil. One hundred pounds of walnuts will yield eighteen pounds of oil. Picking in that country costs five cents a bushel, and the nuts vary in price from one-half a cent to eight cents a pound. The cheap grades are those which are sent to the oil mills, while the finer grades are shipped to the market.

It will be some years before California can expect to compete with older countries in the profitable culture of the walnut, but there is no reason to be discouraged. It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the tree can be profitably grown at an elevation of three thousand feet. The development of the industry is progressing in a manner that leads to the belief that our planters will soon be able to compete with those of any other country. The foreign varieties have been grafted on to the native wild walnut, with the result of fully doubling the product. Mr. Felix Gillett, in an interesting essay of "Foreign Walnuts and their Culture," says:

"Walnut-growing is an industry that ranks very high in France, and which can be developed on the same scale in a State like California, if only we are wise enough to study the French method a little and do as they do, planting none but hardy kinds, and planting them on plateaux, hillsides, rolling land, alongside roadways, around large fields and vineyards, in cordons and avenues, on soils not well adapted to other crops, and where the walnut in due course of time will grow to gigantic dimensions. But keep your deep and rich bottom land for the growing of other crops, and remember that walnuts require much space, and that in rich and valuable land, walnut growing might, after all, prove unprofitable, if you take into consideration the value of the land.

"The walnut belt in France comprises two-thirds of the whole area of that country, extending from the ocean to the Alps and Jura Mountains, and from the Pyrenees Mountains to the Loire, a belt where exists a similar diversity of soil and climate as is found in California from one end of the State to the other, and up to two thousand five hundred to three thousand feet in the Sierras. The finest walnuts in that immense belt came from the Department of Isere in the southeast, and are exclusively grown on grafted trees. The kinds most generally propagated, on account of their hardiness and beauty of the nuts, are the Mayette, Franguette, and Parisienne. The latter is found to do better in light soil, while the Mayette and Franguette prefer a rocky soil, but rather deep and rich. The Chaberte, less particular as to the nature of the soil, but very rich in oil, is much grown for the oil mills. To

give an idea of the extent of the walnut industry in France, I will say that the Department of Isere alone exports annually to the capital of Russia one hundred thousand dollars worth of Mayette walnuts. Most of the walnut crop of that and adjacent departments is carried down the River Rhone to Marseilles, on pine log rafts, at which port nuts and lumber are better delivered for market. The walnuts of the Isere bring the best price of any walnuts in France, five to eight cents per pound, according to years. In fact Isere walnuts sell with a premium, which is another illustration of that truth, that fine fruit will always bring better prices anywhere. In that part of France the walnuts are planted a little everywhere, especially on rolling land and hillsides. By the way, whenever having level or rolling land on your place, always plant the walnuts on rolling land. In the Department of Dordogne, from which comes the bulk of the walnuts exported to the United States from France, statistics show six hundred thousand walnut trees. The walnut crop of that Department, in nuts for market and oil, amounts annually to one million dollars. The nuts are exported to the north of France, Switzerland and the United States. To the latter country, on account of the tariff, are exported only the common kinds. In the Department of the Loire, fifteen thousand acres are planted in walnuts, the trees being planted as high as two thousand three hundred feet in the mountains, and so on in the whole walnut district."

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

BY ALICE I. EATON.

Through land and sea and sky the music rolls,
Up to the very doors of Heaven, where
'Tis blended in one mighty symphony
And offered at the throne of Him that rules
The universe and all that is therein.

Men say: "Can this poor song of mine avail
In anywise to change the harmony
Of that grand chorus? Or can one mere note
Of grief or joy, that I may sing perchance,
Add aught of discord or of melody?"

"Ah yes; our little note were lost, perhaps,
If it should travel all that space alone;
But others, hearing it, will add their voice
To swell the chorus." And what rich reward,
If the soft music of one thankful heart
Should form the key-note of a hymn of praise.

NOTES ABOUT IBSEN.

BY CHRIS M. WAAGE.

THE works that raised Ibsen to the pinnacle of fame were undoubtedly his two philosophical poems, "Peer Gynt" and "Brand." They are both written in dramatic form and are equally rich in thought, meter and rhyme. It would be difficult to say which of these two poems expresses the grandest philosophy, for they are both filled with profound thought, and their appearance caused the literary world of Northern Europe to wonder. Outside Goethe's Faust, nothing has been written to compare with these two works in their particular line.

Having read these poems and having been deeply impressed with their truth and grandeur, the reader's imagination might picture him as one whose living sympathy with humanity and wonderful psychological insight to man's deeper self had given him the imprint of melancholy—a man absolutely indifferent to the outside physical world, whose appearance betrayed his disregard for the fashion that molded his fellow men into certain outward forms.

On Bredgade, in front of Santa Anna place, the writer saw, in a photographer's show case, Ibsen's likeness, for the first time. By a strange coincidence the man himself appeared on the street, dressed exactly as he was in the picture. He wore side whiskers, and his hair was jet black and carefully oiled. He wore a silk hat of the latest fashion, a black velveteen coat, a pair of tight-fitting fawn-colored trousers strapped under patent leather shoes, while his hands were encased in elegant gloves. The atmosphere about him was filled with an aroma of scented hair oil, and in his dress he looked the exquisite, his face bearing no traces of an emotional nature. One would have taken him for a prosperous merchant rather than one of the world's greatest poets and philosophers.

We met several times after this at Jerichau's house. He was always measured, exact, punctual. We used to say about him at the Academy that he never even put on a glove without first considering the effect of the various motions necessary to accomplish the act. He seemed to be exceedingly affected.

It was the war of '64 between Denmark and the combined Austrian and Prussian powers, which first disgusted Ibsen with Norway and made him a favorite in Denmark, where he used to publish his works. He could not tolerate the apparent cowardice of Sweden and Norway in not coming to the rescue of their southern friends. For years it has been the custom of the students of the three northern countries to meet quinquennially at the respective university cities, taking them by turns, and for every such meeting, renewed promises of eternal friendship and unfaltering fraternity are expressed in glowing words by prominent orators.

When in '64 the hour of need came, and Denmark found herself in danger of annihilation, without a single friend coming to her assistance, the Norwegian poet wrote the verses which he called, "A Brother in Distress." In scathing words he upbraided his countrymen for the miserable part they had played in the drama of events, and the following verse, filled with Ibsen's contempt for his own nation, which I translate to the best of my ability, may illustrate the tenor of the poem which the author wrote on leaving Norway.



Henrik Ibsen.

The storms that ride across the sea,
From Denmark, message bear--
With trembling voice they ask of me:
"Where were you, brothers—where?"

The Norseland's fight alone I fought
Lay bleeding on the lair—
I looked in vain for help, you ought
Have been the ones to come, I thought:
"Where were you, brothers—where?"

Since those days Ibsen has given up writing poetry. He says himself that in order to be understood by the great mass of people, he finds it necessary to write prose. This recalls an episode of Ibsen's life, which reveals humor on the part of the author as well as a somewhat revengeful disposition. Ibsen and Hans Christian Andersen were both staying at the house of Mr. Melchior, a well-known merchant in Copenhagen. Ibsen wrote principally five act dramas, Andersen short fairy tales. The latter was excessively vain and always eager to read to anybody what he had written. He was a rapid writer, turning out fairy tales with remarkable celerity, and during this stay he frequently annoyed Ibsen by interrupting him in his work, to read aloud his latest story. Ibsen was too polite to rebel, so he invariably swallowed the pill and listened.

One day Ibsen finished a five act drama. He appeared in Andersen's room at an early morning hour and found him busy writing.

"I want to read you something," said the Norwegian.

Andersen put down his pen to listen, and Ibsen began. He read scene after scene, until they grew into acts, while the minutes passed into hours. The lunch bell rang, and still Ibsen read on. The Danish poet would have given anything in the world to have brought the infliction to a finish, but dared not interrupt his guest. At last came the end. "What do you think?" asked Ibsen, as he threw down the manuscript.

"I think," replied Andersen, with a mischievous twinkling in his eye, "that it is time to have something to eat;" and since that day he never offered to read any of his productions to Henrik Ibsen.

There were several illustrious personages with whom, at that time, Ibsen came in contact. Besides Professor and Madame Jerichau, probably in their day the most famous theatrical artists, and Hans Christian Andersen, there was Mrs. Johanne Louise Heiberg. This brilliant actress had retired from the stage, but her home, like that of Madame Jerichau, was a center which attracted all that belonged to the realm of art and literature. Among the actors Ibsen was accustomed to meet were Wilhelm Wiehe, Emil Poulsen, Mrs. Eckardt, the younger Poulsen and many other brilliant men and women, whose names are written in the history of the Danish stage. Among the sculptors were Bergslen the Norwegian, who modeled the statue of Carl Johan which now adorns an open square in Christiania, and Bissen and Prior. Of the painters there were Carl Bloch, Frederick Sörensen and the Neumans. Among Ibsen's intimates were Holger Drachman, who is now known as one of Denmark's foremost poets and authors, and was then a young marine painter of some note, who wrote verses and composed music in his leisure hours; also Niels Gade, who was then in his zenith, the Bendix brothers, of whom one is now well known in America, and who were talked about as promising musicians while Pauli was conducting the Royal *capel*, or orchestra. Among the poets and writers were Kaalund, Christian Lange and Bergsö, Christian Winther, who was tottering towards his grave, and Sophus Schandorph, as yet but a rising star. The magnificent genius of George Brandes had not as yet come to its focus. In after years he became a literary critic, second to none, not even Taine, and probably the one who has most fully understood Ibsen, standing as close to him as a friend as he does as a critic.

In such brilliant company Ibsen moved while in Copenhagen, and no wonder he took kindly to it, for he was fêted by all and looked upon as the greatest poet and dramatist of the North while yet a young man of thirty-six or thirty-seven years. His historical dramas created immense enthusiasm and found splendid representations on the Danish national stage, while such productions as "An Enemy of the People" and a "Doll's House" were looked upon as masterworks in the treatment of social problems.

Then Ibsen went south. He stayed in Italy for some time and finally removed to Germany, where he settled down for quite a long time, making München his home. But every two years he sent a new drama home, which was always published by Hegel in Copenhagen, and always found a place on the Danish National stage, and a translator in Mr. or Mrs. Wm. Archer.

Mr. Archer lives in London. He is of mixed Scotch and Norwegian parentage and speaks both English and Norwegian with ease. He belongs to a family which is recognized in all circles where culture, refinement and learning are found, and one of his brothers was for years a Cabinet Minister in the colony of Queensland. The Hon. Archibald Archer speaks of Norway's greatest poet with the enthusiasm of one who well understands the deeper thoughts in Ibsen's profoundly philosophical works.

In the year 1890 the writer resolved to attempt a translation of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." "Peer Gynt" is not merely a singular poem as a philosophical work, it is equally a poetical phenomenon. It is written furthermore in a style which is entirely original and unique in regard to meter, rhyme and versification. The task was difficult, and it took many hours to do a little work. When it was accomplished, it was read by request of Mr. Charles Woodbury

before a literary circle of friends, and the translations were later taken to Joaquin Miller, who said of them, "That is poetry—that is grand, magnificent!"

Encouraged by the laudatory terms in which both Miller and Woodbury had spoken, the writer determined to finish the translation of the poem, provided permission could be secured from Mr. Ibsen to bring out an authorized translation. To this end he was written, and two letters received from him in reply, both of which are given in almost verbal translations.

München, December 30, '90.

MR. C. M. WAAGE, OAKLAND:—In reply to your inquiry of November 12th, I regret to have to inform you that, owing to various reasons, I am not at present in a position to give you the authorization asked for.

With many thanks for the interest you have taken in my labors as a poet, I have the honor to remain,

Yours very gratefully,
HENRIK IBSEN.

München, Feby. 21, 1891.

DEAR MR. WAAGE:—Your letter of January 21st to hand a few days ago, and I hasten briefly to reply to same.

When you say that my last reply to yours has caused you pain, I can only think that you must have misunderstood what I wrote, as I am not aware that I have written anything, which could have hurt your feelings, at all events such a thing was far from being my intention.

As you are no doubt aware, they are at present about to establish new international laws in regard to the proprietorship of literary works, which will also settle the relation between England and America in this regard. It is the result of these negotiations which I propose to await, before I will give an authorization to anybody in regard to the translating of my works.

I am not aware that any one in England is engaged in translating "Brand" or "Peer Gynt." I understand, however, that a Mr. Miles M. Daw in Chicago is busy translating "Brand." I have received several letters from this gentleman, but otherwise do not know him and am ignorant concerning his literary qualifications.

In conclusion I beg you to feel assured that I truly and gratefully appreciate your endeavors to increase the interest in my works in America.

With kindest regards, I remain,

Yours sincerely and gratefully,
HENRIK IBSEN.

Ibsen has lately finished another drama. He now lives in Norway, and this is the first work he has written on his native soil for many years. As usual, his production will be published in Copenhagen, and the name and nature of it will remain a profound secret until it is billed to go over the stage of the Royal Theater in Copenhagen. In regard to this latest work I give, in the following, an exact translation of a newspaper article I read a few weeks ago. The article was published in Politikken under date of Tuesday, November 8, 1892. I may say that the paper referred to is a Copenhagen "daily," and in presenting the report I give it for what it is worth without comment or criticism:

On November 5th, Henrik Ibsen in person delivered the manuscript for his new drama at the general postoffice in Christiana, but owing to circumstances it could not be forwarded to Denmark until the evening of the 6th of November, at 10:35, when the work of transmission began.

Politikken has received the following telegraphic account of the proceedings from its representative, who accompanied the manuscript on its journey:

"Frederikshald, 2:05 A. M. The manuscript is transported in a first-class railway carriage with special attendants. The engine is decorated with foliage and flags and is driven as far as the border station by the President of the Norwegian State Railroad lines. At the departure from Christiania an immense crowd of people had congregated to witness the start, and thundering shouts of hurrah filled the air at all intermediate stations, the representative citizens of the towns on the route meeting the train in spite of the darkness of the night. All along the line flags were strung.

"Mellerud, 5:50 A. M. Last station on Norwegian ground! More orations! At the entrance to the station a gigantic triumphal arch has been raised; over which are inscribed the words: 'Farewell, and welcome back!' On the platform a torchlight procession is in attendance, which makes a brilliant show in the dark hours of the morning. Attorney Berg spoke on behalf of those present and said: 'Before you leave Norwegian soil, receive the homage of all Norwegians. Go out into the world and bring honor to the name of your mother; but be Norwegian in heart and soul. All hail to Henrik Ibsen's new manuscript.'

"No one can imagine the enthusiasm these words create. The torches are lifted high in

the air to the sound of thundering hurrahs. In the excitement of the moment a few torch bearers get too near the carriage, containing the manuscript and have to be forced back, lest their torches set fire to the vehicle. The train slides out of the station while the crowd sings: 'Yes, we love.'

"Göteborg. 9:25 A. M. On account of the rivalry between Norway and Sweden, no special preparations have been made here. Nevertheless the Swedish Authors' Association have sent the following stanzas by telegraph:

> Though brief in Sweden thy passing stay,
> With inspirations thou lightest thy way!

"Elsinore, 4:30 P. M. Publisher Jacob Hegel meets the manuscript here. The whole city is astir, and all around the railway station the streets are thronged with people. As the carriage, containing the manuscript, is run from the ferry on to the railroad track, Mr. Hegel, amidst profound silence, exciaims: 'Welcome to Denmark!' The crowd shouts: 'Long life to Henrik Ibsen's publisher!' Mr. Hegel expresses his appreciation and enters a special car, which is placed directly after the one carrying the manuscript."

In regard to the arrival of the manuscript in Copenhagen, the correspondent writes:

The reception at the railway station in Copenhagen was magnificent and cordial, even though it did not partake of the nature of a great national event, the same as did the journey through Norway. Outside the railway depot a number of societies had mustered, and an immense crowd of people was present as well. The platform had been barricaded, and only Mr. Hegel, his family, and representative men of art or literature were admitted. When the train stopped, Mr. Hegel left his carriage and approached the one containing the manuscript, and as the two attendants now appeared with the manuscript enclosed in a jeweled casket, all present doffed their hats. The casket was then placed on a kind of bier, covered with velvet and carried by Mr. Hegel and three authors, whose publisher he is, while the rest of the crowd followed in the wake.

The excitement outside had now reached its climax, and as the casket came in sight the crowd burst into shouts of rejoicing, and the precious burden was then placed in a carriage, drawn by four horses, and the procession slowly moved through the streets of Copenhagen. Mr. Hegel's place in Klareboderne, as a matter of course is elaborately decorated, and special efforts have been made by the typos, who are to set the manuscript, to decorate the entrance. It may be mentioned as a curious fact that these men have nothing else to do but to set up the dramas, which Henrik Ibsen has published in Copenhagen every two years. The balance of the time Mr. Hegel pays them a retainer. When at work they appear in full evening dress with white ties and gloves.

Mr. Hegel handed the manuscript to the foreman and in a short speech reminded him and his men of the great responsibility relative to the education of the world, which they were now to take upon themselves. The foreman, in responding, emphasized the honor which was being conferred upon him and his men, and through them on the whole typographical fraternity. The crowd then dispersed with more enthusiastic hurrahing, evidently having received a profound impression of the proceedings. In honor of the occasion Mr. Hegel treated the inmates of the General Hospital to boiled rice, roast pork and beet root.

Since writing the above the drama referred to has been published and translated into several languages, in America by a Mr. Arctander of Minneapolis. It is known in English as "Master Builder Solness," and has created a good deal of comment wherever it has been read or performed, principally owing to the manner in which the author has mystified the public by presenting an idea, singularly abstract, and calculated to puzzle rather than to satisfy the mind. Many critiques have been written on this work; but I honestly believe that a writer in the Pall Mall magazine comes nearest the mark when he somewhat acrimoniously observes that the word "master bewilderer" would have been more appropriate than "master builder."

CHILDREN OF THE STREETS.

BY ELODIE HOGAN.



HY must every thing smack of man and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead?" That is what Charles Lamb said when he moaned about the changes that had come among the pleasant haunts of his childhood.

When one has the commercial instinct along with an eye to the chase for dollars, one must conclude that in San Francisco the world is all grown up, that childhood is dead and that the gold-mill smacks of "man and mannish." For the children as a rule do not work in San Francisco. And if they get in the dust and pelf of trade there is little of the "up and down in ceaseless moil" element around their puny labors. It is the pure instinct of the joy of an occupation which drives them to do anything with a nickel at the end of a vista. Even if the parents are poor, with grim need scowling them on to further work and further saving, the children, for the most part, are kept as little ones and are sent to school. To keep him still is the greatest affliction for a healthy child. The small people of San Francisco being a hardy, wholesome lot, their first instinct is to be doing something.

In the country a child's mere desire for action, with pleasure as an end, could not drive him to any occupation with a revenue tacked on. An endless course of dear delights is there—to lie upon the grass with the fine garden smells around, to bask in the orchard and ripen with the ripening fruits, to watch giddy fishes darting through cool shadows of swift streams, the delicious swish of water on bare ankles, and the sweep of long weeds and grasses on nimble legs running. There is, too, a pleasant whiff of romance which hangs even to the cheerful drudgery of driving cows, piling hay or picking fruit. These are pleasant methods by which to spend that restless energy which is the basis of all childish sensation. But they are as locked-up rooms to the children brought up in and environed by a large city. When the boy in San Francisco grows weary of the dreams and play of his vacation days, he catches an echo of the noise and roar his elders make at their gratifying game of getting dollars, so he thinks it might be a pleasant thing for him to be busy too, and to make a noise and to get some nickels if he can. Of their own will and with joy the children here undertake whatever work they do. This, of course, applies to that cheerful crew of youngsters who ply their peddler's trade upon the streets and sidewalks.

Having made up his mind that he must do something, the boy looks for a place where a small invested capital will be sure to yield him a fair amount of fun, in addition to the money income. His temperament as well as his funds will have something to say in this matter of a choice of occupation. A curious boy, who is fond of noise, will take to selling papers. A boy who is lazy, with a love of color, will plant himself and his flowers near Lotta's fountain. A drudge of a boy who likes to trudge, will get a calico bag and fill it with matches. A boy who has the sense to love the smell of the sea and the feel of cold water and the swift dipping motion of a small boat—he goes to the water front and pulls and hauls there among the fishing boats and luggers of the Italians and Sicilians. And so their



ITALIAN FISHER BOY.

tastes lead them on until they fill the places of available work for children.

There is one thing which a healthy boy loves almost as well as he loves to be busy, and that is to make a noise and thrust his identity upon others. Now, the high-tide mark of being busy, making a noise, and pestering or pleasing people with one's identity, that is what it is to be a newsboy. The newsboy is a clamorous, ubiquitous sprite, untidy, nimble, cunning, coming always with a halo of ringing din around him. He buys three papers for five cents and sells them for five cents apiece. So every three sales that he consummates nets to his pocket a whole dime. He is found stationed along the sidewalks and in the middle of the streets. With an amazing *sang froid* he risks his neck and bones in getting aboard of moving cars and in dropping off the clanging dummies. He waves his papers in the face of passenger or pedestrian, and often makes a sale from sheer force of personal magnetism.

A big solemn man was once very weary and rather wished there were no world that he must learn and hear of. He was swinging along Kearny street at the close of the business day when the street was filled with wagons and trucks, and the pavement was thick with a rushing crowd—just at that particular hour which is a prolonged agony to a person with nerves. A newsboy spied him out, and tagging at his heels demanded that he buy a paper. The man half turned around and was on the point of refusing. "I don't want your paper," he said. "But I'm only a little bit of a chap!" responded the mite. He sold his paper and the man went on, laughing to himself.

The newsboy is a blessed thing in that he nibbles at the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil with never a price to pay. He is a thesaurus on legs. He knows everything, and he knows no evil as yet. His startling cries on sin and crime are only abracadabra to him. But it is appalling and bewildering to hear the joyous trebles of these small human entities piping murder, war, fire and explosions. The most ghastly formula of all is the cry of "All about the suicide!" This comes from his lips with a glib cadence, yet what does he know of the tragic agony of a soul self-poised for flight into the black invisible?



BOOT BLACK.

A heyday time with him is just after a lottery drawing, when all the world is giddy with hopes of a visit from King Mammon—as Jupiter visited young Danæ — in a glittering shower of gold. A man with a lottery ticket hidden in his pocket book, and a lottery number tucked in a corner of his skull, has no mind to grudge a dime to a boy who may be the messenger to tell of a change in Fortune's face.

The boys, as a rule, are kind to each other in providing change and exchanging papers. But when they quarrel, they suggest the chittering and flapping and squeaking of the battles of the brown sparrows out on the cobble stones.

The small, irregular place which opens into cable-laden Market street, and which we all call Lotta's Fountain, holds the gathering of the clans of bronze-complexioned boys who sell to the marching populace, flowers which are a little older and much cheaper than may be had at the florist's. When the blue sky gleams through white heaps of irregular clouds, and the sun streams down in blinding showers of light, the Lotta's Fountain square looks like a topsy turvy rainbow. The greater number of the boys are in competition with the regular florists. They bring their flowers direct from the suburban nurserymen of Berkeley, Alameda or Oakland, and make them up into the generous bunches which they retail to the swiftly passing crowds. The flowers are so radiant in their heaps of pleasant color, that the boys are seldom put to the bother of a cry to attract attention to their treasures. They simply sit and dream and drone upon their baskets, and the colors and the sunlight do the rest. Clairvoyants, too, are these dusky-skinned youngsters, quick to know if one is only a robber of the fragrance and the glow of their flowers, or if there is a fair possibility of a sale. They know which way the traffic runs, and like a migrating Iris, they follow the movements of the crowd, as it takes its way northward up Kearny street as the business men and clerks go; eastward toward the ferries as the traveling public makes its way; with the swarming multitude which has its promenade around Cape Horn, going either up or down "the Rialto," or the constantly shifting crowd which ascends or dismounts the dummies as they stop in front of the fountain.



SELLING FLOWERS.

Many of the boys are as pleasant to look upon as the flowers which they carry. Some days it does not need a heroic reach of imagination to change that Lotta Fountain crowd of lads into a bunch of Roman boys in a corner of the *Piazza di Spagna*, or in a nook on the white marble stairs of *Monte Trinita*. They are, for the most part, Genoese with beautiful eyes and skin, but their features lack the delicate and regular beauty of their Roman brethren.

Of late the heavy hand of the



(PAINTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN BY CHARLES WITKOWSKI.)

law has been working woe for the little flower peddlers. It would seem that the big city of San Francisco could get on in its finances without pestering these young ones for money. But it is not so. For the right to sell their flowers they must pay ten dollars per quarter, and each one carries under his little coat a three-cornered tin tag, like a miniature family shield, on which is stamped his number and the date of issuance and expiration of his license. At any time a stalking autocrat in blue may demand to see this precious piece of tin, and if it is not forthcoming there will be a sorry boy and a basket of drooping flowers up in the vicinity of the police courts. Indeed, the flower boys do not go the primrose path of dalliance. They have orders as to the exact places where they may safely set their baskets and where they may safely stand. Kearny street is forbidden ground for all day ; and then there are police orders which regulate their positions on all the sides of the square. Their only haven of uniform peace is just where the Chronicle Building abuts on Market street. One day a blue-coated czar gathered them in, one-armed men, big boys and all, and marched them up to police headquarters. This was just after the licensing and regulation ordinance had been passed. Most of them were fined five dollars. But one boy with a round brown face and very red lips, whose number is 13, was "let off for nothin'." I am inclined to think he was "took up" for nothing.

There is a tribe of philosophers in small breeches whose avocation takes them to the quiet streets, where the people live in ugly houses with bay-windows that look out on cobble stones and pavements. These are the boys who are not obtrusive, not fond of noise and crowds, and boys with a very small capital to invest. A match boy's complete stock in trade consists of four dozen bunches of matches swung over his shoulders in a calico bag, a good pair of legs to pack him, and a solemn air of unconcern as to the general wagging of the world. His four dozen bunches cost him twenty-five cents, and when he retails them at four bunches for five cents, he nets on his investment thirty-five cents. There's many a mile, though, to be trudged before that big sum is cleared. Their business takes them toward the kitchen where nickels are scarce, not out on the thoroughfares where loose change flows free.

One day I met one of these small gentry who had sold only five cents' worth of matches in four whole days of marching. There was a meekness in his habit of conduct which gave an extra value to his matches. To hear him laugh and see him take his nickel would make one desire to buy his matches all day long, just like the man who despised trade and whose dream of opulence and wealth was to go along the wharves and flip dimes into the water, because he got nothing in return for them. This mild mannered child, in an amazing way, discussed the fluctuations of the match market. And as he faced about to ring the bell of a "no peddlers" besigned house, he sapiently remarked that "matches would go up next year."

AVISO!

Questo wharf appartiene exclusivamente per il uso e benefizio dei Pescatori della Citta e Contra di San Francisco!



COAL PICKER.



CHINESE BOYS.

This is the big notice which scares the troublesome, idle small boy off the "fisherman's wharf." The boys who work about there have very little heavy drudgery to do. The men look to the boats, mend their nets and do the fishing. The boys do what they can as the boats go out and as they come in, heavy with their quivering, silver spoils. Yards upon yards of beautiful red-brown colored nets are draped to dry upon the railing around the wharf. The nets are the special treasures of the fisherman, and here the small boys' assistance is invaluable. With the greatest care they are freed from any *débris* which may cling to them, mended, and strung up. They are manipulated as gingerly and as anxiously as a lady handles her Valenciennes or duchess. An enterprising boy has a corner on the tanning of the nets. He goes out on the bay, and besides his fish he has a long prodded pole, with which he hauls unto himself all the driftwood which passes by his way. This is brought in and boiled in great iron cauldrons, and twice each week every inch of net along the wharf is dipped into the bubbling, steaming, rich-hued liquid. This tanning process makes the nets more or less impervious to the rot and ruin coming from the salt water. It is by this same method that the sails acquire their deep-hued gorgeousness, so like to the very Venetian fisher-boat sails.

The boys hang the nets up to dry, and smooth them out with the lead sinkers all on one side and the cork floaters on the other. When the nets are dried, the hatches of the boat are lifted, and then the daintiest bit of work is done. One boy stands on the wharf and another gets into the middle of the boat's small hold. The upper boy flings the net to the lower one, and then a hand over hand passing of the net begins. The heavy sinkers balance it as it goes down, and it is set into smooth round heaps without a knot or disturbing twist in its million folds. The boys laugh and talk and whistle while they do it, but one would think them wizards or spiders not to have a horrible mixture of lead and cork and thread ready for the fishers, when they are out on the uneasy waters of the bay. So consummate is their skill, that when the time comes for dropping it, the net is reeled off



AN "ARAB."

into the water without a break or jerk.

A pleasant place to work is the "Fishermen's Wharf." The rows of round piles that support the wharf are just far enough apart to make the space between them seem like the cool, dark cells around a convent cloister. Here the green boats rock and swing up and down with every movement of the water. It is quiet enough about there, too—

"The noises of the city
Drift away thro' sultry streets and alleys,"

—and the crisping ripples leap and roll against the piles and wharves in a languid melody. Lazy boys who have no call there, hang around and play at fishing with hook and line; fishermen mend their nets and gossip from shadowy cell to cell; the boats go out and the boats come in, and one could never tell that one was on the very jump-off spot of a continent, with a blustering, roaring, tumultuous town behind one. At certain times it is the very place

"To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory
With those old faces of our infancy—"

Thursday evening is a brisk time about the wharf. Then all the boats come in filled with the fish for Friday's market. The boys are useful in lifting the fish out of the boats, assorting them and putting them into the wagons sent from the fish-stalls in the markets. During these times there is no place for dreams of peace and the past. A polyglot pandemonium rages. The assembly of fishers and their assistant lads is made up of Greeks, Genoese, Austrians, Sicilians and Spaniards. They shout and swear and quarrel, and make an uproar to the confusion and fright of the stranger, who of course expects fights and disasters unnumbered. It is only sound and fury signifying nothing, for though the Southern tongue be loud, the Southern arm is slow to strike, and a noise is quite as good as a blow when one wants only to bully. The boys make their share of the row, but they keep themselves well out of the range of a kick, and they know how to duck from a well-aimed cuff.

When the great ships come in from Mexican and Central American ports, or from the Islands of the Pacific, the market becomes crammed with the tropical fruits they bring to California. The fruit hawkers fill their little wagons with huge loads of fragrant pine-apples, bananas, mandarins, lemons, limes or oranges. Then are they seen climbing the hills and crawling through the streets with a juvenile annex on the seat holding the reins, or on the sidewalk, crying out the fruit and its price. Though only de-



"WILD GAME!"

sultory, this is a most pleasant business, the boy being allowed to have as perquisites as much fruit as he desires, in addition to the compensation for his services. Sometimes the boys go in for fruit peddling on an independent basis. They invest in a big box of limes or lemons, and station themselves down town just off the sidewalk where Grant avenue, Kearny or Stockton streets open into Market. There they gather in nickels, with nothing to do but sit on the edge of their boxes as they tell the people going by how cheap their yellow fruit is sold. These boys find in the crowd the fun that the others find in holding the reins over a jaded nag climbing up a hill.

Something of the same order of employment comes to other boys when the game laws expire, and quail, dove, duck and rabbits are in season. The game boys are like the fruit boys; sometimes they go as assistants to carry the game, to ring the bells, or trump up purchasers; again, they invest for themselves early in the morning at the big markets, trot the streets by themselves and have all the profits for their own.



"ALL ABOUT THE LOTTERY!"

"Progress" is the tired old packhorse that must carry all the sins of a selfish, precipitous age. So progress is responsible for the decay of the bootblack's occupation, and the existence on the street corners of the hideous stalls, bedizened with mirrors and high-colored lithographs, where men go to have their boots made shining. Counting them all, perhaps there are a dozen regular boot-blacks in San Francisco. They are very small boys with an invincible cheerfulness on their faces, a "jocund din" upon their lips, and, strung like a soldier's knapsack over their shoulders, their small black boxes which hold the trappings of their trade. These little fellows have small luck among the multitude which fills the thoroughfares of the town. Their well-stationed and well-caparisoned rivals, with cushioned chairs and mirrors, are too powerful in the splendor of their added comforts. For where is the man who wants to be jostled and hustled as he stands almost helpless, on little more than one foot? So the boot-blacks take their places along the quieter streets where their occasional patrons undertake no risks of trips or stumbles. A favorite *rendezvous* of these small cavaliers is along the graveled walks that run among the grass plots in Union Square. Many a hurried pedestrian discovers the dust upon his boots as he speeds from out the madding crowd, and the grimy-faced youngster is hailed with a pious gratitude. Even if there be no pair of boots to polish, the square is no mean place to spend the shining hours, and a boot-black is not the boy to let time hang heavy on his hands. Are there not sparrows at which one may shie small rocks? Are there not policemen to dodge and vagrants to tease,

and benches on which to lounge, soaking through and through with sunshine? And whatever are nursery maids for, with their "bald-headed dabs of humanity," (that is Jerome K. Jerome's affectionate definition of a baby) sitting with dignity in perambulators, or rolling as if with boneless legs on the grass—what indeed are they all for, if not for the sport of these tattered *Gavroches?*

In the district which lies between Market street and the Potrero, from Second to Fifth streets, there are innumerable timber yards and saw-mills. These furnish a small revenue to both girls and boys. Blocks, chips, the fragments of beams, rafters, shingles, planks and the useless ends of the milled redwood lie about in profuse heaps. The children for mere asking may have however much they can carry away with them. They pile the small litter into grain or gunny sacks, and pack the remnants of the boards and planks upon their heads or shoulders. The girls are as nimble as the boys at this, and get a fair share of the spoils. The boys are more inclined to sell their wood for whatever trifling sum they can get for it. The girls usually are out to gather it for home consumption. To a poor family this wood is no mean saving, and the scattered stuff gathered during the weeks of vacation and after school hours, often makes a well filled kindling shed. Along North Beach and where the bay washes the edge of the Potrero, piles of drift-wood are swept in. This is also picked up by the children. Always soaked with the sea and often being nothing more than fibrous pulp, it is not so profitable as the trash of the mills and yards.



A LITTLE WOOD GATHERER, NORTH BEACH.

The intricate tangle of tracks running through and about the freight yards at Fourth and Townsend streets is a veritable mine to the children of industrious habits. Here they are thick, boys and girls, with their bags and sacks, picking up truck of all kinds, no matter what it is, so long as they can fill the bags — coal, ground to a shining black gravel or in big chunks; transparent glittering lumps of ice in every conceivable shape; handfuls of wheat or corn all mixed with dust; fruit and potatoes — anything that could possibly be in process of transportation before it fell out of a box-car. The people in authority have no objection to this promiscuous picking, and the children are in for it simply to escape the tedium of unvarnished idling.

Travel to the tune of "Over the hills and far away" and find yourself up in the other part of town, and there you will discover a rare order of the small human buds. In that curious quarter, Chinatown, a hoary Oriental civilization has dumped a Mongolian detritus of strange-faced yellow men. Along the dirty streets and on the reeking pavements the baby offspring of this alien pack trot and run, and laugh and chirp. Tiny things they are, of the delicate color of cream, with eyes as black and bright as a squirrel's or a rat's; bedecked and gaudy are they with the colors of their little quilted jackets and their funny pantaloons. There seems to be no transition time for these small Chinese — from the fluttering little mysteries they evolve instantly into

those astute, sphinx-faced men who are their fathers. Nowhere more than up among these heathen hordes, does the pathetic trustfulness of childhood "transform the sullen street." The hardest highbinder of the lot loves all the pig-tailed mites who trot the alley-ways, and jabber in the language of their common fathers.



EMILIE TRACY Y. PARKHURST, FOUNDER OF THE ORGANIZATION.

PACIFIC COAST WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

BY EMILIE TRACY Y. PARKHURST.

THE Pacific Slope is so remote from all the great centers of activity and mature civilization, that it is seldom quickened into concerted action on any question of vital social import until long after the older communities have taken the initiative. Once awakened to a necessity, however, the West takes its place and maintains it with the vigor, spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth and ambition.

Until within two years and a half, no provision has been made on the Pacific Coast for the protection, benefit and advantage of the working newspaper woman and woman author. In other parts of the United States, these associations have been established ever since 1880, most of the earlier ones being organized for purely social purposes.

In September, 1890, after nearly three years of preliminary investigation and preparation, one hundred and fifty invitations were sent out to newspaper women and authors in good standing on this Coast, asking them to meet in San Francisco on a certain date at the writer's home. As distances are so great in the West, not more than fifty women responded in person, but every one invited sent letters of cheer and encouragement and pledged herself to the unwavering support of the movement.

The Constitution and By-Laws of the New England Women's Press



NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

Association was adopted, for it was felt that its simplicity and force was the outcome of mature consideration and experience. The election of officers then took place. Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster was unanimously elected president. Mrs. Eyster is an enthusiast in all that she undertakes, is gifted with great tact, accustomed to public speaking, a woman with hosts of friends in every part of the world. For many years she has been a correspondent to many influential Eastern papers. She has written for Harper's Magazine and almost every other leading magazine in the United States. At one time she was associated with Gail Hamilton in the editing of Wood's Magazine. She has written a number of books, chief among which are the "Sunny Hour Series" and the "Colonial Boy," the latter being published in 1890 by the Lathrops of Boston. At present she is the State President of Juvenile Work of the W. C. T. U. of California.

Mrs. Eyster taking the chair, the following Executive Board was nominated and elected: Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr of Pasadena, First Vice-President; Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Ella Higginson of Whatcom, Washington, Third Vice-President; Mrs. E. T. V. Parkhurst, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Sam Davis of Carson City, Nevada, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Mary O. Stanton, Treasurer; Mrs. Isabel Raymond of Santa Cruz, Auditor; and a supplementary committee consisting of Mrs. Mary F. Hall Wood of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Frances Bagby-Blades of San Diego and Miss Andrea Hofer of Chicago. Helena Modjeska, whose summer home is near Santa Ana, California, was made an honorary member.

The following active members were enrolled: Mrs. Caroline Severance, the first president of the first woman's club in Boston; Mrs. Gertrude Francis Atherton, the novelist; Miss E. D. Keith (Di Vernon) of the S. F. News Letter; Mrs. Alice Kingsbury Cooley, the author of "Asaph;" Mrs. Mary E. Hart, owner and editor of the Pacific Monthly; Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter, associate owner and editor of the San Joséan; Mrs. Rose Smith Eigenmann, then of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences; Mrs. Lillian Shuey, author of "California Sunshine;" Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm of the Oakland Tribune; Mrs. Mary Bourne Watson of the Morning Call of San Francisco; Mrs. Virginia Hilliard of the S. F. Argus; Mrs. Mattie P. Owen, editor of the Golden Way; Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of "Curfew Must not Ring To-night;" Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCracken, author of "Overland Tales;" Miss Mary Lambert of the Oakland Enquirer; Mrs. Mary Bowman, associate editor and owner of the Santa Paula Chronicle; Mrs. Emeline North, trade

and shipping correspondent to St. Petersburg and Kiev papers; Mary Lynde Hoffman, author of several treatises on road and street construction; Miss Anna C. Murphy, Evelyn Ludlum, Mary Viola Lawrence (Riding Hood), Mrs. Sarah Sanford, Mrs. Carrie Blake Morgan, Mrs. Emily Browne Powell, Mrs. Julia P. Churchill and Mrs. Jane Martin.

The purpose of this association is primarily to bring about a more extensive acquaintance among newspaper women, so that by the frequent interchange of ideas and methods, concerted action may be brought about in all matters of vital public import. In an association of this kind it would be disastrous to permit the discussion of any partisan movements in either politics, religion, or reform; so the members have sought to find a common field which they might all till to advantage without a suspicion of inharmony. With this end in view they have begun to urge certain public improvements in the way of roads, streets, parks, libraries, village improvement societies, free exhibits of county resources, the suppression of criminal details of sensational cases in newspapers, the suppression of criminal advertising, the development of the kindergartens — in fact anything and everything that tends to the building up of the country, regardless of creed, precedent or personal prejudice.



EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

To facilitate such work, the association will issue printed monographs, prepared by some member who is thoroughly informed on a subject. It is our aim to have the essay give a comprehensive, unbiased view of the matter in hand, leaving each member the largest freedom of opinion, and the widest liberty in final action. We find these monographs valuable, chiefly because women, as a rule, are inclined to take prejudiced stands in public questions, owing to the incompleteness of their information. Once give them a fair understanding of the situa ion, and they act with intelligence and wisdom.

The first monograph issued by the Association was one on Country Roads and City Streets, by Mary Lynde Hoffman. Mrs. Hoffman is a large property owner, and her



MINNA V. GADEN.

essay is written from practical knowledge of existing conditions. We not only mailed this monograph to our members, but to all Coast Boards of Trade, State Officials and editors of papers. Mrs. Hoffman, being a member of the American Economic Association, her essay had a considerable circulation through that body. Many leading papers quoted the monograph entire, while many others made long extracts from it, fortified by vigorous editorial comment. More than five hundred notices were sent to the Association concerning this essay — a better indication of its success than any number of personal letters possibly could be.

Other monographs to be issued will treat of the various topics mentioned in a previous paragraph. We have felt from the first that it was the legitimate province of the newspaper worker to foster public spirit and to urge the promotion of public works. Newspaper men, are, as a rule, more or less hampered in action by their political or their financial patronage; while women, editors and publishers, with few exceptions, are free lances, and women special writers have the widest liberty in their choice of subjects.

At present, the only source of income of the Association is that which is derived from membership and initiation fees and from contributions. In time the association hopes to erect a handsome building in San Francisco, the rentals of which will suffice to pay the running expenses of the Association, as well as sick benefits, when it is required. The library of the Association is a source of gratification to the members. More than 500 valuable volumes have been contributed, besides files of many of the leading dailies, weeklies, monthlies. The Association wishes first to accumulate complete sets of the published works of members, then works by Pacific Coast writers, then reference books, and finally, rare and standard books. Our Librarian is a member of the American Library Association, and brings to bear not only a keenly intelligent knowledge of books, but the very best methods of classification and distribution, as well as of selection.



FLORENCE PERCY MATHESON.



LINDON W. BATES.

Among the members who joined our ranks during the first year are Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, of some of whose work Howells writes: "Nothing better has been written since the Bigelow Papers;" Mrs. M.

B. M. Toland, the author of "Legende Laymonde" and other exquisite holiday volumes, that have been brought out from time to time by the Lippincotts; Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, whose serials appear in the Chicago Graphic; Mrs. Florence Percy Matheson, a writer of countless short stories, and the wife of the United States Minister to Guatemala; Mrs. F. F. Victor, the author of the latest history of Oregon, called "Atlantis Arisen;" Mrs. Susan Taylor D'Evelyn, contributor to Dublin and American papers. There are also Mrs. Isabel H. Raymond of the Santa Cruz Surf, Miss Adeline



HELEN GREGORY FLESHER, M. A.

daughter of Elizabeth Akers Allen; Mrs. Laura Lyons White of the Des Moines Times and Express; Matilde Reinhardt, sister to the court painter of Saxe Coberg Gotha; Ina D. Coolbrith, the poet; Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, the author of "Incog," and Knapp, foreign and exchange editor of the San Francisco Call, Mrs. James Neall of the early Overland school, Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, Mrs. Ruthella Shultz Bollard, Mrs. Ellwood Cooper, Miss Agnes Manning and Miss Sarah Severance.



SUSAN TAYLOR D'EVELYN.

When we consider that the writing of the general newspaper worker is for the most part anonymous, we feel that our ranks do not appear at a disadvantage when compared with those of other press associations. Our population is so scattered over a large territory, our slope is so remote and our papers confined to such a small locale, that we cannot show many brilliant nor influential Western newspaper connections. On the other hand, the Western vigor of style being so much the mode now, and the necessity of bread-winning as pressing here as elsewhere, nearly all of our writers keep up from one to a half a dozen connections with influential Eastern and English periodicals. This gives the writers name and standing that the Eastern newspaper woman, with her routine and assignment work, cannot command, except in a few cases.

It has often been observed that in the Eastern cities, women sent out on night details are compelled to go unattended, while here in San Francisco, if a woman is sent out at all on a detail that involves the least exposure to the rough element, she is provided with an escort. Indeed, in San Francisco and other Western cities, women are not often assigned to other night work than that of dramatic and society reporting, or lecture and association reporting.

Few women are employed on the daily press in San Francisco. The Call has one woman on its staff; the Chronicle employs one woman, but it is an innovation; the Examiner employs two and sometimes three women; the Post, the Bulletin and the Report have no women on the regular staff; the News Letter employs one, the Wasp three, the Argus one, and the West End one. The Press of the West is uniformly courteous to women workers and their efforts in the right direction.

With its support, the newspaper women of the Pacific Slope have broader possibilities and opportunities than any other similar association in the country, for the reason that the West is young and its condition formative, and the progress they are making is indicative that they are taking every advantage of their situation.

San Francisco, 1892.

This history of an organization from the pen of its founder needs to be supplemented but briefly.

In the death of its organizer, Mrs. Parkhurst, the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association suffered the loss of a woman who, forgetful of personal ambition, gave to its members the



ADELINE E. KNAPP.

wealth of inspiration which is the measure of a truly philanthropic spirit.

One of the charter members of the Association, a woman from whom Mrs. Parkhurst had received the highest encouragement during her task of interesting the women writers of the coast in this plan of organization, has well said: "If the end and aim of this Association had been no greater than the bringing together the women writers of this coast, the promoter of such a plan must have received our hearty response." That this was not the sole end of its founder and builders might be attested by study into the objects of women's clubs, this Western organization included, and no woman who came in contact with Mrs. Parkhurst and realized her ability to disseminate ideas, could have spent her best years in the upbuilding of an institution of such limitations.



LILLIAN PLUNKETT.

A versatile writer herself, and with the journalistic field open to her, Mrs. Parkhurst spent by far the greater portion of her time in urging others to take advantage of those opportunities with which her watchfulness rewarded her. Her best work will never see the light of public commendation. She put her best into that which she gave away. As corresponding Secretary to the Association, her letters and semi-yearly visits to the distant members, with each of whose work she was personally in touch, not only carried inspiration and enthusiasm to all, but made her work a power in the community.

As Assistant Editor of the CALIFORNIAN, Mrs. Parkhurst's journalistic career had just begun at her death.

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association today numbers one hundred and twenty-three active members.

Mrs. Emily Browne Powell, the present President, is a well-known contributor to Eastern publications, a woman of large acquaintance, of many friends, and a presiding officer of quiet power.

The Executive Officers for the present year are Mrs. Emily Browne Powell, President; Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, First Vice-President; Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Second Vice-President; Mrs. James Neall, Third Vice-President; Mrs. Minna V. Gaden, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Mary Lambert, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, Assistant Recording Secretary; Mrs. Florence Percy Matheson, Treasurer; Miss Adeline E. Knapp, Chairman of Program Committee: additional members, Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, Miss Agnes Manning and Mrs. Lillian Plunkett.

Members well known throughout the State are doing work with which not only the Association, but the whole Pacific Coast and the thinking world are in sympathy. With the up-

building of this commonwealth the names of Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr of Pasadena, Mrs. Isabel Raymond of the Santa Cruz Surf, and Mrs. Ella Higginson of Washington, will long be identified.

Among those achieving purely literary distinction, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin and Mrs. Lindon W. Bates are receiving most favorable criticism and are being welcomed into the charmed circle of American authors.

Among the members of the Press Association engaged in editorial work Miss Adeline Knapp of the San Francisco Call, Genevieve L. Browne of the CALIFORNIAN, Louise E. Francis, editor of the Castroville Enterprise, Mrs. Frances Bagby Blades of San Diego, Mrs. Alice Moore McComas of Los Angeles, Mrs. Maggie Downing Brainard of the Pacific Tree and Vine, San Jose, and Mrs. L. C. P. Haskins of Washington, are each doing distinctive journalistic work with which their constant readers are familiar.

Along purely philanthropic lines Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper's work needs no heralding. Mrs. Ada Van Pelt, editor of the Pacific Ensign, and Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm are actively engaged in press work in the interest of the W. C. T. U.



JEANNE C. CARR.

Among those members who are regular contributors to Eastern and local journals, writing upon California subjects, are a number of Pacific Coast writers by adoption. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, the great granddaughter of Dr. Lyman Beacher, is most known in the East through her contributions to the Eastern press. Mrs. Helen Gregory-Flesher, a regular contributor to the American Press Association, to the local press, to New York Magazines and an occasional contributor to the Arena, is a Canadian by birth and education, holding the degree of Master of Arts from Trinity University. She was the first woman to claim and receive that honor from that institution, and has opened the door to all who have followed. Under the directions of an American newspaper syndicate, Mrs. Flesher visited Japan and did some of her first journalistic work in reporting and writing descriptive accounts of the opening of the Diet, or first Parliament of Japan, and matters pertaining thereto, under the difficulties attending the fact that no woman had



LOUISE E. FRANCIS.

previously had access to its sessions. Mrs. Flesher has made California her home only within the last few years. Mrs. Mary F. McRoberts, an Englishwoman, well known in political and educational circles in England, and a contributor to its press from California, is another recent comer to the Pacific Coast, though a resident of California in earlier times.

Mrs. Emma Russell Endres, another English woman, and correspondent to the London Times, is a Californian by her adoption of the State as her home, and a busy contributor to the English and American press. Mrs. Endres is a student of political economy and is well informed upon that important subject.

Other members whose largest contribution to the press is for Eastern publications are Mrs. Carrie Blake Morgan, Mrs. James Neall, Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster, Mrs. Florence Percy Matheson, Mrs. Alice Cary Waterman, Mrs. Clara Spalding Brown, Mrs. Dorothea Lummis, Mrs. Evelyn Ludlum, Mrs. Lindon W. Bates and Mrs. Minna V. Gaden.



MARY O. STANTON.



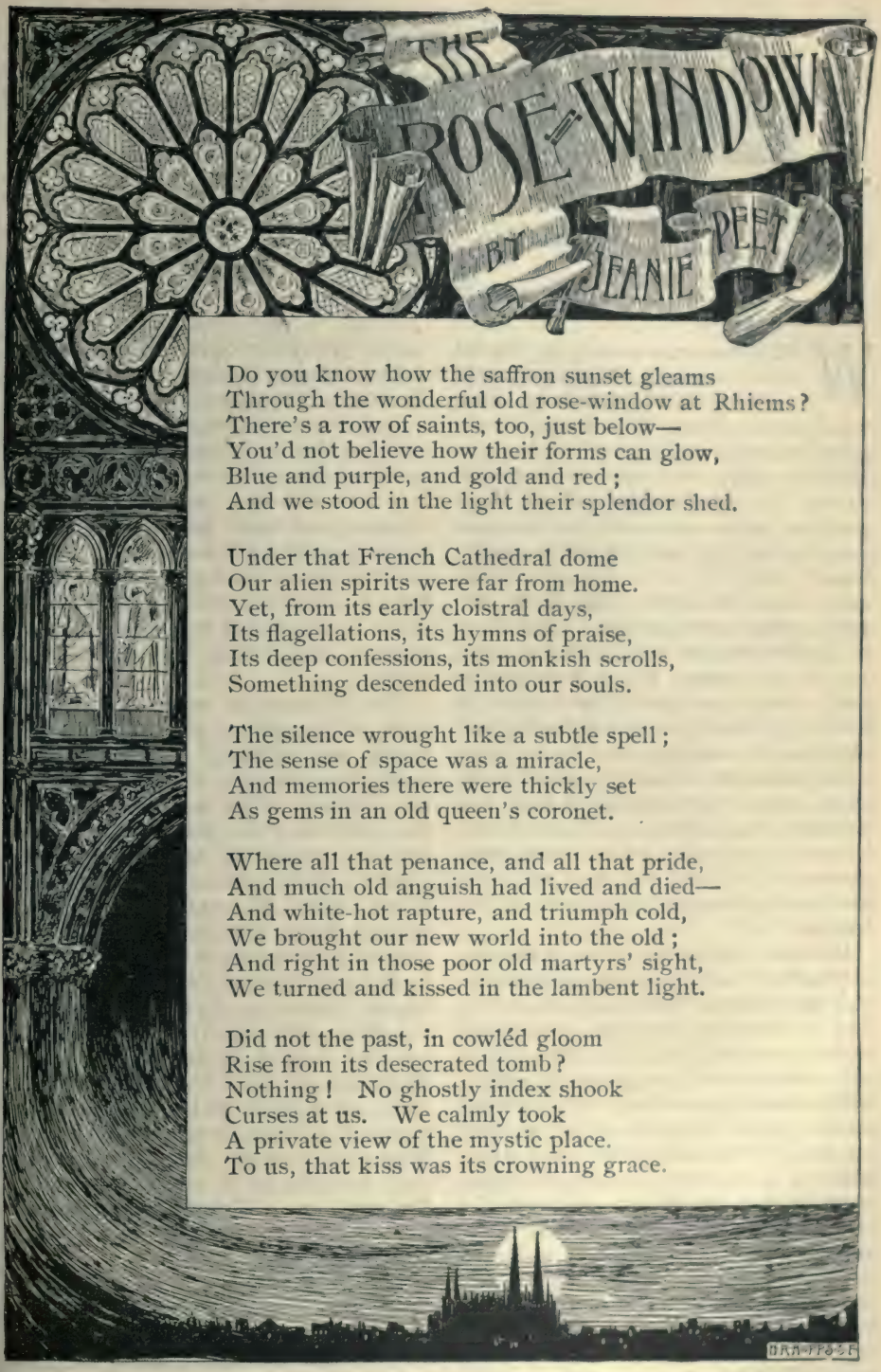
MARY LAMBERT.

Mrs. Mary O. Stanton in her treatises upon scientific physiognomy, Mrs. J. G. Lemmon on botanical subjects, and Miss Rose O'Halloran in astronomy, are among the scientific writers of the coast.

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, Miss Virna Wood, Mrs. Lillian Shuey, Miss Mary Lambert, Mrs. Lillian Plunkett and Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe are numbered among the writers of verse.

Recent honorary members are Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, Miss Rose O'Halloran and Mr. George T. Gaden.

As a member of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, the International League of Press Clubs and the Woman's National Press Association, the Pacific Coast Press Association is abreast with the spirit of organization, at the same time confident that responsible individualism is the basis of strength.



Do you know how the saffron sunset gleams
Through the wonderful old rose-window at Rhiems?
There's a row of saints, too, just below—
You'd not believe how their forms can glow,
Blue and purple, and gold and red;
And we stood in the light their splendor shed.

Under that French Cathedral dome
Our alien spirits were far from home.
Yet, from its early cloistral days,
Its flagellations, its hymns of praise,
Its deep confessions, its monkish scrolls,
Something descended into our souls.

The silence wrought like a subtle spell;
The sense of space was a miracle,
And memories there were thickly set
As gems in an old queen's coronet.

Where all that penance, and all that pride,
And much old anguish had lived and died—
And white-hot rapture, and triumph cold,
We brought our new world into the old;
And right in those poor old martyrs' sight,
We turned and kissed in the lambent light.

Did not the past, in cowléd gloom
Rise from its desecrated tomb?
Nothing! No ghostly index shook
Curses at us. We calmly took
A private view of the mystic place.
To us, that kiss was its crowning grace.

AMERICAN FINANCES.

BY MORRIS M. ESTEE.

WHEN business is moving in its usual channels, it does not matter what kind of money, how much or how little, is in actual circulation, because credit largely takes the place of money. But when there comes an ebb tide in financial affairs, then gold and silver is needed for business purposes and to sustain public confidence. Indeed, it is authoritatively stated that not more than three per cent. of the vast financial transactions of London are done with actual money, the check system being universally used. But when public confidence is disturbed, fewer checks and drafts, and more money are required to do even a less business. Credit is sensitive to attack, money and moneyed men are cowardly, and rightly so, because one dollar cannot strike back except with another dollar, and the man who has not the other dollar has no weapon for defense.

In times of great business depression the value of commodities depreciate, and the value of money appreciates—that is, property becomes cheap and money becomes dear. Therefore, those who own or deal in property suffer, while those who own or deal in money prosper—that is to say, so long as they can safely loan their money ; but when business is paralyzed, money is useless as an interest-producing substance. It thus follows that, as a rule, dear money and less money is of value to the moneyed man, and cheap money and more money is of value to the business man ; and as nearly all people are business men, and only a few are money lenders or moneyed men, the community is most deeply interested in the prosperity of its business people. And yet money lenders are as necessary as money borrowers.

In this connection it must be borne in mind that too cheap money is quite as dangerous as too dear money. A large circulation of inflated paper has always been most harmful, but there never has been a time when there was an inflated circulation of gold or silver money. There is not enough gold and silver in the world to make too much money, even when both metals are used.

The following is an estimate of the gold, silver and paper money of the world, and although this estimate is made by eminent statisticians, it is not claimed to be absolutely correct, the field being too large and the subject too great for mathematical accuracy: Gold coin, $4,300,000,000 ; silver coin, $3,300,000,000 ; paper money, $3,900,000,000. The present annual production of gold and silver, both in the United States and in the world, is known. In a report made by the Hon. Edward A. Leech, Director of the United States Mint, to the Secretary of the Treasury, February 16th, 1893, it is stated that the total value of gold produced in the United States for the year 1892 was $33,014,981, and the total value of silver $77,995,442. Total production of gold and silver for that year, $111,000,423.

It will thus be observed there is now twice as much silver produced in the United States as gold. The world's production of gold for the year 1892 was $130,816,660, and the commercial value of the world's produc-

tion of silver for the year 1892 was $133,054,000, the total production of both metals being $263,870,660, the coinage value of the silver produced was $193,605,200.

It is thus seen that the United States produced for the year 1892, over two-fifths of all the gold and silver of the world. It may then be confidently asserted that if our financial conditions rest upon the amount of gold and silver we produce, no country is financially stronger than the United States, nor are we less fortunate in the amount of money we have in actual circulation, always granting that silver or its representative (silver certificates) is continued as money.

The total amount of money in actual circulation in the United States on January 1st, 1893, exclusive of the amount in the Treasury and its branches, was $1,611,321,753; and the amount in the Treasury was $756,928,577, making a grand total of $2,368,250,330 in the United States, and as the population is 65,000,000, this would make a per capita circulation of $25:38, an amount larger than at any other period in the history of the Republic. It is thus observed we have about one-fifth of all the money of the world, while our population is a mere fraction of the world's population. It will also be observed that there is $567,269,118 in silver coin and bullion, and $331,614,304 in silver certificates, now in actual existence in the United States, showing that the enormous sum of $898,886,422 is in either the white metal or rests upon the white metal as security for its circulation: and so it is not the want of money that now causes this general depression in business and in values, but it is largely caused by the threat to drive out of circulation silver money and silver certificates, (and thus decrease the amount of money in circulation,) and to so change our tariff laws as to imperil our home industries and destroy our home and our foreign markets.

It requires no great knowledge of the business conditions of the country, no research into the precedents of the past, nor exhaustive study of financial problems, to see that if the large sum of money, represented by silver and silver certificates, is retired from use as money, it will cause the failure of many of the best business concerns of the country, and shatter national and individual credit, and thus paralyze the business industries of the whole nation. Indeed, it is now quite impossible to fully anticipate the results of such an awful financial catastrophe in the United States. There does not appear to be any reasonable necessity for disturbing the relations between gold and silver, or the use of both as money metals, and there does appear to be a necessity for the continued use of both metals.

It is a striking fact that as silver depreciates in value, commodities also depreciate in value. Observe the price of silver for the past ten years, and then note the prices of the products of the factory and the farm; as a rule, they run parallel. Money becomes dear and scarce when the country approaches a gold standard, and we approach a gold standard whenever silver is talked down or driven out of circulation. This condition of things has existed in our country for many years. The only two articles in America which have risen in value are gold and U. S. bonds—the one because the creditor class has talked all money but gold out of confidence; the other, because our country persists in paying all the interest on our bonds in gold, when, under the law, and of right and in common fairness, some of it should be paid in silver—because the interest is payable in coin, and silver money is coin as much as gold.

Assuming the existence of financial distress which demands a remedy, how the repeal of the so-called Sherman Act (which authorizes the issuance of silver certificates for bullion purchased and deposited in the treasury) can afford that remedy has not

yet been explained. Silver certificates are used as money like greenbacks. They pass everywhere and they are everywhere in circulation. Is it wise or needful to have less money, when the whole people are needing and demanding more money? and is it not afact that the repeal of the Sherman Act will decrease the amount of money now in actual circulation?

In this connection it is not argued that some more efficient means cannot be found to take the place of the present system, nor is it claimed that the Sherman Act meets all the expectations of those who favored its enactment; but to repeal that law without enacting some other to take its place (which new law will retain silver as a money metal) could not fail to result most disastrously to the country. Indeed, financial legislation inspired by great monetary distress is always dangerous, and while it is true that the resources of a great country cannot be easily legislated out of existence, they can be imperiled. But a great nation cannot be impoverished because it has gold and silver, instead of gold only, nor will that legislation that regards only the creditor class of our people be conducive to the greatest good. On the contrary, that legislation only should be enacted, which justly measures the value of all property and the interests of all the people.

It is well to consider what would be the result if a single gold monetary standard were adopted all over the world. France would demonetize $800,000,000 of silver; the United States fully $600,000,000; Germany has $90,000,000 in silver thalers not yet disposed of; Austria-Hungary has about $50,000,000 in silver. In fact, every European nation has large and varying amounts of silver on hand now used as money. The business world would be paralyzed if silver should be thus demonetized. There are not five nations of the earth, if this were done, that could, for the five succeeding years, pay in gold the interest on their public debts, much less provide for the payment in gold of the principal due thereon. Now if silver cannot be safely demonetized, then the best and most effective use should be made of that money metal. It should be built up and sustained by the financial world, and not destroyed or talked down. If we must have it, then it should be employed in the best possible manner. True, silver is the money of small transactions; but remember, there are hundreds of small transactions where there is one large one; and, after all, it is the small man financially who most needs, and who often most deserves the protection of the law. Silver money is so much capital, and is it not the height of unwisdom to destroy capital in any form?

"It is an incontrovertible fact," says Mr. James Platt in his book entitled "Money," (Page 135), "that in the history of commerce we find no principle more firmly established than this: That as the capital of a country is increased, agriculture, commerce and industry will flourish, and as capital is diminished, these will decline; that the man who attempts to annihilate any portion of the capital of a country wherein he dwells, is as forgetful of his own advantage as the miller who should endeavor to dry up the mountain stream which turns the wheels of his machinery, or the farmer who should desire to intercept the sun and the showers which fertilize his fields."

It is most true the study of the question of money has always been a leading topic with students and theorists. Indeed, there are too many remedies for evils which either do not exist or which are but slight ailments, and which, in time, if left alone, would cure themselves. What seems the strangest part of this money problem is that those who have the most to lose by unsettled financial conditions, are the most anxious to have financial conditions unsettled, unless

settled their way. Those who deal most in money, and who of necessity are deeply interested in the ability of the people to pay what they owe, are themselves constantly but unwittingly striving to make it impossible for the debtor classes to pay their debts. This applies with equal force to nations and to individuals. The richest nation of the world, England, is a creditor country, and a gold and a single standard country. The rest of the world owes England and Englishmen $8,000,000,000 of money, which is nearly twice the amount of all the gold in the world. It is claimed that the combined indebtedness of the world is $80,000,000,000, and so the world never can pay in gold, nor can English creditors ever be paid in gold.

But some people, and conspicuously the American people, have been frightened into the adoption of the English monetary ideas, because the creditor class always dictates to the debtor. And as England is an old and rich nation, and as London is the great financial center, borrowers seek that money market, and of necessity accept the terms which that market imposes upon them. All the English colonies are in debt to England. India owes the mother country vast sums of money, and yet England, until within the month, has insisted on a silver standard for India and a gold standard for England, and because India produces what England must have (wheat, cotton and rice) England goes into the market with the gold it gets of America and other rich debtor countries, and after forcing the price of silver down to the lowest possible point, uses the same American gold to buy American silver at a British discount, and then pays out that same silver to its own people in India at par, dollar for dollar, in buying articles which compete in an English market with American products, like wheat and cotton. This is a keen, sharp-sighted business policy. Thus far it has worked admirably for England, and this policy will be continued in India, although the free coinage of silver there has recently been stopped, but silver money is the currency of that country and always will be. Note the result. Wheat is lower now than ever before. And so are many, nay, most of the surplus American products. Who are the sufferers? Primarily, the producers—American producers, and indirectly every business man and every bank in the whole country, because financial unrest follows business depression, and you cannot long have prosperous banks and poor people, for dear money limits its use.

These are the present conditions, and they will continue to be the conditions until America declares its financial independence of England. By this, it is not argued that America should cease to trade with England, but rather that as America is now the largest producing country in the world, and has the most wealth (but not the most idle money) it is in a position to command the situation, if it is brave enough to do so. We produce what England wants and what she must have. In the past, our exports to England have vastly exceeded our imports from England, and this will continue so unless large and unwise changes are made in our tariff laws. Commerce is king—not gold. Gold is but one of the tails to the great financial kite. Commerce is the kite itself. Money does not always make business—dear money, never. Credit is better than money. And the man or nation that produces much and has much to sell, has credit and can command money the world over.

The business depression in industrial pursuits in England has already lasted a number of years, and it will continue so long as commodities continue cheap, and money continues scarce and dear. And to the producer money is always scarce and dear when commodities are cheap. The commerce of America will soon hold the mastery, if America only encourages that commerce by maintaining such a commercial and

monetary policy as will make money reasonably abundant and cheap at home, and thus encourage home industries. Once make secure the business of our country and our money will care for itself. True, London is today the great monetary center of the world. It will not always hold that supremacy. Every student of history knows that Florence, Venice and Genoa, each in its day and time, held dominion over the commerce, and at the same time, the banking of Europe. Silver was their standard. Do you inquire what gave these cities their financial supremacy over all other places? It was their commercial supremacy. It was not alone the kind or amount of money that they had in their banks or in circulation. It was trade that made them rich, and it was trade that kept them rich through so many centuries.

Commerce has made London what it is. Take from that great city her commerce, relieve her of her industries, deprive her people of even the present poor rewards for labor, throw a dam across the Thames, or make clear the air above her chimney tops, and London will cease to be a great financial center. Money gravitates as business moves. Commerce and money go together and are necessary to each other, but commerce holds the mastery.

It is most true that a number of the great financial nations of the world, conspicuously England and Germany, through influences which it is quite unnecessary here to discuss, have in recent years attempted to, and finally have, demonetized silver; and yet both these nations use a large amount of silver subsidiary coin, which is issued at par and passes at par. Paper money is also used by most European peoples, and conspicuously by these two great nations. And when issued and used as money, the government or bank that issues the paper usually guarantees its payment in gold, and the credit of the bank or nation stands behind the paper so issued. And yet, whenever there is a great financial depression, or when there is a war, they cease to pay in gold, because there is not gold enough. In a word, gold is the standard when gold is not wanted, but when it is most needed there is none to be had. The promise to pay in gold is a deception, says Mr. Platt, you only see the ghost of gold when it is wanted in the substance.

It is also a fact that substantially all the gold and silver of the world, not actually used in the arts, is now coined into money and used somewhere as money, with the single exception that in the United States, as a matter of convenience, paper money is issued as the representative of the value of silver bullion on deposit in the vaults of the treasury. It is also a fact that during the last century, the commerce of all the nations of the earth has very largely increased, and for that reason, more money is required to carry on the business of the world than ever before. This large increase of trade and commerce is chiefly attributable to rapid communication by steam and telegraph, the advance of civilization, improvements in transportation of freight and passengers, and increased facilities for manufacturing. It would thus appear that as a matter of exchange of values, money becomes more and more necessary to mankind as people become more and more commercial. Gold and silver, being the most valuable metals, are the natural money of the world. Every civilized man knows both metals as money. It is the common law of mankind to look upon them as money metals. The tradesmen and producers all over the world receive either coin in exchange for their commodities. And as the use of money is increasing, the demand for it becomes a greater necessity. Without it no enterprises, great or small, can be successfully established or carried on, and so any contraction of the monetary circulation would result in a monetary crisis, reaching not only the stability of great banks and business houses, but the stability of governments themselves.

It is a mistake to suppose a banker different from other people—he is simply a keen dealer in money, and the man who deals in money is like any other man who has something to sell. He wants his goods (money) to bring a good price—to be in demand; and whatever will make his goods scarce, and difficult to get, increases its value, and thus apparently benefits him. He knows, as every intelligent man knows, that when there are two kinds of money in the world, and an equal amount of each, if he can destroy one kind, what remains will be more valuable; and so many of the moneyed men of the world are for mono-metallism, because if a single gold standard is adopted by all the nations of the earth, and silver is demonetized, there will be only about one half the present amount of money in circulation; and he knows that this alone would double the value of the money that is left, because it would double the purchasing power of gold, and in a like proportion lower the value of all other commodities, because the commodities would necessarily increase in amount, while the means to purchase them would decrease.

In a word, we would then have dear money and cheap commodities; the men who have money would be richer by half; the men who have commodities would be poorer by half. But the latter are as one hundred to one. Labor is a commodity and would go down in the general fall. The result necessarily follows that as money becomes scarce, there will be a lowering of prices; land becomes cheap as money gets dear; the products of the factory and the farm suffer alike; and, as people have less money for use in the purchase of needful articles, less of those articles are consumed. And then comes poverty, suffering and unrest, with an increase of crime and lowering of the moral standard.

The answer made to these arguments is that as money would be worth more, the relative value of commodities would not change, because one dollar then would be worth two dollars now. If the gold men think this is true, why not double the price of commodities and double the amount of money, and cheapen its value, and thus make two dollars worth but one dollar? If the rule is correct, why will it not work both ways? No, the fact is, the argument in favor of dear money is a narrow policy. If successful it only creates misery, want, unrest—it is not a creative, but rather a destructive theory. It will benefit the few and destroy the many. It is admitted that the intrinsic value of silver is less than gold—it always was less. Our laws make the coinage value of gold sixteen times more valuable than silver; but, owing to the fact that some of the nations, which are the money powers of the world, are demonetizing silver, the difference in the commercial value between the two metals is much greater now than heretofore, and so the same power that cheapened silver now demands its demonetization as a money metal, because it is cheap. The creditor classes, who are interested in making money dear, are doing this and will continue to do it, until the communism of organized wealth endangers the peace of society. Indeed it has already imperiled the business industries of the world. Money cannot become dear if silver is continued as one of the circulating mediums of the world, because the supply will more nearly equal the demand; but the supply of gold is not largely increasing, while the demand for money is increasing as the wealth and commerce of the world increases. And so, on the one hand, it is a contest for good money and more money and fair prices for commodities; on the other, it is a contest for less money and dear money and cheap commodities; and this contest will continue and increase in force while these conditions continue, and they will continue until actual and practical bi-metallism is restored.

It is the logic of events, that a

single gold standard cannot be maintained for any great length of time, without causing depression of values and a financial crisis, for money is only valuable, whether dear or cheap, when it can be used in some form of enterprise. The borrowers of money are the men who do something, who build up and sustain the wealth of the world. They are the creators; and when money becomes too valuable to borrow, then commodities will be too cheap to create, because no margin of profit will be left to the producer, and dull times will be inevitable. It cannot be denied that a change in the financial system of a country is dangerous, because any change affects the value of property, and therefore, stability is more needed than improvement. No nation is great enough to impose its own monetary system on the rest of the world, unless it is to the interest of the rest of the world to adopt it. And a free people will not willingly adopt a monetary system which makes property less valuable and the masses of its people poorer. England has done this, for it is admitted by English statesmen that within twenty years, all property in England has decreased in value fully thirty per cent, its agriculture is in decay, its laboring people are migrating in vast numbers to remote colonies or to the United States, its manufacturing interests are not prospering, and while its rich people have more gold, its poor people have none, and they can earn none. Indeed, there is no encouragement for prosperous America to swap financial systems with England.

It has been well said that it is the paying ability of the people that gives confidence and sustains credit, and their paying ability depends on their prosperity. A bank cannot divorce itself from the community in which its business is conducted, any more than can our government at Washington sustain itself by opposing the clearly expressed wishes of the people of the nation. For a time, organized financial power can control even the policy of a nation, but in the end the unorganized but resistless business industries must be felt and will control, because they represent the most people and the best average judgment of the people. It is nonsense to say that a comparative few of the moneyed men of a nation living in a single city, in matters in which they are personally interested, fairly represent the common business sense of the whole country. They are unwittingly like a bribed jury: they cannot give an impartial verdict. Money kings, however useful, cease to be beneficial when they rule as kings rule. They should not be allowed to enrich themselves at the expense of other men, nor to muddy the fountains of wealth after they have slaked their own thirst. Banks are necessary, money is necessary, and gold is necessary to the prosperity of our country, but labor, business enterprise, silver money and borrowers of money are equally necessary to our industrial and financial progress.

Silver and its uses is not the bugbear it is represented to be. True, in large transactions neither silver nor gold is actually used. Both metals are needed to stand behind and sustain the credit of the world. Note the present uses of silver.

Secretary Windom reported to Congress in December, 1889, that the annual product of silver of the world (coinage value) was $142,000,000, and his report shows where this silver was used, viz:

Amount required in India	$35,000,000
Amount required in Austria and Japan	10,000,000
Subsidiary coinage in Europe and South America,	16,000,000
Amount annually exported to China, Asia, and Africa, other than Indian coinage	10,000,000
Annual coinage of Mexican dollars	5,000,000
Indian coinage	10,000,000
Amount used in the arts	15,000,000
Surplus or balance	51,000,000
	$142,000,000

Since that report was made, there has been no marked difference as to the use of that metal. It does appear, however, that our country requires more and more money. Then wherein is the fear of too much silver coin, or too many silver certificates? As before stated, do not this coin and these certificates pass as money, and are hard times caused by too much money, and will good times come when we have less money? Does any one claim that money is now too cheap or too abundant? Failures are caused by a want of money, not because there is too much of it, and especially when that money is gold or silver.

But we are told that gold is leaving the country. This is true; and being true, would you make money less abundant here by demonetizing what money we have left at home? And would not even more gold be shipped away, if we lowered our credit by decreasing the amount of money in circulation here? Gold is sent to Europe because we owe someone in Europe, and as we have lost confidence in ourselves and are making a political question of our finances, our debtors there have lost confidence in us, and want their money.

A constant repetition of the menace which some of our own people make against our revenue system, and the threats to lessen the amount of money in circulation, has already had its effect in disturbing public confidences. It is the fear of what is to come that causes hard times, infinitely more than any actual injury inflicted.

And again, suppose our foreign creditors are afraid we will some day pay them in silver, and for that reason they are now realizing on their American securities—would they not do the same thing at any time when money is scarce in America?

Indeed, there is not a nation on the globe that can pay its indebtedness in gold. No, not even England, rich as she is. Too much indebtedness and too little gold is the reason. And so this very statement that the United States will pay its indebtedness in silver is a fallacy. In any event, our foreign creditors do not want their money as long as they feel their investments are safe. Once sustain our home industries, and our home credit will sustain itself, and our gold and silver will remain with us.

It is confidence we most need, and confidence must be created by our own people, in our own country. We must first sustain our own finances by encouraging American Enterprises. We must sustain home markets by protecting home made products, and thus give labor a fair reward. We must make more to sell to others and buy less from others. Then we will be more prosperous; our banks will cease to call in their loans, or to close their doors; property will enhance in value, industries will multiply; business will assume its usual channels, and as confidence is restored less money will be required to do the business of the country; the East and West will then join hands in building up and sustaining American credit at home and abroad. Wall street is necessary to the country, and especially when Wall street is right. But it is not necessary to sustain Wall street when Wall street is wrong. Prosperity cannot be written or figured into existence. It must grow, and its growth can be aided by wise legislation, but not created by it.

What legislation would be a remedy, is the question. Silver must be used in some form. If the Sherman Act is repealed, some other law must take its place. If free coinage, it would possibly be the free coinage of American produced silver. Another remedy is to prohibit the circulation of any paper money under ten dollars, and to coin no gold pieces less than five or ten dollars, as the case might be. Very little gold is now coined under five dollar pieces. England has no paper of a denomination less than twenty-five dollars. The small money thus taken out of circulation should be replaced

by larger money put into circulation, the object being to make all smaller transactions in silver money. It is estimated this would put into circulation $400,000,000 of silver not now in actual use, and it would not drive out of circulation one dollar in paper or gold.

Even these remedies may not be the true ones. But one thing is certain, the American people and the American financiers cannot longer sustain themselves upon European precedents, because our conditions are American. We are all producers, we have no great standing armies, no cheap or pauper labour, no monarchical government, no class distinctions. Here the rich man of to-day may be the poor man of to-morrow, and nothing is truer than that the American nation must prepare itself to face new, and hitherto untested economic problems. The increase of wealth and population of the central, intermontane, and Pacific States of the Union, the development of new and varied industries, the production of articles at home which hitherto were obtained only from abroad, the admission of new states into the Union, and the changed industrial conditions of many of the older states, have given a new trend to business enterprises, and a broader and more national sweep to American finances. And thus America must have a financial policy of its own. Our country will then prosper, because the American people will build upon foundations laid on American soil, constructed by American industry, and sustained by American money.

SILVER COINAGE.

BY HON. W. W. BOWERS.

THE Hon. R. P. Bland, Democratic Congressman from Missouri, the champion of the free coinage of silver, attempts, in an article in the April number of the North American Review, to show that the only hope of free coinage lies with the Democratic party and that it is a party question; that the Democratic party is on one side and the Republican party on the other. The attempt is a flat failure. His party to-day, no matter what has been its position in the past, is against him and against free coinage. If he does not know this, he is certainly one of the blindest men now in public life, as regards the status of free coinage of silver. The article has not in any manner advanced the measure to which he professes such devotion. Mr. Bland begins his article with a rhetorical fusilade of rather well-worn Democratic stock phrases, which have no foundation outside a Democratic imagination.

Great latitude is allowed the stump speaker in a canvass, but when a man in Mr. Bland's position carefully prepares an article for a leading magazine, upon an important public question to which he has devoted years of time, the public has the right to expect reasonably correct statements of common, well-known facts, respecting the condition of public affairs. These, carelessly or incorrectly stated at the outset, beget distrust as regards the correctness of what follows. In the first paragraph of his article he says:

"The appalling demands upon the resources of the country, to meet the enormous appropriations of money, nearly one-half of which are for pensions alone; an onerous system of taxation, and yet a depleted treasury; a makeshift and disjointed currency, satisfactory to no one; problems of imperialism presented in the questions of the annexation of foreign territory and peoples; all pressing for consideration; etc., etc., etc."

Here in seven lines are six state-

ments that are not only very loose, but are wholly Pickwickian.

But what are the facts? These. Taxation is not appalling; not nearly one-half of the appropriations are required for the payment of pensions; the Treasury is not depleted; the country has the best and safest, most satisfactory system of currency it ever had since its foundation, and it requires an immense stretch of imagination to discover where the question of imperialism comes in. "The appalling demands upon the resources of the country" exist only in the imagination of politicians and stump-speakers. If any class is appalled it is the money barons and speculators. If they are appalled why should the common people mourn? Fancy Mr. John Wanamaker growing more and more "appalled" at the "increasing demands upon his resources" during the past ten years, made by the pay-roll of his employees, as it steadily and rapidly increased with his business, and he grew richer and richer. He is "appalled" in the same way every sensible man is at the rapid growth of this nation. It takes more money to run one of our first-class modern steamships than it does to navigate a primitive dugout, and the earnings and resources are correspondingly different; but this is a fact our Democratic friends seem to forget, or never to have learned.

The total appropriation made by the fifty-second Congress was, for the two years, $1,004,178,000, and the total appropriation for pensions for the two years, was $313,268,700. That's very far from "nearly one-half." In this connection it may be remarked that but for these pensioners, dead and alive, Mr. Bland could not have been a member of the Congress of the United States. As to the "onerous system of taxation," nearly one-half the revenues come from the tax on whisky and tobacco. Would Mr. Bland take off this onerous (?) tax from these articles? By far the largest half of the revenue obtained from other sources comes from duties levied on imported articles that can be produced in this country, and if the consumer pays more than he would if the duty were removed, the difference is paid the American workingman in the way of wages. Not a workingman, nor any man in the United States has ever lost a dollar, or a penny through the national currency; not one dollar of it was ever dishonored; never, since the issue of the first bill to the present hour, has there been a moment when a national bank dollar was not worth a dollar anywhere in any civilized country; and this is the kind of currency Mr. Bland characterizes as "makeshift and disjointed." How many millions of dollars did the laboring men of this country lose through the Democratic "rag" money issued by irresponsible State banks between '40 and '60? There is to-day a greater "seeming preference" on the part of the Democratic party for that rag money, than it ever had for gold or silver. If not, why that plank in the last Democratic platform which reads: "Section 8. We recommend that the prohibitory (?) ten per cent tax on State bank issues be repealed." If that does not mean the re-establishment of these wild-cat banks, then it has no meaning at all.

Mr. Bland essays to explain a "seeming preference on the part of the Democratic party for gold in the days of Benton." Here is an opportunity for him to explain this "seeming preference," on the part of the Democratic party, for the old-fashioned Democratic wild-cat currency.

As to Mr. Bland's assertion that the Treasury of the United States is bankrupt or depleted, the "Statement of the Public Debt and of the Cash in the Treasury of the United States," made by the Secretary of the Treasury, dated May 1st, 1893, is the best answer. This shows that at the close of business, April 29th, 1893, there was cash in the Treasury as follows:

Gold coin	$121,753,585.35
Gold in bars	80,529,773.73
Total gold	$202,283,359.08
Silver dollars	360,359,922.00
Subsidiary coin	11,113,573.21
Bars	110,315,196.23
Total silver	$481,788,691.44
Grand total coin	$684,072,040.52

This is rather a remarkable showing for a "bankrupt Treasury." Can the Treasury of any other country make one as good? The statement also shows that during the thirty days of the month of April, the public debt had decreased $1,832,475.00.

As to the "problem of imperialism," that is so very far-fetched that it does not require further notice—so much for Mr. Bland's predicates.

A considerable part of Mr. Bland's article is made up of extracts from the Congressional Record to show that a larger number and greater proportion of Democrats than Republicans voted in favor of free coinage, that, therefore, the Republicans are responsible for the defeat. Is his deduction correct and his argument sound? Will he accept that rule in fixing the responsibility as to all other measures? If so, we will accept and will say at once that under such rule, the attempt to destroy the Union was a party measure, a Democratic party measure, for not only were the majority of those who took up arms against the Government, Democrats, but of the hundreds of thousands who did, every one was a Democrat—not one was a Republican. Yet we know that many thousands of Democrats were fighting in the Union army for the preservation of the Union. The Democratic party, as well as the people of the United States, has always and most justly held the party in power responsible for all legislation. The party in power, in any branch of the Government, is wholly responsible for all things done or not done in that branch. The responsibility cannot in any degree be shifted from the majority to the minority. The Democratic House is responsible for everything done in that body, the Republican Senate for everything in that body, during the fifty-second Congress. Without exception, the Democratic party holds the Republican party responsible for the demonetization of silver in 1873, because they controlled every branch of the Government at that time.

Mr. Bland says: "The most recent vote on this question (i. e., the free coinage of silver) was in the House, March 17th, 1892." This is a mistake. There was no action on the silver bill on that day, but the vote he refers to was taken on March 24th, and there were in all, ten votes taken on that day on the question. So, in the House of Representatives, where the Democrats had 227 members, the Republicans 88, Mr. Bland could not pass his free coinage bill. But none of these were the most recent votes on the question. On July 1st, 1892, Senator Stewart's Bill, S. 51, providing for the free coinage of silver, and which bill was substantially the same as Mr. Bland's, passed a Republican Senate by a vote of 29 to 25. On page 5,742 of the Congressional Record, giving the proceedings of the House for July 2nd, 1892, will be found the following: "A message from the Senate, by Mr. Platt, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the Bill S. 51, to provide for the free coinage of gold and silver bullion, and for other purposes, in which the concurrence of the House was requested. (Applause on the Democratic side)." A Republican Senate asks a Democratic House to concur with it in voting for the free coinage of silver. On the 13th day of July, 1892, as may be seen by referring to page 6,133 of the Record, the most recent vote, save one, was taken on the silver question. It was on the adoption of the resolution reported by the Committee on Rules, to take up the Silver Bill S. 51, for consideration. This was defeated by a vote of 154 to 136. Of the 154 negative votes, 96

were Democrats and 58 Republicans; and so, for the second time, free coinage was slaughtered in the house of its friends. The "applause" with which the Democratic side of the House greeted the request of the Republican Senate to concur with it in the passage of a free coinage bill, did not materialize when the vote was taken. It appears convenient for Mr. Bland to forget these more recent votes; but there has been a still later vote on the silver question. It was on the 8th day of November last, when the Democratic party, as a party, throughout the United States voted solidly for Grover Cleveland, the most vigorous and relentless, as well as the ablest opponent of the free coinage of silver that could be found in the Democratic party; who, before he was inaugurated as President, is credited with the attempt to coerce the legislative branch of the Government (through the power he holds in the matter of official patronage) to repeal the present act authorizing the limited coinage of silver.

The great city of New York is the heart and stomach of the Democratic party. They are Mr. Bland's Democratic colleagues in that money center that demand an extra session of Congress to be called at once, to absolutely demonetize silver, and to repeal the Sherman Act. They are his Democratic colleagues who are attempting to force this extra session by shipping gold out of the country. The extra session is to be called for the sole purpose of prohibiting the further coinage of silver—to destroy its money character, and for no other purpose. Already Mr. Bland's Democratic colleagues are tugging at their tethers, eager to be in at the death.

One other fact Mr. Bland forgets is that while every Democratic State stood solid for the anti-silver Democratic candidate, four hitherto safe Republican States left the Republican party on account of its uncertain position on the silver question. These States did not go to the Democratic party, for its position on the question was no more satisfactory. The silver planks in both platforms were substantially the same—miserable and cowardly to the last degree.

So long as Mr. Bland urged the free coinage of silver as a business proposition, he was on a solid foundation. When he attempts to make a partisan question of it and calls attention to the record of the Democratic party upon it, he is floundering in mud; for there is nothing in the past history of the Democratic party which indicates that at any time it was the friend of honest money. The record shows that it was always the friend of the worthless, irresponsible State banks, with their rag money, and during every year of its supremacy they flourished, and the people were robbed right and left. The bills issued by the banks in one State were worthless in an adjoining State, and after twenty years of almost uninterrupted rule of the Democratic party, in time of peace, the Treasury of the United States was bankrupt; Government bonds, bearing twelve per cent. interest, could only be sold at a discount of from twelve to fifteen per cent., for under Democratic business methods gold and silver were driven out of the country. We had only rags left. The financial methods of the Democratic party, as attested by its history, were, and are, dishonest and disastrous. The era of honest money for the people only came in with the advent of the Republican party to power. To-day the workingman who has a dollar, whether it is a silver, gold or paper dollar, knows that he can purchase as much with one as with the other, that it is good in any State, and that it will be as good to-morrow as it is to-day. This was not possible until the Democratic party, with its ignorant and defective financial system, was removed from power, and supplanted by the sound financial methods of the Republican party, under which this country has attained its present unexampled prosperity.

THE CALIFORNIAN NAVAL BATTALION.

BY W. F. BURKE.



JUST two years ago, August 22d, 1891, a crowd of men met in one of the justices' dingy little court-rooms in the City Hall of San Francisco, and together they were sworn in as the first company of naval reserves on the Pacific coast.

Soon after, another company was sworn in at San Diego, another and another followed at San Francisco in quick succession, and the four companies of the battalion being then formed, their officers met and elected F. B. Chandler, who had been identified with the movement from the start, as Lieutenant Commander.

This last act completed the organization of the California Naval Battalion. Almost without warning it had sprung into existence, and in a little over two months after the first company had taken the oath of enlistment, the Lieutenant Commander issued his first order, in which he assumed command.

The act of the Legislature by which the California Naval Battalion became a possibility, was approved March 31, 1891. It was entitled: "An act to establish a naval battalion, to be attached to the National Guard of California." It provided for "not more than four companies of naval militia, which shall constitute a battalion, to be known as the Naval Battalion of the National Guard." It further provided that the battalion should be commanded by a Lieutenant Commander, that each company should be commanded by a Lieutenant, and should have in addition three other officers and eighty petty officers and men.

By the terms of the act, the organization of the battalion was made to conform generally to the provisions of the laws of the United States governing militia bodies, and the system of discipline and exercises was made to conform as nearly as might be, to that of the United States Navy, as at present existing, or as may be hereafter prescribed by Congress. When not otherwise provided for, the government of this new organization was placed under the laws which govern the National Guard of California, and the Governor has the same power over it as he has over the other State military forces.

It was also set forth in the act that the duty, or any part of the duty of this naval militia, could be performed afloat in United States vessels, and the Governor was empowered to apply to the President for the detail of commissioned or petty officers of the navy, to act as inspectors and instructors in the art of naval warfare.

Such was the act under which the "fresh water sailors," as at first the newspapers delighted to call them, were ushered into the service of the United States and of the State of California.

As may be seen, the act of the Legislature, while providing for the formation of the companies, was woefully silent regarding the means with which they were to be supported; and as the Legislature had adjourned only a few months previous to the organization of the first company, the prospect of financial assistance from the State was not particularly brilliant. This was the first difficulty encountered.

The second was a question of precedence. The first company had been sworn in as Company A; yet without warning the coveted first letter, of which the boys were so proud, was shifted to the San Diego Company, the second one organized, and the oldest company became Company B. In the discussion which followed, the individuality of the companies was strongly brought out, and being emphasized from the first and intensified afterwards in the struggle for existence, it now forms the weakest spot in an otherwise powerful and prosperous organization.

As a matter of fact, the theory of the Naval Battalion does not recognize companies in the military sense of the word, at all, but rates the entire organization as a ship's crew. Each so-called company is a division, destined to man a certain number of guns on shipboard and to take a certain place in a land attack; the bill called them companies, however, and the designation has stuck to them ever since.

The Naval Battalion occupies a peculiar position in its relation to the military forces, both regular and militia, and the naval forces of the United States. It partakes of the properties of all, and yet the true reserve man is every inch a sailor. Following the theory of the organization to its logical conclusion, the finished reserve man should be a fighter of the first order. He must know the duties of a sailor on shipboard, first of all; he must know how to land on a beach or rocky shore, and that, too, in the face of an enemy; then when he lands he becomes a soldier, and a soldier's duties and the theory of land warfare must be familiar to him. He must be a good shot with his rifle, whether on solid ground, on the rolling deck of a ship, or in the swaying "top" at the mast head. He must understand machine guns, torpedoes and powder in all its forms; he must be able to use his cutlass and revolver with deadly effect, and above all, those long black, wicked looking naval breech loaders must be as familiar to his hand and eye, as his vessel itself. He must be a sailor at sea, a soldier on land, a sharp-shooter in the top, a gunner on deck, and at home efficient in any or all of his numerous characters.



EVENING COLORS.

The California Naval Battalion, at present, contains nearly 300 men. They are fully armed with the Lee magazine rifle — the navy arm — and with the navy revolver. Their uniform is similar to that of an able seaman in the United States service, with the exception of the hat ribbon, which, in the Reserve, bears the words "Naval Battalion," instead of the name of a ship. The officers are armed and uniformed exactly as the regular officers, and in every detail the California Naval Battalion has been made to conform as nearly as possible with the regular service.

Having organized, the next step was to procure a place to drill, and here the first serious mistake was made, an unavoidable one, however, because of lack of funds. Each company shifted for itself. For some time Company B then Company A, drilled by moonlight, when available, and by guesswork when dark, in the big, gloomy courtyard of the City Hall. It soon went into an armory, however, as did the other companies, and then the battalion began to take some semblance of a permanent organization. But the armories were in different parts of the city and the companies were separated.

The dues of the men, by careful management, sufficed for armory rent and current and incidental expenses, but they were not sufficient to purchase uniforms. The merchants of the city were then appealed to, and they responded with nearly $3,000. This went for uniforms for the men, the officers providing their own. The $25,000 annually appropriated by Congress, becoming due about that time, the battalion held its first muster, March 22d, 1892, and applied soon after for a pro rata for 371 men, as shown at the muster. This meant $8,584.43. The California Battalion was then the largest in America, and the amount of its share of the appropriation was nearly $1,000 more than that of the New York Battalion, the next in size.



FRANK A. BROOKS, LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT.

The federal appropriation, however, is not furnished in money, but in arms and equipments. The battalion commander, therefore, applied for everything necessary to equip the men, and the following list of what was sent will show how the battalion is armed and equipped at present, as no accoutrements have been furnished the men since that time: 280 rifles, 280 gun slings, 280 bayonet scabbards, 40 revolvers, 40 belts, 40 holsters, 40 cartridge boxes, 40 packs for revolvers, 280 single web belts, 360 haversacks and straps, 370 rubber ponchos, 360 canteens and straps, 3 grubbing hoes, 6 shovels, 370 coat straps.

The rifles were all new and furnished with bayonets. The web belts have loops for cartridges and pockets for magazines, and the haversacks are of



U. S. S. BOSTON.

canvas. In addition, with each gun were furnished all the necessary cleaning and repairing tools and over half a dozen magazines.

A flag, consisting of a blue field, in the center of which are two crossed anchors, fouled in their cables and surrounded by thirteen white stars, was then adopted. A fac simile of this flag heads all battalion stationery, and its miniature, on a button, forms the official badge of the battalion.

A three-inch breech loading rifle and all its accessories was secured from the Mare Island Navy Yard, and things were beginning to look well for the reserve, when Lieutenant Commander Chandler resigned. Captain Charles Miner Goodall, a man well known among the shipping men of San Francisco, was elected to the vacancy. Captain Goodall is a master mariner, and as he took hold with enthusiasm, the battalion has prospered under his rule.

A sixteen-oared barge, fitted with two masts and sails, was the next addition to the equipment. For obvious reasons she was called the *Mayflower*, and her triangular sails and flowing ensign at the stern have been familiar figures on the bay ever since. From the time of her appearance, the nautical instinct in the men developed rapidly. When the cruisers *Charleston* and *San Francisco* came into the harbor and anchored, this sentiment was at its height, and when the boys were invited on board to drill with the big guns and to behave like seamen generally, there once more sprang up between the companies a fellow feeling, which has done more than all else to hold the organization together. It brought home to them the fact that though separated on shore, on sea they are all in the same ship's crew.

From the advent of the *Charleston*, Captain Picking commanding, the characteristic history of the Naval Battalion commences. Before that, the boys felt the terms "land sailors" and "fresh-water sailors," which were freely applied, had as much truth as

ridicule in them, but the *Charleston* has been the means of making real seamen out of the raw reserves, and to speak ill of the gallant craft in presence of a reserve man is as bad as to belie his commander.

The *Charleston* entered the service of the battalion in July, 1892. On alternate days the city companies used to muster all the men available, and they would row out in their own barge to the white cruiser, and would drill for hours at her guns. After some weeks of this, a night attack was planned, and one moonlight evening the nine boats of the cruiser were manned by two of the city companies, while the third manned the search lights on board. The boats tried to come close enough to launch an imaginary torpedo with deadly effect, while the great streaks of light shot across the water, spying them out, and enabling the men on the machine guns to demolish them with phantom shot and shell. Thousands of the people of the city watched the sight, for it was truly a magnificent one; and for a great many the inquiry as to what was the meaning of those four dazzling beams of light, shooting about like gigantic ghostly arms, brought the first information of the Naval Battalion, an organization which had been in their midst for more than a year.



COMPANY B, AT EIGHT-INCH GUN, FIRING.

August 6th, 1892, in Battalion order No. 10, came the order to gather upon the Folsom-street wharf at 7:30 A. M., August 12th, and proceed on board the *Charleston* for a trip to Santa Cruz. Short as the time was, the men hurried round asking for vacations—those who had not had any, and those who had, brought influence to bear upon employers to get another; as a result, when the Battalion formed upon the wharf at

the appointed time, there were one hundred and seventy men in line from the three San Francisco companies. The men were fully armed and equipped. This, in naval parlance, means that each man wore his blue suit and tan canvas leggins, and that he carried a haversack, containing his lunch, a tin plate and cup, knife and fork. Over each shoulder was slung the blankets, wrapped in the rubber poncho, around each waist was hooked the belt and bayonet with its scabbard, and in the hand was the rifle.

The cruiser *Boston* was in the harbor at the time, and she was ordered to accompany the *Charleston* to Santa Cruz. She took none of the men, however, but gracefully saluting as the *Charleston* passed her, she took her place off the starboard quarter, and in this way escorted her sister ship down the coast.

The run down was a beautiful one. A slight ground swell gave the ship just enough roll to keep the boys careful of their steps, but not sufficient to disturb any stomach. The officers and men of the *Charleston* behaved toward the battalion in a way to fully justify the statement that the "white squadron" is manned by gentlemen and sailors. There was never a laugh at any of the clumsy actions which at first characterized the reserve men, but instead the sailors took the boys in hand and showed them everything. At mess, although the battalion boys had been warned to fill their haversacks, as there would be no provisions for them on the ship, the crew took them below and loaded them with a seaman's fare.



CHARLES M. GOODALL, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER.

Several times on the way down the



LIEUTENANT C. H. CROCKER.

men were called to quarters, and were made to "cast loose and provide," "secure," "prepare to ram" etc. Then first and second boarders were called away; first, second and third riflemen were called away, and altogether the ship's decks were kept lively by the men hurrying to and fro with shot and powder, rifles and cutlasses. One of the reserve companies was formed into the powder division, and the men stalked about in their long white robes and wooden shoes, to the amusement of all, until the reason for such a costume was explained; then there was no more laughing.

When off Santa Cruz, Governor Markham boarded the vessel and inspected the men, both regulars and reserves, and then the companies were landed at the wharf. They were marched to some bath-houses, in which the men were to spend the nights of their stay in Santa Cruz, for there was not room on board the cruisers for the battalion. Here quarters were paid for out of the company's funds, and not a word of complaint came from the men when they had to sleep on the hard floor, for they saved money thereby. They provided their own meals too, as the State had made no appropriation for the expenses of the trip, but the boys cared little for that.

The next day, Saturday, the companies again boarded the *Charleston*, and all the morning they pegged away at a target with the big guns. The loading, firing, and sponging were done entirely by the reserves, there being a regular seaman at each gun, however, to prevent accidents. The green gunners soon caught the knack of firing just as the ship completed her upward roll, and then some really creditable shooting was done. If a ship had been in place of a target, she would probably have been sunk, but it would have taken every shot, for some went rather wide of the mark.

On Saturday afternoon the seamen from the *Charleston* and *Boston*, and the naval reserves marched to Camp Columbus, the militia camp, two miles in from the coast, and they formed a feature of the big parade held on that day. It was hoped to have them land on the beach and attack a battalion of infantry, but there was not time to ar-



LIEUTENANT LOUIS H. TURNER.

range for such a manœuver, and besides the reserves had not yet been given cartridges, either blank or ball.

On Sunday morning the *Charleston* weighed anchor and started for home. The only really notable thing on the trip up was the Sunday inspection, in which the naval battalion shared. Everything was found in good condition, for the *Charleston's* men had patiently and without a word of complaint, cleaned all the big guns after the reserves were through with them on Saturday, a proceeding the boys watched closely, and from which they gleaned many bits of information about the mechanism of breech-blocks and gun-carriages.

It was during this homeward cruise that the boys responded to their first "church call" at sea. Down on the berth deck they assembled, where stood a table, and beside it a small organ, and where officers and seamen sat together with heads uncovered. The simple services transformed the bare cheerless place at once into as solemn a house of worship as any on land, and rank and distinction were alike forgotten for the time being. Just below, the foam swished softly around the steel prow of the vessel as it drove through the water, and the sound blended sweetly with the voice of the chaplain, as he offered a prayer for "poor Jack;" while the steady even roll of the vessel, the forbidding steel sides and deck beams, and the gurgling of the waves on the cut water beneath, emphasized the prayer and brought the words home to the reserve boys with a meaning they had not seen before. In the minds of more than one, that simple sea service is one of the most vivid memories of the trip.

Being Sunday, of course there was no drill, so the boys amused themselves as best they could. This was disastrous, for following the well-established rule that an idle mind will work evil, the thoughts of quite a number turned to their stomachs, and as a consequence they became seasick. Even



DRESS PARADE.

then, however, the regulars never cracked a smile, but kindly offered valuable assistance to the stricken reserve men, who recovered quickly under the treatment and were all well before the vessel arrived home.

The three days' trip ended without an accident, and as the boys left the white cruiser, the cheers they gave came from the heart as well as the head. It was echoed back from the decks more than once, and when the *Charleston's* men stood upon the rail the better to see the departure, the officers of the ship did not order them down.

The cruise is ancient history now, and every one is familiar with all its events, those who stayed at home as well as those who went; but, nevertheless, it is still a subject of armory conversation, and will continue to be such for a long time to come. The only drawback was that Company A of San Diego could not go also. Company A has now had fully as much drill on the cruisers as the other companies, however, and is quite as efficient.

At present, the battalion is in a most enviable condition in every way. The companies have turned out several times, and the organization is looked upon as being a permanent, prosperous and efficient element of the State militia. The battalion is relieved from all apprehension on the score of finances, for the State allowance began in July, and by special act, an appropriation was made to pay armory rent from January, 1893.

The drill of the companies is, in infantry tactics, substantially the same as that of the army, only it is not so exacting. They have, in addition, their field gun drills, their boat drills, their cutlass drills, their lectures on seamanship, and when a cruiser is handy, their drills on ship board.

On this last matter, however, the battalion will soon be made independent of periodical drills on visiting ships of war, for the *Pensacola*, that famous old frigate which made such a gallant record for itself during the late war, will be ordered down to the city from Mare Island for its use. She will be used as a receiving ship by the Government, and will have on board a sufficient number of men and officers from the regular service to take care of her. She will be armed with converted rifles bored for breechloaders, and with a good secondary battery of modern machine guns. A couple of modern 6-inch rifles will also be mounted on board. It is hoped, too, to have her old frigate rig put on her again (she is now dismantled) but it may be that she will have only military masts. Her engines will be left in her, however, and each year it is intended she shall take the battalion out into blue water for at least a week. She will be moored to a wharf, and her decks, guns, and boats will at all times be at the service of the battalion.

The original organization of the companies, prescribed by the bill, has been closely adhered to, but there are changes which experience shows are much needed. Each company has four officers and sixteen petty officers, and the membership of each keeps at sixty or over. The petty officers in each company are chief boatswain's mate, chief gunner's mate and chief quartermaster; boatswain's mate, gunner's mate and quartermaster; captain of the forecastle, captain of the fore-top, captain of the main-top, captain of the mizzen-top, captain of the afterguards, three coxswains, a signal man and a bugler. This number is considered too large, as it provides for positions not found on a modern war ship such as the naval reserve would be required to man. It is, therefore, probable that the list of petty officers will be revised.

There will be more equipments received in a short time, for the second federal appropriation, since the organization of the battalion, has been made. It was decided to use it in the purchase of three 1-pound Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns, a number of revolvers and belts, some cutlasses and tents sufficient to cover the whole battalion.



THE "CHARLESTON," FROM MARE ISLAND.



COMPANY C, AT SIX-INCH RIFLE, FIRING.

The Hotchkiss guns each cost $1500. Each has three mounts—a boat mount for use in the barge, a barbette mount for use on earth-works or land fortifications, or on shipboard, and a field mount for use as light artillery and in street work.

The new equipments are even now on their way here, and when they arrive, and when the *Pensacola* is placed at its disposal, the California Naval Battalion will be one of the best equipped militia bodies in the United States. The men will have fine new rifles of the latest pattern; they will have three of the best rapid-fire guns made; they will have a ship—a real ship with a glorious record, and not an old hulk—for drill and for cruises; they will have modern breech-loading rifles for heavy ordnance practice; they will have all the necessary boats for boat practice, and the only thing lacking will be instruction and illustration in the theory and practice of torpedo warfare.

The best thing about the battalion, and the characteristic which will make it a credit to the State and to the service, is the evident disinclination of the men to be taken for anything but sailors of the naval reserve. They are very proud of their uniform, and when in citizen's clothes, the little "battalion button" is conspicuously displayed on nearly every man's coat. In addition to this, many of the boys have had their cuticles engraved with all manner of shapes and figures dear to the nautical heart, but constant intercession by the officers is putting a stop to this truly laudable ambition to be "salt." The officers are all young and enthusiastic, and many of them have risen from the ranks. The complete list of the bat-

talion officers is as follows: Charles M. Goodall, Lieutenant Commander; Frank A. Brooks, Lieutenant and Adjutant; Fred H. Stahle, Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer; Shafter Howard, Lieutenant and Paymaster; Daniel B. Northrup (San Diego), Lieutenant and Surgeon; Albert H. Taylor, Ensign and Assistant Surgeon; James G. Decatur (San Diego), Ensign and Assistant Ordnance Officer. Company officers—Company A: William D. Bloodgood, Lieutenant; Frank M. Simpson, Lieutenant Junior Grade; Thomas M. Shaw and Joseph C. Crenshaw, Ensigns; Company B: Charles H. Crocker, Lieutenant; Cecil C. Dennis, Lieutenant Junior Grade; Guy C. Calden and W. F. Burke, Ensigns; Company C: Colin A. Douglass, Lieutenant; Ewald J. Schmeider, Lieutenant Junior Grade; Edward E. Manseau and John T. McMullen, Ensigns; Company D: Louis H. Turner, Lieutenant; William E. Gunn, Lieutenant Junior Grade; Theodore F. Tracey and Chauncey M. St. John, Ensigns.

The Lieutenant Commander is a well tried sea captain, who has commanded more than one large vessel, and among the other officers are several ex-man of warsmen and a number of yachtsmen, so the battalion is not without nautical hands to guide it. The boys are willing to learn, and the teaching is easy, for officers and men are bound together by two inseverable ties. One is the flag under which they serve, the other is their love for the sea.



U. S. S. PENSACOLA.

WHEN TIME HAS CEASED.

BY CHARLES P. NETTLETON

When Time has ceased and back from whence we sprung
We go, all men shall be forever young,
And even here must God's immortal youth
Begin in souls that love immortal truth.



THE LONG QUIET WINTER EVENINGS WE SPENT ALONE TOGETHER.

IN SAN SEBASTIAN VALLEY.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

MY father was dying. All night long he had been lying in a stupor, his breath coming more and more feebly, and his pallid face sharpening in the dim light of the sick chamber. All night long I had hung over him with the agony of a love about to be deprived of its single treasure. All night long Señor Martinez, my father's old friend, had shared my lonely vigil, begging me again and again to lie down and take a little rest. I paid no heed to his entreaties. Between me and the desolation of complete bereavement, lay, at the most, but a few hours, and every moment was precious, though anguish-laden.

The faint light of morning--morning in a California coast town, gray and chill, struggled into the room. Señor Garcia arose and turned out the gas, then stepped noiselessly to a window and opened the shutters. He was an old man, with antiquated courtesy. He moved noiselessly, but something, it might have been the sudden change from the dim glare of gas light to the white light of dawn, aroused my father. His eyes, sunken but strangely lustrous, rested on me with the kind look that had been the joy of my childhood, and that had greeted me when I joined him in vacation time in after years, to share for a little time the wandering life he had led since my mother died. But now the tender affection in them was shadowed by a great anxiety. I laid my face against his, and try as I might, could not repress the great sobs that welled up from my bursting heart.

"Marian!" His voice was scarce a whisper, but it recalled me to my reason. I lifted my head and tried to meet his look bravely.

"Marian, marry—" his voice failed, and it was only after a struggle and an incoherent whisper that he regained it—"Garcia."

This command, which was less a command than the piteous plea of one who loved and was about to leave me, came to me without awakening any realization of all that it meant. I looked toward Señor Garcia, dark, withered, white-haired, with the look of premature decay that comes to so many of the native Californians, and he answered me with a look of assent. My father's voice sounded again, tremulous, failing :

" He understands. Promise — promise."

The Señor's thin hand was extended to me. Selfish and thoughtless as I was, I could not reckon my own wishes in that dark hour.

I laid my hand in his ; the anxiety in my dear father's eyes gave way to peace, and my bethrothal was sealed on his dead lips.

* * * * *

The old Señor was kindness itself during the drear days that followed, for the strain and terror through which I had passed brought on a severe illness, and I lay for weeks in the gloom of a strange hotel, attended by a hired nurse, a gentle, faithful creature, whose paid service and schooled sympathy brought into agreeable contrast the old gentleman's deep solicitude, manifested by his frequent inquiries, the fresh flowers with which he brightened my room, his calls when I grew better, and the delightful drives to which he treated me as soon as my physician permitted me to go out. And yet these calls and drives bore their burden of annoyance, for it was during them that I learned of Raoul Garcia.

That I should have a step-son, I, a girl of barely eighteen, seemed absurd enough ; but that this step-son should be a man grown, and a paragon of all excellencies, added a grotesque element to the situation. Every act of the old man's life seemed to be directed by Raoul, or ordered with reference to him. He scarcely seemed to have an independent opinion. As to matters of business, he dismissed them with an airy wave of his hand, confessing that he had no head for such matters, but that Raoul would attend to everything when he came.

A very clear picture formed in my mind of this admirable Raoul. He would be of the cavalier type, a latter-day, juvenile version of the father, a dashing, handsome youug man, supple and slender, with a beauty almost effeminate : the type one cannot help but admire, as one admires a butterfly or swift-winged bird, and with no more reliance upon its stability.

The law of California compels an unseemly haste in the settlement of estates, and there came a day when I had but half recovered from my illness, when my presence was required at a lawyer's office, to sign some papers. The lawyer was conversing with a man whom I took to be past thirty. I set him down at once as a very dull and commonplace person. He was of medium height, squarely built, with a dark skin and firm, regular features, as stolid and impassive as the sphinx. The Señor exclaimed and rushed forward as he saw him. Then he brought him to me :

" Marian, this is my son Raoul."

How proudly the old man's voice rang ! Raoul held out his hand to me, and I met the searching gaze of a pair of beautiful dark eyes, the single redeeming feature of Raoul Garcia's face, as I saw it then. I shivered as I met them. I was very weak and tired. Raoul hastened to bring me a chair and to hand me a glass of water ; but in all that interview we did not exchange a single word.

The days that passed were like a dream. There were women who came and went and took measurements of my figure, suggesting only a ghastly remembrance of the measurements for my father's coffin. There were papers drawn up, that I signed without so much as glancing at their contents. And, at length there came a bright day in October when I donned the white robe they brought me, and rode

with the Señor to the old Mission church in San Sebastian valley, where the Garcias, for generations past, had been christened, married, and had their funeral services read over them.

It was there, in the entrance to the ancient church, that my girlhood rose in sudden revolt against the step being forced upon me. The pain I had suffered had benumbed my mind, and I had been in a lethargy, unable to feel or to think. A sudden horror and repugnance possessed me. In the presence of the witnesses who had been called to the ceremony, and of Raoul Garcia, I protested against the outrage that was being done my youth.

"I consent to this, only because it was my dying father's request," I cried. "Remember, although I bear your name, there is a gulf between us that can never be passed. We have no interests, no sympathies, no tastes in common. You are an alien, of an alien race."

The two witnesses, grave men of property, resident in the neighborhood, moved away in their embarrassment. My heart was full of entreaty as I looked at the old Señor. If I entertained any desperate hope that he might at this last moment release me from the pledge I had made, it was disappointed. He winced a little under my bitter speech, but I noticed with contempt that he turned to Raoul, after his custom, as if to ask his advice. There was a moment of indecision. I felt Raoul's glance, calm and searching, rest upon me: then he gave an almost imperceptible motion of his head.

There was a chime of bells overhead.

"It is time to enter," said the old Señor gravely.

I could not answer. There was a light touch on my arm, and I felt myself borne through the doorway and over the tiled floor, nearer and nearer to the voice of the priest, solemnly intoning some Latin sentences unintelligible to me.

I stood before the altar, blind and unseeing. The beautiful ceremonial of the Catholic Church fell unheeded on my ears. A heavy band of gold was placed on my finger. Over this the priest pronounced a blessing that I have never heard before or since, asking that the shining circlet, emblem of eternal union, might be symbolic of the union of our hearts, a consolation in trouble, a protection in danger, a guard against temptation. But as he pronounced us man and wife, the full terror and desolation of my position swept over me, and my husband led me, weeping, from the church, aud placed me in the carriage that was waiting. Once within this friendly shelter I abandoned myself to uncontrolled grief, and was only aroused when a man's voice, full and low, said kindly:

"Marian, we are home,"

I lifted my head and saw that we were in a long avenue lined with palms, with the gray-green of olive trees beyond. Before us, surrounded by orange trees fragrant with bloom, its broad veranda draped with roses, was a red-tiled adobe house. But it was Raoul Garcia who sat beside me; it was Raoul, who grave and unsmiling, led me past the swarthy, laughing faces gathered to greet me; and it was Raoul Garcia, *my husband*, who silently left me at the door of my room. I lingered, my hand on the door, looking after him as he walked away down the long dim corridor. He must have felt my gaze, for he turned and looked back. There was grief and deep regret in his face, and in that instant I awoke to the knowledge that this marriage had involved for him a sacrifice greater than my own.

The months that followed were very peaceful, although they throbbed with an undercurrent of pain that was sometimes lulled into a strange peace, and at times rose to something that was almost anguish. I rarely saw my husband except at meal time, when he handed me to my place with distant courtesy, and even maintained



LIKE AN INSPIRATION, ONE DAY THE THOUGHT CAME TO ME THAT TOGETHER WE WOULD REMODEL THE OLD GARDEN.

a semblance of conversation, that the old servants, watchful and sympathetic, might not guess too much of the strange relation in which we stood. But when we rose from the table, Raoul always hastened to excuse himself, and betook himself to the orange grove, where all day long he spent his time, directing and instructing the men, who, like the most of California day-laborers, were neither intelligent nor industrious if left to themselves, and needed constant supervision.

The old Señor was my unfailing companion in these days, and I grew to love the gentle, unworldly gentleman, as I would never have believed possible in the days of my early acquaintance with him. His very weaknesses had a tender grace that endeared him to me. His inertia was inborn. If he was in a sense selfish and self-seeking, he was tenderly sympathetic. His vices were petty, and his virtues were as large as his warm old heart. We drove and rode together through the shaded country lanes, and he told me the history of the crumbling ruins that marked the spots where great haciendas once stood, with their hospitable doors flung wide to welcome the strangers who came but to ruin and destroy them; and the sad, romantic history of Southern California, with its piteous undercurrent of wrong and injustice, became impressed upon me, until I was stirred with a fierce indignation towards my own people, and was almost ready to proudly claim kinship with the race that was so fast disappearing before them.

The long, quiet winter evenings we spent alone together, the Señor and I, sometimes reading, sometimes playing a game of piquet, an old-fashioned amusement of which he never tired. As the days lengthened and grew warmer, we sat on the veranda, where the air was laden with sweet scents from the garden and orchard, and one night, when all the air was pulsing with harmony, I lifted my voice and sang a little snatch from a German opera, of which my father had been fond. Before I had finished the first stanza, a rich mellow voice joined me, and when I had finished I turned and saw Raoul standing on the ground in the shadow of the vines, his folded arms resting on the railing of the balcony.

My surprise almost betrayed me into an untoward speech. How should he be acquainted with an opera familiar only to students of classical music? How was it that he, this man whom I had set down as ignorant aud stupid, pronounced so easily the harsh syllables of a language so foreign to his own?

The Señor unconsciously answered me.

"It is something Raoul picked up at Munich, when he was studying painting there, after the school at Madrid."

"You are an artist?" I said to Raoul, and some of the astonishment I felt crept into my voice.

"I once thought of becoming one," he corrected me.

"And gave it up?"

"The road to success was too long. The ranch needed me. It is better to be a good farmer than a second-rate painter," he replied.

After that, when we sat on the balcony, it sometimes happened that Raoul would stroll around and join us; and sometimes we sang together, and sometimes we talked of late books and magazines, or he discussed with his father the operations on the ranch. The constraint between us was slowly wearing away, and while there were times when I still rebelled against the chance that had deprived me of any choice in the shaping of my destiny, I began to feel like a welcome guest in the quiet household, and to love the friendly shelter of the walls which had thrown their protection around me in my woe and loneliness.

The current of a quiet life flows so evenly that the time seems endless in which it approaches a given point,

and it is only when we look backward that we realize the rapid flight of time. One morning I awoke to a bewildering sight. In place of the sombre garments that old Manuela always laid out for me, my room was littered with rich-hued stuffs, morning dresses, walking costumes, evening toilets, wraps and bonnets in profusion. I sat up in bed and looked around me, my eyes dazzled by the unexpected sight, my brain reeling with vague anticipation. Remember that I was only eighteen, and sorrow had come upon me even as I stood upon the threshold of the enchanted realm where all who are young have their little transient kingdom.

There was a soft rap on the door, and Manuela entered, bearing the bucket of warm water that she always brought for my morning bath. The smiles that knotted her wrinkled old face proved her complicity in this surprise, so adroitly planned and executed.

She lifted one of the gowns, a morning dress of deep maroon, faced with crimson, fretted with embroidery that glowed like the colors at sunset.

"The Señora will lay aside her dark garments and wear this, so in harmony with her youth and beauty, now that the year is past," she said humbly.

Her hapless speech engulfed me in a flood of bitter memories. I pointed dumbly to the door, and she left the room. So this was the meaning of the pretty wardrobe. The past was to be effaced; the past that held my father and his love, the one true, unselfish affection that I had ever known; and I was asked to commit myself to a future that in my dreams had been peopled with pleasant possibilities, but that face to face was a maze of doubt and uncertainty from which I shrunk in dread.

When I at length went down to breakfast, it was in a quiet robe of Quaker-gray; but I did not neglect to say a word of grateful acknowledgment to the Señor, who was always so observant of woman's dress, and to whose never-failing forethought I knew I owed this kindly provision, which neither my own inclination nor interest would have prompted me to make for myself. The Señor listened urbanely, and complimented me on my appearance. Raoul, who came late into the breakfast-room, did not appear to notice any change in my apparel, and hastened through the meal, excusing himself before we rose from the table.

Afterwards I remembered that, beginning with this morning, we drifted further and further apart. I did not observe it at the time. The gay outside world stepped in between us, attracting me and repelling him. Our next neighbors were the Vernons, people of wealth and standing, whose house was always filled with guests, and was the centre of festivities of every sort. Mrs. Vernon had paid me a formal call soon after my marriage, which I had returned, but she had respected my mourning and made no effort to press further attentions upon me. Now she came often, and with gay insistance brought others to see me, and bore me off with her into a life of luxurious pleasure-making that was, at first, like a glimpse into an enchanted world. Our valley was largely populated by people of wealth, who had been attracted to it by the salubrity of its climate, the charm of its scenery and the fertility of its soil, which enabled them to make their homes beautiful by surrounding them with tropical growths and orchards that yielded a bountiful supply of fruits for the table, while making easy additions to their incomes. Yet the valley was so languorous that one might soon have wearied of it, unless some strong stimulus to activity were supplied. The poor, and those possessed of small means, found this stimulus in the need of constant industry to assure the successful growth of the season's crop. A few, like Raoul, appeared to become grossly absorbed in work for the very love of it, but with the majority the invention



RAOUL RODE DOWN, SILENT AND ABSTRACTED.

of new diversions seemed the main aim of life. So it came about that one day there would be a riding party to some distant cañon, and on another a reception in honor of some newly-arrived guest, and on others musicales, card parties, high teas, while old-fashioned sports of every kind were constantly revived, and the feet that lightly threaded the mazes of the German on a waxed floor one night, tripped the Virginia reel on a barn floor even more merrily the next, and corn huskings, candy pullings, spelling bees and quiltings disputed favor with tennis and Browning clubs.

I am ashamed to say that in this gay society with which I mingled, there were young men who paid sentimental attention to me, a married woman. Looking back through the perspective of years, I can see that this was an inevitable result of circumstances. When a young and pretty woman—for I was pretty after a pleasing girlish style, before the gray came in my hair and lines began to mark my face—when such a woman is plainly seen by a whole countryside to live on distant terms with her husband, and to seek her pleasure where he does not follow, there will always be thoughtless and unprincipled men to pay homage to her, and to make sentimental speeches that no happy wife ever hears. Sometimes I parried these gaily, or recklessly burlesqued them; sometimes my cheek was scorched with shame, and I administered gentle rebukes, feeling all the while like some ensnared bird which lies helplessly at the mercy of its captors. Even kind old Señor Garcia's faithful attendance was insufficient to protect me from these affronts, for the old gentleman's hearing was not acute, and his eyes had lost their keenness.

It was at Mrs. Vernon's that I first met Harry Davenant, a young lawyer, who had taken up his residence at the fashionable hotel down the valley. Even at this day, when the glamour of youth has long since faded, I cannot but acknowledge the inexplicable attraction of this man. Though of polished manners, his natural intelligence quickened by years of foreign travel, he still retained a certain youthful ingenuousness that endeared him to men and women alike, and made him most popular at all social gatherings. It is small wonder that I was innocently flattered when he singled me out for especial attention, or that my vanity was touched by his laughing confidences. Yet all his little courtesies were so delicately rendered and with such strict regard for the proprieties, that they came as a genuine relief to the old Señor, who might well have wearied under the weight of social obligations that fell upon him as my cavalier in these gay days, nor did they seem to reflect upon Raoul, who was far from being the only young ranchman who buried himself in the management of his land, in those days of splendid toil, which transfigured thousands of acres of grazing lands into rich expanses of orchard and vineyard.

Yet it gave me pain to discover, as time went on, that the pleasant home life had become a thing of the past. I would have liked to maintain with Raoul the pleasant relations that existed between his father and me, to have exchanged gay badinage and light confidences, but he seemed to have retreated to an immeasurable distance.

I was not accustomed to defeat, nor could I abide half way measures. If we did not seal a friendly compact of some kind there would soon be open hostility between us. I tried to think of some plan that would bring him into friendly relations with me, and make us in some sense a sharer of each other's interests. Like an inspiration one day the thought came to me that together we would remodel the old garden about the house, which grew rank and neglected. I called him to me as he was passing down the avenue.

"Raoul, help me to restore the old garden, and make it pretty and attractive once more."

He smiled at my enthusiasm, but did not seem loth to follow me as I led the way through the weedy paths, pointing out vines that needed pruning and shrubs that should be cut back, and where new plants might be effectively placed. He even made a few suggestions of his own, and initiated the work by breaking off dead roses and cutting away straggling branches as we passed. We strolled on to the banks of a little pond, fringed with wild dock and grasses.

"We will plant callas about this and make it beautiful with the sacred lotus and white pond lilies," I cried. "And here on the bank we will have a rustic summer-house. These unsightly stones shall be flung into the pond."

"This unsightly stone," he said, laying a reverent hand on the larger of the two, "was my mother's favorite seat. A pear tree used to shade it. It died years ago. And here, on this small stone, I used to sit at her feet."

It was the first time I had ever heard him name his mother, but I knew from his father and old Manuela how he had idolized her. And once, in crossing the courtyard, I had had a glimpse of her room adjoining the one in which he slept, which was set sacredly apart by his orders. The quaint brass bedstead, with its silken canopy, had been brought from Mexico, and in a niche at the side of the room, was a shrine of alabaster. Her work-basket stood as she had left it, and on a light stand was a withered bouquet that she had placed there.

Something swelled in my heart. Was it indignation at the slighting esteem in which he held me, or some other feeling that I could not define?

"Your mother was everything to you," I said. "You loved her dearly. Since you lost her you have not room in your heart for another human emotion."

"Yes," he said sadly, "there is room; plenty of room."

"But no one to fill it?"

I spoke bitterly. He could not have told me more plainly how little I was to him. He did not reply, nor look towards me, and turning sharply away, I hastened along the tangled paths, leaving him standing there.

In the months that followed I seemed to be leading a dual life. On the one hand I was swept onward by the ever swelling tide of the social gayeties that encompassed me, and in this region of enchantment, where women were ever gracious and men were always courtly, I often thought disparagingly of Raoul and his dull, plodding life. There were times when my wedding ring was an intolerable weight, and I looked down with loathing upon the great white pearl deep bedded in the heavy gold band. Why had he married me? I asked myself the question many times. My fierce outburst on the threshold of the church freed him from every obligation to my father. Our acquaintance had been too slight to have made it possible for him to fall in love with me, if indeed his self-restrained nature did not make it impossible that he should ever have conceived a romantic passion. Could my father's money have attracted him? These Spanish Americans had lands, but they were often poor in ready wealth. I put away the suspicion as unworthy, but it returned again and again.

When I went out in the early morning and worked among my flowers, I was a wholly different person. No one who has not tried it can know the glorious recompense of toil in a California garden, where soil and climate are the gardener's friends, and the most delicate plants take hold of life lustily, and thrive with a vigor that repays one a hundredfold for the care expended on them. By midwinter the paths were clean and trim, and the garden bright with bloom. Early in the season I persuaded Miguel, the old major domo, who combined the offices of butler, coachman and head gardener, to take up a great pear tree that stood near the

stables, and to transplant it, with a great ball of earth around the roots, beside the stones on the margin of the pond. The tree seemed never to discover that it had been moved, and when spring came it burst into bud and leaf, and soon flung grateful shadows over the low seats. Raoul never spoke of this to me, and I did not know whether he was aware that it had been planted there by my suggestion, but I found, and it was a peculiar comfort to me in those days, that he soon fell into the habit of going there to sit when the sun was hot. I used to slip down in the morning with a book or magazine that I thought he would like to see, and leave it lying there ; and sometimes I myself sat down and looked out over the peaceful scene that had contented the eyes of the fair young mother and her child in years gone by ; but when I saw Raoul riding up the avenue, or heard his voice in the orchard, I stole silently away.

A strange serenity, that was like the peace of age, came to me in these quiet morning hours, and it was good to feel that my sharp words on my marriage day had been forgiven and forgotten. The Señor was kindness and goodness itself to me, and with Raoul I seemed to be on as friendly and courteous relations as it was possible to be with a nature seemingly narrow and reticent.

A time came when I was suddenly and cruelly undeceived. A baby girl, child of one of the field hands, was playing in the avenue one day as Raoul rode down, silent and abstracted, his spirited gray horse prancing and chafing against the curb of the strong Mexican bit, impatient for the freedom of the open road, a few rods further on. The child saw him coming, and paused irresolute, directly in the path of the fretting horse. I cried out in warning, but before I could escape from the sheltered path where I was standing, the horse had swerved and the child had gone down. Fortunately it was a spent blow from the steel-clad hoofs, and in an instant the little one was up again, sobbing:

"Señor Garcia ! Oh, Señor !"

He, who held himself in strict reserve with all his relatives and friends, who had never addressed to me, his wife, one word that was more than kind, or that courtesy did not claim from him, was smitten with the tender reproach in the child's plaintive cry. He sprang from his horse, caught the little one in his arms, covering her face with kisses, stroking her hair with a loving touch, murmuring his contrition in tones so sweet and tender that they might have been those of a mother giving loving consolation to a dear child in trouble. Then, as smiles came back to the little creature's face, he mounted his horse and rode away, grim and impassive.

And I ? I crouched behind a clump of cannas, burying my face in my hands. At last I saw and comprehended the full measure of the crime to which I had so unwittingly contributed. I had been given a glimpse of the unfulfilled longing of that empty heart. He, who had such a wealth of affection to lavish upon a woman who could have been his fitting mate, who might have been the royal master of a happy home, had foregone all this to give his name and protection to a shallow, selfish girl. Oh, if my father had never urged this cruel marriage, but had only been content to send me back to the safe shelter of the convent where my youth had been spent.

Yet the child in me still awoke to happy expectation of each day's varying pleasures ; and it was a girl's innocence that encouraged Harry Davenant's apparently harmless attentions, until he himself taught me the deeper meaning that lay behind them.

We were returning from an after dinner ride, and as I separated from the rest of the party, Davenant left the others and rode up the long avenue with me.

"You shall have the reward prescribed for all the knights of chivalry,"

I said thoughtlessly, snatching a red rose from a vine that overhung the road, and extending it to him with mock ceremony.

He caught my bare hand with the rose, and held it so tightly that the thorns forced their way into my flesh. Then he loosed his hold upon it, raising a haggard face to me.

"There is a ring on it, but the ring is heavy, too heavy for your little hand," he said, and he rode away.

Raoul was coming to meet me, but a few paces away. I shrank from his touch and look. How much had he heard or seen? Indignation at him, at myself, and above all at Harry Davenant, possessed me as I walked stiffly toward the house.

A few days later Miguel took me over to the neighboring city, that I might match some crewels for a sofa cushion I was embroidering. Raoul had gone to a neighboring ranch that day, to make selections from some lately imported nursery stock, and the old Señor, complaining of a headache, had lain down for an after dinner nap, so I slipped away without telling any one of my purpose. I soon completed my purchases and was waiting for my change, when my attention was attracted by a tableau and a dialogue on the other side of the store, at the dress counter. The customer was invisible, being hidden from view by a stack of odds and ends, lingerie and baby garments, such as are often displayed down the center of a village store, and was evidently hard to please. The counter was littered with rich stuffs, and as often as a new piece was unfolded it was waved impatiently aside. Finally the merchant opened a box and shook out some bright stuff with a golden shimmer.

"Ah, that will do," said a man's deep voice.

"I thought it would please you, Señor," returned the merchant complacently.

"It is one pattern only? That is good. You may send it to the usual address."

Some coins jingled on the counter. I caught up my own little parcel and hurried out upon the street to where I had left Miguel, bidding him drive fast—fast for home. For the voice of the unseen purchaser was Raoul Garcia; Raoul, my husband, who took no interest whatever in the clothes I wore, who had never so much as looked at one of the pretty gowns with which his father's taste provided me; Raoul, buying rich clothes for some unknown woman, some woman he was accustomed to supply, for had not he directed the man to send the goods to the "usual address?"

Once speeding along the smooth country roads, I shrank back in the corner of the carriage, shamed and frightened. It was the first time in my life that I had ever come near to the reality of evil. Raoul had no near relative, sister or cousin, to whom such gifts might properly be made. And was this the secret of his cold withdrawal from society, his avoidance of all familiar intercourse?

In this hour I passed from girlhood to womanhood. A hatred of all things evil seemed awakened in me. And I, who had hitherto lived only in the shallows of life, found strength and holy purpose as I battled in the depths. I turned my wedding-ring upon my finger, and looked long and steadily upon the pure luster of the gem bound there.

No matter how empty my wifehood, I would wear it unsullied. The sin and sorrow of the world should not be increased by the weight of my error. What I had witnessed only strengthened my resolve to check the further advances of Harry Davenant.

A week later, as we sat at luncheon, the Señor complained of a slight indisposition. There was to be a dinner-party that night, in the lower end of the valley, and we were among the invited guests. The day was warm, and the drive would be long and wearisome. I hastened to arrange to make our excuses to our hostess.

"Miguel can ride over and carry

our apologies," I said. "It will make no difference to Mrs. Maynard. A few covers more or less do not matter in our informal gatherings."

"I will go with you," said Raoul quietly.

"Do not trouble yourself for the world," I said quickly, and the remembrance of his baseness lent coldness to my voice.

"I have promised Mr. Maynard," explained Raoul simply, and I knew by the firm way in which he spoke that the matter was settled. All that afternoon I went about the house in painful indecision, longing for the courage which might have enabled me to decline the doubtful honor of my husband's escort. A few months before I would have been gratified by the offer of his company. Now I shrank from it, wondering how many of our neighbors were already familiar with the shameful secret that chance had disclosed to me.



RAOUL IN THE ORANGE GROVE.

It was late in the afternoon when I went listlessly to my room to prepare for the party. Old Manuela slipped out of the door as I entered, a look of childish pleasure on her withered face. I crossed the room, absently pulling out the pins that bound my hair, and wondering what one among my dresses would make the most quiet toilet for the occasion, when I stopped in surprise beside the bed. Spread out upon it, by Manuela's careful hands, was a costume fit for a princess. Ashes of roses in the shadow, shimmering gold in the sunlight, a web of misty lace about the corsage and a knot of Malmaison roses at the breast, holding the secret of all color in their fragrant hearts.

My eyes swam with tears, and I knelt beside the bed, pressing the soft silken fabric to my cheek. For this was the self-same stuff that I had found Raoul buying the day I was in town.

Manuela, with gentle insistence, held me before the glass when she had put the finishing touches to my toilet. For once in my life I had the glad satisfaction of knowing that I was beautiful. The sunlight burnished my brown hair, answering to the sheen of my dress. My pale cheeks had borrowed

a touch of glowing crimson from the hearts of the roses. In my eyes there was a light so new and strange that I involuntarily bent forward and tried to read their mystery. Then recollecting myself with a happy laugh, I swept out of the room and along the passage to where Raoul awaited me.

There was a tall pier glass at the further end of the drawing-room, and as I passed through the doorway facing this, I met Raoul's eyes regarding me with undisguised pleasure. When he wheeled about and faced me, he was as sober and impassive as ever.

"The carriage is ready," he said. "I go on horseback, for I must make a short stop on the way; but I will easily overtake you."

Somehow this peculiar avoidance of me neither offended nor displeased me this night. The long silent ride gave me the time for reflection that I needed. Now I knew the delicate consideration that lay behind the affectation of indifference, and it should no longer repel me. I was glad, glad that even when I had so cruelly misjudged him, I had been unshaken in my determination with regard to Harry Davenant.

It annoyed me to find that Mr. Davenant was to take me out to dinner, and his self-congratulations, whispered to me, were odious, for they seemed to point out the way that my feet had so lately been unconsciously traveling. At the table a topic of absorbing interest was mentioned that engaged the attention of all the guests. Our fertile valley was only just passing through the transition stage that has redeemed to fruit culture so many thousands of acres of wild pasture lands, long utilized for grazing purposes. Cattlemen still occupied the lands along the foothills and looked impatiently at the changes taking place in the rich lands below, which had once been a part of the great stock ranges. To protect the fruit-growers and to encourage the planting of orchards, a "No Fence" law had been passed, which threw the responsibility of keeping their cattle within bounds upon the stockmen, and spared the farmers the enormous expense of fencing lands in this lightly timbered country. The Senator who had represented San Sebastian valley in the preceding legislature, had "sold out" to the cattlemen and helped to repeal this law, and all the carefully-cultivated fruit ranches were at the mercy of roving bands of cattle turned loose on the day after the law's repeal.

As I listened to the accounts of the ravages that had already been wrought in the beautiful orchards and gardens, a feeling of indignation came over me and prompted one of my rash speeches. The apathy of Southern Californians irritated me. It seemed to have its root in the disposition of the Spanish race, which had meekly submitted to every manner of imposition and never resented the most outrageous abuses. Even Raoul, who certainly was not lacking in industry, and who so faithfully discharged every personal duty, appeared to have this same inertia, this shameful indifference, when it came to matters of public responsibility.

"The people have no one to blame but themselves," I said hotly. "If the right sort of men would go into politics and shoulder corruption aside, such men as Preston would never be put in office."

"Which is why Mr. Raoul Garcia has raised his standard and entered the lists, to supplant this rogue in the Senate, I suppose," said our host, smiling at me.

I looked at him and then at Raoul.

"It is not pleasant to plunge in the political mire. I could scarcely have brought myself to do it, were it not to save the homes and redeem the honor of the valley."

His voice thrilled and his eye kindled with his concluding words. It was the first time we ever exchanged a look of perfect sympathy.

"I don't believe that you knew of his candidacy. I believe that you have learned it this moment for the first

time," said Harry Davenant, in a significant undertone.

"Mr. Davenant, my husband and I have no confidences that we do not share," I said aloud, that all at the table might hear.

Davenant flushed a fiery red. Nobody had heard his speech, but, knowing him well, the men shot mirthful glances at him, and the ladies tried to appear as if they had not observed the incident. I glanced timidly in Raoul's direction. He and I alone knew that my speech was a daring fabrication. Surprise, gratitude, profound respect were the message his eyes conveyed to me.

From that moment Raoul seemed to put away his accustomed restraint, and I saw him in his true guise, a deep, clear thinker, a polished conversationalist, whose words were never too many and ever to the point. Davenant attempted to hold a discussion with him, but soon floundered, hopelessly out of his depth. Yet when Raoul saw that half the company, including almost every woman, was being excluded from the conversation, he was quick to shift it to topics in which all could participate.

Before the meal was half finished, a messenger arrived and a note was brought to him. He looked dismayed as he read it.

"They expect me to speak at Los Penascos to-night," naming a village six miles away. "I have had no notification, no——"

"Don't say no chance for preparation, Señor. You can easily dispense with that. Mrs. Garcia, your husband is the best extemporaneous speaker we have ever found in the county," said our host, turning to me. "We must be grateful to Preston for helping us to discover him. He will distinguish himself in the Senate. I predict that we shall have him in Congress some day."

I looked up at Raoul, stalwart, strong, his grave face intense with purpose, and wondered that I could ever have thought him dull and commonplace. He excused himself to the company. A sudden intense desire possessed me to go with him and hear him speak that night.

"Raoul, take me with you," I cried.

He looked at me for a moment wistfully, as if wondering what caprice led me to make this plea.

"It is not best. The road is rough. I must ride fast for I am already late. Yet I do not like the thought of having you go home attended only by Miguel."

"If I might have the pleasure," put in Davenant eagerly.

Raoul brushed him aside as if he had been a fly.

"If Mr. Maynard would be so kind," he began.

"Certainly, Garcia, leave your wife to my care," returned our host, rising to accompany him to the door. Raoul hesitated one instant, then crossed the room, stooped over me one moment, and was gone.

All the life and cheer of the company seemed to depart with Raoul. Our host and hostess seemed singularly overcast, and made a sorry feint at eating. As for me, the kiss my husband had left on my forehead seemed to burn like a living flame. When we rose from the table it was a relief to find that they made but a faint protest against my desire to return home at once.

We rode for a considerable distance without speaking. Mr. Maynard was the first to break the silence.

"Mrs. Garcia, I do not wish to alarm you, but if you can influence your husband, try to discourage his taking unnecessary risks. The cattlemen are highly incensed against him. They have made bitter threats. I do not like this unexpected call he has had to-night."

He had voiced my own brooding anxiety, vague and undefined before. Mr. Maynard went on as if to excuse the liberty he had taken.

"We live so far apart that my wife and I have not seen so much of you as we would have liked, but I cannot help

being interested in all connected with you. I knew your father very well before he lost his property, my child."

"My father — lost his property? My father was a rich man, Mr. Maynard."

"Ah! Then I was misinformed." He corrected himself quickly.

His quick evasion aroused my suspicion.

"Mr. Maynard, tell me truly. I am not a child. I am a woman. I must know."

He honored me by believing in my sincerity.

"Your father lost his money in speculation two years or more ago. He died penniless, and in debt."

"And all the pretty things that I have had, the money with which I have been so liberally supplied?"

"Comes from Raoul Garcia."

"Mrs. Garcia," he suddenly added, "I am going to show you a very great proof of my confidence in your true heart and good judgment. I am going to tell you something that your husband may never forgive if it should come to his ears. The Garcias are not rich, but they never forget a service done by a friend. Your father once did them a very great kindness. He owed a debt of honor when he died. Raoul secured it by mortgaging his orange grove. He will free it in time — if there are not too many hindrances. The large subscription you made to restore the old Mission the other day made it necessary for him to ask a new loan. You are not offended at me?"

"I can never thank you enough."

I stood on the veranda as he mounted his saddle horse and rode away in the moonlight. The ranch was very peaceful, and from the servants' quarters came a cheerful babel of tongues as Miguel halted on his way to the stables. Within the house it was silent and deserted, for the Señor had retired early. Manuela came hurrying in to wait upon me, but I dismissed her, telling her that I should need her no more that night. Left to myself, I took a light and went to my room. Although I had been reduced in a moment from imaginary riches to the knowledge of this burden of debt, I was happier than I had been since my girlhood. I opened chests and drawers and took from their hooks in the closet all the pretty clothes that Raoul had given me, and cried over them a little and rejoiced over them more, reminding myself of the skill in needlework that I had learned during my convent life. I would make them over with my own hands. Raoul should buy nothing more for me for months — years to come. I would insist upon directing our household expenses, and by all manner of cunning economies, which he should never learn, the debt would soon be lifted.

I stole to a room that looked off toward Los Penascos. It almost seemed as if I could see the lights of the little settlement twinkling in the distance, but the road that formed our direct connection with it, the road by which Raoul would come, wound for miles through a narrow cañon, a black blur on the moonlit landscape.

Through the open window I watched this gap in the hills, straining my ears to catch the distant clatter of hoofs, but only the mournful cry of some night bird broke the stillness.

Every moment increased my anxiety and dread, and lent new force to the forebodings of my husband's friend. At length I sprang to my feet with a sudden resolve. If the meeting should be a short one, or if, as Mr. Maynard had intimated, there had proved to be no meeting at all, but the call was only a ruse to decoy him to the place, he must have started for home long before, and might even now be entering the mouth of the lonely gulch. He must not pass through it alone and unwarned. Whom should I call — Manuela, Miguel, stupid old Felipe — and waste precious time in arousing them to a sense of the possible danger, and perhaps be laughed at among the servants the next day for my foolish fancy? It was foolish: how foolish I would

prove to myself by going alone down the untraveled road that led to the gap in the hills, and waiting there until I heard the beat of Sultan's hoofs.

I snatched up a dark shawl, wrapping it about my head and shoulders as I stole down the driveway and along the dusty highway, until I came to where the road branched off to Los Penascos. The cañon was all in shadow. It required all the courage I could muster to turn into the lonely road, its inner bank overhung with trees and wild clematis, the outer margin lined with treacherous bowlders, draped with blackberry vines and flowering shrubs, a charming picture by day, gruesome by night.

There were voices around a bend in the road. The black figures of two men were silhouetted against the gloom.

"He'd ought to be along before this," grumbled one.

"Shut yer cursed mouth," said the other. "He'll be along soon enough. D'ye hear that?"

Echoing up the gulch came the sound of a clattering stone, detached by a horse's hoof, and I knew Raoul was coming, unconscious, to his death.

There was but one thing to do. I dropped from the road into the tangle of vines and brush below, and fought my way through them. The wild blackberry snared me in a prickly mesh. The sharp thorns of the mountain lilac bristled in my path. My feet slipped on slimy things, and once a cactus needle pierced my foot, but I scarcely heeded it, while a sharp pang that was almost like physical pain assailed me as I realized that the pretty dress Raoul had given me was being reduced to rags and tatters. I could hear one of the ruffians above proposing to "take a shot at the critter in the brush," and the other angrily admonishing him to save his powder for their chosen victim, and not to alarm him while there was yet a chance for his escape. A little further on I regained the road, and fled swiftly down to where Raoul, humming an old Spanish ballad, was leisurely climbing the grade.

The big gray horse stopped with an intelligence almost human. Raoul leaned forward, startled, incredulous.

"Marian, is it you?"

"Raoul," I cried, "they are waiting for you in the bend above the spring. Turn back. Ride fast. Leave me and go. I can go back the way I came."

For answer he stooped and lifted me to a seat on the horse behind him.

"Put your arms around me. Hold tight!" he commanded.

He wheeled the horse and dashed down the road to where an old mountain trail crossed it, a hundred rods below. The animal sprang bravely up the steep ascent. So lightly did he step, moving always in the shadow of the brush, that it seemed as if the waiting ruffians might be cheated into a belief that their ears had borne false witness. Yet our progress was painfully slow. The horse labored under his double burden.

"Oh, Raoul, I wanted to save you. And I have only made your escape more difficult."

Raoul drew off his glove and held my left hand close pressed against his heart. The deep, strong throb made the blood leap in my own pulses. All fear, all pain, all uncertainty fled. Toiling up the rough mountain trail, with death lurking in the pass below, I felt a happiness, a glad exaltation that I had never known before.

We were leaving the shelter of the brush, and coming to a portion of a narrow spur which laid bare in the moonlight, directly above where the assassins lay in wait. His master was putting Sultan through a series of odd manœuvers, facing directly towards the cañon, and advancing by side-long steps. Even as I realized that my husband had interposed his own body as a shield between me and death, there came a double report from the hideous hollow. I felt a stinging pain in my head, a warm stream

trickled upon my hand. Sultan made a grand leap across the open space, and I knew no more.

When I came to myself I was in a room that was strange to me and yet oddly familiar. Where had I seen the brass bedstead on which I was lying, the faded silken canopy, the little alabaster shrine, the quaint draped figures on the wall? I raised my head weakly. A wandering branch of honeysuckle strayed into the window, and at the foot of the bed an old man's figure bowed. Señor Garcia hastened to my side. The solemn tenderness in his face brought back the memory of that terrible night.

"Raoul—my husband—where is he? Ah, he was killed! His blood fell on me—"

"Hush, my daughter, while I tell you," said the old man soothingly. "Father of Mercies, but what can one do when a woman cries after this fashion? As for me, I resign the task."

For I was crying hopelessly, with hard, dry sobs that seemed to rend my very being. Who was it that came so quickly to my bedside, taking me into his arms, covering my face, my neck, my hands with kisses, calling me his dear, brave wife, thanking God that I was restored to him once more? Who but Raoul, alive and safe! Heaven be praised!

"And the blood, Carita? A mere scratch in my shoulder. It was the other ball that was fired with deadly aim. And a miracle saved me. Look, my darling!"

I had not observed that my left hand was bandaged. He unwrapped it tenderly. There was a deep indentation in the gold circlet on the third finger, and an ugly furrow in the flesh beyond it.

For my wedding ring had turned aside the bullet aimed at my husband's heart.

EULALIE.

BY GEORGE MARTIN.

Dear eyes whose love light is my day,
Dear ruby lips that shame the morn',
Dear heart whose longings bid me stay
E'er by that fount where love was born;
Bright love that hovers o'er my life,
Sweet spirit born of fragile clay—
O holy essence guard from strife
My soul,—my heart from passion's sway.



BY JOHN CRAIG.

THERE is an element of adventure in a tale of smuggling that appeals to the popular mind; but if any one imagines for a moment that the life of the customs officers, who are paid to keep a weather eye open for the daring evader of the McKinley Bill's dictum is laid on beds of roses, just let him leave his cigar and cosy seat by a home fire, and go out on one of the ordinary night jaunts of these officials.

The customs force at San Francisco is one of the best in the United States, and under the administration of Timothy Guy Phelps and Paris Kilburn, respectively collector and surveyor of the port, many gigantic frauds have been unearthed and thousands of dollars saved the Government. The recent disclosures, followed by the flight of the Deputy Collector and the dismissal of the former Appraiser, have demonstrated that even wholesale bribery of subordinates can not long withstand the searching inquiry going on all the time in the customs department here. The keen detective work of Special-Inspector Noyes, and the untiring vigilance of Deputy-Surveyor Gaskill, Chinese-Inspector Ruddell, Interpreter Rickards, with the subordinate inspectors, have made it a dangerous thing to attempt to run in any contraband goods.

The difficulties in the way of the customs officers at San Francisco are perhaps greater than those any others have to contend against, owing to the principal contraband article—OPIUM. This admits of being smuggled in every manner conceivable to the imagination. And again, the Chinese, who are foremost in the work of bringing it in, are the craftiest people on earth and the most difficult to deal with.

There are few classes of people who exercise more cunning in carrying out their work than the smugglers. In bringing contraband goods into a large port like San Francisco, there is no bold, daring work of hand-to-hand encounters with the "coastguard" of the novel—no rakish craft lying off shore awaiting the signal rocket to run her cargo in. Bold men there are, and bad, who engage in such work, but there is little question of personal bravery with them, their boldness lying entirely in their methods. When it comes to "ways that are dark" the opium smuggler is alive to every conceivable device to bring in the costly drug.

When it is known that prepared opium brings very close to $20 a pound in San Francisco, and that the duty is $12 a pound, the incentive to bring it in without paying tribute to Uncle Sam is apparent. Li Yuen, or Hong Kong opium is the finest of the product, while the Victoria opium is the next in quality.

One of the favorite methods of

smuggling the drug on steamers coming from British Columbia is by means of the false-bottomed trunk. Beneath the false bottom many hundreds of dollars in opium can be placed. The Chinese resort to all manner of devices, down to false heels and soles to their shoes. They have even been known to bring in the drug in grindstones, which have had holes drilled in them, and then covered so cleverly that even experts could not detect that the stones had been tampered with. Within a month a large quantity of opium was discovered in a shipment of salmon from Portland. It has even been brought in barrels of nut oil. During the latter part of the past year, fully $15,000 worth was discovered in a shipment of playing cards sent down by way of Portland, though originally packed in Canada.

The vigilance of the customs men has made it so difficult to smuggle any large quantities in on the regular China steamers, that the heavy contraband shipments are generally run in on "tramp" steamers or sailers. One of the boldest pieces of work was discovered in February, 1891, when over $40,000 worth was seized from the bark *Bischoff*. This was invoiced as *chow*, and consigned to Sang Yuen, a mythical personage for whose creators the officials are still yearning. Several vessels, arriving previous to the *Bischoff*, had large consignments of *chow* for Sang Yuen, and the supposition is that many hundred thousands' worth have been brought into the port in this manner by the mythical heathen. So cleverly was the entire affair manipulated, that a large portion of the goods was carted to a store in Fish Alley, in the Chinese quarter, before the fraud was discovered. By the time the deception had been found out, the goods had vanished, and inquiries for Sang Yuen brought out the usual "no sabbe" from the stolid heathen there. *Chow* is a kind of prepared food, composed of chopped vegetables. It is brought here in large quantities for the use of the Chinese population, and the wily fathers of the mythical Yuen were alert to take advantage of the large importations, to run in their opium under that designation.

The customs men are kept well posted by the authorities at other ports, whenever suspicious shipments are made, and whenever any large amounts of contraband opium are expected on an incoming vessel, look-out boats are stationed by the "heads" inside of Fort Point, to intercept smugglers' accomplices picking up packages of the drug that are thrown overboard. This is a common method of "running in" contrabands, as it is a hard matter to tell just where, along the vessel's course, the goods will be dropped. Many times, large quantities of opium have been thrown overboard as high up as Point Reyes, where they have been picked up by the smugglers and shipped into the city by rail in butter kegs, which excite no comment coming from a dairy country. In former years, large lots were picked up and smuggled in by way of Saucelito. Little did the patrons of one of Saucelito's wharf restaurants think that the polished hardwood ceiling above them could slide aside, at the magic touch of one of Smuggler Whaley's accomplices, and reveal choice lots of Lie Yuen. But they use this place no more. Smuggler Whaley, whose name is linked with that of the famous yacht *Halcyon*, was formerly a custom house employee, and hence knew all the "ropes" in the workings of the force, but this very knowledge has made him fight shy of San Francisco and seek other fields for his gigantic deals in contraband opium. The "ring" is still at work, however, but the large shipments are few and far between, for so many have been seized of late years by vigilant customs inspectors, that it has become a losing business.

Some months ago over $11,000 worth was seized from one of the coast steamers. Only recently, on December 27th, 1892, fully $10,000 worth was

seized on board the steamer *Oceanic* of the China line, through the efforts of Inspector McGinnis. The speculators who shipped the drug, had selected a hiding place well fitted for the purpose. Under the steerage storeroom, at the extreme end of the forward hold, are two water tanks, placed about ten inches apart, which rest on the ribs of the ship, close to the keel. Underneath these tanks is a space about ten inches high, which is accessible only from the top of the narrow crack between the two tanks. To add to the difficulties of the search, the space above and around the tanks was piled full of 100 pound rice mats. Between the lower deck timbers and this pile of rice mats was just room enough for a man to crawl, and into this space Inspector McGinnis made his way, foot by foot. In probing through the rice mats, he discovered the narrow space between the two tanks, and with great labor the heavy bags were moved aside, until the rays of the lantern could be thrown into the dark hole. Nothing could be seen at the bottom, but by bending his iron probe into a sort of shepherd's crook, the inspector discovered the narrow space under the tanks, and with the hook succeeded in bringing up a tin of the deadly drug. Tin after tin was thus brought up, until 1,080 were found, worth over $10,000.

Petty smugglers of opium give great annoyance, and engineers and "stokers" on the steamers are inveterate smugglers of this class. Every nook and corner of the incoming steamer is examined by the searchers. Places where fresh paint has been put are carefully sounded, while suspicious nails or bolts are pulled out in the search for secret hiding places by steamer employees. With their long prods the searchers go over the entire cargo, even probing and turning over the coal in the bunkers. The steam colliers, coming from the North, are often subject to the closest inspection, and their entire cargoes are overhauled if there is a suspicion that all is not right aboard.

Not long ago one of the inspectors, who had formerly worked in a local iron foundry, took it into his head to take off a plate from the boiler on one of the steamers being searched. He asked the engineer for a wrench with which to do this. The latter laughed at him, telling him it would be impossible to turn the rivets, as they had not been moved since the steamer was built. Nothing daunted, the inspector went at the work. Rivet after rivet was found immovable, but soon three were found that turned readily, and when these were loosened the entire plate came off, revealing the hiding place of a quantity of opium. The others were merely bolt-heads welded on to the iron to baffle zealous searchers who might try to turn them.



OPIUM SMUGGLER.

One amusing instance of the discomfiture of the petty smuggler is related by the Surveyor's deputies. A dignified and fairly well dressed man, wearing a high silk hat, was seen to come down the gang plank of one of the North Coast steamers. As he neared the wharf end, he spied a woman eagerly awaiting his arrival, when politeness got the better of discretion, for as he raised his hat to



CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ISSUING BAGGAGE CERTIFICATES.

greet his female friend, two five-tael boxes of opium fell from it.

Some time ago a deputy had an exciting fight with a man who was apparently a cripple, when first grappled with. A hunchback was seen to go aboard one of the steamers being searched for opium. Something in his manner attracted a deputy's notice, and when he came off the deputy approached for the purpose of searching him. No sooner had he done this than the man sprang upon him and a tussle began. In the melée the "hump" disappeared from the smuggler's back, when some three hundred dollars' worth of prepared opium fell to the ground. The man escaped up the dock, and though several arrests were made, so altered was the man's appearance without his "hump," that no conviction could be secured.

A customs boat is nearly always stationed under the wharf during the stay of a China steamer, and from time to time the officers see planks, pieces of scantling, and tins — with floats attached—thrown overboard for some waiting boatman to pick up. When seized, they nearly always prove devices for smuggling in the costly opium. The planks and scantlings have long auger holes bored in them; these are filled with the drug and then carefully plugged up. Innocent looking boards are taken from a steamer and laid carelessly to one side on the wharf. They are not there long, for presently some watchful eye has discovered them and they are quickly "sneaked off." These are likewise full of opium. In the Surveyor's office is a trophy in the shape of a large "dummy" plank, four inches thick by fourteen wide. This is made of very thin redwood strips, and so cleverly that it could hold several hundred dollars' worth of the drug. Another instance of smuggling ingenuity came to the eyes of the customs men about a year ago, when a man wearing a Paul Boynton rubber suit was discovered making his way around the bay, close to a China steamer. A large package of opium had just been passed out through the vessel's dead-light, and the inventive smuggler was about to take it in tow when captured.

An exciting incident in the lives of the San Francisco Customs Officers occurred some time back, when a "tramp" steamer came into port. Some one was seen to throw overboard a huge package, to which a line and a float was attached. For several days and nights a boat-load of officers watched under the Pacific Mail Dock, to see if any boats would visit the

spot. After waiting in vain for several nights, they had about decided to give up the vigil, when late one night two boats were seen to pull toward the scene from around the bay. They cruised about for some time, when one was seen to begin hauling on the line attached to the float. The officers managed to pull quite near before they were discovered, but on reaching hearing distance, the smugglers dropped the work and took to their oars. Then came an exciting chase. The smugglers headed for the other side of the bay, and in the dull, dark light of an over-clouded moon, they could be seen making for Oakland Creek. The Custom House boatmen fairly bent their oars double in the vain attempt to overhaul the fleeing smugglers. Bullet after bullet was sent with a warning to stop; but the men who were ahead knew better than to do this, disappearing up the Creek, and in the blackness of the night they escaped capture. Few such exciting chases occur in the routine of the local officials, and their usual task is to devise measures to check-mate the cunning of crafty law evaders.

Opium is, naturally, the chief article "run in" by the smugglers, but by no means the only one. Chinese women nearly always wear in several suits of silk underwear, besides packing their baggage full, and invariably



HON. PARIS KILBURN.



HON. T. G. PHELPS.

they wrap their legs about with as many silk handkerchiefs, scarfs and the like, as will permit locomotion.

Recently, when one of the large steamers was at the dock for repairs, preparatory to taking her from the China route and putting her in the Panama trade, numbers of mattresses were thrown on the wharf with the apparent intent of letting them air. One of the Surveyor's force, though everything seemed quite right, took the precaution to rip open one of the mattresses. Instead of the customary filling, he found it stuffed with some of the finest silks that have come into the port. They were principally silk nightgowns, and beautifully wrought. The other mattresses were similarly filled, and the "find" amounted to an immense sum.

In connection with the smuggling of silk goods, perhaps the most gigantic frauds ever perpetrated in this country were recently unearthed by the San Francisco Customs Officers. One of the wealthiest importing firms of the city had for years been bringing into the port the costliest of silks, while paying only a nominal duty on them, to the discomfiture of its rivals in trade. By a system of wholesale bribery, this firm had the silks invoiced and shipped to them as "crash toweling," on which the duty is slight, and when selections of cases were made

for the inspection of the Appraiser, those that carried a secret mark were selected by the bribed customs man, and contained, of course, the character of goods specified in the consular invoice. This work had been going on for a long time, but Inspector Eager, an alert official on the Surveyor's staff, opened one of the other cases in a shipment, disclosing silk goods instead of the toweling specified, and thus one of the largest government swindling schemes extant was stopped. Over a quarter of a million dollars was, perhaps, saved by this firm in the past, but no evidence was to be had except on the consignment seized, and on payment of $70,000, the duty on the shipment, the perpetrators of the swindle were released. The former Deputy Collector, who is alleged to have connived at the steal, is now wintering in Canada, safe from the law's demands, for the Dominion Government has refúsed to acknowledge the requisition papers issued for him.

A FOREIGNER'S MISCONCEPTIONS.

BY EX-GOV. LIONEL A. SHELDON.

IT seems quite difficult, if not impossible, for Europeans to comprehend our system of government, or to pass impartial judgment upon its practical workings. Having been organized on a theory and with a machinery for which there were no precedents, and when the whole world was monarchical, it was but natural that at first its success should have been doubted, and that it should have appeared Utopian to those who believed there could be no stability except in the maintenance of the principle of heredity. It is surprising, however, that after a century of successful experience, our system and methods should be misconceived and disparaged by Englishmen who profess confidence in the good results of popular control, which they claim is the underlying principle of the British constitution. The explanation probably is that having been reared under institutions which combine recognition of heredity with popular rights, they form judgment from their own surroundings, and are unable to distinguish between their own and a government that recognizes the single dominating power of the people.

That continental Europeans should misconceive and err is not so surprising, for generally they are acquainted only with institutions founded upon monarchy, aristocracy, or class distinctions, or all of them combined. On the other side of the Atlantic, public affairs are managed by a few individuals, even where popular rights are most enlarged, while in this country the great body of the people participate actively in politics, and are recognized as the masters of public officials. In Great Britain, where popular domination through the House of Commons is presumed to exist, public affairs are managed by designated leaders, and consequently there is not, and cannot be, that individual independence and freedom of thought which prevail in this country. Really

we have no leaders, certainly no established right to leadership. Nominees for office are, in a sense, leaders for a campaign, and there are always a few men of extensive influence, on account of their abilities or meritorious public service. In Great Britain, the Prime Minister and the leader of the opposition are party dictators, and partisans yield them obedience almost as implicitly as subjects do a crowned head. Andrew Jackson, in the zenith of his power over his party, was not as potential as is a party leader in Great Britain, whether in the government or opposition. It is apparent that the most intelligent foreigner is liable to misunderstand us, because our institutions and methods are so unlike anything the world has ever known, and it requires the most thorough observation and study, and the exercise of impartial judgment to comprehend and do them justice.

Mr. James Bryce is a late European author of an elaborate work upon the constitution, laws, and political methods of this country, which bears the title of the American Commonwealth. His work represents a good deal of research, and his knowledge concerning the machinery of our institutions is extensive, but he manifests an indifferent knowledge of its practical workings. From his standpoint, the want of leadership is a radical defect. He finds the President independent of Congress, which is also independent of him, that the two branches of Congress are independent of each other; and the members of the Cabinet are above all control, except that of the Chief Executive. It is a puzzle to him that we get along at all with all this independence, and without some one to dominate over all branches of the government. As a fiction, the British king is the supreme power, who graciously rules according to the popular wishes expressed in the House of Commons. The king is a nominal perpetuity and the Commons is his weathercock. We have no such fiction. The President and Congress are chosen for prescribed terms, and to carry out the views of the people as expressed at the time of their election, until they are regularly succeeded. In this there is a steadiness that does not exist in Great Britain, for there, though the king endures, Parliament is liable to be dissolved, or the ministry changed at any moment, and even for a trivial reason. Leadership in that country by no means assures stability, for its placidity is frequently disturbed by leadership rivalries.

Mr. Bryce presumes that in consequence of the independence and co-ordination of the several branches of government, there cannot well be harmonious and co-operative action. The fact is, as a rule, in no government on earth do the several branches act in better accord than in the United States. Even where there have been wide and positive political differences, or differences upon measures not partisan, but of highest importance, in matters of general administration, there have been no conflicts of serious detriment to the public, and ordinary legislation takes place as a matter of course, uninfluenced by party affiliations. Mr. Bryce is greatly mistaken on the subject of official intercourse and co-operation between the president, the cabinet, senators and representatives. Under most circumstances, intercourse and consultations are free and frequent. Bills relating to subjects within the jurisdiction of any department are referred for investigation and opinion, and often bills are drawn in the department by request of a committee and sent to Congress for enactment. Concerning the public business, one branch of government never withholds information from another; no secrets are kept which relate to the public interests, except where their disclosure would be detrimental.

Another feature which this author criticises, is that there are two independent committees in the lower house of Congress, one having control of the raising of revenue and the other of its

expenditure. He cites the fact as a curiosity, that in a late Congress the chairman of ways and means was a free trader, and the chairman of appropriations was a protectionist. It is not necessary that these chairmen should be in accord as to the principle on which revenue should be raised. All parties agree that there should be money enough to supply the reasonable wants of the Government. Every Congress, as a basis of action, takes the reports of the fiscal department, showing the estimated revenues, and the sum necessary to carry on the Government, and before any change is made in the revenue laws, the committee and the secretary of the treasury make a careful calculation of the effect upon the receipts. The expending committee is careful not to go beyond the revenues.

Some of the largest appropriation bills are withheld till near the close of the session, that action may be intelligent and in accord with changes that may have taken place during the session. That appropriations are sometimes deficient is not a danger or a source of grievous inconvenience, though it is a practice that Mr. Bryce is disposed to criticise. It is true that the deficiency has become one of the regular appropriation bills, but it should be remembered that Congress is in session in each six months of the fiscal year, and that appropriations rarely, if ever, run short the first six months. There are reasons for making short appropriations, one of which is to encourage economy on the part of the officials, and another, which is hardly worthy, is for political effect, that the party in power may make profert of the record as proof of its economy before an election, well knowing that the deficiency will be provided for at the next session. It is a practice, however, that the country has come to understand, and as a political makeshift it has become impotent. No political party has the temerity to block the wheels of government by withholding adequate revenue, or by refusing sufficient appropriations.

In Great Britain, the budget is a party proposition, and includes both the raising and the application of revenue; and it is carried through under the whip and spur of the party leaders. Here the financial requirements are plainly stated, not as party measures, but for the information of Congress and the country. No member of Congress feels bound to support recommendations of the administration for partisan reasons, though occasionally the thumb-screw of the administration is applied to secure the adoption of its recommendations, but its pressure is as often successfully resisted as submitted to. Here the desires of the people are regarded more than the wishes of the executive. Thus far, and especially since the war of the rebellion, the financial affairs of the Government have been managed with the greatest success, notwithstanding the disjointed methods, as Mr. Bryce regards them, that have prevailed. Though at times there is strong party antagonism, the restraint of public opinion is greater than in any other country, and it compels general harmony of action, especially so far as to secure proper care of the public interests. The very nature of our institutions forbids leadership of the character existing in Great Britain. Leaders are not selected by Congress or committees, but by the people.

The States being so largely independent of the general government, and having policies so entirely their own, it seems logical to Mr. Bryce that in every State parties should be formed on local questions; but to his surprise he finds that the national parties carry on State campaigns the same as they do those which are national. The State governments have nothing to do with economic and international questions, or with interstate or international commerce. The great subjects with which the general government deals, are ever

existent in some phase or other, while State questions are as a rule, speedily and finally disposed of. Work in the one is unending and in the other comparatively ephemeral. Parties formed on a present State issue, would be forced to disband when it is disposed of, and others would have to be formed upon something new. For more than a hundred years there has been a controversy over revenue and financial questions, and as to the limitations of power between the federal and State governments, and it seems that there is not likely to be an agreement upon lines of policy which will put an end to differences of opinion on these subjects. The election of State legislators has a direct influence upon national policies. The national parties can act upon State issues as well as parties formed especially for that purpose. They do declare themselves, and it not unfrequently happens that one party carries the State ticket, and the other secures the presidential electors. This occurred in 1888 in New York, and came near happening in 1884. The iron rule of party does not prevail in this country as it does in Great Britain, and hence the voters feel more at liberty to follow their convictions than they do in that country, and intelligence being more general, there are more men in this country who have convictions. Notwithstanding their business activities and engrossment, the American voters give more study to public questions than their British cousins, though a most grievous evil is that our business men are not vigilant enough in regard to public affairs.

While Mr. Bryce feels that it is a weakness of our institutions that we are destitute of leadership, he pictures us as being subject to the dominion of omnipresent bossism. That we suffer for the want of leaders, and also because we have bosses would seem to be paradoxical. Leader may be a word of more dignity than boss, but in common understanding the two words have substantially the same meaning. We have had bossism and sometimes it has been grievous, but it can only exist where party organization is iron bound. Bossism began with Aaron Burr, who first taught the lockstep of party discipline, and it was continued under Van Buren and his associates and successors in the Albany Regency. There have been so called leaders in all the States since the beginning of the Government, but few of them have possessed the dictatorial powers of a real boss. There has been more bossism in New York than in all the other States combined, and it may be accounted for on the ground that the great monetary and commercial metropolis of the nation is in that State. It is true that in New York City bossism has continued,with occasional brief intervals, since the days of Aaron Burr. It is this fact which is seized upon to give character to the whole country. The character of a community often suffers from the conduct of a single individual, and the nation in the minds of foreigners, has been brought into disrepute by the practices in that city, for they take that as a sample of the whole. In all other places bossism has been ephemeral, and it is growing more and more so as time advances. In the last few years the boss has been squelched as soon as he has made his appearance, and nothing will sooner bring defeat to a party, outside of New York City, than the domination of a boss or ring in nominating conventions.

It is true that all parties have National, State, Congressional District, County, Municipal and Township Committees for purposes of organization, disseminating information, and conducting campaigns, but they rarely attempt to dictate nominations or party policy. This is all done by conventions in which the people are directly represented. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury are as emphatically bosses in British politics as any men have ever

been in American politics. An able advocate of a principle or measure often has great influence in this country, but he is never clothed with the powers of a boss. In Congress parties are not held together by "whips," as in the British Commons, but by interchange of views through caucusses and individual intercourse, and by concessions and compromises. It is often that they split upon particular questions, and they fall apart permanently when a question is overshadowing and time is required for its ultimate solution; such was the slavery question.

Mr. Bryce has been quite industrious in endeavoring to get at the bottom of our methods, but he has fallen into error by relying too much upon surface indications. It is the habit of our partisan newspapers to attack opponents unsparingly, and stump speakers are inclined to fall into the same vein. From these sources he has evidently acquired the idea that our practices are loose and corrupt. He has read the newspapers and has talked with politicians, and especially with those who have more party malevolence than intelligence. Reading the Democratic organs, a stranger would be led to believe that the Republican party and its leaders are corrupt and dangerous to the country, and the same impression would be made as to the Democratic party by reading Republican papers; and if our own people believed what the newspapers and politicians say, it would be doubtful if any one could be found who really loved his country.

So much vilification is practiced, that quite a percentage of our own people affect to believe that all officials are dishonest. It is not to be wondered at that foreigners, who do not go to the bottom of conditions, should be misled, but one who investigates, for the purpose of putting his views in writing and for publication, should look beneath surface appearances, and study the character and conduct of the body of the people. If Mr. Bryce has done this, his perceptions are defective, or he has given more weight to "trifles light as air" than to "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." He has gleaned everything bad and criticisable to sustain his views, but he has failed to note conspicuously, that our whole history discloses continuous and successful efforts to remedy defects, remove abuses by punishing official delinquency, and to improve conditions. If he had gone among the masses for information, he would have discovered a virtue and solidity of character nowhere on earth excelled, and probably not equaled. If he had investigated thoroughly and adjudged with the fairness of an impartial author, he would have arrived at the conclusion that though dereliction, fraud, and crime have appeared occasionally and in localities, the people have promptly and effectively applied the corrective, and that generally the country has been free from political or official abuses. He has made bad things prominent, and kept that which deserved commendation in the background, illustrating the truth of the saying of Marcus Antonius that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones."

Mr. Bryce speaks of our methods as devoid of system, and our legislation, in considerable part, more particularly that of the new States, as crude and unassimilated; and ascribes this to the want of leadership and to the prevalence of bossism. There is not such system and well-adjusted legislation as could be desired, but the want of leadership and the prevalence of bossism are not the causes of these defects. They are the results of conditions which people in old Europe cannot easily comprehend. We are yet a comparatively young nation, and a large part of the country is new. We have not fully passed out of the condition of colonization into that of organization. Our people have been busy in the settlement and development of new regions. To perfect a system requires

time and experience—we are yet but a century old. Crudeness is a more prominent feature in the new than in the old states, for the latter have had more time to devote to public affairs. Progress, however, is disclosed in every part of the nation. That there are differences in the legislation and institutions of the several States, is not necessarily proof of defects or of crudeness. We have no positive standard of excellence, and it was never designed that we should have. Each State is free to adopt its own local policy. Conditions and environments are dissimilar, and it should not be expected that methods would be the same. The States have sole power to legislate on the subjects of marriage and divorce, the descent and distribution of estates, sale and conveyance of property, and many others within their respective territorial limits. The British Parliament has legislative jurisdiction over states, territories and provinces, but our Congress has not. Our system is dual and distributive, while that of Great Britain is single and central. It is difficult for Europeans to understand this, and that uniformity is not necessarily the measure of excellence.

It is true, as this author says, that we may have suffered from the fact that those who wish to engage in public life are not sure of a career. A public career is more certain in Great Britain than in this country. There, men are under the patronage of leaders and party committees, and the people are very little consulted as to whom the candidates shall be. The percentage of men capable of filling high places is less in that country than in this, and hence competition is greater here. Population in this country changes through immigration, as well as accretion ; there it is unchangeable, comparatively. We have a greater variety of questions, and new ones more frequently arise. The people here take sides in accordance with their convictions, with less restraint from party organizations and leaders.

It is true that there is an idea, more or less prevalent, that favors should be passed around, and to confer an office is supposed to be a favor, and then there is some sentiment to the effect that it is advantageous to a community to have numbers of men experienced in public affairs, even though they have gained but a smattering of knowledge. There is no doubt that the greater the experience, the better is a man fitted for public position, and that it is unwise to change a capable and faithful officer, more especially a representative to a legislative body. Not all constituencies have made the mistake of frequent changes. The South has been more devoted to continuous service than the North, which in large part was the secret of its almost continuous domination during the first seventy years after the adoption of the Constitution. Upon this subject a favorable change has been and is taking place, and there is better assurance of careers to those who display ability and demonstrate their devotion to public interests. Rotation in office in the past was not due to the fickleness of the American people, but to the circumstances and conditions which existed in the country.

There can be no doubt that spoil is the support of bossism. Men, devoid of principle, can be massed in a body to support the pretensions of a man for sinister objects. At the beginning of the government, and for forty years thereafter, appointments to office were rarely made on partisan grounds. There was a radical change about sixty years ago, and for thirty years the idea was dominant among political leaders, that success of party was best assured through providing places for partisan workers. During the slavery conflict, fidelity to the "peculiar institution" was deemed the paramount qualification for official position by the supporters of that institution. That serious demoralization followed, is undeniable. That we have suffered at times from extreme party feeling, and the false idea as to the best means of

party success is undoubted, and the country has become very largely advised of that fact. Public opinion has changed, and now the prevalent view is that party success is best assured by giving the people the best possible government. To destroy the spoils system is to sap the foundations of bossism. The favorable change that has taken place is not made prominent in the volumes of the American Commonwealth. Cities, the world over, are the "sores upon the body politic."

The country is the seat of stability, virtue and patriotism, and ours is also the abode of general intelligence. If Mr. Bryce, instead of holding up the cities as illustrations of our methods, had left them out, and given the bucolic population its deserved prominence, he would have presented quite a different picture of our institutions and practices, or if he had placed the two side by side, showing how small the areas are where bossism and corruption prevail, as compared with those free from such defilements, the European reader would be able to gain a correct impression and a juster appreciation of conditions in this country. He should have made more conspicuous the fact that individualism has been developed, until it embraces the largest percentage of the voters; that crimes against the ballot are generally deemed among the most heinous; that legislation to prevent political frauds and official corruption, is fast approaching perfection; and that investigation of misconduct in all classes of government is frequent and searching, and that punishment of the guilty is unsparingly inflicted. The history of the country demonstrates that the people are equal to any emergency, whether in combating national perils or in correcting abuses.

This author indulges in classification, and points out a few spots as oases in the general desert of bad practices and neglectful indifference. The most favored localities are, in his opinion, some of the New England States and Northern Ohio, and there are others which are neither so good nor so bad as to be especially noticeable. He names New Orleans as the worst place, and New York and San Francisco as good seconds. He is correct in his idea that where bossism most prevails, political corruption is greatest and government is the worst. There can be no doubt that in the haste and hubbub of colonization and development of a new region, the mass of the people are less watchful of public affairs, and governments are founded and administered with less regard to system and economy than is really requisite. California is illustrative of this, its government being inordinately expensive from a superfluity of offices and excessive salaries, and in this respect there has been but little improvement, though it has been a State more than forty years. Conditions in California have been unusual. The output of gold, in the first decade after its cession to the United States, was sufficient to enrich the world. Wealth was easily acquired, wages and prices of property were high. The lands were remarkably productive, large ranches resting upon Mexican grants were purchased for a song, the construction of transcontinental rail lines and general development greatly enhanced values. The population was sparse, and all earned livelihoods and gained more or less wealth with facility. They thought less of taxation, or the character of the government, and more of their private affairs. The public burdens were scarcely felt by the masses. Under such circumstances, it is fortunate that a more expensive and irresponsible government was not established.

New conditions have arisen, population has vastly increased, and though wealth in the aggregate is immense, yet per capita it is very much less. There is a larger percentage who earn their living by toil in the work shops and upon the farms; and taxation is more sensibly felt, especially by these classes. They are intelligent and disposed to look into public affairs, and to

exact of officials the utmost economy, and of legislators such action as will improve the machinery of government, and lop off unnecessary expenditures. In future their wishes will be heeded, and favorable changes may be confidently expected.

In respect to future progress, California is not exceptional. A similar feeling prevails throughout the country, and more especially in the newer States. The masses of the people see the necessity to develop a higher degree of political morality, and to reform systems of government by the removal of excrescences, crudities, and extravagances. Such movements were on foot when Mr. Bryce investigated and wrote, and they have grown immeasurably since that time. The American people have ever manifested a tendency to reform, and have continually progressed in all respects. These important facts, having been kept in the background, render the objectionable features pointed out in the "American Commonwealth" unjustly conspicuous. The author has already retracted some of the statements which appeared in the first edition, by leaving them out in the second, and if he will impartially reinvestigate and rewrite, he will afford more accurate information to his European readers, and remove the injustice that he has done to this country.

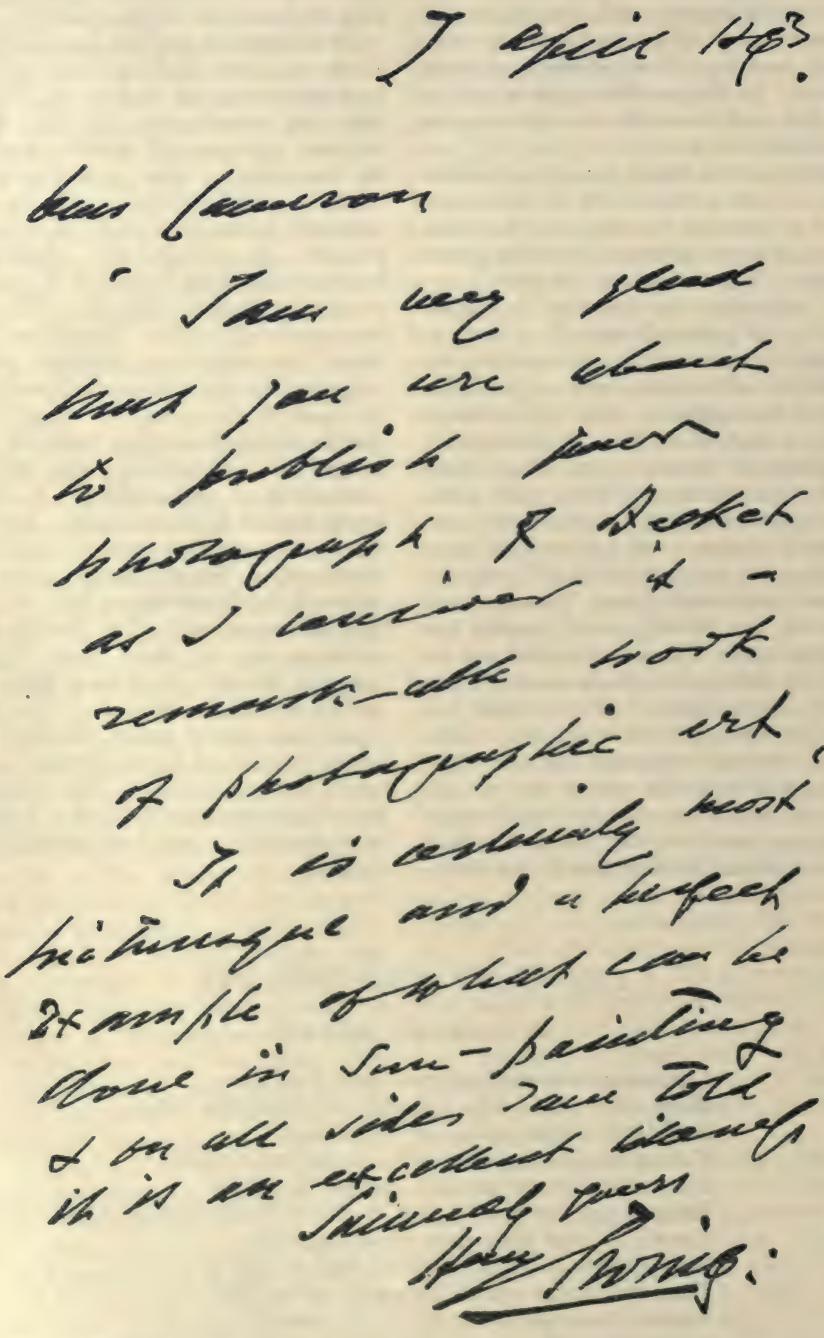
To contrast American methods with those of Great Britain does not tend to demonstrate the defects of the one, nor the excellencies of the other, because systems of government are so dissimilar. Our constitution is written, and contains a concise and succinct declaration and limitation of powers, in which the boundaries between the three branches of government are clearly defined. There is comparatively little discretion conferred, the autocratic principle has no lodgment in the instrument, and powers and duties are so clearly and specifically defined that there is little danger of irregularity, and positive usurpation is impossible. A designated leader is unnecessary, and the waves of temporary bossism beat with comparative harmlessness upon the rocks of the Constitution and the laws enacted thereunder. The British Constitution is an ideal more than a tangible thing. It is unwritten, and to discover and comprehend its principles one must delve through the musty records of parliamentary legislation of centuries. The so-called British constitution is flexible, and can be distorted into any form emergencies demand.

THE CLIFF AND THE SEA.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

Like some imperial fortress dark and lone,
With frowning walls, the cliff o'erhung the sea;
And little waves caressed it tenderly,
Yet each advance was coldly backward thrown.
Then angry grew the sea, and on the stone
Heaped mighty waves that struck with thundrous shock—
Yet all in vain they beat upon the rock,
And wind and wave subsided with a moan.
Then spake the sea in deep and sullen roar
That echoed far along the rocky strand—
"Behold! My waves shall break upon this shore,
And I will lash the cold repellent land
Until this cliff that proudly towers me o'er
Beneath my feet shall be but grains of sand."

LYCEUM THEATRE.


1 April 1893.

Dear Cameron

I am very glad that you are about to publish your photographs & Etched as I consider it a remarkable work of photographic art. It is actually work pictorique and a perfect example of what can be done in sun-painting & on all sides I am told it is an excellent likeness

Sincerely yours

Henry Irving.

The accompanying letter is of special interest as referring to the frontispiece, which is considered an extraordinary example of artistic work.

HENRY IRVING.

BY PETER ROBERTSON.

WITH the passing of Edwin Booth, the American stage has lost its only great serious actor. While we have Joseph Jefferson we can still claim a representative of comedy, who holds his own even against the house of Moliére, but while Edwin Booth lived, we could, with fair show of reason, dispute with England the possession of the greatest Shakspearean actor. When we consider the round of characters in which Edwin Booth was notable, it is not difficult to believe that the history of the stage will rank him with the greatest of those whose names have been handed down from generation to generation. It will be written of him that, in a period of quite unprecedented interest in the theater, and of advanced education in the greatest of poets and dramatists, he reached the height of his fame coeval with that development. His death leaves, without dispute, on both sides of the Atlantic, the palm to Henry Irving.

In this brief article the writer does not propose to enter into any deep analysis of the English as compared with the American actor. Such comparison, between two men so widely different in temperament, character and method, could be of little practical value. Their positions, in relat on to the drama in their respective countries, have little resemblance to one another, although they might have been the same, had Edwin Booth succeeded in his ambitious scheme when he built Booth's Theater. It was fate that Henry Irving should be as conspicuously successful as Edwin Booth was conspicuously unfortunate in the same ambition. Henry Irving is, to-day, one of the most prominent figures before the world; but the American actor who has just been laid in his grave amid the mourning of a mighty nation, need not envy him, if envy be possible.

There appears to have been only one great actor whose success was almost instantaneous. Garrick made from the first a triumph; but the history of the others is a record of years of obscure toil, of discouraging experience. There is such a thing, apparently, as the development of genius; yet it seems strange that men and women can work for years without impressing upon the public their exceptional ability, then suddenly spring into fame and universal acknowledgment.

Henry Irving was born in 1838, on February 6th, at a small place called Glastonbury, in Somersetshire. He assumed the name of Irving, his real name being John Henry Brodrib. His parents did not intend him for the stage. It may be said, in general terms, that nobody has ever succeeded who was intended for the stage. Actors and actresses alike seem generally to oppose their children taking up their profession; and when Henry Irving was born, the stage was by no means a pursuit looked upon with favor by people like his parents. They gave him a good

education and then found him a desk in an East India merchant's office, from which he ran away and became an actor. He made his first public appearance at Sunderland, and, perhaps, felt the usual disappointment upon achieving no immediate fame. He played minor roles, but he was in the best of company, for he supported such artists as Miss Cushman, Helen Faucit, Vandenhoff, Robson, Charles Mathews, the younger, Ben Webster and Wright. This was variety of work and study, surely. Miss Cushman and Helen Faucit were both serious, as was also Vandenhoff. Robson and Wright were two of the best low comedians; the memory of Charles Mathews stands yet unrivaled as a light comedian, and Webster was a character comedy actor of note. In 1859 Irving made his first appearance in London, at the Pioneer's Theater; but it does not seem to have been a notable début. He revenged himself by going to Manchester and playing Hamlet, for which he appears to have been let off. In 1866 he had begun to assume some importance, and from then till 1869 he played in the St. James' Theater, the Queen's and Drury Lane, in London.

Perhaps the most memorable event of Irving's career was when, on June 4th, 1870, a new comedy by James Albery, called "The Two Roses," was played at the Vaudeville Theater. In the cast with him were Thomas Thorne, Amy Fawsitt, and H. J. Montague, afterwards an idol of Americans, who was taken ill on his benefit night some years after, at the California Theater, and had to leave the stage, to which he never returned. The part taken by Irving was a singularly clever study of character, called Digby Grant, Esq. It suited the actor, who found all his peculiarities useful and decidedly effective. Although it did not at once place him in the front rank of success, it attracted a great deal of attention to the actor. It was a notable performance, and many, who had never noticed him, began to say he was exceptionally clever. It was a year and a half later that he made his triumph. The Batemans managed the Lyceum Theater, and believing in Irving, they secured an adaptation of Erckmann-Chatrion's story of "The Polish Jew," made by Leopold Lewis, and called "The Bells." The story is a strong one, and the character of Mathias, the well-to-do innkeeper who, in the story, has murdered the Jew, and whose conscience has worked him up till he dies in the agonies of a dramatic recital of the murder, in a dream in which he supposes he is being tried and mesmerized, brought out so wonderfully Irving's intense dramatic force that all London was talking about it. People crowded to see the tremendous scene, and Irving's standing as an actor was established. He was materially aided by a fierce discussion. One of those inexplicable excitements arose, and one clique called him the genius of the age and another called him a mere trickster on the stage. Lady Burdett-Coutts, always a warm admirer of theaters and theatrical folk, took an interest in the new actor, and with her patronage Irving very quickly rose into social and artistic prominence. He followed up his success by taking the Lyceum himself and producing "Hamlet" in an elaborate way. Once again the fierce fight broke out, and his opponents sneered at his Hamlet and his friends declared it the greatest Shakspearean performance they had ever seen.

It is hardly doubted that the first season at the Lyceum Theater left a heavy loss; but it established Irving as a manager. The newspaper critics were not all kind to him. He had many virulent attacks to endure on his Shakespearean performance; but by degrees he won them over, and now no actor is treated with so much respectful interest in London by the critics, as Henry Irving. His enthusiastic, careful and elaborate productions of Shakespeare undoubtedly compelled admiration; but a few

years ago there were accusations of "chicken and champagne," which the critics laughed down. The series of great Shakespearean productions, which have now come to be of world-wide interest, included "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry VIII," "King Lear," and others. His Hamlet met with adverse criticism, but his Shylock was admitted to be a revelation. The Jew had always been played in dingy gabardine, and with repulsive characteristic. Irving dressed Shylock in handsome, picturesque robes, and made a new point out of the character. He gave him dignity and address, and raised a sympathy for him, which the part had not drawn before. His Romeo, as any one would expect, was not a success. The character was altogether out of the actor's line. Other productions at various times were "Faust," an adaptation of the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Louis XI," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Charles II." The latest is "Becket," Tennyson's drama. The criticisms of "Henry VIII" credit Irving with giving a decidedly strong Cardinal Wolsey. His Mephistopheles has been ranked with his best work, and he is unquestionably the greatest Louis XI the stage has seen. His King Lear met with some violent attacks, and stirred up quite a feeling. He was accused of taking liberties with the text, and his performance of the first night was so criticised that he changed it immediately.

But whatever may have been the difference of opinion as to the artistic merit of Irving's performances, there has been, from the beginning of his managerial career, but one expression of praise for his brilliant presentation. Historical accuracy, consistent with stage effect, artistic taste, elaborate costuming and magnificent scenery, with wonderful attention to detail, have been noted in everything. The best artists have been engaged by him; experts on all subjects connected with the plays have been consulted, and it is conceded freely that he is the best stage manager on record. He has carried stage presentation to a point of perfection of taste and of detail that leaves little room for further development.

Almost since his commencement at the Lyceum, Henry Irving has held his envied position. Such was the effect of his work that he drew to the stage a kind of attention it had never attracted before. He gave to the general public a revelation of new phases of its artistic possibilities, and illustrated the pictorial as well as the literary and dramatic value of the great plays, which, it may be said, had up to his time been looked upon as fanciful stories and studies of abnormal character, written for dramatic action. The picturesque, so far as the eye was concerned, had never been taken into consideration, and, indeed, it was a reproach against him that he sacrificed dramatic to pictorial art. But that peculiar class of people known as Shakespearean students, who could quote the great dramatist's lines from beginning to end, and loved to evolve an occult meaning out of a misplaced semicolon or a misspelt word, naturally objected to any new and radically different treatment of Shakespeare, from that they had been accustomed to. They resented Irving's fine scenery, artistic costuming, effective lighting and free and unstinted use of pictorial accessory. To them it was flippancy—it was almost desecration. Irving had thrown tradition to the winds, and with that class of critics and students, every tradition concerning Shakespeare was sacred. In these later days we have still the serious individuals who go to the Shakespearean play with the book, and note every speech cut out, every line misread, every word mispronounced, and score them as vital flaws in the impersonation of the character. But they are either very young gentlemen who are just in or out of college, and are primed with the scholastic analysis of Shakespeare's

lines, or very old men who have no conception of the meaning of dramatic form, and who want Richard III and Othello to roar and froth at the mouth.

At first Irving had much to contend against in the carping of these critics, who, it may be said, for generations had made reputations and crushed ambitions. It was not in old days supposed to be given to all intelligent minds to comprehend William Shakespeare. He was so deep as to be occult, in the estimation of those who learnedly argued as to the meaning of obscure expressions, and devoted their time to trying to discover hidden abstruse thoughts in passages that were perfectly simple. Irving's startling innovations brought all these eccentrics out, but they also drew into the discussion another class of intelligent people, who had hitherto been content to listen to the learned arguments of the oracles. It began to be discovered that there was nothing occult about Shakespeare; that he was a dramatist of human nature of a perfectly comprehensible type, and that while many of the beauties of his lines might not be effective to all minds, there was absolutely no mistaking his meaning when a proper reading and representation of his dramas were given. It remained for an American to give the *coup de grace* to that weird metaphysical study of a simple, clear and meaningful writer, and when Ignatius Donnelly evolved the Cryptogram, the absurdity reached its climax, and the Shakespearean controversy was practically laughed out of existence.

Partly because of the interest stirred up by Irving's production of Shakespeare, and partly through the peculiarly favorable state of the public mind at the time, the stage took a decided bound forward. It became more than a question of a new actor; it was a different movement from that which rivalry had raised in the previous century. For the first time the public began to realize that the drama was something very different from what it had been supposed to be, and actors were more than mummers. The play became a series of pictures; the characters began to take on all the interest of real people in real places; their adventures, which had always been potent on the imagination, became more thrilling as they assumed the appearance of reality. Behind all the great acting of the past had been a background of incongruity. Now the illusion was produced so vividly, that the unimaginative and imaginative in the audience felt alike a new sensation. Scenes were made more beautiful than ever the imagination had painted, and every feature of the romantic, dramatic and picturesque was heightened to an unexpected point. That the class of critics who had ruled the theater so long should fight against the new order of things was to be expected, for the reputation and success of the actor were passing into the control of the general public, whose money was the actor's fortune, and whose praise was his fame. In this class may be included some of the newspaper and magazine critics; but the portion referred to particularly, has no parallel in America, a class of dilettanti, of club and literary men, whose verdict had always been feared.

So quite apart from the consideration of his relations to the public as an actor, Henry Irving rose at once to position of head and champion of the dramatic profession. Actors before him had secured fame and popularity, but with the rise of Henry Irving, the "patronage" of the profession began to disappear. Irving commanded respect, as well as admiration. Perhaps in his early days Irving may, as all of his fellows, have sold tickets for his benefit, and been pleased to get the patronage of people. It is not on record that he did, but it was then a part of the contract. But he had achieved his ambition, and with strong friends and the public behind him, he established the prin-

ciple that acting was an honorable profession, and raised its devotees above, rather than set them below the majority of the other classes of the community.

Then the advocates of social science and other learned associations began to realize that another important factor had been discovered in sociology, and both art and literature felt that the stage had come in to claim decided relationship with them. Irving was called upon to discuss the stage and the drama, and the philosophical question of dramatic art before their congresses. Twice, in 1881 and 1891, he opened the session of the Philo-; sophical Institution at Edinburgh; in 1886 he delivered an address at the University of Oxford; and on his visit to America in 1885, he lectured before the Harvard students, and argued for the stage as a profession for college men.

Irving's success in London had an almost immediate effect upon all actors. That he was envied is certain; that some who had been stars when he was a utility man felt jealous, is very likely; but all conceded that he had raised his profession, and lost no opportunity to claim for it a public and social acknowledgment it had not known before. He did not claim for himself, as an actor and interpreter of Shakespeare, a higher place than men in other lines. Nothing is more noticeable in all his speeches than his application of art to all acting; and very rarely does he speak, especially in discussing the stage, without some allusion to his friend John L. Toole, the low comedian, who has for thirty years or more made England laugh.

It was natural that Irving should turn his eyes towards America. For some years he had been constantly before the London public; America was rising rapidly as the greatest "show" country in the world; Irving's absence from London for a season would only whet the appetite there for more Shakspearean or other productions; therefore he determined on a trip across the water. Then a rival came into the field, an actor who has made many friends, but no great fortune in this country. Wilson Barrett, who had become a very prominent manager-actor in London, aspired to produce Shakspeare and reach up to at least an equal place with Irving. He made elaborate preparations to produce "Hamlet." He had archaeologists and artists engaged on historically accurate pictures of Elsinore, he dug out of history all possible facts that might be useful, he re-read Shakspeare and hit upon the novel idea of making Hamlet a boy, he spent a large amount of money. But his Elsinore and his Danes were too close to historical accuracy, and the costumes were not as picturesque nor pretty as people wanted. His Hamlet and the production alike made no success, and he left the field to Henry Irving again.

Irving was received in America as became a distinguished stranger. While there was no hesitation in condemning his faults, it was admitted freely that he had gained his position in England by merit. He commended himself to Americans by what they have found lacking in dramatic managers among themselves—enterprise. He was not only a remarkable central figure, he was a great artist in stage management. There was no stinting of money in producing his artistic effects. He appealed to his audiences by combining in one representation all the artistic necessities; and the Americans will pay for that kind of thing, no matter who, French, German, English, or American, puts it before them. It is not my purpose to consider at present, Irving's status as an actor. This sketch deals entirely with his place before the public, his influence on the development of the stage, and the means by which he has achieved a standing no other actor or manager has ever had.

In considering his work, it is necessary to allude to Miss Ellen Terry. When Irving decided on his ambitious scheme, he engaged the best English-

speaking actress to be his coadjutor. Some critics consider Ellen Terry as remarkable an actress as Sarah Bernhardt, and unquestionably she has been a most important factor in Irving's success. Nowhere has she failed to win the highest praise, and she probably claims justly half of the triumph that has come to him. She has won all her audiences, and frequently it has been said that without her Irving would not have found America so easy to conquer. It was a stroke of the same genius that led him to success, the engagement and retention through his prosperous career of the distinguished and winning artist. He himself has never failed to acknowledge Miss Terry in his speeches before the curtain, in such a way as to show his recognition of her value.

Although no man has ever been so advertised, by paragraphs, articles in the newspapers and magazines, as well as through the usual channels, it cannot be claimed that he has been made by advertisement. Irving's position is his advertisement. He is one of those men about whom the public likes to read, and the newspapers and magazines will print and pay for articles about him, for which meaner mortals would pay them handsomely, if they would accept the proposition. His position he has earned fairly, by hard work, by constant devotion to one aim, and by living up to his pretensions. The honor and credit that have been given to him are deserved; he had to win them before they were granted to him. And there is honor in doing what he has done. If it were for nothing but having dignified a discredited profession, having opened up a new career for educated men and women, and showed them they can hold it without derogation of social position, which he has done in England, and helped to do in America, he has done the world a service. He has commanded for the stage a respect and admiration of which any one may take the benefit, and those who have ability, the profit. The value of this morally, is considerable. As for the modern drama, it has been made a charge against him that he has done little to help its development, that he has given no encouragement to the contemporary writers. It is unjust to blame him. If the plays that have been imported from England to America are any guide to the best abilities of English dramatists, it is most excellent judgment of Irving to rely on the older writers. Surely nothing Mr. Pinero has written could call for the powers of an actor like Irving, or warrant the enormous risk of such productions as the Lyceum is accustomed to. Irving has produced "Becket," Tennyson's poetic drama. This is a concession to the best taste of literary people, but nobody has claimed that Tennyson is a dramatic poet, however beautiful as poems his plays may be. There can be no development of modern Shakespeares through the production by Irving of the mild comedy dramas of Sydney Grundy, or the melodramas of Sims and Pettit. At present there seems to be no attempt in England to write grand dramatic works, and it is hard to see where Irving could get the modern material, even if he were anxious to develop the modern drama.

To sum up Henry Irving, he is one of the foremost figures in the world of art to-day. He is not only an actor and an artist, he engages and utilizes actors and artists. There are many painters about whose merits friends and enemies quarrel. There are many actors of greater or less merit. There are artists of all kinds. Henry Irving is not a painter, yet in every production he has made, he has shown the acute artistic perceptions of the painter. Such successes as he achieves are not made by a variety of leading mental faculties, but by one directing power having others at its command. Henry Irving has doubtless the best of artists with whom he can consult, but no man can harmonize painters, designers, costumers and all the numerous artistic factors necessary for a theatrical production of the

kind given at the Lyceum, unless he be himself an artist.

Whatever rank history may give him as an actor, and it is hardly likely he will outrank some of his great predecessors, he is a man of unquestioned dramatic talent and original conception. He is not a man of petty points; whatever he does that is new is bold, decisive and significant of a strong intellectual reasoning power. While opinions may differ as to the value of his acting of Shakespeare, out of every play he has produced he has brought a wealth of detail that in some cases has been a revelation. In truth, he has educated theatrical managers and the public, and developed the art of play-producing so wonderfully as to have made his career the beginning of a new era. He has shown a value in the drama far beyond what it has been credited with, he has elevated it, or at least presented to the public its elevated character. He has perhaps saved it from degradation, for the Lyceum Theater in London has been a standing protest against the prurient school that has obtained some slight hold there. But there is no calculating what hold it might have obtained in face of the puny modern play, that has been all that England has had to pit against it, of a modern kind. In fact, it is not unlikely that Shakespeare would have died out in London, for the threadbare representations the great dramatist receives in the other parts of England, could never keep him alive in a metropolis; and, after Irving, who is there to play the great roles?

Even as a London manager, Henry Irving has had a notable effect on America. Those elaborate presentations, art, taste, and a strong dignified central figure, make a standard by which ours may be measured, and the natural result of a high standard anywhere is to improve others. That Irving is to be credited personally with his success, is proved by the fact that here, in America, where there is a public ten times more interested in the theaters, we have been unable to establish a theater like the Lyceum in London, for want of the man to take the place he holds.

NEVADA FOOTPRINTS.

BY ROBERT H. DAVIS.

THERE is, in the quarry yard of the Nevada State Prison, located two miles east of Carson City, Nevada, a system of prehistoric footprints of both man and beast, which has baffled the scientists of both America and Europe for the past fifteen years. We speak more especially of the prints supposed to have been made by a human being, who was of gigantic proportions and immense stride.

The first evidence of animal life was found during the wardenship term of the late C. C. Batterman, who at that time was engaged in getting out rock to construct a shoe-shop for the utilization of convict labor, considerable of which was on hand at that period. In this work a granite bowlder was found, in the sandstone of the quarry. It was used as a date plate in the face of the building.

One day in blasting rock, the prisoners came upon the remains of an enormous mastodon elephant, lying on its right side. The tusks were in a fair state of preservation and were taken out almost intact, and varnished so as to further preserve them from the action of the air.

Time told marvelously upon the fossils, and they now amount to almost nothing, having fallen away in thin flakes of lime and completely lost their shapes.

Warden Batterman paid no particular attention to this discovery, probably considering it the only fossil there, and in consequence very little thought was given the matter.

Mr. Batterman was succeeded by Major Garrard, who took more interest in the fossils without history, than his predecessor, and he at once went to work to preserve all the specimens and data obtainable on the subject. He was not satisfied with the opinions which he himself might form from time to time, but in conjunction with Mr. Hanks, ex-Sheriff of Storey County, he determined to investigate the matter as far as the advanced sciences would permit.

Under his administration, a great portion of the sand stone had been quarried away for public buildings in various parts of the State, and the wonderful tracks became visible and increased in numbers. They were seemingly made by some gigantic man, walking on the shore of what must have been a lake or an arm of the sea, covering what is now known as Eagle, Carson and Jacks Valley, with an outlet running through Dayton into Churchill County, to the lower Sink of the Carson River.

The prison is situated at the base of a low hill, sloping to the plain on all sides except to the south, where it abuts against a ridge of much older rocks. The hill consists of regular strata, nearly level to the eye, but really dipping about three degrees to the west, and it is evidently a remnant left by erosion of a much more extensive deposit. It has been cut into on the northern side down to the level of the plain, so as to form an almost level quadrangle of about 150 yards square, surrounded on three sides by vertical cliffs from ten to forty feet high, on which the level strata are well exposed.

"The strata exposed in this quarry," says Prof. Le Conte, "consists of heavy-bedded grayish and creamy sand stone, separated by thin layers of shale. The sand stone in many places, especially in the eastern cliff, is strongly affected with cross lamination, indicating deposit by rapid, shift-



PLATE I—Fig. 1, Hole in Sandstone Rock, once filled with Root of Sage Brush, taken thirty feet from surface. Fig. 2, Decomposed Sagebrush Root winding round Clam Shell. Fig. 3, Petrified Root on Piece of Clay. Fig. 4, Hole made by Slimy Snail, found thirty feet below surface; rings running around center represent stages of moisture. The clams were all taken out of clay and sandstone strata.

OBJECTS FROM AN ANCIENT LAKE.

ing, overloaded currents — in other words, river flood deposits. We have here, therefore, probably the mouth of an ancient stream. The stone has been removed down to an even shale stratum, or rather to two shale strata, about two feet apart, which form the floor of the prison yard. These shale strata are the track-layers. The upper track-layer forms the floor of the upper or eastern part of the yard, then there is a drop of about two feet to the lower track-layer which forms the floor of the rest of the yard. The whole area thus cleared, is literally covered with tracks of many specimens of birds and mammals."

We find here the tracks of horses, deer, lions, wolves, birds, elephants, and what many suppose to be the footprints of human beings. Warden McCollough has been as anxious to get into the cliff and explore further as a practical scientist would be, and without interfering with other work in progress, has done everything in his power to discover new tracks, and at the same time keep the old ones in a state of preservation.

As a result of this quarrying, stone has been removed from an area of about two acres, and to a depth varying from ten to thirty-five feet, showing the hill to be composed of layers of sand stone, alternating with seams of clay. As above stated, Warden Garrard and ex-Sheriff Hanks went to work with a purpose in view, and opened correspondence with the Curator of the California Geological Museum, C. D. Gibbs.

Prof. Harkness says of this correspondence: "At one of the meetings of the Academy, Mr. Gibbs read the correspondence, which so impressed the members that it was determined at once to visit the locality. The formation, to which allusion has been made, is called by Clarence King, in his Geological Survey of the fortieth par-

allel, the 'Lower Quartenary.' Referring to this region, he says, 'It is composed of sandstones and clays, worn down from the adjacent high mountains and deposited in the water and on the shores of a lake, many hundred miles in area, that at one time extended along the eastern base of the Sierras, and to central Nevada, and having an elevation of 4388 feet above the sea level.' Pyramid, Winnemucca and Walker Lakes, and the sinks of the Carson and Humboldt are now the lower points of this prehistoric lake, which spread its waters in the pliocene age, and which Mr. King has called Lake Lahontan.

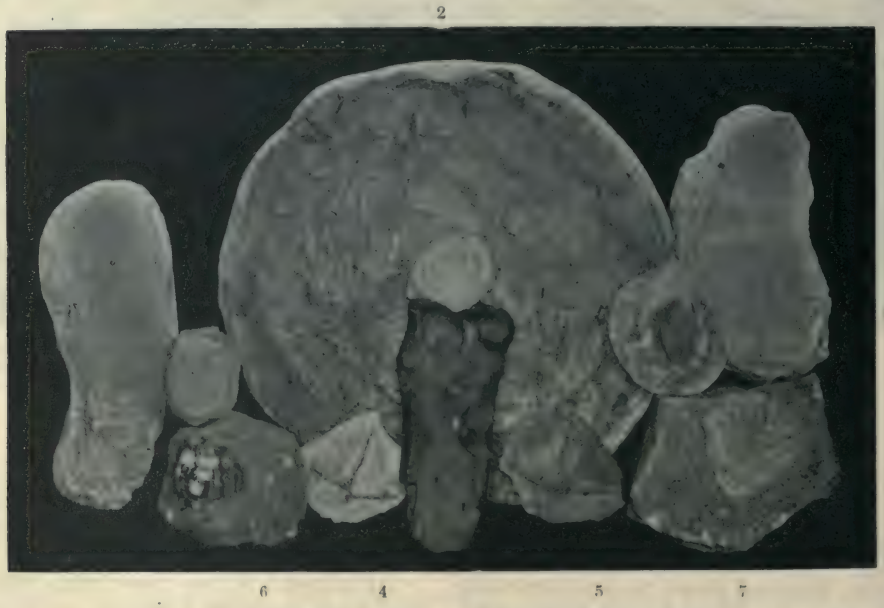


PLATE 2—Figs. 1 and 3, supposed Human Footprints. Fig. 2, Mastodon Footprint. Figs. 4 and 5, Bird Tracks.

FOOTPRINTS.

"It also gives evidence of having been at one time the shore of some lake or pond, local and isolated, as its level was above that of Lake Lahontan. Presumably we stand upon the shore of this ancient lake, and as we look about us we see the footprints of a variety of animals, among which we recognize those of the mammoth, the deer, the wolf, of many birds, and most important of all, the imprints of the sandaled foot of man. There are six series of the tracks of man, each being represented by a number of footprints in regular order, and each showing plainly the imprint of a sandal. Besides this, in one of the series the form of the sandal differs markedly from the others. The first of these series is to be seen emerging from the eastern side of the yard, where the cliff is fifteen feet in height above the tracks. This series consists of three of the sandaled footprints, eleven of the elephant and two of the birds. These tracks were evidently made in a layer of sediment, perhaps two inches in depth, for below this layer is compact sandstone. In each instance the mud had been raised by the pressure of the foot into a ridge which entirely surrounded it. Each of these imprints furnishes evidence, as we believe, that the feet of the one making the tracks were protected by sandals. In no single impression do we find conclusive evidence of this fact, but when we study them as a whole, we find that which is wanting in

one is furnished by others which follow.

"In nearly all, the toe portion is well shown, it being as smooth as the work of a mason for the distance of two or three inches. In its outline the impression follows clearly the shape of a human foot. From the great toe outward there is a really graceful curve, which draws in toward the heel, while from the great toe inward, the line is drawn toward the instep, and thence in an outward curve to the heel. In one series this curve is deeper, showing a slightly different form of sandal. The average length of the stride is two feet, three inches. The distance between the feet, or the straddle, is eighteen inches, as measured from the center of the sandal of one foot to the center of the corresponding one.

"These mammoth foot-prints were of an average depth of five inches, and had been made in a layer of sediment which is now so firmly consolidated as to retain a tolerably distinct external outline of the foot of the animal, but owing to the irregular formation of the calcareous deposit referred to, no distinct imprint of the bottom of the foot can be traced. In the prison yard besides the above described tracks, those of birds are found in abundance. Many of these tracks show but three toes; in some instances, however, there are distinct impressions of four. The extreme length of the longest toe in any one of these bird tracks is five inches, and the stride measures a little more than two feet. Several very distinct tracks of deer are to be seen, as well as those of a horse, the imprint of which is the same as that of the horse of to-day. Still other tracks, resembling those of a wolf may be traced for twenty feet or more, when they are also lost in the cliff, and near the western limit of the quarry there are indications of a large animal having wallowed in the mud."



PLATE 3—ANCIENT GEYSER HOLES.

Dr. Harkness probably refers to the hollow where the remains of the mastodon were found at the time the shoeshop was being built, as it is the only spot in the prison yard bearing any evidence of the kind mentioned by him. By walking southwest from this spot to a thirty-five foot wall, we come to the extinct geyser course shown in the illustration, with the various formations in the towering wall behind the two individuals at the base.

This geyser must have simply been covered up and squelched by the deposits of shifting sand, only to break

out in some other spot, as about 250 yards north of it, there are three immense swimming tanks for the use of the warden and the attaches, constantly fed by hot water from springs of like kind. They have never failed to flow, and all the water used by the institution is from this source.

The clam shells and other fossils in Plate 1, are taken from a three foot deposit of clay and sand-stone, at the base and thirty feet to the left of the extinct geyser. Figure 1, of Plate 1, shows the course of the root of a sage-brush in the center of a sand-stone rock. It is about two inches across and penetrates the stone. Figures 2 and 3 are the outlines of petrified roots imbedded in the clay and protected during the countless years by the soft sediment. In the right hand corner of Plate 1, Figure 4, is plainly visible a portion of a snail hole, the dark rings running around it indicating the discoloration made by the glutenous substance thrown off from the body of the little creature. The interior of this slender hole is polished, still retaining its luster equal to that produced by new varnish. The clam shells in this place were all taken out of the clay and sandstone strata shown in Plate 3, extending from the elbow to the feet of the person sitting down. The prisoners have converted them into table ornaments of different kinds, to be sold to the visitors at fifty and twenty-five cents each. Very few people have visited the State prison without securing some relic to take away with them, and although 5,000 visitors and curiosity seekers have investigated these signs of the dead races and species in the last two years, there still remain tons upon tons of specimens which are being constantly brought to light. Warden Frank McCollough has in his possession a few arrow heads, stone-plates and vases found in the quarry by the blasters. The arrow-heads are made of the finest transparent flint, and measure from two to five inches. The plates and vases are very crude in form, but absolutely indestructible, being made from a hard grayish rock, considerable of which can be seen on the surface at the present day.

In this portion of the yard are many footprints of the human being, who seemed to strike a thick layer of soft mud, into which he sank several inches each step. Most of these tracks tend northwest and finally disappear in the western wall, which is the highest in the yard. Coming out from beneath this wall are round tracks, evidently made by some of the feline family. They are sixteen in number, and trend southeast to the southern wall, where they blend with a wolf track, and finally become indistinct in what appears to be a hard formation with considerable sand in it. A plaster cast of the cat track can be seen in Plate 2, resting on top of the petrified bone. Perhaps at this point it would be well to explain this fossil. It was found by a prospector between Pine Grove and Wiley's Station in Lyon County, protruding from the earth with the joint up, about two feet. He attempted to remove it from the soil, which had become firmly set around it, but it was solid as a rock. He broke it off without securing further assistance, and brought it to Genoa, Nevada, where it was placed on exhibition for some months. Across the top it measures eight inches, and when struck it gives out a metallic sound, similar to that produced by marble when struck with a hard instrument. It is extremely heavy and the marrow very distinct. At the broken end it is as hard and brittle as delicate coral.

This bone created considerable comment among medical men, and was pronounced by some to be the femur bone of an extinct race of human beings, existing many thousand years ago. In its petrified state it weighs about forty pounds, some twenty-five pounds heavier than it looks.

The late Samuel Coleman Wright, ex-Superintendent of the U. S. Mint in Carson, became very much inter-

ested in the fossil, and agreed to subscribe sufficient funds to secure the remaining bones necessary to complete the skeleton. The discoverer appeared unable to locate the exact spot and, in consequence, the interest died out. This bone is said to be a fragment of the race of men who walked upon the shores of the extinct lake, and left their footprints on the clay to muddle the scientists of this present advanced era, and furnish food for geological cranks.

It may be well to further explain the pictures in Plate 2: Figures 2 and 3 are casts taken from the prints in the tunnel, illustrated in Plate 4, Figure 2 being the most perfect shaped foot (twenty-one inches) in the series. There are a considerable number almost equal to it. Figure 3 is one of the smallest in the yard, it being slightly over seventeen inches in length. Figure 6 represents the tooth of the mastodon found imbedded in a block of sandstone, and in a perfect state of preservation. The masticating surface, still glistening with enamel, can be plainly seen on the right side of the fossil. This tooth measures nearly four inches across the top, and resembles dirty ivory.

Figure 7 represents the petrified marrow of the shin bone of a mastodon, the sandstone surrounding it. The white spot near the center of the rock is the bone referred to. It is nearly thirty inches in circumference, and pieces can be chipped out with a pocket knife. It goes through the rock and appears in the same form on the other side.

Figures 8 and 9 are the cameo and intaglio casts of the frog of a horse's hoof, the outside line of the entire hoof being very plain in Figure 8. It is about the same size as the hoof-prints of the horse of the present day. Very few of these tracks have been located up to the present time.

Figures 4 and 5 are excellent casts of the water bird referred to by Professor Le Conte. The longest toe measures



PLATE 4—FOOTPRINTS IN THE TUNNEL.

five inches. These tracks are very thick along the base of the eastern wall, the highest point in the prison yard.

The largest cast in Plate 2, Figure 2, is taken from one of the mastodon tracks, and is twenty-five inches in diameter; the ridge slightly inside of the outside edge represents the track. They have been uncovered in the tunnel some twenty feet, and appear with unfaltering regularity as the work progresses. All the indications in the fossil line point to the fact that these tracks are genuine.

Since the excavations were made, a fossil jaw of the elephant has been found, also fossil teeth of the horse, but both crumbled upon being exposed to the air.

Professor Le Conte inclines to the

belief that the supposed human tracks were made by a quadruped, and says: "The strong argument for the bipedal theory is the apparent singleness of the tracks and the absence of toe marks, while the one strong argument for the quadrupedal theory is the wide space between the right and left series of tracks. To this may, perhaps, be added also the size and shape.

"It seems to me that inductive caution requires that the judicious mind should hold itself in suspense, awaiting more evidence. Meanwhile, however, my own mind inclines strongly to the latter theory.

"Since writing the above, I find that Professor Cope, in American Naturalist, vol. 16, p. 195, and Professor Marsh in a letter to me, regard the strata of Carson quarry as belonging to the Equus Beds. The age of these beds is still doubtful; some regard them as upper Pliocene, others as early Quartenary. They are probably upper Pliocene. The Carson strata, therefore, are possibly deposits from King's Lake, Shoshone, and not Lake Lahontan. From deposits of this age three species of gigantic ground sloths are known, viz.: two species of Morotherium and one species of Mylodon. It is not at all improbable, as suggested by Marsh in his letter, that the supposed human tracks were made by one of these. The size, the stride, the curve and the straddle all agree with this supposition."

Opinions of the many people who have come from all over the United States and parts of Europe, are so numerous, conflicting and varied that it has been impossible to quote more than two or three, these being from scientists and geologists who are considered authorities. Estimates as to the age of the prints range from 3,000 to 325,000 years, and, in consequence, it is extremely difficult to establish an accurate figure.

It is quite evident that at some time this entire country, running up from the Gulf of California through San Bernardino County, taking in Death's and Panamint Valleys, was an arm of the Pacific Ocean, which also passed through Nye, Churchill, and Washoe Counties, Nevada, into Pyramid Lake, at which point immense deposits of coral can be found to-day. It must also have taken in Sixty Mile Desert, near where the town of Dayton now stands, as well as Eagle and Jack's Valleys, already mentioned. On a low range of hills, south of Carson three or four miles, mother-of-pearl shells have been found, and many fragments are scattered around in the locality. These shells have the appearance of at one time belonging to the sea.

Throughout the entire United States we cannot find such a field for scientific research as the quarry of the Nevada State Prison supplies, and while the scientific men of this section are estimating and theorizing on the origin of the impressions in the clay, the touch of time is slowly eating away that which at some future day may be of great importance to the world.

The Nevada World's Fair Commissioners have taken from their resting place two of the human tracks intact, and numbers of bird and animal prints, which are now on exhibition at the Exposition, in the center of the hall of Mines and Mining. Geologists and scientists from all parts of Europe have taken such an interest in them that the United States Government has already extended aid, appointed an officer of the Bureau of Ethnology to take charge of them and continue the research as soon as convenient. They probably attract as much attention as any one scientific study from the Pacific Coast.

Many of the best plaster casts taken by Prof. Harkness in the prison yard, some years ago, are also displayed and arranged in the relative positions which they occupied in their original situations in the hard clay.

The clam shells, showing evidence of the existence of water, and the formation of the deposit have been arranged as an exhibit, in conjunction with the footprints, coming as they do

from the same locality. The petrifactions and bone fossils are being closely studied by geologists, who consider that in them lies the key to their age, and the era in which they were animated with life and motion.

Mr. James A. Yerington, Chairman of the Commission, says the most reputable authorities claim that Nevada's State Prison quarry is productive of more food for scientific research than any other spot in America.

MARGARET.

BY DANIEL MORGAN.



HEY had worked together in his studio side by side for a year; he as master, she his pupil in sculpture. Long hours of silence and hard work, varied by a half hour's interchange of thought, wrought the magic of a touch which accentuates the fraternal attitude one assumes towards another whose aims, whose ambitions are one with his own.

He was of a strong, high-born nature, whose very strength sometimes made him cruel in his judgment; his temperament being even, he had never encountered the fierce fire of a dangerous temptation. His art was his all. The outside world existed for him only as a source from which he might gather materials for the sustenance and development of his genius; love and hope, all centered in his mistress, art. True, he had his ideals to which he clung with unvaried tenacity, but he cherished them only as ideals, having no time nor inclination for analysis, nor practical experiment.

She was silent, deep, discerning, and at times so tenderly womanly that he would pause in amazement when any incident in student life called forth the rich melody of "the woman" in her, which at other times she so jealously guarded. After such moments she was prone to work harder, dig more vigorously into the defenseless clay as if to punish something tangibly for her previous moment of softening, for it was evident she had schooled herself to "hard lines;" and at each recurring evidence of weakness, she took fierce delight in pruning. But toward the faults of others she maintained ever the sweetest flow of sympathy and forgiveness. Frequently, when the studio was crowded with those who constituted the class of which she was a part, and when the malice of idle tongues was turned against an absent one, she had been known to drop her modeling tools, her breath coming quickly, her eyes even tearful, saying: "O girls, don't speak that way. None of us know what motive led to such acts; far less do we know how deep the sorrow, how cutting the pain and sense of failure. One never knows what one might do himself."

Her character for firmness and gentleness had won for her the general respect and regard of those who knew and felt her daily influence, and thus it was her wishes met with ready compliance. By her assiduity she had won a step in advance of the class,

and certain hours she occupied the studio alone with her master, a man seventeen years her senior, and it was at these times she was particularly reserved, worked harder, seemed more absorbed in thought, until the teacher himself fell to studying his pupil more deeply. With questioning wonder he marveled at her choice of subjects. Why should a young, vigorous life with such consummate skill, delicacy and wondrous conception seek only to trace, with the feverishness expressed by the vigor of her strokes, the lineaments of sorrow-crowned humanity, as she drew from the clay the embodiment of a burning truth, working its way towards something as yet unformed—undetermined. She became of infinite and absorbing interest to him. Intuitively he arrived at a confirmation of the existence of some hidden pain — some definite sorrow, but never speculated as to its full import. He was too calm, too self-centered for that.

He grew to look forward to their hour alone. All through the long morning he found himself questioning: what would be her mood? Would she receive his lighter thoughts? Would she brighten under them or, as so often before, by a sudden look whose sadness fell like a weight upon his heart, silence him completely, and turning gravely towards her work question as to the probable result upon a face where sorrow (always sorrow) sat for the first time? Would the lines remain permanent, or were they to be pictured softened, as though about to melt away at touch of some happier experience?

Thus from some hidden power she possessed of moulding others, she drove him to thoughtful words, and silently they worked on, hearts and brains replete with widely different matter. The only sounds evincing life were the deep sighs of her anxious moments, the click of the tools now and then, and the noise of the clay as it fell in response to the ploughing of the tools. At such times she made vigorous onslaught, he suggesting here and there a curve, or deeper indentation, a line more closely drawn. After such experiences he returned home depressed, unsatisfied. Why did her moods vary so rarely, and why this almost habitual somberness? And yet, how could she ring from that unresponsive clay all the power of a feeling, suffering soul, unless she herself could feel? Oh, to be able to turn to one's self all the wealth and power of that tenderness — that strength! Would it not give to love the very essence of life itself? And all—all spent upon lifeless clay.

In vain he argued with himself; in vain he strove to conquer the urgings of his nature, which tempted him to gather to himself the alluring thought of what life would be shared with such a companion.

One day she seemed inclined to talk, and prattled on until she recalled the story of an erring girl, a former pupil, whose heart had made her the victim of deceit, man's heartless desertion had completed. He listened, interested to see what turn her thought would take, and when she at last exclaimed: "Yes, I have succeeded in breaking her chains. I have freed her from him, for I taught her how and why to despise him, and to make a new world for herself outside of love."

"You have done this, you say. And do you hope for the regeneration of this woman through this one experience? No! believe me the woman is lost—lost! Do you understand? She will never regain herself. She will go on from experience to experience—down, down to the very dregs of despair, if she have feeling enough left to be cognizant of it. You are a dreamer. Women do not reform; they sink."

Something made him pause. Was it a gasp from her, or had he imagined it? But there she stood before him, perfectly colorless, her mouth set, hard and firm, her nostrils dilating.

"Do you believe that?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I do," he replied. "It is the commonly accepted history of such things. It is not only a falling away from the path, but more—a positive plunge into utter ruin! You did wrong to yourself to interfere."

Something in her eye forbade him to say more. She turned her head with a dignified poise towards the bust upon which she had been working, and with a voice clear and strong she said:

"I did right!"

After that he dared not speak, believing she would only be hurt by his strong difference with her on the subject, and as he preferred his own comfort and peace, he would rather silently pass over the conversation on amicable grounds, for he recognized with that proud turn of head she also possessed a strength and pride, as well as a spirit of defiance which would not be brooked. In his heart, too, he admired her and warmly applauded her disinterestedness, futile as he believed her efforts to be.

The incident was all but forgotten by him, but not by her. His words never ceased to beat their way into her memory; they stood out in plain characters in the very tapestries which hung about the walls of the studio. They were his, and she could but associate all that belonged to him as reflecting back his sentiments. She grew colder and more reserved each day; paler, too, he thought. But work! Why, she seemed all ambition, and her sudden impulses sometimes threatened destruction to the task so well begun, and never before had she seemed so imbued with the power of wresting from her strong vigorous strokes the expression and life of her thought. "We are progressing," he would soliloquise.

Things went on in this way until he could bear the suspense no longer, and acknowledging to himself that he did truly love the woman, he resolved to tell her so.

It was a sad gloomy day in late fall, the clouds hovering near the earth, enveloping all mankind in their threatening aspect—a discouraging omen, surely, for a mission from which he hoped so much. Coming into the studio, he paused to scan the face wherein he might read what meant so much for him. Never before had he endeavoured to call from out the written lines of the human face the deepest import of human emotions. Not even in the most anxious moments of early art training had he felt the power lying hidden in the contour of a visage, whose power for good or evil seemed accentuated now by his anxiety.

She met his gaze openly, for she was of that frank nature which scorns a half-met look, and turning towards her work was about to begin.

"Do not let us work just yet, Miss Headrick," he said. "I—I want to talk to you. You are such a strange creature; I do not understand many of your ways. I sometimes even fear to approach you, and yet—" he paused here a moment, "I have seen you portray some of the most lovely attributes wherein a warm full nature shone, and I have been held in admiration by your wealth of womanliness. Then again you have been so bitterly cold, so depressing, that I could not draw a conclusion of it all. The coldness seemed foreign to you, not as of yourself, but a forced condition. Tell me of yourself; are you then the real woman, or—or—. I own that in your strength of character you have won upon me, until I am no longer of any purpose unless you are near me or in my thoughts. All that is high and noble in me you awaken, and all that I ever hope to be, it is only in the power of your nature to draw from me. In your work you have carved out my destiny. I am a stronger, better man in every sense, and feel and know I owe it all to you. I love you truly, sincerely, as a man loves, not as a boy, whose fancies might be lit by the soft smiles of a woman—but as one

who holds as sacred all her higher attributes. In you I see them—strength, sweetness and, above all, truth. Tell me, now, may I hope?"

"You are cruel—cruel!" she cried out, her voice trembling and her whole form quivering with emotion. "The love for which I have so hungered for years! This is more than human heart can bear," and she burst into uncontrollable weeping.

The man stepped back, speechless with amazement.

"I do not understand," he said, quickly; "is it then a crime to offer you the very love you crave?"

She crossed to the window, standing there trembling in every limb. Then a sudden resolution seemed to move her and she turned and walked firmly toward him. He had by this time sunk into a chair. She cast herself abjectly at his feet, but when he would have raised her, she determinedly refused to change her position, and he, powerless from shock, awaited her next movement. She partly raised herself so her face looked squarely into his. Then with dilated eyes and lips trembling, she exclaimed, "Listen! You have offered me what I admit I have longed for with all the power of a lonely soul—waited for, prayed for. But you yourself have made it impossible for me to accept. Your love is such as will never be offered me again, but—but—" she dropped her head, but only for a moment, for she was a brave woman and her resolution was taken. Slowly she began to speak, and she seemed to gain courage as the words fell from her white lips, never faltering until she had finished.

"Do you recall the words you once uttered when you spoke of the hopelessness of saving a woman who had fallen, and how you yourself said you had no faith in their repentance nor ultimate self-mastery? Well," her voice trembled and she paused. He looked into her pale face, startled and bewildered, then his own countenance blanched and a low exclamation burst from his lips.

She sprang up and started towards the door, but suddenly he grasped her arm as if to restrain her. She, with blazing eyes, cried out, "Let me pass—do not dare to weaken me by tenderness. Betwixt you and I there lies but one path; that path I alone may follow. To me this is death itself. How could you understand what it all means to me?—you who are so calm, so perfect. Did you ever know what it means to spend the hours in bitter repentance? In all this you say you have no faith. Well, I have. I know." And she sank down upon the floor with a low moan, as if the whole burden of her past sorrow had fallen upon her anew and overpowered her. "Oh," she cried, "the agony of those who feel themselves lost, the harshness of a fate which demands the heritage of a life-long agony for one false step! Now, at least, you can understand why I was cold and why I could picture sorrow. I have felt it—have known it for long bitter years. Whilst you, absorbed in your own self-respect, never even suspected the long dreary way over which I have come. I only learned by actual suffering how easy it is to fall into the pit from whence you say there is no return. The sting of remorse, of conscious failure, taught me a new language, gave to my voice strange notes, fraught with gentleness and love towards the erring. Happiness such as your love I shall never know again, but I can bring solace and comfort to others. Therein lies my work. Yes, more than that, my redemption. Through one grave error I have learned the first essential truth, self-knowledge. I was arrogant, unyielding, unforgiving. I saw no excuse for such a fault in others, and went my way rejoicing in my virtue, my strength. Alas, for human pride—human certainty. I, the imperious creature who scorned a weakness in others—was crushed, humbled, shaken to the very centre of my being. And by whom? A false lover, whose speech had the soft glamour of deceit;

who won me first by a glittering array of sentiments, so fraught with the power of destruction and deception, that before I conceived of his power, he had so absorbed my faith and respect that when his plan of weakening all my prejudices began, I never even suspected him of it. After two years of close companionship, in which we reveled in the fields of art, literature and the study of the finer subtleties of the soul's powers, we became as one being.

"Shall I recount to you the mortal agony, when awakening to the full sense of a misguided soul—the hatred and disgust of self, the tortured hours of sleeplessness? Ah, no. There are no words for all these agonies; only those who have had the experience know them, for they alone can feel. I recall now that face, and the eyes so deeply earnest, into which I once looked with calm trust and said, 'I, at least, have found a perfect man.' Imagine, if you can, after I had gained full consciousness of our mistake, when I made an appeal to him in the name of that virtue and honor which he had before upheld so firmly—he, the one human heart in all the world whom I believed would understand and sorrow with me—O, when I now look back it seems the last blow was the heaviest, for bitter and miserable as were my thoughts, I still held to the hope of recovering our former state. He, who to me had appeared so God-like in his strength, with trembling lips confessed his inability to overcome, and I, trying to believe my own ears, stood aghast. What? he would not even *try?* The answer rings in my ears still. 'It is impossible.' Stung with remorse, cowering with fear, I shrieked out reproaches upon him, which seemed to rend his very being, for he rocked to and fro like one about to fall under a deadly blow. Once he held out his long white hands as if for mercy, and—oh I had so loved him! But who would show me mercy? *Not he.* There he stood, self-convicted, a criminal in his own words. Where then was strength, where was aid? It was then I read within my own soul the answer, 'All power lies within ourselves.'

"Hardened by his weakness, determined to conquer self, I turned and fled, vowing never more to look upon him. Letters of entreaty, of despair were sent me, in vain. I remained cold and firm. True, there followed moments when to recall the tender words, the gentle care which had been his to bestow, my poor heart frenzied almost to madness, and at such times there raged the fierce battle for self mastery. I came here, art attracted me—you know the result. Five years have passed away since I last saw that man. In those years I have known what death, bitterness, repression of all that is human in my heart means, but never have I forgotten that I have a stern duty before me, the determination to rise from my fall purified by the fierce flames of a nature whose over-powering strength had been my downfall. This it is which makes me love all women, impels me to hover over them, as it were, leading them away from the dangerous paths whose pitfalls I know too well.

"You are stupefied, and no wonder. If my frankness seems brutal to you, think it is but another manifestation of my great love for you. Never could I tear myself away from you had I not deadened your love by my confession. I could not bear to inflict upon you the sorrow which will now be mine alone. I have been kind to you, oh so kind. And to myself—" she paused here, almost overcome, "yes, to myself I have been true."

She sat sobbing quietly. He regarded her helplessly. He could not realize that the ugly tale was aught but a madness seething through his brain. She a frail woman? O no! Had he not looked up to her, had he not tested her in every way? Impossible! This thing she told him was a fancied emanation of an overwrought brain. She had worked too hard, poor thing. Why had he

not cautioned her? My God! was she then going mad under the strain? Her choice of subjects too, flashed confirmation on his mind.

Why, when he had directed her in the study head of "Silent Sorrow," and had spoken of the necessity of the deep lines furrowing around the mouth, the compression of the lips, accentuating the expression, had she answered with such strange conviction: "I know?" Ah, she did know then? But this thing she had told him just now could not be true.

Do not false women betray themselves, and would he be apt to love a woman unworthy of it? Never! But she was now tearing off her apron in excited jerks. She cast a damp cloth over the bust on which she had worked so many hopeful hours, and was evidently preparing to leave the studio.

He, still benumbed by the unexpected disclosure, seemed totally unable to rouse himself to action. Thus she succeeded in her preparations without protest from him, and was about to turn towards the door when there burst from him a sudden appeal.

"Margaret, you are certainly not going to leave me now and thus?"

She had grown calm now, fixed, determined, and her voice sank so low it was but a faint moan when she said: "And why not? There is nothing else to be done. Once more must I take up the weary burden of my crime, so painfully regretted, so wretchedly worked out. Again it rises before me like the Nemesis that it is, casting me out once more with no shade of comfort save the knowledge of my own strength to dare the right. How could I stay where daily my eyes were tortured with the look of questioning pity yours would bestow? Ah, I am strong and brave, but not brave enough for that. Never! you will forget me some day, but I trust you will never cease to regard with gratitude the woman who spared you the agony of knowing that your life had been more closely knit with that of a woman who had fallen too low even for your charity. Good bye." For a moment there stole over her face the radiance of a tender love, which quickly changed to the agony of a determination to close her eyes on all that won or charmed her hungered heart.

"You will not leave me," he cried "Wait! Let me think. Oh, I shall go mad—I cannot conceive of all this horrid thing being true. No! You must not leave me yet." Then he paused, as visions of his old traditional ideas of women rose before him, bewildering his senses, weakening momentarily his love. With the quickened perception of the suffering, she read the thought that flashed through his mind; with a gasp she replied: "It must be so, farewell." At one bound she was out and away. He dared not pursue her, she had shown such bravery. It would be too weak in him after her undaunted courage.

Flying like one possessed, she reached her room and cast herself upon her bed in abject misery. Again and again her weary brain seethed with the pictures of that past, which stood before her bristling with cruel darts of remorse.

After the relief of tears, reason assumed command. Yes, there was but one thing now. Fly? Where? Ah, how many times had she asked that question before. Out into the great unknown. Where was home or shelter? And the voice of intuition answered: "Away, far away from this scene of bitterness. The human heart-cry still goes up for aid, humanity still yearns for tender pity. You can give it. Go!"

This calmed her. Rising now with steady motion, she gathered her effects, packed her small belongings, and, telling her landlady she was called suddenly away, slipped out into the night, dry-eyed, stricken and sad, but determined. At times on her journey, thoughts welled up which seemed to question her action.

Why had she not taken that great love? He was unsuspecting, and perhaps the devotion of years would have wiped out the error. Then there arose before her visions of a life of deceit. No, never had she harbored such thoughts, much less lived them. It was best as it was. And he? Left in the utter misery of so sudden a collapse to all his dreams, what could he do but go over again all the sad scene, word for word, gesture and expression, and still he could not solve the dark mystery of his mistake.

After a while he rose and gently placed the bust on a pedestal in a corner, where it stood for so many years after, and the sad lines traced there by agony itself seemed ever to deepen as his misery sank down in that heart so suddenly becalmed by the shadow of another's life.

Turning in despond from the scene of so much suffering, he wandered along, his thoughts replete with this problem of life so rudely thrust upon him. Searching through the inner chambers of his heart, he began to question self. Was he right to have entertained such views—and why had he ever held them if they were not right? What did he know of such questions other than he had learned from those who know? Did they know? Were they right? Perhaps. Ah, that perhaps. All that he did know was that he loved her, cried out for her, needed her, and now she was gone. She would never return, that he knew from her firmness of character. And how brave and noble she had been. "To save him! Merciful God! and *I* should have shielded her." His warm heart forgave her everything. Had she not proven herself worthy, and was a wrong never to be forgiven? Oh, cursed prejudice that eats up and blunts the very instincts of humanity. Does not the same God rule over man as over woman, and are not men daily transgressors of the very law they hold so relentlessly over those they term the "weaker sex?" Where then is justice? Surely not in the human laws which now sway men and women. But purity is a necessity in woman. True, but are not all her tendencies towards it, and if she fail does she do so wilfully? Not always—far from that. And shall all be judged and punished for the few? God forbid! If man was endowed with stronger character and physical superiority, was it not that he should shelter the weak? For what reason had he been given the power if not by strength and tender pity to win back the erring? Again and again he came back to the old truth. Prejudice—prejudice. The growth of an error ancient and barbarous plucked from the very tree of man's selfish pruning, handed down from father to son to an unthinking people and grounded into the instincts of the unborn, that woman's heritage was the bondage of inequality.

Man, in his assumption of superiority, holds out one hand, enticingly displaying the golden apple of delusion which voices the sweet sentiment of "protection," and in the other he holds an iron mallet with which to crush woman to the earth if she dare be the weak dependent his philosophy has made her. Now the whole truth burst upon him because it touched himself, forcing him irresistibly to face the workings of a law which has dual aspects. There was no escape from the rule that crushed out life and hope from the erring—he must suffer, too. Every phase of the case flew like darting flame through heart and brain, resulting in untold misery to him, lessening hope, weakening his power to act. Where was comfort? Nowhere. Into that dark and misty future there was spread before him naught but confusion, nay, almost despair.

Without her he began to realize the futility of attempting to bring his best efforts to fruition, and so time wore itself out in useless regrets, through long years of unsatisfied longing and bitter retrospect, souring his genial nature, causing him to doubt and question all other truths which had formed the basis of his moral training. Art lost

its glamour and life took on such somber shades that the spark of genius that had glowed and brightened in the younger days, now smouldered, blackened and died.

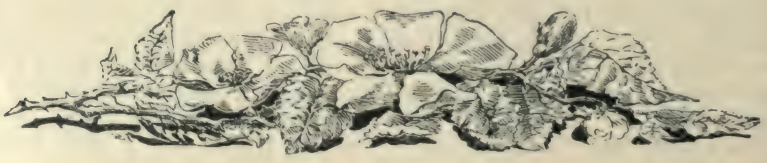
Thus time found him years after, with broken purpose, his hand stayed, as it were, in the very act of consummation, when the dreams of crowning greatness resolved themselves into a hideous nightmare, only too real in its destructive power. He still taught his classes, still filled the ordinary roles of life, but there never more quickened within that brain the fire of conception.

Thus the crime of one man checked the ebb and flow of another's life and its fruition.

Some time afterward there appeared in an art journal a sketch of a woman's career in the far West. She had devoted her entire life to the cause of woman. She had opened a class in sculpture, to which she admitted and taught women who were desirous of learning but had no means. Her home was likewise an asylum for frail creatures, whose motives for recovering a life of rectitude she strengthened. She was described as never smiling, save in tenderness upon these sorrowing sisters. Nothing was known of her former history and none cared to question, so effective had been her work and so beloved had she made herself by her unselfish devotion to so rare a charity.

He, reading these lines, felt instinctively that in that description he had found the one woman who was all in all to him. He would go to her and at once, and show her he had learned to see justice in its broadest sense, and he would lay at her feet the crown of victory which her life so richly merited. Yes, he would go now without hesitation, and impatient to be off he was arranging his studio towards that end when a letter reached him. It was the dear familiar handwriting. It seemed too good to hear from her just when he was flying to her. But wait. Tearing open the letter he recognized the same characters, but how labouriously written—words far between and with many quivering lines. Dying! O God! It could not be; was he not going to her to right all this terrible wrong, and would God permit her to die unrewarded for all her goodness and sacrifice? True—too true! There was no hope, she must even now have passed beyond the solace of human love, human retribution. And she wrote to tell him that she had loved him truly, unselfishly, and in dying thus alone she had been true to herself, her womanhood and him.

With terrible apprehensions in his heart he hastened to her. "Is she still living?" burst from his livid lips as he entered the house. For answer he was ushered into the darkened chamber where she lay—not dead yet, thank God. "You must live, you must live, dear brave soul, and take the love that shall crown your life—my wife!" She seemed to revive at the sound of his whispered words. The poor wasted hands clasped about his neck, a smile calm and peaceful stole over her white face, and she sunk into a quiet slumber.





Questions Of the Day

THE PREVALENT RATE WARS.

RECENTLY there have been greater fluctuations in rates on the trans-continental railroads west of Chicago than for many years. They are reminders of the days when railroads recognized the principle of competition and reduced rates to secure patronage. Eastward of Chicago there is no apparent conflict between the great lines that lead to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other points on the Atlantic Coast, and rates are comparatively steady. Railroads early discovered that rate wars are destructive to their interests, and traffic associations and agreements were invented to avoid them. But it soon transpired that roads in various ways broke their agreements, and surreptitiously cut rates. Pooling was resorted to, which practically is purchasing good faith, and so long as percentages granted to the several members of the coalition were satisfactory, traffic contracts were generally kept with a fair degree of fidelity. The inter-state commerce law makes pooling unlawful in inter-state traffic, which yields more than a moiety of the revenue of the Western trans-continental lines. In such traffic, therefore, the roads must rely on good faith in adhering to rate schedules, but it seems next to impossible to preserve stability of rates through naked traffic agreements; a consideration is necessary to secure good faith.

It is perhaps fair to presume that roads will not put rates so low that loss will be the result, and when they make reductions the country will think at the higher rates they have been making undue profit. One thing is certain, and it is that lower rates will increase the volume of business, and may result in greater earnings, for the increase of the expenses of operating is not in proportion to the increase of business. Cheaper rates tend to larger productions, which also means more consumption, for it is a well-known fact that the greatest producing is the greatest consuming nation.

It is unfortunate that railroads will not put rates at the lowest figure consistent with earning a fair profit, and keep them there. Fluctuations are hurtful to all classes of the people. It was the intention of Congress, in enacting the inter-state commerce law, to assure stability of rates. Merchants never know when to have their goods shipped when rates are unsteady, and the same is true of dealers. No one is able to make calculations for the future when a rate war is liable to break out at any moment. Railroads understand the evils of fluctuations, and they seek to provide against them. To avoid them is a reason why consolidation is constantly taking place. Already the bulk of the roads of the country are in about twenty systems, and universal consolidation may be the best solution of the railroad problem. Consolidation would save a large expenditure in operation. The roads terminating in Chicago have already consolidated the business of receiving and delivering freights, which enables them to make a large reduction of force and of expenses.

Traffic agreements and pooling are chiefly, if not altogether, for the purpose of increasing profits. It is intended through them to destroy competition, and through them the rights and interests of the public are disregarded. Deprived of the support of pooling, traffic agreements have been ineffectual in produc-

ing steadiness. Like trusts and combinations in trade and manufacturing traffic arrangements, that include the making of common rates, and a stipulation to maintain them, are immoral, an evil that should be repressed by law. The legislature of Illinois has recently passed an inhibitory statute, which is probably the beginning of a policy that will be adopted throughout the country. It is right that capital invested in railroads should receive a fair remuneration and no more. It is true that twenty and twenty-five years ago it cost more to build railroads than at the present time or within the last few years, and the older roads are justified in making higher charges than those more recently constructed, but it is also true that the general practice has been to capitalize roads far above their actual cost, and to make efforts to earn income upon that which is fictitious.

Mr. James Hill, in building the Great Northern, adopted a new policy. He employed no supernumerary officers, and adopted the most economical methods in all respects. When the road was completed it was capitalized at just what it cost, and it is operated with the utmost economy, no unnecessary officers being employed, and no extravagant salaries paid. The rates upon that road can be put down very much below those that have prevailed upon other lines, and still pay operating expenses and reasonable remuneration to capital. The cut in rates is not warfare upon competitors, but is based upon simple business principles, higher rates being unnecessary, as there are no fictitious bonds and stocks on which interest and dividends are to be earned. Over-capitalization, supernumerary officials and employees, and extravagant salaries create the necessity for the cost of railway transportation of which the country complains. It may be difficult to separate the fictitious bonds and stocks from the genuine, so as to extinguish the one and preserve the other, but the cost of operating can be materially reduced by cutting down the salaries of the high officials and removing supernumeraries. Then rates can be lowered, and being based upon just premises, fluctuations to a great extent would be avoided.

DEFEAT OF THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.

The friends of peace and popular will have watched the proceedings on the Army bill in the Reichstag with profound and anxious interest. Though the Germans are the most schooled and intelligent of the continental people, and possess marked independence and individuality of character, they have submitted to a government as nearly absolute as any in Europe, except that of Russia. The Prussian monarchy was the embodiment of militarism for a century and a half before Germany became imperialistic. The German people have submitted patiently to heavy burdens of taxation to sustain an army seldom necessary to the defense of a nationality, and never used to promote and maintain popular institutions. Not only have the hard earnings of the people been taken from them, but their industrial forces have been depleted for no purpose but to aggrandize the Prussian monarchy, and latterly the Imperial house of Hohenzollern.

The Germans are not excitable and fickle, but sturdy and stubborn, and hence revolutions have been rare. They have progressed in science, art and learning, but not in political institutions. No people in the world except the Americans and possibly the English, are better fitted for Republican government, yet they have submitted to inexorable military rule. Popular representation was enlarged, upon the establishment of the Empire, which was necessary, as it is composed of numerous small States, and there was not and is not the prevalence of the utmost harmony among the people, forced under Imperial rule by the bulldozing process of Bismarck.

This step toward liberalism was intended to Prussianize the whole Germanic family. From Conrad down, the Hohenzollerns have been ambitious, selfish, enterprising and successful, almost without parallel in modern history. They came to think that their rule rested upon Divine right, and any restrictions upon their will and power was in contradiction of the wishes of the Deity.

When the late Emperor William ascended the throne of Prussia, he boldly announced that he did so by Divine right, and though, as Bismarck said, he was "as fine an old

gentleman as there was in Germany," he sustained his Chancellor in every measure of force and intimidation destined to place him on an Imperial throne, and which made Prussia and all Germany a vast military camp. The present Emperor is more imperialistic in expression and appearance than his father or grandfather, and has attempted to quell the spirit of liberalism by threats to crush all who should oppose him.

Though his subjects are burdened and impoverished by the support of a vast army, he had so much confidence in his ability to intimidate and coerce the German people that he demanded a large increase and made it an imperial measure. He has chafed under the opposition it encountered and his Chancellor, Von Caprivi, has tried to be as bulldozing as Bismarck ever was, but without Bismarck's great intellectual strength and force of character.

For six months the Emperor and his Cabinet have used their utmost power, short of violence, to compel the Reichstag to grant their demands. The failure has been most signal, and the world, with interest and anxiety will watch the outcome. The dissolution of the Reichstag and the rescript for a new election, nominally means an appeal to the electors, and probably a resort to imperial bulldozing upon the people themselves. The question is, "Will the people be as independent and stubborn as the Reichstag has been?" If they stand firm and refuse to be burdened with further taxations and to suffer from further depletions of their industrial forces, a tremendous blow will have been given to the absolutistic disposition of the Hohenzollerns. It may be the very test that will prove whether Germany will become "Republican or Cossack."

From our standpoint it is difficult to see why Germany needs a larger military force to protect her from foreign dangers. The pretense is that as all the great continental nations have vast armies, it is necessary for Germany to be ready for any emergency. It is a curious fact that all the governments of Europe profess peaceful intentions, and yet they maintain great armies. If all are so pacific, why do not they give the best assurances by disarming?

The attitude of no monarch is so threatening to the peace of Europe as that of the German Kaiser. His abnormal activities, although professedly for peaceful purposes, create apprehensions. Constant and unnecessary preparations for war beget the spirit of war. That France is only waiting for a favorable opportunity to attack Germany may be, and probably is, a mere creation of imagination. It is probably the internal and not the external condition that alarms Emperor William. Some of the States which are under his sway are dissatisfied and discontented. Liberalism and socialism are rapidly growing in Germany, and the Kaiser is not willing to rely solely on argument to arrest its progress. He wants a larger disciplined army which regard orders and not reasons.

The opposition to the Army bill came from several elements; the Freisinnige (the liberals), the Centrists (the Catholics), and from some of the radical Democrats. Though they differ on other questions, the army is a menace to all of them. It seemed for a time that the Centrists would support the Army bill, and it is not improbable that the visit of the Kaiser to the Italian King had for an object the placation of the Pope, but the conditions were unfavorable, for the Kaiser is at the head of German Protestantism, and the King of Italy, with whom the Pope is on bad terms, is a member of the driebund. The Pope, it is understood, favors popular government, while the Kaiser represents heresy and heredity.

The rescript allows little time for organization and discussion, and therefore imperialism has an advantage, for it is always organized, and discussion is not an instrument of its warfare.

In Germany the women and children, the aged and decrepit are compelled to work in the field and the shop, and subsist on scant fare, while the young and strong men are engaged in drill and manœuvering and consuming the substance of the laboring people. It is to be hoped that the Reichstag will be sustained, and that militarism will receive a check that will have a wholesome effect for all future time.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Wake! for the Sun, who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a shaft of light.
—*Omar Khayyám.*

THE position of woman in the literary world is much more assured, much more firmly established than ever before. It is needless to dwell upon the bravery and perseverance with which she is making a place for herself in other lines of labor, in her effort to overcome prejudice. The result of her work in all fields demonstrates her power. She is given more deferential recognition in history, she is invested with more dignity in fiction and in all the departments of literary art. She has taken her pen earnestly in hand, and women in literature are represented by such great powers as Madam de Stael, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, George Sand, Frances Hogsdon Burnett, Octave Thanet, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Rose Terry Cook and many more in our own country, East and West. With the results of the efforts of these women, the fact is established that the feminine mind, when properly trained and developed, is capable of the best work. There is a predominance of men among the best writers of the day, but women as writers of fiction are rapidly gaining ground, and each successive year renders the difference less noticeable.

El Nuevo Mundo,[1] a poem by Louis James Block, is a little volume now upon the market. While the poem contains some good qualities, it is permeated with a feeling that the author has undertaken a style of verse too heavy for his capabilities.

An interesting volume edited by W. H. Appleton, Professor in Swarthmore College, is *Greek Poets in English Verse*.[2] In this work the editor has attempted, through the medium of translations, to do for Greek poetry what has been so often done for that of the English language, namely, to give the reader, within the compass of a single volume, some idea of its wealth, and at the same time to stimulate and guide him to further and more thorough reading. The study of the Greek language seems to be less popular than formerly. This is to be regretted somewhat, as the Greek language possesses purity and beauty very difficult to preserve in translations. In this volume, seventy-five of the choicest specimens of Greek literature are collected, representing the Iliad, Odyssey, Homeric Hymns, Hesiod, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Theocritus, Moschus, Anacreon, Bion, Sappho and others. These are principally translations by Chapman, Pope, Leigh Hunt, Cowper, Shelley, Mrs. Browning, Worsley, Edwin Arnold, Symonds, Bulwer, Frere, Bryant, Stedman, Lawton, and prefaced by an excellent essay by Prof. Appleton. Prof. Appleton has selected such works of the translators as best display the intrinsic qualifications of Greek verse and the methods of its originators. A knowledge of Greek history, literature, thought and feeling is not only an interesting accessory of education, but a factor of great importance to the student and writer, as being the source from which he acquires many of his tools and materials.

[1] Chas. H. Ken & Co., Chicago.
[2] Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Dearest,[1] by Mrs. Forrester, a novelist who is a general favorite, is a story containing some true photographs of human nature, among types with which one is ordinarily surrounded. She seems to have a thorough insight to that intricate mystery, a woman's inmost personality — the worldly woman whose motives are perhaps unconsciously selfish, and who wishes to make everything revolve about herself, the woman who, while being worldly in some respects, and diplomatic, still preserves, by the power of a naturally noble mind, the intrinsic worth and beauty of her character, and the impetuous nature of the young girl on the threshold of womanhood, when every fiber of her nature is reaching out in delicate tendrils, to cling to whatever is most congenial, or, more likely, to that which first wins her confidence, love and sympathy, for this trinity possesses the greatest attractions for the budding nature. The book goes to show that it is of the utmost importance to give young girls some companionship with older women of certain qualifications, as well as that of girls of their own age. Many girls that ordinarily seem dull, unattractive and morose, when brought in contact with a woman of quick sympathies, discretion and true womanly nobility, cannot but themselves expand into high types of their sex, free from many of the petty qualifications often so difficult for the feminine character to overcome.

The story also points out many of the indiscretions of girls, who, on account of their deficient home educations, know little of the world in which they move, and while they may consider themselves world-wise, in reality are comparatively unsophisticated and, therefore, but poorly caparisoned to meet and combat the oppositions and humiliations that crouch on the very threshold of the home.

A wholesome, instructive and interesting book for young people is *Archie of Athabasca*,[2] by J. MacDonald Oxley, author of "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," "Up Among the Ice Foes," "The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa," and several other stories. It contains a graphic description of the region about Lake Athabasca, and the rivalries existing between the fur companies of Canada —in particular between that of the Hudson Bay and the Northwest. A bitter feud sprang up on account of trade competition between these companies, and continued for years, frequently breaking forth in war and bloodshed. The author seems to be thoroughly acquainted with the portion of the country of which he writes, and has given an interesting description of the region and the mode of life of its inhabitants. The story is bright, full of action and adventure. The father of the young hero is an admirable character, possessed of exemplary parental sympathy and discretion. He uses no force to compel obedience from his son, but guides and develops him to think and act for himself, and at the same time to realize the limitations of his own judgment. By this course of action, a bond of sympathy and affection is established between father and son that could exist under no other circumstances. The story is such as will bring the blood of wholesome excitement to the cheeks of the young, and also teach them many lesson of courage, manliness and duty.

Stories from the Rabbis,[3] by Abram S. Isaacs, Ph. D., is a collection of short allegorical tales, the Hebrew version of many of the old stories that have been told over and over again in many different languages. They are quaint, and many of them rather artistic, pointing to those sound and simple morals that can be readily grasped and comprehended by a child, and which yet contain an undercurrent of thought that is also of interest to the deeper moralizer and philosopher.

The Western Author's Publishing Association has issued a volume containing a series of stories, *In the Confessional and the Following*," by Gustav Adolf Danziger. These stories display versatility and strength, and in many instances, a lively sense of the humorous and ludicrous. Mr. Danziger has been engaged in literary work for some years, and has displayed remarkable ability. He is the sole manager and editor of the Western Author's Publishing Co., and is doing much towards facilitating the publication of creditable work of Pacific Coast authors.

Seraltha,[4] by Abel M. Rawson, may be classed, perhaps, among sensational literature, but it redeems itself in its vigorous handling of repulsive truths, and conditions that are, by the majority, considered as inevitable and therefore not to be contended, but accepted, passed over, or passively submitted to. But they are shown to be reptiles that, when drawn from their holes,

[1] Tait, Sons & Co., Union Square, New York.

[2] D. Lathrop & Co., Boston.

[3] Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York.

[4] The Authors' Association, New York and San Francisco.

can be slain. The story demonstrates the mistake of parents in allowing their daughters to attain womanhood in an ignorant condition, that totally unfits them to meet and successfully struggle with oppositions and discouragements. Parents too often take it for granted that they will always be able to protect their daughters as long as unmarried, and that they will be transferred by marriage to the protection of a husband. In many cases unforeseen circumstances throw a woman upon her own resources, and then no matter what her virtues may be, if she should make mistakes, or even seem to, society does not take into consideration her ignorant and unsophisticated condition, but puts the worst construction it can grasp in its scourging hands, upon whatever she does or says. Here is food for thought.

Paul Cushing, author of "A Woman with a Secret," "The Blacksmith of Voe," "Cut with His Own Diamond," and other books, has written a volume entitled *The Great Chin Episode*.[1] It is an English tale of tragedy, full of interest and excitement. The plot leads the reader cleverly into the implications, and as cleverly unravels the mystery surrounding the story. The criticism that might be offered is that the last chapter leaves the story, in some respects, unfinished, as it simply clears up the tragic mystery, but the important affairs of the human heart are not brought to the usual climax that crowns a tale of whatever nature.

Maxwell Gray, whose "Silence of Dean Maitland" has made him popular with readers of strong romantic fiction, has written a novel entitled *The Last Sentence*,[2] which, while it does not equal in strength his best work, is still characteristic, and bears the attractive impress of his original style. This story, in common with many of his others, forcibly presents the disadvantageous result of deceit under any circumstances. He impresses the reader with the result of a mistake or a sin, even if no one but the perpetrator is cognizant of it, and that the inevitable law of justice invariably demands recompense. It is therefore deduced that living under false pretenses is a folly, and that a great deal of suffering and disappointment might be avoided were honesty always maintained. It requires a man of courage to maintain this honesty, however, and a man of deep comprehension, for on the surface, deception seems an easy avoidance of justice, and the coward quails before the immediate condemnation of a society that compresses its vital organs, and thereby abnormally expands that which is gross and surplus.

Gœthe, whose nature was comparatively selfish, and though he was often heard to say that he only sought the society of those who could be of use and benefit to him, could not but lift up the souls of others. His appreciation of womanhood few have failed to recognize in that simple yet wonderful character of Margaret. His chorus Mysticies says:

All of mere transient date
As symbol showeth;
Here, the inadequate
To fulness groweth;
Here the ineffable
Wrought is in love;
The ever-womanly
Draws us above.

G. L. B.

[1] Macmillan & Co., New York and London.
[2] Tait, Sons & Co., Union Square, New York.



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For Memory's Sake.

BY PAULINE BRYANT.

I cannot hate you as I would—
The Ghost of Love is all too near:
I only wonder that I could
In other days have held you dear.

I smile to think how eagerly
Your traitor tongue was wont to plead.
Alas! in my temerity
I leaned upon a broken reed.

You taught me with your lips and eyes
To worship you and only you—
How could a trusting heart be wise,
When such a wooer came to woo?

And yet I might have pardoned all,
And loved you to a bitter end,
Had I not found your soul too small
To merit e'en the name of friend.

Yet sometimes in the still small hours
Old memories throng around me fast,
And lift the gloomy cloud that lowers
Between the present and the past.

And while a softer gentler mood
Bids all my just resentment flee,
I would not hate you if I could
Because you once were dear to me.

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The Value of Contemporary Judgment.

HELEN A. CLARKE, IN "POET-LORE."

As the bulwarks of the old, authoritative criticism are crumbling to decay, there is arising a new order of criticism, to which Browning stands in the closest affinity. One of the fundamental principles of this criticism is the relativity of all art.

* * * * * *

A fine example of its application to art is to be found in the "Parleying with Charles Avison," where he says all arts endeavor to preserve hard and fast how we feel as what we know, yet none of them attain thereto, because the province of art is not in the true sense creative.

"Arts arrange
Dissociate, redistribute, interchange
Part with part, lengthen, broaden, high or deep
Construct their bravest, till such pains produce
Change, not creation."

In short, the province of art is to use the materials of knowledge, of which the *mind* takes cognizance, in giving outward form and expression to the creative impulses born of the soul. Knowledge being limited, art must also be limited in its capacity to all-express these creative impulses. What, then, must be the attitude of the critic?

He certainly must not expect to find perfect creations in art which shall be a law unto all time. His duty will be, as Symonds defines it, "to judge, but not without understanding the natural and historical conditions of the product under examination, nor without making the allowances demanded by his sense of relativity," or as Browning, with the finer human touch of the poet, puts it, he must bring his "life to kindle theirs." The critic in this school cannot dogmatically dismiss some poets as beneath his notice and claim kingship for others. Every poet, great and small, must find a place in his scheme of human art development. Unbiased, he must look down from the lofty summit of universal sympathy.

With the light of the new criticism in his eyes, who shall say to what heights of value the contemporary judgment of the future critic may not rise?





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BY CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

THE UNBUILT TEMPLE.

An angel appearing to a young man in his sleep;—

"If thou treadst watchfully the path of thy life, young man, in the days to come it shall be thy privilege to build a mighty temple, and this temple shall be called great and wonderful by all thy fellows, so exceeding mighty shall it be. See thou value rightly the great things and the small things of earth, and build thy temple so grandly that even thine enemies shall have to say, 'He is great!'"

The angel vanishes, and the man awakes and muses.

"The thing is from above! I will dwell carefully upon it, and read well the words of the wise one. Let me be very strong, and very patient. Shall I, born to do some great deed or utter some divine law, presume to run the risk of missing my duty because occupied with trifles? I will not waste myself on trifles and dissipate all my strength before this great thing faces me, but I will sit down and wait for it, and when it comes it shall find me fully prepared. This is surely the wisest way, to be always ready for the performance of my great duty."

The years pass slowly, and the young man sits still and watches very keenly for a sign. But the years pass, and the sign comes not. The years pass and bring the hour of death, when the angel appears again.

"Accursed art thou, in that thou hast not performed that wonderful deed I foretold thee it should be thy privilege to do."

With sorrow and with anger the old man raises his head.

"Is it my sin that I could not do what was not to be done? I watched, and waited, and prayed, and crushed life's pleasures, and sat very still, but there was no great deed for me to do, no wise word for me to speak. Is it my sin?"

The face of the angel grows dark, and his voice becomes like unto the undertone of the sea.

"Yea, it is thy sin.

"The great deed thou didst miss would have been made up of the little things that thou didst choose to pass by.

"What more shall I say?

"Thou hast sinned, yea, thou hast sinned, because thou didst not see the greatness of trifles, nor remember that what thou didst call 'little things' might be built by thee into a noble temple."

The old man bows his head and is silent, because the years come and the years pass and not for small things not for great things may the years turn backward.

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SHORT AND SWEET.

Eternal assessment is the price of political victory.

Japan boasts of a singing fish. It has musical scales, we suppose.

The parlor is probably the most frequented of all court rooms.

An itching for notoriety is not enough to secure a niche in the temple of Fame.

Talk about fine women in Boston! There are morphine women in New York than Boston ever dared to have.

Some claim that the pulley is the oldest mechanical invention, but probably the crowbar has a pryer claim.

JUST LIKE THE INDIAN.

Doosenbury—Has the Chinaman any rights in this country?

Birdwhistle—He has of course, but he gets left when he tries to assert them.

In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail, but later on when he goes out west and starts into business for himself, then the word shows up in good shape.

Russell Sage does not appreciate the witicisms that are still going the round about that dynamite bomb. Some people, like the schoolmaster when he sits down on a pin, never appreciate a good point.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

"Did you see that latest photograph of Chauncey Depew?"

"Yes, he reminds me of a burglar who visited my house and went off with a valuable painting. Chauncey always did take a good picture."

A BAD BREAK.

Infuriated subscriber (to editor)—What does this mean, sir?

Editor—What does what mean?

"In this obituary notice of my respected wife's mother, you have said she was 'consigned to her last roasting place.'"

A CYNIC.

Mrs. Boulevard—The Infanta took a great interest in the Chicago Fair. She is a close observer.

Mr. Boulevard—Humph! all women are clothes observers.

Here is a hint from Confucius for the bank presidents: "Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising again every time we fail."

Many keep their reputations polished only that they may outshine their neighbors.

Shakespeare never billed his plays. Yet he builded better than he knew, Bill did.

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HISTORY OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING

Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessons the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides everyone knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet) of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

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The articles give ample proof that Mr. McDonald is a pungent and incisive writer, and, while some cannot agree with his conclusions, all must admire his style and the masterly use of the English language.—*Wasp*, San Francisco.

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We earnestly recommend them to our readers for for careful perusal.—*News*, Rio Vista.

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These articles have already appeared in print and attracted much attention on account of the recognized ability with which the subjects were presented. Mr. McDonald is a thorough student, and the salient points of the questions under discussion are brought out clearly and forcibly.—*Gazette*, Martinez.

The contents are masterly essays on important questions of the day—topics of importance and interest to every public-spirited person on this coast—written by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., vice-president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, and reprinted from previous numbers of the *Californian Magazine*.—*Ojai*, Nordhoff.

Those who are at all familiar with Mr. McDonald's method of grappling with these important problems will hail the appearance of these essays with delight. They are admirably written and get at the root of the matter with charming distinctness.—*New Era*, Monterey.

Mr. McDonald is a constant student, thinker and writer upon the great questions of the day. In speaking of the writings embraced in this volume, he says: "If they aid in establishing better standards in political, commercial and social usage, in influencing any citizen to take a firmer stand for all that is good and right in public, then the purpose of the writer will have been served."—*Appeal*, Marysville.

Richard H McDonald, Jr., vice president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, has during the past few months contributed to the *Californian* a number of interesting and scholarly articles on the Nicaragua Canal and other political and economic topics.—*New Era*, Benicia.

These essays, besides discussing the Nicaragua Canal, cover quite a range of economic subjects, the topics being "Is Labor in Danger?" "Regulation of Railway Charges." "How to Secure Good Municipal Government." "Political Duty of Californians." "Our Commercial Growth and the Tariff." from both a Republican and a Democratic standpoint: "Ballot Reform" and "The Danger to the Republic." There is much matter in the pamphlet for thoughtful people to consider.—*Times*, Los Angeles.

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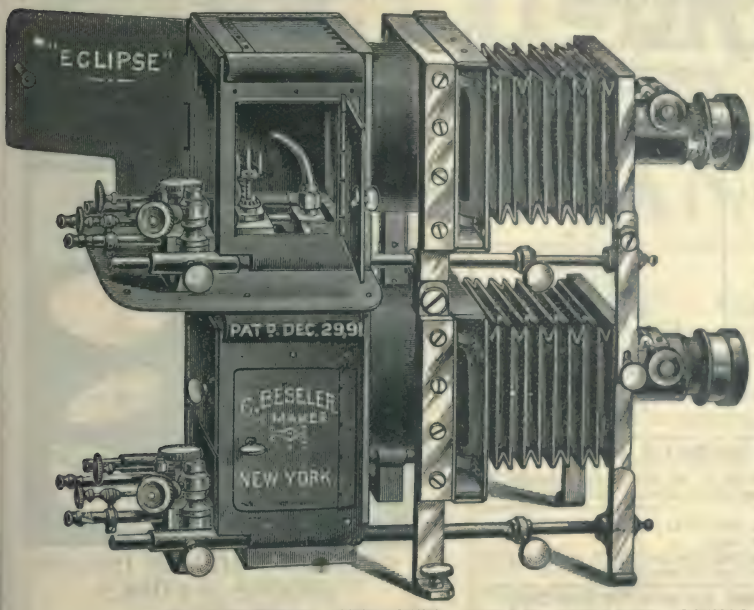
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THE CALIFORNIAN

OCTOBER 1893

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

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"I like the Californian from Start to Finish." OCTAVE THANET.

THE NOVEMBER CALIFORNIAN well carries out the policy of representing the Pacific Coast of North America, yet providing a bountiful feast of literary and pictorial good things relating to the world at large. It will contain **ten illustrated articles,** among which is **"Irrigation in California"** by W. A. Lawson. Charles Edwin Markham, the poet, gives his impressions of the **Pacific Coast Exhibits at the World's Fair,** while Arthur Inkersley will describe his experiences among the **Villagers of Mexico.** A popular paper on **"The Early Americans,"** by Professor Richardson, tells an interesting story, and the frontispiece of the November number will give a graphic view of the last of the Cliff Dwellers, a conception of Alexander Harmer's, who has made a special study of Indian life.



"Sport in the West" is treated in a timely article on foot-ball by Mr. Clemans, Captain of the Stanford University team. Maurice Neumann describes our **Parks and Reservations.** The literary article is by **John Vance Cheney,** who gives a delightful essay on an old book of poetry. The CALIFORNIAN'S series of articles on **"The Chinese"** have attracted widespread attention and in this issue are continued by Mr. Walsh, who describes the destruction of food-fishes by these aliens, demonstrating beyond a doubt, that American food-fishes are being destroyed that China may be supplied with shrimps and shell-fish. John Hamilton Gilmour writes on the Brahmins and India.

Among the papers that will commend itself to thinking people is **"The Source of Reform,"** by Richard H. McDonald, Jr. In poetry and fiction the November number will be particularly rich. Clifford Howard has a beautifully illustrated poem, entitled **"Music,"** while short stories and verse, book reviews, and editorials on current questions of the day make up one of the most readable issues of the fourth volume.

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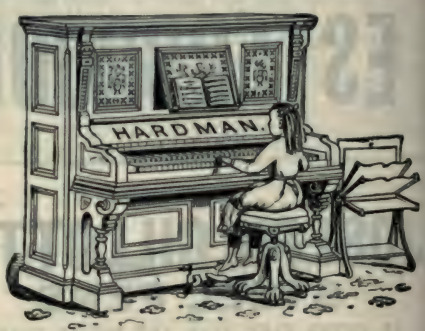
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Assets, $175,084,156 61

Reserve for Policies (American Table 4 Per Cent.)		$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities		734,855 67
Surplus		15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums	$32,047,765 34	
Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-Holders	$19,386,532 46	
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as follows

United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force	352,036 01

Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE.—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such Voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor

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Mr. Holder is a very pleasant writer; more than this, he is painstaking and discriminating. He has made a most interesting biography of the life and works of the devout philosopher. The author's purpose has been to give the story of the philosopher's life in brief and to call attention to its salient features and helpful lessons.—*New York Observer.*

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It is difficult to believe that any one having a taste for natural science can read this biography without becoming fired with a new zeal, reflected from the love of nature which Dr. Agassiz had from his early years to the day of his death.—*Buffalo Express.*

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Taken as a whole no more useful life of Agassiz has been prepared, and this volume can be warmly recommended to all who wish to gain familiarity with one whose name and fame will live always.—*Boston Times.*

A graphic, readable account of the great savant.—*Republic*, St. Louis.

We commend this book to our younger readers who will be captivated by the story of this hero's life and by the charm of the style of him who tells the story. The volume is richly and copiously illustrated.—*Living Church*, Chicago.

The lover of biography will find every page of this neat little volume charmingly interesting and instructive.—*Inter-Ocean*, Chicago.

Professor Holder is most fortunate in his selection of a subject for his latest work, and in his graceful, scholarly style, has succeeded in bringing forward all the most attractive and ennobling qualities of one already much beloved.—*Baltimore American.*

The author has furnished a clear and connected account of the principal features of the career of the great "theistic philosopher of the scientific world in which he lived." —*Boston Gazette.*

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As a biography and character sketch this is a deeply interesting work, while scientists will find in it much of special interest to them.—*Indianapolis News.*

The book will prove a valuable addition to every library, both public and private, and its interesting account of the life so beneficently crowded with activity and usefulness will be read and reread.—*Boston Herald.*

Not so much an elaborate analysis of Agassiz's life and its effect upon the scientific world, as a rather brief story of its salient features, and an impression of the good he accomplished, destined for younger as well as older readers.—*Book Chat.*

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It will be a revelation to Easterners to hear from the pen of the editor of the *Irrigation Age* how tens of millions are being invested in the task of metamorphosing the vast "Arid Empire" of the Southwest into fertile farms and beautiful homes. This October number will be distinguished by further picturesque and absolutely novel features.

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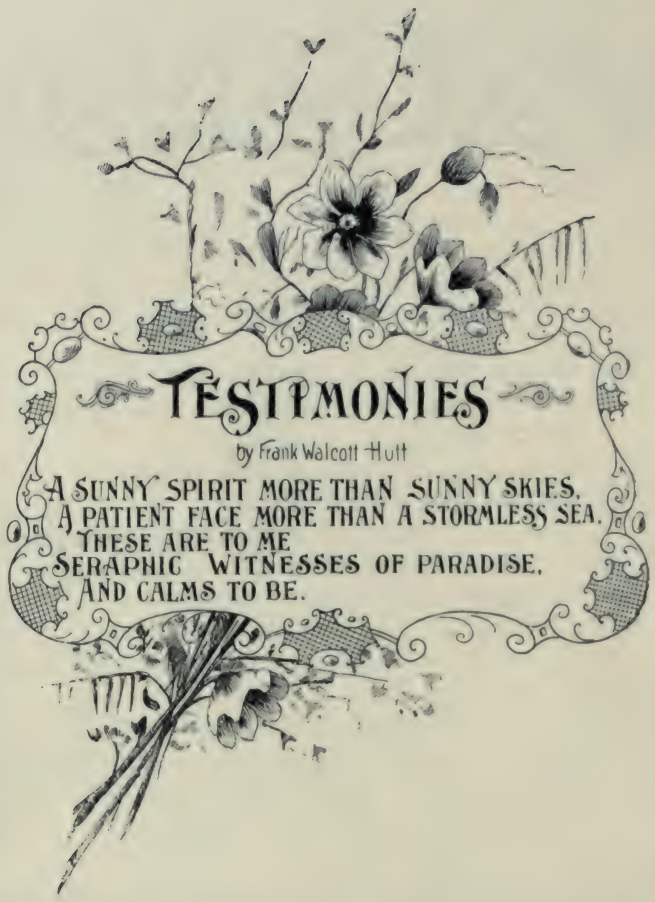
VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1893. No. 5.

TWILIGHT.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

SUN-GODS are weaving silver in the sky.
Low in the west where fleecy pink mists loom
Above far fields of oleander bloom
Squadrons of milky clouds go shifting by,
Pale argosies upon a sea of blue;
From distant marshlands sudden winds spring up
That shake the chestnut from its bronzen cup
And wet the lily's cheek with tears of dew;
In this sweet space beside the mossy wall
Where widowed black-eyed-Susan droops her head,
The nervous wax-wing lifts his top-knot red
As from the pines his mate doth piping call;
Long shadows creep from out the wood, and now
A single star gleams on the mountain's brow.




TESTIMONIES
by Frank Walcott Hutt
A SUNNY SPIRIT MORE THAN SUNNY SKIES.
A PATIENT FACE MORE THAN A STORMLESS SEA.
THESE ARE TO ME
SERAPHIC WITNESSES OF PARADISE,
AND CALMS TO BE.



FIESOLANA.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

THERE is nothing old in Europe, we are apt to say disdainfully with a fine disregard of mountains, rocks, rivers and the like, dating all antiquity from man. And are we not right? Hills, rivers, rocks and plains—the works of Nature—never wax old; only the works of Man age and decay.

But though there be nothing old in Europe, there are some things older than others. One spot I know which comprises in its small circumference the life of three thousand years and is written over up and down its hillsides with the characters of that life; not so that whoso runs may read, exactly, but in such fashion that whoso lingers a little and cares to brush away the dust of centuries may read easily enough.

As venerable Asia may be supposed to look down upon upstart Europe, so venerable Fiesole, seated high on her treble hills, looks down upon upstart Florence in the valley below. Nay, it appears that Fiesole has a right to look down upon Asia itself, if she pleases, for we find this gravely recorded by an early historian:

"From Adam till the time of King Ninus, who conquered the entire world in battle and subjected it to his power, at the time when Abraham was born, there were 2,344 years." And then after a description of the boundaries of Europe: "In which part thus bounded was one primal lord, whose name was Atalan, or Jupiter. And his wife was beautiful and her name Electra. And with them lived Apollonius, a great master of astrology; and all their doings were ordered by him. And they, together with him, chose and selected out of all their realm one sovereign spot, where they founded Fiesole, which was the first city built in the world after the flood of the Ark of Noah. And this spot was chosen by Apollonius as the most salubrious, that is, in respect of its air and in re-

spect of its being under the influence of the biggest and most auspicious planet that could be found."

Or we may rest content with the tale of a second historian who says Fiesole was founded by Atlas to be the tomb of his celestial daughter.

Every one knows Fiesole. Not a tourist who passes through the Lily-City but takes a day (half a day if he be a true, typical tourist), and runs out in the abomination of an electric tram to the piazza on the hill-crest, where he peeps into the cathedral, eats a hasty lunch at the restaurant of the Aurora, buys a straw fan from the Tuscan vendor, and rackets back to town in the tram, confident that he has "done" Fiesole. In this sense and after this manner all know her, but few in any other. Yet she deserves better of men—even of tourists; to tell her history truly would be to tell the history almost of civilized Europe. It would be to go back a thousand years before Florence rose from her meadows. It would be the tale of that mysterious race of remote oriental, half-mythical origin; conquerors of the mysterious Pelasgians (themselves Pelasgians—"Sea-Strangers"), who, with that ship whose victorious prow adorns their earliest coins, brought letters, arts and a civilization already antique to barbarian Italy, and of how this race, so strangely allied to the Hellenic, so widely differing from it, produced Etruria—"Mother of Superstitions."

For *Fæsulæ* was one of the earliest Etruscan towns. Like every other Etruscan town it is the crown of a lofty hill, and the ancient citadel was encircled, after the Etruscan fashion, with a wall whose stupendous fragments remain even now a wonder of the world. Whatever means were employed to place those monster blocks, the force of an entire people must have conspired, morally, at least, for such an undertaking, as marvellous in its way as that sublime system of engineering which rendered Italy, Italy; her plains habitable, and desolate Maremma a fertile garden in the days of Etruria—that same Maremma of which the peasants say: "In Maremma you get rich in a year and die in six months."

The wall and a few treasures of pottery and bronze gathered in the Museum are all that Etruria the hill-city has to show to-day; yet not quite all, either, for a subtle thread of cus-



FIESOLE.



CHRIST AND ST. JOHN.

tom and habit connects the Fiesolan peasant of to-day with that vanished people. Women still dip water from the wells in vessels of an Etruscan form, and the mason graves his plaster wall in wavy lines or dotted zigzags, precisely (we have Ruskin's authority for it) as his ancestor did three thousand years ago.

Otherwise it is a long way from the Etruscan Lucumo and Lar to the modern Fiesolani—a meagre handful of peasants, poor even where all are poor; chiefly dependent upon their straw industry, and in the weaving of fans, baskets, hat-plaits and knick-knacks, eking out the scantiest of livings. Fan-makers receive a centesimo (the fifth of a cent) for the finished fan which sells for a franc (twenty cents) in the shop on the piazza; and if the fan-maker be exceedingly skilful and eternally industrious she may make twenty fans a day (four cents)—but this is in no wise probable. Workers in fancy hat-braids make from forty to eighty centesimi (varying with the elaboration of the pattern) for twelve metres; these I suppose may make from eight to ten cents a day—a day of twelve or fourteen hours, into which must be somehow crowded a modicum of housework and the care of ever-present babies. But there is one great alleviation: each works in her home, usually sitting just within the open door, with access to sun and air and the voice of a neighboring worker. So that even at these prices—even at these hours—the lot of the Fiesole straw-worker has often seemed to me happy compared with her sister's of free and shop-tending or free and factory-employed America. Disaffection, the growing unrest, is not wanting even here.



THE CLOISTER.

"We who work make nothing; the fabricante (employer) makes all," say the women, with a hardening of sweet faces above the busy fingers, which do not pause even for conversation—

and yet Italian fingers were made, primarily, for talking.

But all this is modern—much too modern to be interesting! The poor and the wage-earners have we always with us; who dares have the ill-regulated audacity to assert, in the midst of antiquity, that the antique has not a claim above the modern, and that in all Etrurian Fiesole there is nothing better worth studying than a single one of these straw-working peasants? Who indeed! Let us rather see what else Etrurian Fiesole has to show. She has much; for from the cross of her topmost convent to the waves of Mugnone at her feet, she is set all over with villas and fountains, with churches and chapels and wayside shrines—each of them illustrious, or, at the least, romantic; and the green of Tuscan laurel and the silver gray of olives mantle her from crown to feet.

She was already a thousand years old before the Lily-City won her flower name; and each of those years had added a page to her history, a legendary chapter to her romance. Dante remembered this when, writing in his "Paradiso" of the early Florentine dames, he wrote:

> Another, with her maidens drawing off
> The tresses from the distaff, lectured them
> Old tales of Troy, and Fiesole, and Rome.

With the fall of Etruria, Fiesole fell. Florence, risen at the will of Sylla to supplant, was jealous of the ancient strength of such a neighbor, betrayed her on the feast-day of San Romolo—Fiesole's patron saint, and forced the inhabitants to remove to the city below. And yet again, many years after, Florence attacked the Fiesolan chieftains who still clung to their fortress home, and in a three months' siege conquered them by famine.

Since then Fiesole has no history—only reminiscences.

Below, the Flower-City spreads the enlarging circle of her walls and pushes upward her spires, her war-towers, and bell-towers. Above, gray, sombre, silent, with her handful of buildings clinging to her mountainous sides, and her handful of inhabitants, Fiesole stands like a gray grand-dame whose life is in the past while her children's children play about her feet. Even so she has a charm to draw those who love long vistas of memory and dim shapes of the imagination away from brighter things of Florence to her own silver slopes.

And at times, under a May-morning sun, with all her pink roses nodding over walls, with all her fruit trees showering white rain of petals, and "triumphant nightingales" singing in the ilexes as if day were a nightingale's only song-time, Fiesole laughs with a younger charm than Florence ever wears.

I do not speak of the views—of Monte Sinario whence Dante looked on Florence, of Milton's Vallombrosa, of Val d'Arno, and the far Carraras, though these become a part of Fiesole to her dwellers, and from the stone seat placed on her summit and dedicated "to his wandering brothers of all nations, by an Englishman," the eye learns often to cheat itself with a vision of Eden. A modern innovation—an electric tram—screeches and grates its way up and down the hill; Etruria and the tram meeting oddly—to the disadvantage of the tram. But he who will may leave the abomination, and by picturesque paths, each fall of the foot on historic ground, wind from height to valley.

The ancient citadel is a place of proud memories. They will tell you that Hannibal quartered his troops here for two weeks; that Catiline (of whom this mountain country teems with legends, and from whom even the Uberti were proud to claim descent) when he fled from Rome took refuge here before he went to his death, near Pistoia; that Cæsar besieged the place and Sylla's legions devastated it—legendary history



STREET IN FIESOLE.

enough for one small city, surely, and between the legend and the history it were a pity to choose. If one must choose, however, let him lean to the side of the legend—that may happen to be the side of truth.

The town is a Catholic stronghold now—Catholicism risen on the foundation of other faiths, like its own quaint church of San Alessandro, built in the days of Theodosius, over the ruins of a heathen temple, itself reared upon Etruscan foundations. The convent of St. Francis sends down a stream of brown monks daily, as the Jesuit college below lets out its flight of black-gowned students; "black-birds" we call them without disrespect, for the fluttering of robes and twitter of young voices as they pass is like nothing so much as the startled rise of a black-winged throng from a grain-field. There is usually an elder *frater* in charge of the troop, who casts his eyes sedately down at the approach of an accursed feminine thing.

In the cathedral there are other things to be seen besides the tomb of the patron saint—lovely work of Mino da Fiesole, sculpture, and tracery and fresco by many hands. And indeed all about the ruins and records of an older day which is still young to the morning hour of Etruria, blossom the flowers of mediæval and renaissance art. Every church, every chapel has its altar-piece, its lunette, its fresco by its artist of note. Little wayside shrines start out from corners with a Lucca della Robbia Madonna or Saint Somebody, Bandinelli fountains and stone heads spout from the walls unexpectedly, and busts and statues, of all ages and stages and degrees, peer above walls or look complacently through a rose tangle from a superior terrace. Here and there a tablet set in the wall beneath an image of the Virgin records that "For mercies received" some grateful heart placed it there; or bids you, "O passer-by! say an Ave Maria."

And as for villas—every villa is a history or a historiette complete. Most splendid of all, Medicean Lorenzo's rises wall upon wall and terrace upon terrace against the hillside, all converted into gardens "which Tully might have envied," says Symonds. Here the Magnificent, who greatly loved Fiesole, feasted his friends, held converse with the great spirits of his time, and perhaps wrote those pastoral poems which Vernon Lee (herself a dweller in Fiesole, by-the-bye) asserts to have marked the transition from the "Middle Ages" in literature to the "modern times" in literature—from the poems of "knights and spring" to those of "peasants and autumn." A distinguished ghostly gathering it would be, if one might call them back who trod these gardens—painters, poets, statesmen, churchmen, men of letters and of "courtesie," with a gay dame or two to trail brocades across the stones and lean from the terrace balustrade.

Lower down in the garden of the Medici is the villa Rondinelli, bearing the arms of the Vitelli, a family old as Etruria and infamously famous among the infamous Florentines of a corrupt age. The villa passed from a Medici (Cosimo, I believe) to a Vitelli, who repaid the princely favor by carrying off the Prince's mistress; whereupon the Medici promptly cut the throat of ingratitude, and the remaining Vitelli as promptly sold the villa and moved away, for hygienic reasons, doubtless. It has still its secret stairway, its suggestive cellar-hole, and breathes of Medici most life-likely! There is a cluster of Villini Rondinelli about the large villa and there is no harm in pleasing one's self with the fancy that the young true-lover, Rondinelli, may have burned his student lamp in one of these, ere Ginevra—the well-loved—fled from the death chapel through the Way of Death to him, to be welcomed living or dead, as Love alone—and Love always—welcomes.

Near by is the villa of the Buondelmonti, those Good Men of the Mountain who so dubiously deserved their title, and from whose household division sprang the Good-apart (Buon-a-parte) faction which migrated to Corsica "and has since been heard from," the historian dryly remarks. A step beyond is a long building, by its cross a deserted convent, whose tablet records that Dupré greatly loved these smiling hillsides and whose every gate opens into a romance, one winds presently out upon the Piazza of San Domenico di Fiesole —midway down the slope.

Here is the Church of San Domenico with its close convent, in whose grounds white nuns go gliding like daytime ghosts, and where Beato Angelico shaped his heavenly visions before he went to transfigure the walls of San Marco. Here too, is the old Badia, the favorite monas-



THE CAVE OF MT. CECERI.

died here, and thus the Past comes suddenly down to the Present. In the next garden the sombre brows of Dante keep watch above the wall—I know not if for special significance. Below, on another sweep of Fiesolan road is the cedar-shadowed domain, whose late lord was Landor, but whose armorial pines and the legend, "Pine del Pini," beneath the shrine of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows, speak of an earlier century. Winding thus between villa and garden-walls, tery of the Medici, whither Pico Mirandola—that glass of fashion and mould of form in the days when Florentine form and fashion was the mould and mirror of the best part of Europe—came to meditate and write his learned treatises. The old Badia! —it too runs over with its blithe flock of students, and on holidays and in *Carnivale* the Badia boys give entertainments of their own enacting to the peasantry about.

The Bandinelli fountain which

plashes merrily just above the Piazza may almost have been a witness to the encounter between its maker and that specially "honest man," Benvenuto Cellini, of which Benvenuto has left us the artless tale. He had gone to Fiesole, he tells us, to see a natural son whom he had there at nurse and of whom he was exceedingly fond. When he was about to leave, the child would not part with him, but held him fast with his little hands, crying, so that "it was surprising in an infant of two years." All of which appears to have touched Cellini's heart much, but he remembered that he had nevertheless

To-day Fiesole is largely a nest of foreigners, like so many famous spots of Europe. English and Americans hold the villas scattered up and down its sides, and perhaps are a blessing to the Fiesolan peasants, who make the best part of their little revenues from these "mad Americans" and rich *Inglese*. But more than her air or her sunshine or her beauty, Fiesole has a potent spell which binds her to the future as well as to the past, and insures that she will never be quite forsaken by the travelling book-lover, poet, or sight-seer. One name has given immortality to this winding road which borders upon Mugnone—



THE BAY OF SPEZZA.

intended to waylay Bandinelli, who went every evening to visit his farm above San Domenico, and to attack him and "punish his insolence;" so he tore himself away from the engaging little son and started in pursuit of his enemy. Just as he entered the Square of San Domenico from one side, Bandinelli entered from the other "upon a little mule which appeared no bigger than an ass." Benvenuto made for him with the intention of summary vengeance, which Bandinelli beholding turned pale as death and trembled all over, so that Benvenuto, in disgust, declared he was not worth the trouble of killing and bade him "Fear nothing, vile poltroon," after which, he says, he returned home "somewhat easier in his mind!"

else a "most immemorial" stream. Follow its placid curves (not forgetting that across in that barn-like building is the paint-splashed studio where Arnold Böcklin spent a year or two) and presently this way of Boccaccio brings you to a villa—it was described long ago:

"It was a little eminence remote from any great road, covered with trees and shrubs of an agreeable verdure; and on the top was a stately palace with a grand and beautiful court in the middle; within were galleries and fine apartments elegantly fitted up and adorned with the most curious paintings; around it were fine meadows and delightful gardens with fountains of purest water."

It is the Villa Palmieri. Eng-

land's Queen lodged here a few years ago. Nobody cares for that, but guests of another quality were there centuries before her, and everybody cares. It is the villa of the Decameron. Look well and you may chance to see the fair Fiametta and all the chaplet-crowned Decameronian company beneath the trees; nay, I will swear that which passed me on dusky wing was Federigo's very falcon. For note a singular thing! Here in Fiesole, with grim Etruria enthroned on her brow and a laughing Decameronian memory at her feet —grim Etruria really walled those heights; the splendid glitter of mediæval life once really brightened these hillsides; haughty generals and rough Roman soldiery marched up and down these ways—Landor in his solitude truly lived—and very living are the peasants and the many-tongued tourists. Only the feet of the Decameronian story-tellers never pressed the grass; their voices never moved the perfumed air; and yet, they alone of all the number have outlived death and time, and are the most triumphantly alive inhabitants of Fiesole to-day.

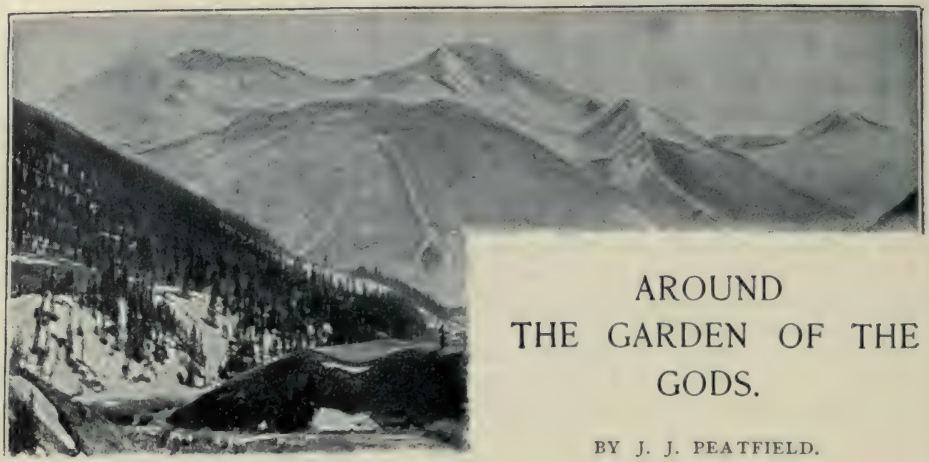
As to-day, so to-morrow. When the last stone of the Etruscan wall has fallen, and the rose and olive have made a winding-sheet instead of a robe for Fiesole, people will say of her as they do to-day:

"Fiesole?—ah, yes! we remember; the country of Boccaccio, the home of the Decameronian story-tellers."



THE BAY OF SPEZZA.





AROUND THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

"SATURDAY, 15th November.—Marched early. Passed two deep creeks, and many high points of rocks, also large herds of buffaloes. At two o'clock in the afternoon, I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right, which appeared like a small blue cloud; viewed it with the spy-glass, and was still more confirmed in my conjecture, yet only communicated it to Dr. Robinson, who was in front of me; but in half an hour it appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill, they with one accord gave three cheers to the Mexican mountains.

"Wednesday, 26th November.—We commenced ascending; found the way very difficult, being obliged to climb up rocks sometimes almost perpendicular; and after marching all day we encamped in a cave without blankets, victuals, or water. We had a fine clear sky, while it was snowing at the bottom.

"Thursday, 27th November.—Arose hungry, thirsty, and extremely sore, from the unevenness of the rocks on which we had lain all night; but were amply compensated for our toil by the sublimity of the prospects below. The unbounded prairie was overhung with clouds which appeared like an ocean in a storm, wave piled on wave, and foaming, while the sky over our heads was perfectly clear. Commenced our march up the mountain, and in about one hour arrived at the summit of this chain; here we found the snow middle deep, and discovered no sign of beast or bird inhabiting this region. The thermometer which stood at 9° above zero at the foot of the mountain, here fell 4° below. The summit of the Grand Peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation, and covered with snow, now appeared at the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from us, and as high again as that we had ascended. It would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, when I believe no human being could have ascended to its summit. This, with the condition of my soldiers, who had only light overhauls on, and no stockings, and were every way ill-provided to endure the inclemency of this region, the bad prospects of killing anything to subsist on, with the further detention of two or three days which it must occasion, determined us to return. The clouds from below had now ascended the mountain and entirely enveloped the summit, on which rest eternal snows. We descended by a long, deep ravine with much less difficulty than we had contemplated; found all our baggage safe, but the provisions all destroyed. It began to snow, and we sought

shelter under the side of a projecting rock, where we all four made a meal on one partridge, and a pair of deer's ribs, which the ravens had left us, being the first food we had eaten for forty-eight hours."

Such is the account given by Captain Zebulon Montgomery Pike, U. S. I., of the discovery in 1808 of the stately mountain which bears his name, and on whose northern base nestle Colorado Springs and Manitou.



SEVEN FALLS.

Pike was an intrepid man, the son of a Revolutionary father, Zebulon Pike of New Jersey. Appointed in 1805 by General Wilkinson to explore the upper Mississippi, he conducted the expedition with such satisfaction that in the following year he was entrusted with a still more important undertaking. Having restored a band of about fifty captive Indians to their people who lived on the Osage River, he proceeded to carry forward his explorations, having been specially charged with the duty of discovering the sources of the Red River. Ever in danger of attack by Indians, closely watched by the Spanish authorities, he finally crossed the Arkansas, thereby violating the terms of an arrangement then lately made between the United States and Spanish governments, and travelled on foot in search of Red River. With great difficulty and much suffering from cold and exposure, Pike and his party, which consisted of one lieutenant, one surgeon, two servants, one corporal, sixteen privates, and an interpreter, reached what they supposed to be Red River, but which proved to be the Rio Grande, and at a convenient point erected a fortified camp in February, 1807. They were not left long unmolested, for on the 26th of the same month Pike was conducted by a squad of Spanish soldiers to Sante Fé, thence to El Paso and Chihuahua. After a courteous captivity of four months, Pike was allowed to return to the United States, via Natchitoches. In the second year of the war of 1812, this brave, sympathetic, and compassionate officer, who was adored by his men for his fortitude and humanity, lost his life by an explosion at Toronto, having been sent with a force against Canada with the rank of brigadier-general. This brief biographical mention is due to the memory of the first American who led the way into Central Colorado.

Other explorers followed into those awe-inspiring regions of the Rockies. In 1819 Colonel S. H. Long penetrated into the desolate wilds of Colorado, and in 1832 Captain Bonneville of the American Fur Company. In 1834, Fremont, guided by the snow-crowned peak that had lured the intrepid Pike, reached the same localities where he and his frost-bitten men had struggled against cold and snow nearly four decades before. There the later explorer discovered mineral springs of medicinal qualities, and his expedition added much to the little that was known about that mountainous region. Both before and after the acquirement of the territory from Mexico at the close of the war of 1846–48, a few adventurous spirits were wont to find their way



PIKE'S PEAK FROM THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

into the mountain fastness of Colorado. These roving adventurers, however, were principally hunters and trappers, and it was not until 1859 that the great stampede westward into the Pike's Peak country took place. The pioneers of the previous year had discovered gold, and in the fall of 1858 had founded the towns of Auraria, Denver, Boulder, Fountain City, and other smaller settlements. The reports of these new gold discoveries caused the rush into Colorado only equalled by that into California ten years earlier. From that time this vast region of prairies and mountain ranges, of beautiful valleys and green gorges, of fertile plateaus and snow-capped peaks, was no longer a land of mystery and dread. Development went rapidly ahead, mining towns sprang up on all sides in that mighty confusion and mixture of the beautiful and the terrible, and railroads have been constructed along lines fearful with dark chasms and beetling cliffs.

The managing director of the Kansas Pacific Railway, during the time of its construction toward Denver, was General William J. Palmer, who formed the great project of opening up a vast region by building a trunk line of railway from Denver to the City of Mexico, as a main from which numerous branch lines could be extended into the gorges and canyons of the Rockies in which the precious metal lay hidden. Unsupported, however, by the directors and unable to obtain a subsidy from the Government, he severed his connection with the Kansas Pacific and proceeded to carry out an enterprise of a different kind. This was the founding of a town which would become the site of a good city in the event of the proposed railroad ever being built.

In the autumn of 1870, in company with Hon. A. C. Hunt and others, he left Denver to visit a locality which Hunt, who knew the country thoroughly and had perfect confidence in its future, believed would offer the best inducements to select it as the site for the projected town. Leading them southward he conducted his companions to the base of Pike's Peak; the advantages of the locality were recognized, and the first step toward the consummation of Palmer's city-building project was taken. A company was organized under the corporate name of the Colorado Springs Company, and took up a track of 10,000 acres of land. Moreover, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company was organized, and the Mountain Base Investment Company, a name which was soon changed to that of the National Land and Improvement Company. These companies acted with such energy



THE SANGRE DE CRISTO.



THE TOP OF THE RANGE.

that on July 31st, 1871, the first stake was driven on the site of Colorado Springs, and within a year seventy-five miles of railway connected the new town with Denver.

Colorado Springs thrived and grew apace. In ten years' time it contained a resident population of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, a showing which proves the wisdom of its founders in their choice of site in face of the fact that it is not a mining town, and that the sources of its wealth are external. It is in fact a sanitarium offering inducements to the health-seeker in climate, scenery, and mineral waters that have carried its fame through the continent. Its name, however, must be regarded as a misnomer, for the celebrated medicinal springs from which it derived its name are located at Manitou, lying six miles to the west. The survey was made on a liberal basis, the site being cut up into ample-sized lots intersected by wide streets, which were planted at great cost with avenues of trees, the sidewalks being skirted by rivulets of flowing water conducted from the mountains by a canal and irrigation work. No expense was spared to make the place attractive. Situated on a level plain, with rich feeding-grounds, and many a fertile valley in the mountains to the west, it has become the home of the ranch owners whose cattle ranges extend for seventy miles away.

Included in the purchases made by the Land and Improvement Company was a beautiful glen at the entrance to Mountain Pass. Here were situated the mineral springs, and here another town-site was laid out which developed hand in hand with Colorado Springs. La Fonte was the name first given to this new watering-place, but it was soon changed to that of Manitou. It sprang into popularity at once, and thousands of tourists and health-seekers from the United States and Europe visit it during the season. The population of Manitou is consequently of a transient character; unlike Colorado Springs, the town is largely composed of hotels and boarding-houses, and has a deserted appearance during the winter, which is the "season" for the residents at Colorado Springs.



MOUNTAIN PASS.

As a health resort the locality of Colorado Springs and Manitou proved so beneficial to persons of delicate health, particularly to those having a tendency to pulmonary weakness, that numbers of visitors from the Eastern States have settled permanently in the neighborhood and engaged in some agricultural or pastoral pursuit, having their homes located at Colorado Springs. Many of the ranch owners and cattle-men first visited the country as health-seekers—both American and English



LONG'S PEAK.

—and being possessed of all the advantages of wealth and education, contributed largely to the social refinement prevailing in the settlement, which its founders promoted by establishing Colorado Springs as a temperance town. Every deed of sale of land given by them contained a forfeiture clause, in accordance with which the property conveyed was to revert to the Colorado Springs Company in case intoxicating liquor was sold at any time on it. Thus this frontier town was a bright exception to its class in social and moral standing, and became a place avoided by the turbulent and dissolute, and an objective point of right-minded and order-loving settlers.

But while these settlements possess all the requirements for personal health and natural prosperity, grand object-lessons are also given in the great schools which nature has established all around; and while the bodily frame is provided for by her bounteousness and kept in health and repair by her hygienic treatment, the education of the soul is not neglected.

The grandeur of her architecture, the magnificence of her picture galleries, the magnitude of her stupendous libraries, which contain the history of the past in countless pages bound in sand and lime-stone rocks, instruct and elevate the mind.

Many are the beautiful attractions in scenery and the wonders presented by natural objects that are within easy access of Colorado Springs and Manitou. Situated at the base of Pike's Peak, whose majestic summit towers high above the surroundings, the former stands on a level plain 6,000 feet above the sea-level, while Manitou, five or six miles to the west, lies at the very foot of that giant sentinel, nestling in a mountain nook. Scenic displays of many varieties are near at hand. Bright pictures of smiling valleys, gay with flowers of divers colors, and resonant with murmuring brooklets and the hum of waterfalls; gloomy gorges into which the sun's rays rarely penetrate; massive mountain forms and stupendous rocks; and oceans of wave-surfaced plains can be seen within short distances from either Manitou or Colorado Springs.

Principal among these wonders of nature is the Garden of the Gods,

which is striking and exceptional in its attractiveness of fantastic shapes in red and white sandstone which it presents, its image rocks, and its stupendous gateway. The huge portal which forms the entrance to this romantic spot is flanked by perpendicular masses of red rock rising several hundred feet above the narrow passage-way along which winds the road that leads the visitor to the wonderful enclosure. When you enter this mysterious recess, you may well imagine that you are intruding into the abandoned workshop of Titan sculptors. For a couple of miles or more the grass-carpeted floor is strewn with colossal rock-forms of many designs, carved in white and red sandstone. Here a giant artist has roughly fashioned a human face and form, there another has erected cathedral towers and spires hundreds of feet in height, while a third has cut out huge pillars with his invisible chisel. Scattered in endless confusion lie fantastic shapes, the ground around them littered with the chippings and fragments split off by the mighty workmen. You marvel at the uncouth ponderous forms, and the fancy creeps into your mind that the sculptors of your imagining wanted persistency in their artistic labors, casting aside their half-finished productions one after another and carrying to completion no single piece of work. But the slow corrosive industry of the elements in their operations upon the solid rocks is not directed to the building up of architectural structures and the modelling of symmetrical forms, but is employed in destruction, and as you look down the long vista of future time and mentally revisit this thought-stirring glen, you



TELLURIDE.

find no relic of these marvellous objects. Disintegration has completed its work.

One of the most ordinary results of this war between active and passive potencies is Balanced Rock, resting on its narrow base. As you stand beneath its overhanging walls, the possibility that its prodigious mass may topple over at any moment inspires you with a creeping fear and a respectful awe. In harmony with the monster forms and monuments erected in this studio of nature and in keeping with their wild designs are the mighty walls that inclose them. On either side rise lofty crags with battlements and towers, and bastions of heavy stone-work, ceaselessly assaulted by the visible and invisible agents of destruction. For ages have they been mute guardians of the rare collection of curios which lies at their base, and for centuries to come they will continue to oppose the insidious foe. In vain, however; for they themselves will finally succumb to the truceless warfare waged unremittingly against them.

Though the Garden of the Gods is a prominent attraction to the tourist, there are other rival scenes that excite his wonder and admiration. Mountain Pass, with its almost perpendicular rock walls, winding its sinuous course through the mountains to the grassy plains of South Park, is rich in natural grandeur and picturesqueness. This defile is a natural highway over the range and abounds in glens and grottoes, precipices, canyons, streams, and waterfalls. Formerly it was lonely in its desolateness; to-day it is a great thoroughfare for the tourist and for traffic.

Wonderful is that tremendous cleft in the mountain side called Cheyenne Canyon, down which rushes a boiling torrent between perpendicular walls two thousand feet in height, down cascades and cataracts; grand is the sublimity of the scenery in Williams Canyon, where the visitor can behold a colossal amphitheatre of nature's building, with tier above tier fashioned out of the living rock; and deeply impressive in these scenes of the Rocky Mountains are the effects of light and shade and coloring, and the atmospheric deceptions with which the rarefied air beguiles the innocent.

From sunrise to sunset a continuous series of changing views and panoramic pictures are presented to the sight-seer. Before the day-ruler rises from his couch beyond the Great Plain, plains that stretch to the eastern horizon, the lofty mountain summits are aglow with his golden rays, and as he drives on his course through the morning heavens, illumining alike ridges and ravines, foot-hills and mountain tops, distances lose their value and perspective fails of its effect and the mighty range seems to stand like a vast moral edifice closing in the west As the sun declines, then light and shade, with their revealing wands, change the great wall into shifting scenes, clothing the mountain slopes and peaks in robes of splendor and enfolding the gorges and canyons in veils of gloom.

Conspicuous among the scenic features of the mountains is the coloring of the rocks. From fiery red to shining white; gray, green, and salmon-colored; cream-tinted and bronze-hued, they supply pictures of inimitable beauty, taxing the artist's skill to represent them with his paint-brush. The harmonious combinations of colored rocks with the bright greens of grasses and trees and the deep blue of the sky are marvellous, and form scenes of impressive loveliness and grandeur.

To mention all the lovely spots and all the imposing displays of majestic forms outlined by the contortions of earth's convulsions in this region; to describe all the boundless views obtained from lofty standpoints, wherefrom in the vast distance land and sky seem to melt and mingle together, with no horizon as a boundary line between them, and to

try to express in words the feelings of exhilaration with which the pure air and high elevation intoxicate the spirits would be impossible. It would be unpardonable to omit making mention of Monument Park and that object idyl, Glen Eyrie; the Seven Falls and the Seven Lakes nestling in a deep basin of Cheyenne Mountains.

These extraordinary lakes, 11,500 feet above sea-level, deserve more than a passing notice, on account of the weird and lovely aspect of the great mountain hollow in which they are cradled. A mile higher up than Colorado Springs a vast basin, betrayed by a break in the mountain's front, lies hidden in its bosom, walled in by mighty cliffs. The great expanse of water that once filled this immense rock-locked reservoir ages ago burst through its confining dam, found its way in beautiful rivulets to the plains below, and shrank into a chain of seven lakelets separated by bands of meadow land, bright in the spring and summer with green grasses and brilliant flowers. The largest and highest of these lakes is but about eighty acres in extent, and lies close up to the south wall of the basin; the others are scattered in irregular groups on the floor of the hollow. The loveliness, the Plutonian gloom, and the almost ultra-mundane condition of this wild, secluded spot, particularly by night, are well described by a writer in one of the New England magazines:

"The peaks which make the south wall of the basin are all between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet high. Over such a wall as this moons and suns come late and stealthily, as if they had no right in the place. The slow approaches of moonlight on a full-moon night are wonderful to see. Its first radiance begins on the northernmost peak while yet all the lakes and the whole basin are wrapped in darkness; it is not a radiance, but a sort of shining dusk, only one shade less than the darkness. For hours this creeps slow as a mist, inch by inch, from peak to peak, round by way of the west; then above the upper line of the south wall comes a white glow; from this gradually diffuses a silvery sheen over the upper half of the valley. Still no moon; still the larger lakes, at the base of the silver-crested south wall, are black. Not until full midnight or past does the first direct beam fall on the water; then it is but a bar—one narrow, sharp-lined, straight bar of white—beneath which the water seems to quiver, shot through and through with silver sparkles; then, in a second more, the moon, as if the bar of light had been her silver wand, lifted just in advance of her, compelling surrender of the spot.

"Dawn comes over in the same way. Long after day has begun the lakes lie purple and black and darkest malachite greens, and the shadows of the mountains do not seem to give place. Not until ten o'clock of the forenoon on the day we left did the full sunlight get in. It came with a rush at the last second. As it swept over us, it seemed strange that it should be soundless, for it passed swift like a wind."

No sunbeam penetrates this deep wound in the mountain's breast until the day-god is within two hours of his meridian. In truth, the visitor to Colorado Springs can gain a glimpse at Plutonian realms or gaze upon the glories of an Olympus; he can find his way into recesses wherein fairies might love to dance by moonlight and hold their "little rout"—spots such as those to which

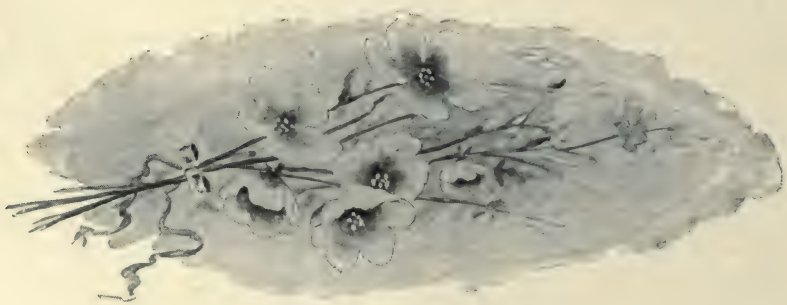
"Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain;
And stealthy Mab, queen of all realms romantic,
Came too, from distance in her tiny wain,
Fresh dripping from a cloud-some bloomy rain,
Then circling the bright moon, had washed her car,
And still bedewed it with a various stain;

Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
Who bears all fairy embassies afar."

He can intrude into dells where the wood-nymphs dwell; he can linger at the foot of falls in whose spray sports the water-sprite, and he can tread on mountain tops and have the whole world beneath his feet.

Pike's Peak, the summit of which the explorer whose name it bears strove so hard to reach, is now accessible to children. A cog-wheel railway has been constructed to the mountain's top, and the round-trips may be made in a few hours from Manitou. There is, moreover, a carriage road, available during the summer months, leading from Cascade Canyon to the same summit on which stands, nearly 2¾ miles (14,147 feet) above the sea, a United States signal station.

It is not, then, to be wondered at, that, with such attractions as this, tourists, as soon as the new settlements became known, flocked to this Rocky Mountain resort, while owing to the pure atmosphere of the region, invigorating climate, and the medicinal waters, invalids visited it as a sanitarium and, restored to health, made Colorado Springs their permanent home. How great was the influx to this whilom mountain wilderness within a few years after the town site had been surveyed may be gathered from the fact that in 1878 over 13,000 visitors registered at the hotels that had been erected, and nearly an equal number found accommodation in private boarding-houses. Since that time Colorado Springs and her twin-sister Manitou have continued to prosper. They are reached from north, south, east, and west by railways that have been built at Colorado Springs as a focal point, since Palmer energetically pushed his line southward from Denver. Young as is the community, it has marched onward with the progress of the age, and on ground which Pike with his ill-clad, starved, and frost-bitten men looked down upon, if they trod not on it, public schools and institutions, churches and noble buildings rise in assertion of civilization's inroad into nature's wilderness and her potent influence over savageism.





A TYPE.

THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES OF JAPAN.

BY HELEN GREGORY-FLESHER.



THERE is so wide a discrepancy between Sir Edwin Arnold's fascinating descriptions of Japanese women and Mr. Clement Scott's estimate of them, that people who have not visited Japan do not know whether to believe that all Japanese women are the charming creatures Sir Edwin says they are, or the soulless, simpering dolls Mr. Scott declares he found them.

Of course every nation has its own standard of feminine loveliness and finds it difficult to understand and appreciate any ideal of personal beauty that does not conform to that particular standard.

The most peerless of our American beauties would probably fail to excite the admiration of an African savage, while the Hottentot belle would scarcely reign as such in a New York drawing-room.

The Japanese ideal is strikingly different from ours. To the native eye, women of the Western world are very far from handsome. That golden-haired blonde loveliness that to us is the highest type of female beauty is not pleasing to the Japanese.

They call those sunny locks red! Indeed, all hair save ebony black they so designate, and when we recall the fact that their artists always depict the devil with fair or red hair, we realize in what estimation they hold it!

The rosy complexion of our blonde to them is florid and unhealthy looking, and the small waist, large bust and hips are positive deformities.

The Japanese ideal of beauty was thus publicly described by a native gentleman at the Paris Exposition: "The head should be neither too large nor too small. The large black eyes should be surmounted by perfectly arched eyebrows and fringed with black lashes. The face should be oval, white, and but slightly rose-tinted in each cheek, the nose straight and high. The mouth small, regular, and fresh, the thin lips parting to show the white teeth behind them. The forehead should be narrow and bordered with long black hair growing round the face in a perfect arch. This head should be joined by a round neck to a large but not fat body. The loins should be slender, and the hands and feet small but not thin, the swell of the breast modest and unexaggerated." Mere physical beauty has never been regarded by



"HONO SAN."

the Japanese as the sole criterion; fascinating manners, a ready but modest wit, and a gift for writing poetry and understanding poetical allusions weigh heavily in the balance, and some of their famous so-called "beauties" owe their reputations as such more to fascination of manner and a witty tongue than physical charms.

Really beautiful women are not common in any country, but Japan has her fair share of them, though the ordinary traveller has not many opportunities of meeting them.

The beautiful women of the aristocracy, with two or three notable exceptions, are not often seen by any one save a few intimate Japanese friends. If they are court ladies, very occasionally some high court ceremony may bring them into slightly more general view.

This is not because there is any Oriental system of seclusion, but because there is absolutely nothing to take them outside the house or castle grounds. There are no balls, no parties, no social functions at which women of this class are present at the same time as the men of the family.

Exceptionally beautiful women in the lower walks of life who are not married to merchants or men of similar standing, whose wives are almost as seldom seen by the general public as the aristocracy, become first-class *geisha*, or 'professional beauties.'

The first-class or "number one" *geisha*, as they are called in the vernacular, are only a little less seldom seen by the "globe-trotting" foreigner than the lady of aristocratic lineage, for the charges for their services are very high, and they do not care to lower their standing by being hired in a chance way by ordinary foreigners or common Japanese. Their services are frequently arranged for weeks in advance, so that money alone cannot always command their presence.

Of course, foreigners who remain any length of time in the country and who mix with the higher-class Japanese usually receive invitations to fine entertainments and dinners, and thus have opportunities to see some of the famous *geisha*, and as a consequence we find Sir Edwin Arnold and those travellers who have seen both these women and those of the aristocracy, that is, who have seen all classes, assert that there are



KATSUMA.

beautiful, very beautiful women in Japan, and this not because their eyes have grown accustomed to the native style, but because they have had a much larger field of observation than is usually accorded the casual and transient visitor, or, in vulgar parlance, the "globe-trotter."

The *geisha* are frequently spoken of as "singing" or "dancing" girls, but "professional beauty" is really a more correct term. The word "*geisha*" itself literally means "*artiste.*"



A TYPICAL BEAUTY.

With us the professional beauty attains that ephemeral distinction not alone by reason of her personal attractions, but through some combination of fortuitous circumstances, and she has a certain social status during the brief period of her reign, if not before. But the Japanese girl who aims to become a professional beauty is trained from a very tender age in all the acquirements necessary to the position, and she holds no social rank.

The *geisha* are not actresses in the ordinary acceptation of the word. They never appear in the theatre or on a public stage.

Their dancing is in reality posturing, or pantomime, supposed to represent some scene from one of the ancient classical dramas.

Besides the *odori*, or posturing, they learn to play one of the native instruments, the samisen, the koto, etc., and to sing according to the Japanese method, which is exceedingly difficult and which most foreigners wish were impossible.

But these are not the principal points in the training of a successful *geisha*. Soft looks, fascinating manners, sweet smiles, witty answers are part of her stock in trade. Her edu-

cation begins at seven years of age, or just as soon as she can be taught the figures of the dances.

A "number one" *geisha* must be cultivated and well read besides being able to dance and sing. Gentlemen who are giving dinner-parties or entertaining guests engage two or three or more *geisha* to come and amuse the company. They sing, dance, and talk, play various little games with their hands and fingers, and tell stories—anything, in fact, which seems to interest and amuse their patrons.

From time to time, some *geisha* becomes famous all over Japan for her beauty and brilliancy, and she is as much talked about as a celebrated actress is with us. Young men rave about her and commit all sorts of extravagances for her sake.

The morals of the *geisha* are of all shades, good, bad and indifferent, varying with the individual, but the *geisha* are quite distinct from the *yugo*. Though the *geisha* are not, correctly speaking, actresses, they hold a somewhat similar position in the Japanese social scale to that which actresses do with us; and there is as wide a bridge between the first-class *geisha* and the lowest as there is between the famous actress whose name is above reproach, and the "song and dance" *artiste* of the dives.

In the same way as some very conscientious but rather narrow-minded people regard every woman connected with a theatre as morally depraved, so some people in Japan consider every *geisha* a woman of bad character.

Of course this is very far from the truth in either case. There are women as good and as pure on the stage as off. It can scarcely be denied, however, that both the actresses of the European theatres and the *geisha* of Japan live in a more relaxed moral atmosphere than most other women, though how much they are affected by it depends upon themselves.

There are two cities in Japan which are celebrated for the surpassing beauty of their *geisha*. These are the two capitals, Tokyo and Kyoto. See-



BEAUTIES AT HOME.

ing that foreigners took a keen interest in the question of their beauty, or lack of it, an enterprising native got up a sort of beauty show in Tokyo in which one hundred *geisha* participated. The six photographs with the names appended were especially chosen for this article. The native gentlemen who selected them considered them among the most famous in Tokyo.

A glance will show that their decision was not based on physical beauty alone, and that other considerations must have entered considerably into their judgment.

The first two whose portraits are given, Yamato and Kameko, would, I think, be considered pretty by almost any one. Like the great majority of Japanese women, both these girls are small — under five feet. Yamato is the taller of the two and approaches more nearly the ideal Japanese type. Kameko is perhaps a more general favorite, being wittier and more vivacious than Yamato.



COSTUME OF A BEAUTY.

The beauty of these two *geisha* is of a certain dainty, refined kind, and though their social status is not very exalted, there is obviously a strain of aristocratic blood in their veins. They have the fair, pale, rose-tinted skin and slender, aquiline nose of the Japanese aristocrat.

Tamagiko and Katsuma are of the same type as their predecessors, but they are intensified examples of it. They are taller and even more slender, and by native judges would probably be considered prettier than Yamato and Kameko. When I say slender I do not mean thin, for they are not that, but their frames are small and delicate.

Katsuma is more stately in manner and of graver demeanor than most of the others, and by older men and classical scholars she is held in the highest regard, for she is more deeply versed in the poets than almost any of her sister *geisha*.

Hanakichi's particular fascination lies in the sweet girlish expression of her face and that undefined charm that youth lends to even plain women, a more than usually evanescent attraction in Japan, where women are old at twenty-five. Kamkichi, too, has youth in her favor, and all the pretty curves and plumpness that accompany it.

Of the nine *geisha* specially mentioned, Hanakichi and Kamkichi are the most attractive to Western people. Their gestures and expression are almost appealing. They have an air of childish confidence, that whether real or assumed is very bewitching—the sort of nameless attraction sometimes possessed by our own women.



JAPANESE GIRLS POSING.

Hanakichi has a browner skin and slightly heavier features than Kamkichi, and of the two the latter is more universally admired by both natives and foreigners (Americans and Europeans) than Hanakichi, but the latter has a more captivating smile.

Katsuma, Ochiyo, and Koriki are *geisha* so famous for wit and accomplishments that the question of personal beauty is thrown into the background.

The *geisha* generally retire early in life and either marry or become teachers of music or dancing. Ochiyo and Koriki have already retired, and Katsuma will probably do so soon. Teachers who have themselves been famous *geisha* are always in demand, for, as I have before remarked, the Japanese "professional beauty" is trained for her calling, and from a celebrated *geisha* her pupils hope to acquire some of the graceful manners and dainty ways that made her so irresistible.

Wives and mothers look askance upon the fascinating *geisha*, in the light of whose seductive smiles the purse-strings of the husband or father are apt to relax too easily.

Into the slender little hands of these girls more than one foreign resident has fallen, and the *geisha* of Tokyo can boast the conquest of many a noted traveller who came, saw, and (was) conquered. Americans and Britons alike have been subjugated by their charms.

Manner and bearing are more highly regarded by the Japanese than beauty, and the same Japanese gentleman who described the native ideal of female loveliness added as necessary accompaniments to physical beauty "a gentle manner, a voice like a nightingale which makes one divine its artlessness, a look at once lively, sweet, gracious, and always charming; witty words pronounced distinctly, accompanied by charming smiles; a look sometimes calm, sometimes gay or thoughtful, and always dignified. Manners noble, simple, and a little proud, but without in-

curring the suspicion of undue assumption."

Not only in these modern days has Japan her noted beauties, but all through her history we find the names of women who were renowned the length and breadth of the land, either for the beauty of their faces, the brilliancy of their wit, or the vigor of their intellect.

In the Middle Ages, the Mikados were surrounded by courts not unlike those of the French kings, and though there was openly no Madame de Pompadour or Madame de Maintenon, many a noble's court, and often that of the Mikado himself, was ruled in spirit by some woman who secretly pulled the string that made the puppets dance.

The first passport to favor was a ready wit, a talent for mechanical verse-making, and quick comprehension of poetical allusions taken from the classical poets.



A BATTLE-DOOR MAID.

As the Shoguns usurped more and more of the actual power and the Mikados sank to the position of *rois faineants*, the court ladies gained ascendancy and the court itself grew in luxury and elegance, and became the centre of refinement and culture. And naturally the beautiful and talented women from all over the kingdom drifted to this centre.

Of these famous beauties of old we have no pictures except those drawn by their own native artists, and in these all the women seem to be of the same curious type. The faces are unnaturally long, the eyes oblique slits, and the eyebrows so slanted that if continued they would meet at an angle—but further description is useless; we all know the Japanese lady as depicted on the fans and jars of her native land.

The question is, are these pictures entirely imaginary, or are they correct representations of typical Japanese women? Most of us are well aware that the ordinary Japanese girl does not look like these pictures, but the question is, did such a type ever exist, and if so, does it still do so? Undoubtedly there was, and is yet, such a type, though it seems to be gradually dying out. The Tokugawas, the late Shoguns of the Empire, are of this type, and some of the ladies of the house are weirdly like the remarkable women depicted by their native artists. They have the same fragile appearance, the oblique eyes, elongated features, and slender, dainty hands and feet of the pictured aristocrat. Beauty of this sort excites more wonder than admiration in the breast of a foreigner, but by the Japanese themselves it is regarded as the highest type. Secluded



THE "GEISHA" DANCE.

in the family castles, these women live and die as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers did before them. An unvaried round of stately wearisome etiquette, with a little music, a little reading, and a little arranging of flowers according to certain formal rules, makes up the sum total of their lives.

Like Sleeping Beauty, they live in a dense forest of exclusion unknowing and unknown. Of the wonderful changes that are taking place in Japan all about them, only a dim rumor comes to them occasionally. Dainty, frail, and almost uncanny looking, they seem like embodied spirits of the feudal ages rather than ordinary flesh-and-blood women.

They are born, married, have children and depart this life without knowing much more of the world and its ways than when they first came into it; a narrow, even existence is theirs, with few very bright spots and few heavy shadows. This aristocratic type differs so essentially from the more heavily built, darker skinned, "pudding-faced" common type, that the origin of the former has excited investigation. It is now pretty generally concluded that while the present Japanese race were all originally Korean, there were two distinct tides of immigration. The first who came over were probably hardy adventurers, who visited the islands on fishing excursions, intermarried among the Aino, and finally settled down and began to develop the country. After a considerable number of these pioneers had redeemed the land and civilized the people to a certain extent, the way being smoothed for them, a more aristocratic class gradually followed them. These latter, being of much higher social status, never married among the Aino, the traces of whose coarser blood is seen yet in the so-called "pudding-faced" type.

So there are to-day in Japan two distinct types—the slender, willowy, as shown in the aristocratic lady, and the heavy plebeian of the low-class woman.

When we compare the Caucasian and Mongolian faces, we find that one of the principal differences is that while the former has a certain prominence about the eyes and upper jaw, the latter is almost flat in these regions. Another important difference is in the setting of the eye. With us the orbit is well defined, both above and below, but with a Japanese woman, the exact line where the forehead begins and the eyelids end would scarcely be distinguishable, were it not for the eyebrows. The eyes of both the Japanese and the Chinese are in reality the same shape as our own, but the eyelids of these races are drawn down so closely at the inner corners as to almost form a fold when the eyes are open. It is this peculiarity which gives that curious oblique look which is characteristic of the Mongolian face. This and the great flatness of the jaw lend the face a singularly meek and guileless look. These differences are also some of the reasons why Western people are not comely to the Japanese eye. According to their standard, the sunken orbit gives to our women even an appearance of grotesque ferocity that is far from pleasing.

In European dress the Japanese woman is, as a rule, far from pretty, though whether she looks as badly to us as our women in Japanese costume look to the Japanese is a mooted question.

The reason for this lies not only in the dissimilarity of figure, but also the distinctly opposite carriage of the body adopted by Eastern and Western women. The bearing considered the most correct and aristocratic for a Japanese lady is the head bent slightly forward, the shoulders rounded, and a slight stoop of the upper part of the body; a submissive deportment being regarded as an eminently proper one for the inferior sex. In the loose, draped *kimono*

of the native dress, such a carriage does not seem awkward or ungraceful, but in Western attire the effect is singularly bad.

The national dress demands a very curious gait, a sort of short, shuffling trot. The narrow skirt open down the front would flap round the legs and make more exposure than would be either comfortable or decorous if our easy, free walk were adopted. In order to prevent the least tendency to striding, girls frequently have a cord tied from one knee to the other. The shuffling is due to the heavy *geta* or wooden sandal, which is fastened to the foot only by a strap passing over and between the great toe.

The *geisha* have a peculiar swaying walk and carry the hands before the body in a manner considered particularly elegant. The dress of the "beauty," the empress and the maid-servant differs only in the daintiness, the richness, or cheapness of the material employed; the cut and style are the same, with the exception of the court robe, which is longer and drags on the ground.

On state occasions, the ladies attached to the court wear long trailing costumes of exquisite painted crepe, set out round the lower edge by a roll of silk batting.

Somé of these court robes are indescribably beautiful. I remember seeing one worn by a Japanese marchioness at a ball in Tokyo, which surpassed anything I had ever imagined. It was of pale blue-gray crepe, with a flower pattern in dark blue, light blue, white and palest rose-pink, embroidered in silver and white silk floss.

The Japanese are essentially a nation of bathers, and the native belle frequently takes two or even three scalding hot baths a day.

Strange as it may appear, this excessively hot bathing has a beneficial effect and is refreshing instead of weakening, as we might naturally suppose. The water used is so warm



THE TOILET OF A DANCING GIRL.

that the bather comes out the color of a boiled lobster; no soap is used, and the little towel, with its artistic blue or red border, is about as large as a fair-sized pocket-handkerchief.

After her bath the beauty rubs herself with a little coarse muslin bag filled with rice chaff, which is supposed to have a wonderfully good effect upon the skin and complexion. Probably its real benefit lies in the fact that the skin is thus more thoroughly dried than by the simple use of the towel.

This part of her toilet completed, a light cotton *kimono* is slipped on, and the *geisha* comes out of the bath-room fresh and smiling, to place herself in the hands of the shampooer, who is usually a blind man, shampooing or massage being almost as popular a resource as organ-playing is in America.

The Japanese *amah* rubs down only, never up, and he uses the flat part of the forearm as well as his hand. Sometimes he rubs with a "massage box." This is a wooden ball fitted into a round wooden box sufficiently tightly to prevent its falling out, but loosely enough to allow it to move freely.

After paying the *amah* the customary fee of three cents an hour, the beauty places herself under the hands of the professional hair-dresser, who comes twice or four times a week, according to the length of his customer's purse. One of the greatest beauties of the Japanese women is long, lustrous black hair, the slight coarseness of which is more than atoned for by its length and abundance.

Unfastening the heavy coil of hair from the top of her head, where the *geisha* had rolled it up while she took her bath, the hair-dresser carefully washes it in tepid water, anoints it liberally with fragrant camellia oil, and fans it until it is dry. He proceeds then to build it into that elaborate superstructure affected by Japanese women. In order to make it into that apparently solid ebon mass, he stiffens it with a sort of black wax, similar to the cosmetique used by our dandies and men of fashion upon their mustachios.

The hair of the native beauty is never disordered, and no husband or lover would dream of stroking or caressing the wonderful coiffure of his lady-love. No rebellious little curls run riot in sweet confusion over her pretty head. The slightest tendency to curl or wave the Japanese girl regards with horror, and every hair is marshalled into place like a soldier.

Except costly and elaborate hair ornaments she wears little or no jewelry—no earrings, bracelets, rings, etc., but the inlaid tortoise-shell pins in her hair may cost a small fortune. After the hair-dresser has finished dressing his customer's abundant locks, he draws out of his case a pair of tiny tweezers and removes all the superfluous hair about the eyebrows, forehead, and neck.

Before the days of much foreign intercourse the ladies of the imperial family and court had the eyebrows entirely plucked out, and two black dots or lines high up on the forehead replaced them; but this custom is now obsolete.

If the *geisha* has no very clever maid, the hair-dresser will probably finish his work by painting Beauty's face for her. First with white rice-powder he marks out two V-shaped points, one running just below the nape of the neck at the back, and the other to a similar depth in front. He then powders her whole face and neck as far as the points indicated, rouges her cheeks slightly, reddens the lower lip in the centre, and carefully dots it with three gold spots. It is not at all uncommon to see the red paint on the lips put on so heavily that it shows the metallic green lustre.

Though all *geisha* and many aristocratic women of the old school still paint their faces upon special occa-

sions, the custom is dying out among the latter. The use of cosmetics on the face is never looked at askance, or as a secret of the toilet as it is with us. A few years ago Japanese women not only painted the neck and face upon festive occasions, but the company were supposed to be quite well aware of the fact. Indeed a native lady would have felt mortified if she thought the other guests imagined she did not know enough to wear cosmetics upon ceremonial occasions. It was as much a feature of full dress as *décolleté* costume is in Europe and Great Britain.

Native ladies who have received a Western education, either at home or abroad, do not openly assume paint or wear the three gold dots on the lower lip. But numbers of Japanese women beside the *geisha* retain the custom. The paint on the lower lip requires that it should be slightly protruded lest the moisture of the upper lip affect it, which tends to give a half-pouting but not ill-tempered expression to the face, though it can scarcely be said to improve the appearance. The blackening of the teeth by married women has become almost obsolete. About twenty years ago the present empress endeavored to totally abolish this ugly practice, and discouraged it not only by precept but by example. The stain was made by soaking iron filings in *saké* and was of so temporary a nature that it had to be renewed at least once a week, and if it was not constantly applied the teeth soon regained their natural hue. Here and there an old woman may be found who refuses to yield to the strange new-fangled ideas that are contaminating the young women of the day, and still blackens her teeth to-day just as she did when first married.

Certainly no custom could be more disfiguring or produce a more ghastly effect, but it has so nearly died out that a foreigner might live for months in Japan without meeting a woman with blackened teeth. Yet Mr. Clement Scott is credited with denouncing the Japanese women for following this unsightly fashion, which is much as if a Japanese writer were to condemn American women for wearing nightcaps, because he chanced to know, here and there, some old lady too conservative to change from the fashions of her youth when every one wore nightcaps as a matter of course.

Until very recently the age and condition of a Japanese woman was signified by the manner in which she wore her hair.

If it was rolled back from the face in one pompadour puff, the wearer was a married woman; if the puff was divided into three, forming one in the middle and one on each side, she was unmarried. Widows wore two different styles of coiffure, according to whether they wished to marry again or not. But these fashions are not so closely followed as they used to be, though they may still be seen occasionally.

In one particular the distinctive way of dressing the hair is very strictly preserved. No woman of good character ever wears the elaborate coiffure or the array of gaudy hair-pins that a *yugo* does. A halo of tortoise-shell ornaments, some of which may be a foot long, and a sash tied in front proclaim to the world at large the *yugo's* calling. Never under any circumstances does the *geisha* wear her sash thus; a fashion which is imposed by law upon the *yugo*.

After the *geisha* has been thoroughly rubbed by the *amah* and had her tresses arranged and her face painted by the professional hair-dresser, she retires to her own room to dress.

Slipping off her cotton *kimono*, she ties two little aprons round her waist, puts a sort of shirt over them, then an inner *kimono* is assumed. This is fastened round the waist by a narrow band called a *shita-jimé*, which is drawn as tightly as possible. The *shita-jimé* is placed not at the waist line, but round the hips and lower

part of the waist. The beauty of a woman's figure, according to the Japanese standard, lies in a straight line drawn from under the arm to the feet. The long, severe lines of the *kimono* do not accord with curves, but demand that the lines of the figure beneath it be as little undulating as possible.

If the fair *geisha's* figure shows an unfortunate tendency to curve at the waist and enlarge at the hips, she procures the assistance of her maid to draw her *shita-jimé* as tightly as she can endure it.

Western dress reformers who advocate the Japanese costume as not only artistic but healthy, would do well to consider these two points: in the first place, though there is little or no compression at the waist, there is frequently very severe pressure round the hips; and secondly, the skirt of the *kimono* is so exceedingly narrow that free movement of the legs is almost impossible.

Though from the standpoint of beauty I admire the Japanese dress, I very much doubt if from the side of ease and comfort it can be highly recommended.

Over the inner *kimono* and *shita-jimé* comes the outside *kimono*, which bears in five places the coat of arms of the establishment to which the *geisha* is attached. If the wearer is a lady, the wife of a gentleman or noble, she wears the crest of her husband's family stamped or worked in these five places, viz., between the shoulders in the back, each side of the breast in front, and on each sleeve near the wrist. If the weather is cold two or three *kimonos* are worn, one over another, while in warm weather only one is put on.

Last of all comes the *obi*, the pride and glory of the Japanese belle. This *obi* or broad sash may cost a small fortune or only a few dollars. It may be stiff with gold bullion, silver embroidery, or of silk woven with an exquisite pattern, designed by some great artist.

A silk cord fastens it at the back, and a cushion or pad is placed under the broad ends. This pad, I honestly acknowledge, spoils the effect of the whole costume, to my eye. The sash ends are frequently too short to be graceful, and the padding so large as to be out of all proportion to the figure.

The *geisha's* toilet is completed when she assumes her *tabi* or thick white socks with a compartment for the big toe, and padded soles. If, however, she is going out the maid brings her sandals of lacquered wood and fine plaited rice-straw, and slipping her big toe under the brilliant velvet strap, the beauty is attired for the street. She is ready then either to pay visits or to go shopping. No hat, bonnet, gloves, mantle, or cloak troubles her. If the weather is very cold a square of silk lined with crepe is tied over the head. Inside of it are two little ear-straps, which make it fit over the head smoothly, but to arrange it quickly and gracefully requires considerable knack. It is always worn square, never three-cornered.

Should the weather chance to be stormy, the *geisha* shelters her pretty head with a paper or silk umbrella, and replaces her sandals with a pair of high clogs.

The "professional beauty" shines in all her glory in entertainments given at private clubs. This is her own particular domain, the realm for which she is so long and carefully trained. She never appears at a public theatre, either to act or dance; that is only for men to do. The *geisha's* mission in life is to make other people enjoy themselves.

Japan is a land of clubs and has been ever since the Middle Ages, when tea clubs (*cha-no-yo*) came into fashion. These institutions have increased and flourished until there are clubs for every conceivable and inconceivable object under the sun. Both now and in those days of old, singing and dancing by beautiful

geisha has always formed one of the principal attractions of club entertainments. Ladies, that is, the wives, daughters, or sisters of the host or guests, are never invited to dinners or entertainments, whether given at the club or a private house. So the brilliant, captivating *geisha*, with her beauty and wit, supplies the feminine element that would otherwise be lacking.

One of the most celebrated clubs in Tokyo is the Koyo or Momeji Kwan, the Maple Leaf Club. The *geisha* connected with this establishment are the most famous and beautiful in Japan, and receive the highest prices for their services.

Whatever the morals of the girls connected with this and similar institutions may be as private individuals, as a whole, they bear a very good character and their conduct while at the clubhouse is decorous and modest.

A member of the club who intends to give a dinner or fête of any sort with *geisha* performances must make his arrangements some time before, as the engagement list of a fashionable and lovely *geisha* is filled long in advance.

The Koyo Kwan is situated in that part of Tokyo called Shiba. It is a lovely, picturesque place, surrounded by maple trees and overlooking the Bay of Tokyo.

Strange surroundings these for a fashionable club-house, but Japanese taste does not coincide with Western ideas in such matters.

The outside of the building and its interior are as beautiful as are the surroundings. Everything in any way connected with the Koyo Kwan bears the imprint of the maple leaf. The carvings round the ceilings, the square crepe cushions for the guests, the dresses of the attendants, even the little tables and tiny *saké* cups show the same pretty emblem. The sweetmeats offered at the end of a meal are deftly moulded into this shape, and colored brilliant red, yellow, pale green, etc., to give them the appearance of autumn leaves touched with the frost.

During the latter part of my visit in Tokyo it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to a dinner at this club.

The host was a very distinguished Japanese gentleman of views so enlightened that he is known by the sobriquet of "Young Japan."

This gentleman, Mr. Fukuzawa, has not only established a college for the training of young men, but he is also the editor of one of the most advanced papers in Japan.

The dinner was a very gorgeous and elaborate function, for upon such occasions the Japanese spend money with lavish prodigality.

There were about a hundred and fifty gentlemen present and only four ladies including myself, the latter all foreigners of course. The apartment in which we dined was in reality three rooms thrown into one. All round it ran a ledge of beautiful polished and grained wood about eight inches high and three or four feet wide. Upon this the large square crepe cushions were placed on which the guests sat.

Through some misunderstanding my invitation was not received until the dinner had begun.

Arriving at the door of the clubhouse the writer was met by a group of girls in soft dark *kimonos*, stamped with maple leaves. These were the attendants of the club, and two of them kneeling before me unbuttoned my boots. Knowing that a Japanese house could not be entered with boots on to cut and mar the fine, soft matting with sharp leather heels, a pair of bedroom slippers had been provided by me, being convinced that upon entering in my stocking-feet, there would be a nervous apprehension lest some hitherto unsuspected and impish hole should suddenly make its unwelcome appearance to disgrace me in the face of that distinguished company.

Five courses had passed, and there were thirty-five more to follow.

All the guests sat on their heels on their square cushions; an attitude to which the Japanese are accustomed, but which foreigners find very trying.

Before each stood a little lacquer stand about four inches high, and on this was set the dinner in tiny bowls, saucers, and cups. Pretty Japanese girls attended the guests, each one waiting upon three or four, before whom she knelt in turn, or as her services were required.

Neither bell nor gong was used to summon the servants. A guest who desired attention simply clapped his hands sharply together and a girl came running immediately to know his wishes.

The first course had been *soy*, that most delicious of all Japanese sauces. Another was boiled lotus root, which to my untutored palate tasted like cold boiled potatoes very much sweetened. There were flakes of raw fish which we all ate and enjoyed. But of all those forty or more courses two dishes were especially delicious. One of these is a sort of soup made of tiny oysters and the other boiled *hachi-ya-kana*. There were salads innumerable, seaweed *daikon* and bean sauce.

For one course a soup made of little eels was brought to us. We hoped those eels were not alive, but they did not taste cooked.

Presently three beautifully dressed *geisha*, carrying their musical instruments, entered the lower end of the room, and, after prostrating themselves in salutation, withdrew to one side. Seating themselves they began to twang their instruments and sing in a highly dramatic though rather discordant manner.

In a few moments three gorgeous radiant creatures in soft crepe *kimono*, covered with a pattern suggestive of maple leaves, glided in. One of the attendants handed each *geisha* a gilt fan with which they went through a variety of figures called the "Tokyo Dance," but which was more like some sort of drill than a dance. This particular performance is so exceedingly difficult and so seldom given, that some of the foreigners present, who had been resident in Japan for fifteen years, told me this was the first time they had seen it.

To describe the figures or poses would be impossible, but the soft, gayly colored dresses, the glittering fans, and the rhythmic motion produced a brilliant kaleidoscopic picture not easily forgotten. Suddenly the dancers dropped their fans to the floor, then fell on their knees and, bowing, rose and glided from the room as noiselessly as they had come in.

After an interval of twenty minutes, during which the dinner went on, two *geisha* entered, one wearing the trailing, inflated court robes of former days, and the other full, loose trousers, and carrying a long spear. After saluting the company (as is customary) these *geisha* enacted a scene from one of the classical dramas. It represented in conventional style the famous duel between Yoshitsuné and the giant Benkei, on the Hojo Bridge. Yoshitsuné, an historical hero, is said to have been gifted with superhuman agility, and tradition declares that upon this celebrated occasion he conquered the bewildered Benkei by jumping up in the air until he was out of sight, each time the latter made a pass at him. As a matter of course, the principal feature of this scene was the extraordinary springs into the air made by the *geisha*. Many of these leaps were exceedingly difficult, but they could scarcely be called either graceful or beautiful.

During the progress of the dinner, there were in all four *geisha* performances, two of which were scenes from plays, and two emblematic dances. The dresses were gorgeous, the *obi* stiff with gold bullion, and the coloring and materials of the *kimono* magnificent. The costumes that most

vividly impressed themselves upon my mind were worn by three *geisha* who took part in a dance called "The Maple Leaf." Their long, trailing *kimono* were of heavy ribbed white crepe strewn with deep crimson maple leaves, and their *obi* scarlet silk woven with gold leaves.

Two of the *geisha* who danced that evening were beautiful, the other only pretty or good-looking. One of them, a beautiful, unusually tall girl, was Ai-san, a beauty famous all over Japan for her loveliness. Slender and willowy, she looks taller than she really is. Her perfect oval face is set with great dark eyes, whose pleading, melancholy expression is enhanced by long black lashes. Her mouth is that prettiest of all shapes, a "cupid's bow," behind which her little white teeth show when her crimson lips part in that pathetic yet brilliant smile which is one of her greatest attractions.

No one who has seen these lovely *geisha*, in their rich brocades and dainty silks, can have any doubt concerning the beauty of Japanese women, but all will agree that the standard is different, and usually those Japanese women who are prettiest in our judgment are not so in the opinion of their countrymen. This fact was brought to notice by a little incident that occurred at the dinner before mentioned. It was remarked to a Japanese gentleman that a certain relative of Mr. Fukuzawa's was a very handsome man.

"When you see Mr. —— I think you will find him much handsomer," was the reply.

In a few moments the gentleman in question was introduced. He was short and slender, with a long, narrow face, oblique eyes, and slanting eyebrows, the male counterpart, in fact, of the conventional pictures of Japanese ladies, yet his countrymen considered him much handsomer than the man admired, who was tall, broad-shouldered, and well made, with a strong, manly face of much the same type as the familiar picture of Murillo's "Neapolitan Beggar"—a handsome, Italian cast of features, seen from time to time among the Japanese.

To compare American and Japanese women mentally, morally, and physically, is no easy task. If we are to judge of the beauty of these women by our own standard, the mass of Japanese women are not as good-looking to us as American or European women. But this is about as fair a criticism as if we asked a Japanese to tell us if he found our women beautiful as compared with his countrywomen.

Allowing the comparison, whether fair or unfair, there are Japanese girls whose beauty even the most prejudiced must acknowledge; lovely women, whose clear, white complexions, soft, dark eyes, and delicate features would excite the admiration of either Americans or Europeans.

One in particular rises before the writer's imagination, a vision of dainty loveliness that could not easily be surpassed; soft, dark eyes, fringed with jetty lashes, set in a face with the exquisite tinting of a child's skin; pencilled eyebrows, a small, scarlet mouth, pearly teeth, and hair so black that it made the complexion more white by contrast. She was the eighteen-year-old wife of a typical modern Japanese nobleman, but she wore the national dress of her country, the *kimono*, and her lower lip was painted with three gold dots.

Undoubtedly, to our eyes the ordinary plebeian Japanese women are not pretty. Their soft and courteous manners may bias our judgment in their favor, but in reality they are as little beautiful to us as we are to them.

Here and there in the streets of the cities, or perhaps in the villages, we may meet pretty girls, but great beauties are as rare in Japan as all the world over.

What Japanese, even of the better

class, travelling through America, sees our noted beauties? Though, indeed, as some of our fairest women are to be seen on the stage, he has more opportunity in this regard than foreigners have of seeing Japanese women, for they never appear at any theatre or on any stage.

Of the aristocratic women, the Marchioness Nabeshima is considered, both by foreigners and the Japanese themselves, to be the most beautiful of all the court ladies. She wears European dress, for she was educated in Paris, and is as lovely a little woman as one could imagine.

As to the mental capacity of the Japanese woman, when we remember her opportunities we must acknowledge that she has redeemed them gloriously, for her greatest obstacle,—want of education—she made the stepping-stone to success.

Her countrymen thought women unworthy and incapable of learning the classic Chinese characters and literary style taught all well-educated men. The result was most curious. Men wrote their books in stilted, formal Chinese, so that there was and still is a great gulf between the written and the spoken language; but women could neither read nor write these formal, dry-as-dust productions, so they wrote their own books, and to-day the classics of the living Japanese language owe their existence to women.

Mr. W. C. Aston, the authority on Japanese literature, says: "I believe no parallel is to be found in the history of European letters to the remarkable fact that a very large proportion of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature is the work of women."

Murasaki, a court lady of the Middle Ages, wrote the *Genzi Monogatare*, which is the recognized standard for the language of her time.

The *Ise Monogatare* and *Makuri Zoshi*, which are classics, and a great deal of the poetry of the period, were written by women.

Japanese men have always admired women gifted with wit, poetic facility, and sparkling repartee, and in these the *geisha* and the court lady excel.

But in such matters it is almost impossible for a foreigner to judge, unless resident in the country many years, owing to the difficulty of communication, for Japanese is one of the most intricate languages in the world. But that there have been Japanese women of great intellect, history plainly proves. When we remember what they have accomplished in literature and in art, that four empresses besides the warrior-empress Jingu ruled Japan with remarkable ability and firmness, not to say brilliancy, we can hardly in fairness assert that Japanese women are lacking in mental endowment.

Native history would show a woeful hiatus if all the names of women were stricken from its pages.

Many Japanese women were expert in the use of arms and thoroughly understood the art of fencing, besides the use of the more warlike weapons.

They are devoted wives and mothers, and whether legally married or bound only by some irregular tie, they are faithful and true—adultery being almost unknown among women.

There is much the same difference between them and our own women as there was between our great-grandmothers and the men of their day. They have had neither the education nor the advantages of our girls, but every day they more nearly approach the Western standard. Already there is beginning to be as wide a breach between the old-school Japanese women and the modern native girl as there is between the nineteenth-century American woman and the English girl of the eighteenth century.

Hitherto the *geisha* has been the only educated woman in Japan, except the ladies of the court, whose numbers were so few as not to affect the question. In consequence, many

a clever *geisha* made a brilliant marriage, simply because she added to her other attractions a cultivated mind.

Foreign writers, who know whereof they are speaking, predict the gradual disappearance of the *geisha* before the spread of Western ideas.

The modern Japanese man will seek his amusement at the public theatre, where he will soon expect to see actresses as well as actors, and the lovely, captivating *geisha* will sink into obscurity, or seek some other occupation.

But with her will disappear one of the most fascinating and characteristic phases of Japanese life, and the reign of the genuine "professional beauty" will be o'er.

TO CALIFORNIA'S GRATE FIRES.

BY MINNA V. GADEN.

WHETHER primeval forests there are burned,
In by-gone age by mightier agents turned
To thine account, or whether blaze the logs
Thy mountains grew above thy cities' fogs
Up in the sunshine they perpetuate
Whene'er they burn within the peaceful grate,
The hearths of California's homes must be
The scenes where painters of her destiny
Shall ever their best inspiration find,
The place where future greatness is enshrined.
Before the lifted curtain of the grate
Are the great scenes enacted of the state,
Its real drama played upon the stage
Of the home life of every passing age.

The gold, resplendent sunshine that we boast
Is ever prodigal to give us most
Abundantly the daily bread of life,
And that with minimum of daily strife
Is concentrated in the firelight's glow
To warm our homes and hearts to overflow
With that which satisfies the larger needs
Of life, our spiritual nature feeds.
Philanthropy is born within the home
And gently nurtured there. Though it be grown
To full estate and peaceful empire sway,
Still must its life be lived at home. No rays
Of sun a wide prosperity requires
So much as those transformed in altar fires.



THE WILD WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS ISLAND.

BY JAMES M. GIBBONS.



IF we could form a mental picture of San Nicolas Island as it appeared half a century ago, we should find its physical features the same as those which it presents to-day—a rocky, wave-beaten finger-tip of nature peeping above the surface of the Pacific nearly due southwest of Los Angeles, moss-carpeted where the brushwood has found no soil wherein to take root, and rising in the centre so as to form a hill with somewhat steep declivities. We should perceive at the base of this eminence springs of fresh water which would supply the unfortunate mariner who might have the ill-luck to be cast away on that uninviting shore. Wild dogs would be seen roaming about or stealthily creeping up to the seals that lay basking in the sun and slumbering on the craggy rocks and beach, while shags perched on peaks and slabs plume their oily feathers in the warm rays. The twittering of small birds in the brush might also form part of this mental impression. These would seem to be the only signs of animal life on the island, and our first impression would be that it was uninhabited by human being. A closer scrutiny, however, would reveal to us on the mainland side of the hill three small brushwood huts with frameworks of the bones of the whale, and a low brush fence before them as a wind-break. In front of one of these lowly huts would be seen a woman squatted on the ground engaged in weaving a water vessel, or bottle, her textile material being grass fibre, of which she had an abundance at hand, collected from the margins of springs and the moist, swampy patches which occupy the nooks and recesses of the island. Ever and anon she raises

her eyes from her work, gazing wistfully seaward, and if a vessel should heave in sight she would be seen to rise excitedly, calling out "Manequauna" at the top of her voice and frantically waving her arms. Then, as the vessel bears away, dipping and rising with the billows, its crew unconscious of her call for rescue, she "puts her head on the ground and lies on the ground and weeps." She is a very comely woman of the Indian race, though her features are weather-worn and her hair matted and sun-bleached. Her well-developed, muscular figure is displayed under her tightly fitting coat, which with Indian patience she has made out of the skins of shags caught by night while asleep on the crags by the shore. The lone Indian on that little sea-girt isle is the Wild Woman of San Nicolas Island.

The story of the Wild Woman of San Nicolas Island is a singular one. Outlines and summaries of it have been published from time to time, but a full account has never been given, nor has any part of it been presented as related by the principal actors engaged in her rescue after she had lived in solitude for seventeen years on that lonely isle. That it can be so given now is due to the zeal and thoughtfulness of Mr. D. W. Thompson, one of the fathers of the City of Flowers, and to him we are indebted for a decidedly curious page of history. In 1882 Mr. Thompson, accompanied by a short-hand reporter, sought out those principal actors—the venerable pioneers George Nidever and Charles Brown—and by elaborate questioning obtained full particulars connected with the unfortunate woman's career. From their statements we are enabled to furnish the following narrative of facts.

George Nidever was born in Tennessee in 1802, and left home when only ten years old to follow the vocation of a hunter and trapper. The first field of his operations was Arkansas; thence he proceeded to Texas, which at that time belonged to Mexico. Returning to Arkansas, he joined a company which left for the Rocky Mountains to trap beaver. At starting the party was forty-eight strong, and, ever pushing westward, thirty-six of them, among whom was Nidever, finally reached Monterey in 1834, twelve of their number having dropped out by the way. The journey occupied several years of adventurous travel, during which time the party subsisted on buffalo, deer, and bear meat, experiencing much annoyance from Indians, who stole their skins and otherwise molested them. After reaching California, Nidever settled down at Santa Barbara in 1835 and engaged in sea-otter hunting, a vocation which he pursued for thirty years, during the earlier part of which period he took part in several conflicts with Indians.

Charles Brown, whose real name is Carl Ditman, was twenty years Nidever's junior, having been born in Prussia in 1822. He followed the sea for ten or twelve years, and reached California in 1844, sailing under Captain Wilson. He also engaged in otter-hunting, and has remained permanently in the country ever since his arrival.

It is conjectured by these pioneers that all the Santa Barbara Islands were settled by Indians, who according to Brown were much molested by the tribes from the northwest. These warlike savages would cross the channel in their canoes and hunt and shoot the poor islanders, "just for mischief." Whatever may have been the reason for adopting such a measure, the Mexican government, Nidever informs us, decided to remove the Indians dwelling on the island to the mainland and distribute them among the missions. It is with the removal of those on San Nicolas that our narrative is concerned.

The small schooner sent by the authorities to bring off the family,

which consisted of seven or eight members, was called *Better-than-Nothing* and was in command of an old sea-otter hunter named Sparks. They succeeded in getting all on board except the woman, who, though brought down to the beach, was so distracted at her two children having been left behind that they let her go back and sailed away. There is some doubt whether she had one child or two, but Mr. Brown says: "I understand she made plain signs; showed two fingers for two children. She shook her breast; one was nursing and the other had teeth. She sucked her fingers." Little it matters now whether she had one or two babies: the cruel fact remains that the poor creature was abandoned to her fate by Sparks and his crew, heartless semi-savage hunters who recked little of the life of an Indian. To judge from reports handed down, it may be inferred that she returned to the beach before the schooner was at any great distance from the shore. Otherwise how could such a detail originate and become current as this narrated by Brown? "When she got there [the lower part of the island] she found the vessel going away. She called 'Manequauna!' They made signs to her that they would come back. She put her head on the ground and laid on the ground and cried; and they never came." And again he says: "They told her they would come back to-morrow, but they never came back." So she was left to return to her desolate hut, with the wild dogs and the sea-birds' cry rising above the hoarse murmur of the surf howling by night around her. Nidever states that after she was brought off the island by him seventeen years later she made signs that her child had been devoured by the wild dogs. Those creatures were numerous on the island at that time, but were poisoned off many years later. The same authority informs us that it was the intention of Sparks to go back for her, but the schooner was lost soon afterward on a voyage to San Francisco, and then adds: "All thought the woman would not live long, so they did not go back." The reader must form his own conclusion with regard to this sad episode.

It is not difficult to picture to one's self the condition and miseries of this lonely woman, separated from husband and family and dependent on herself for every necessity of life. We can see her day by day gazing seaward, on the watch for the boat. The days summed up into months and months grew into years, but no schooner returned. She saw ships going by, this way and that, but nobody came for her. Her cry of "Manequauna" was unheeded, and as time lapsed she became adapted to circumstances and her surroundings. With deft fingers she wove baskets and water-tight vessels, smearing the latter with melted asphaltum; she twisted the sinews of seals, which she caught while sleeping, into fishing-lines; she dug up the succulent roots of plants and roasted them over fire obtained by rubbing two sticks together; and clothed herself in sea-bird skins which she sewed together with fine sinew with the aid of needles made of bone. As the years passed by she became contented with her lot; time dulled her grief, and she accepted the situation with the stoical resignation of her race. Fish, seal flesh, and roots formed her diet; pure spring water was her only beverage. Once she fell deadly sick, lying helpless on the ground for days before she recovered. Pioneer Brown says: "She made signs that she had been sick, lying in the dirt for days. She could not move; all alone, she was down sick and got well."

But the day arrived when the white man again interfered with the current of her life, and with fatal result. The time came at last when she was to leave her island home. It seems to have been suspected, if not confidently understood, that a wild woman

was living on San Nicolas Island, for Padre Gonzales, of Santa Barbara, requested Nidever to search for her. "I went over three times," he says, "before I found her." On the last expedition Nidever took over several Indians in addition to two or three white men as crew, Pioneer Brown being also on board. Reverencing first-hand matter more than literary form, we will quote the words of the aged pioneer's dictation as he narrated the circumstances attending the finding of her: "We took all ashore except the cook. We thought she would try and hide, and we scattered off, two or three hundred yards apart. She had a little house made of brush, and had a fire. Sitting by the fire with a little knife, she was working with it. She had a bone. All came up and looked at her well. She had a heap of roots. That is what she lived on; she had little sacks to carry them in. As soon as we sat down she put a lump of them to roast on the fire. Finally we got ready to go, and made signs for her to come with us. She understood the signs, for she picked up her things to take them on board. She did not appear to be seasick at all, and was contented. Next day we moved ashore and stayed there a month and killed a good many otter. She appeared to like everything we had to eat. She was very willing to come with us."

Brown is much more circumstantial in his account, which may be explained by the facts that, being so much younger than Nidever, his memory of the occurrence was more retentive of particulars, and that he was the principal actor in the search. From his dictation we learn that Nidever had previously to this third visit to the island seen signs of the Indian woman, but had afterward failed to find the tracks. On the occasion when Brown accompanied him, the weather was stormy, and it was three days before they could effect a landing. It will be interesting to many readers of the CALIFORNIAN and only justice to the old pioneer himself to quote from his dictation some portion of the account he gives of the finding of the Wild Woman. He says:



THE WILD WOMAN AT WORK.

"I went round the head of the island and found tracks of the woman; went back and told the old gentleman that the wom-

an was alive. He said it must be some of our Indians. I said, 'Our Indians have got bigger tracks than that.' He said, 'Well, if you think she is alive, let us hunt for her, and take all the men ashore.' We went up to the head of the island. There was a kind of hill in the middle. I put my Indians a couple of hundred yards apart. I did not know what kind of woman she was, thought she might bite or scratch. We went from one side of the island to the other and could not see the hill, and she was sitting on the side of the hill watching us. When we got across to the Indians I said, 'There's nothing here, let's go back.' There was a basket and some feathers. She catched shags and had a coat made without sleeves, nicely covered with seal-skin. I said to the Indians, 'You go to the hill and scatter the feathers and things in the basket, and if she is alive she will find them.' The same day we found them all gathered up again and put in the basket."

On the following morning Brown persistently continued the hunt. Toiling up the hill, when he was about half-way up, he caught sight of her. She was carrying something heavy, and rested at intervals as she ascended. Presently he came in sight of "three huts made out of whale-bone. Here he expected to find her, but peering in found that she was not there. Presently he espied "something like a crow sitting on a whale-bone," and perceiving that it was the woman he was in search of, he raised his gun with his hat on it as a signal to the Indians whom he hastily summoned, as he did not know if she would "bite or scratch." He thus continues his narration:

"She had a brush fence, about two feet high, to break the wind, and right in front of me she sat facing me. The sun was coming in her face. She was skinning a seal before I came up to her. The dog, when he noticed me, began to growl. Thinking she might run I stepped round her, and she bowed as if she knew me before, and when the Indians came up they all kneeled." The poor creature, when she saw beings of her own color and race, "held out some of her food" to them. She exhibited no fear, and at a sign went without demur with her captors, if such they can be called, though she afterward gave them to understand that she would not have joined them if they had not found her. Brown and his followers carried away with them all her primitive belongings. "I took everything she had," he says, "and she took a big seal-head in her basket, and that was all. We all had something to carry." Arriving at a watering-place "she washed herself over. Her hair was all rotting away, and kind of bleached by the sun." When they reached the vessel she kneeled and crawled to the stove which was on deck. Brown gave her some biscuit which she enjoyed, and made petticoats and skirts for her out of bed-ticking and sailors' clothes.

During their month's stay at the island, the Wild Woman was perfectly well and happy with her new friends. She camped out with them, living on the same food that they did, fetching fuel and water for herself, and returning to camp without making any attempt to escape. In camp she would "play like a child," or occupy herself in making baskets, working at a dozen or more of them. She worked on one and then on the other, never finishing them. She liked potatoes, rice, and fish; she did not eat much, but often, just like a child. Brown narrates a touching incident which marks the sympathy of this child of nature for dumb animals and her kindly disposition. She had a young sea-otter, and to prevent the sun from shining in its eyes, she rigged up a shade with sticks and hung it over the little creature.

On their return to the mainland they encountered rough weather, yet the Wild Woman would not stay be-

low, but remained on deck making signs to the men "to pray for the wind to go down." On their passage they discovered that she had names for all the islands, but Brown could not recollect them. "When we came to Santa Barbara beach there was nobody living there except old man Nidever. Seeing the boys coming along on horses, she thought it was awful; and when she saw the cattle she crawled on the sand beach on her hands and knees."

When the Wild Woman reached Santa Barbara all her family were dead. They had been taken to San Pedro, where they pined and died under the Indian-destroying wand of civilization; so nobody could understand her dialect. The priests tried hard to get her life's story from her, but her gibberish was unintelligible. Indians were brought to her from Ventura, Santa Barbara, and other places, but they could only understand a few words spoken by her. Nidever states that efforts were made to find some tribe that could talk with her, but without success. Finally an old woman who had been raised on one of the islands was found who could understand what she said to a limited extent; but most of her communications were made by means of signs.

At the Mission of Santa Barbara the Wild Woman was baptized under the Christian name of Juana Maria, as Brown thinks, though not feeling certain on that point. From one of the men who had sailed in the little schooner *Better-than-Nothing* she received the name of that vessel. Wild Woman is a misnomer. Brown, who before he became acquainted with her entertained a judicious apprehension as to the diversified capabilities of her teeth and finger-nails, makes this remark: "They all asked me if she was wild. She was not wild." Poor harmless, childlike creature, with a great capacity for happiness, she enjoyed her new life, and displayed no symptoms of ferocity. Says Nidever: "She would go round to different homes and dance Indian dances. She went all over town and the Mission, always a party of twenty or thirty Indians and Mexicans with her." Brown corroborates this testimony as to her contentment: "Happy as a lady. She would dance when any one came in." Clothes were her especial delight. The woman was a great curiosity, and Nidever, who had taken her into his house, was offered $1,000 to part with her, the object of the would-be purchaser being to exhibit her. To his lasting honor he refused to make such a bargain, because "it did not look right to me to sell a person."

But the end was drawing near. Change of diet cut short the life of the luckless Juana Maria, who would doubtless have lived many years longer had she been allowed to remain in her island home, or even if due caution had been taken with regard to what she ate. "If," says Brown, "they had worked it right and kept her on her food, she might have been alive yet. She was about forty-five or fifty when we found her." But she was supplied to her heart's content with green corn, melons, pumpkin, and squash, and after the brief enjoyment of a new, strange life to her, for a month or five weeks, she sickened and died. She drew her last breath under Nidever's roof, where her home had been from the day when she landed on Santa Barbara beach. The priests acquired her bird-skin dress and all her curious chattels. "The dress the priests have," says Nidever. "I think they sent it to Rome. My wife let them have her needles and all her things." On the same subject Brown remarks: "Nidever gave it [the dress] to the priests, and they sent it to Rome. She had needle-bone with eyes drilled in, a knife made of bone, and another of a piece of wood. She had the wooden knife when I found her, cleaning the seal-skin. She had

nails pointed for catching fish with, and the rope was as nicely twisted with sinews as any rope-maker could do it. And she had bottles made of grass about the size of a gallon demijohn, and we found some dishes of wood with handles. I gave all these things to Nidever."

Juana Maria's life on San Nicolas Island was the exceptional experience of a human being who was not, as was the case with Alexander Selkirk, left alone thousands of miles away from a coast inhabited by a civilized community. She was no great distance from the mainland, where the matin and vesper bell rang morning and night at Christian missions. Otter-hunters undoubtedly visited the island during her whole residence on it, and the fact of her existence there was evidently known. But not until her very nature was so changed that she had become contented with her lot and had ceased her cry of "Manequauna" to the passing ships, were any measures taken to remove her from her rocky isle. Then they carried her off, unfortunate Juana Maria Better-than-Nothing! White men made her suffer. She lost her babe or babies; she lost her family; she lost the knowledge of her language; and at last, poisoned by the luxuries of a more civilized race, she lost her life.

MY "BUNKY."

BY ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

(Author of "The Johnstown Stage," "The Drummer of Co. C," etc.)



HE was a private in Troop "J," 11th regiment, U. S. Cavalry, and so was I. We served together up at Fort Ripley, in Idaho Territory, a good many years ago. John Smith was the name I was known by on the company rolls, and his name was Daniel Borley. My number was 36, and his was 37, and our bunks stood together in the squad-room. This was twenty-five years ago, before the time when the quartermaster issued woven wire mattresses, sheets and pillow-cases. In our days bunks were made of inch planks, and in the way of bedding bed-sacks filled with clean straw at the corral every Saturday, together with a pair of blankets, was thought to be luxury enough. Indeed the contrast between us and the soldiers of the present was not confined to "camp and garrison equipage." We were a different set of men altogether. Any old resident of San Francisco will recall the time when our regiment came west by way of the Isthmus (of which we took possession completely from Aspinwall to Panama, driving the Dagos in terror from the road) and how, when we came to San Francisco, the citizens besought the general commanding the division to get us out of the town before we had looted it entirely. It was soon after the war, and while the respectable portion of the disbanded armies had gone back to its home life and regular occupations, the riff-raff was floating about and naturally drifted into the catch-basin of the recruiting office.

We were a hard lot, and when I use the word "we" let it be understood that it is with no sense of pride in the blackguardly achievements of the regiment. Through stress of circumstances I was simply wearing its uniform, that was all, and Dan Bor-

ley was my "bunky." Dan was a Western man, powerfully built, of medium height, thin in the flank and deep in the chest, with square shoulders and square, clean-shaven jaws, a hard rider in the field and a model soldier on parade. His uniform fitted him as though Lester had made it, a rare thing in those days when the quartermaster issued ready-made clothing in sizes from 1 to 4, and the men preferred to invest their money in beer rather than waste it on the company tailor. When Dan went on guard his metal-work was fairly dazzling, and the adjutant always picked him out for the commanding officer's orderly.

We all had our faults, or our misfortunes, whichever way you choose to regard them. They were the cause of more than one of us losing his identity in a cavalry regiment on the frontier. Dan's trouble was commonplace enough—he was in the habit of getting drunk. When I think of the loneliness of that desolate land, with its prairies floored with parched buffalo-grass, glaring and empty under the summer sun, or stretching gaunt and gray under the cold, dreary sky of winter, it is no surprise to me that the men who lived in it got drunk. It was a brutalizing sort of life, and this seemed the only means of getting away from ourselves. The trouble with Dan was that he would not get drunk in a quiet way and go off in the brush to sleep himself sober as others did. When he started in to drink he wanted everybody to know it, and nothing less would content him than to take the post as he had helped to take the Isthmus. So then there would be wild work between him and the guard until they had landed him in the dark cell, with the door shut on his ravings, if, in the mean time, the officer of the day had not come along and ordered him gagged and tied up by the thumbs.

The men of Troop "J" of the 11th were not thinkers or reasoners, and as a rule they were none too good for their condition; indeed, some of them would have been suitably off in a penitentiary. And Dan—well, when Dan had liquor in him he could hold his own with the worst. Sober, he was a decent enough sort of fellow, with an ox-like intellect, a stanch friend and a strong enemy, seeing little humor in life, governed by his feelings, which he never attempted to analyze, and priding himself solely on keeping his horse in good condition and his kit clean.

The captain of our troop, generally known as "the old man," had been appointed from the volunteers. I doubt if he would have been able to pass the examinations that have been recently instituted, but he was a good commander, and managed his troops with an iron hand. He was a bachelor, as were the other officers at the post; the surgeon, who was a civilian, a "contract doctor," being the only married man. I have said that there were no refining influences at Fort Ripley, and though women are generally supposed to exert a refining influence the statement holds, for the doctor's wife was a shrill-voiced, slatternly woman of middle age, whose energies were all bent on ruling her husband, bringing up her family of five ill-favored children, and squeezing all that she could out of the Government. Besides this inattractive person there were two other women, wives of soldiers, and laundresses for the troops, who lived in small log houses back of the barracks. The doctor's wife, across the parade ground, was universally disliked, and "Wash-Tub Avenue," as the line of married men's quarters was called, was the breeding-place of most of the rows and scandals that disturbed the peace; so that the presence of these women was distinctly not refining. But there came a time when this condition was changed. That was when our new lieutenant's wife joined. It may be that I am wrong in attributing to this gentlewoman's presence

the incidents which go to make up my bunky's story. But that you shall judge for yourself.

The former first lieutenant of our troops had recently been promoted away from the post, and we were expecting his successor, an officer who had been east on leave of absence. The day before he arrived Dan put in a pass for twenty-four hours to go to Blue Gulch. Blue Gulch was the nearest settlement to the fort, about ten miles away, just outside of the Indian reservation. It was the terminus of the Boise City and Cœur d'Alene stage line, and besides the hotel and one store it was made up of sáloons, dance-houses, and like places. The largest of these was the "Miner's Rest," which had a gorgeous bar with plate-glass mirror and nickel-plated fittings, and which conducted a number of gambling games on percentage in its one big room opening on the street. Dan came back from the social amusements of Blue Gulch on time, just sober enough to pass inspection, and with his hand tied up in a cloth.

"It's a bite," he said, taking off the wrapping and looking at his thumb, which, sure enough, was inflamed and swollen, with the mark of teeth in it. "It was Monty Pete that done it," explained Dan, with a sinister look. "I'll get even with him for it one o' these days." Then he went on to tell me, with a good deal of profanity, how it had happened. "I was in the 'Rest' last night," he said, "and Monty Pete had a faro layout, and I begun chucking agin' it. Full? of course I was full—full as a tick! But for all that I knowed what I was a-doin'. I coppered the queen and he turned up a queen for the bank, an' he says, as bold as brass, 'Queen loses, ten wins,' and pulled down my pile. 'The hell queen loses!' I say. 'You turned up a queen; what do you mean by that?' But he paid no more attention to me than if I'd been a blind coyote. So then seein' that both his hands was busy at each end of the lay-out, I just naturally reached over and helped myself to the cash. But quicker'n I could get out of the way he stooped his ugly mug and he grabbed my hand with his teeth and shook it like a terrier would a rat. The pain of it made me drop the money; then he let go my hand and whipped out his pistol and stood me off. There was a lively time for a moment. I had no pistol, and some o' the crowd grabbed me and was for taking me out and hanging me, and others were for throwing the d—d drunken soldier into the street. And in the middle of it all a stranger shoves his way alongside o' me, and says, 'Gentleman, let's have fair play. Because the man's a soldier is no reason why he should be abused.' Then Pete opened out on him, but the stranger didn't bluff worth a cent, and Dick Stone, who owns half interest and was tending bar, he chips in and tells Pete to shut up, and then he asks for the right of the trouble, and I give it to him straight. He was for smoothing things over by making Pete give me back my stake, but I says, 'No. I either won the money or I didn't, an' if I couldn't have my winning, I didn't want my stake.' And the stranger spoke up and said that was fair. And the upshot of it was that Dick Stone, after talking awhile with Pete and the others that was playing, gave me back my stake and my winning. But I'll get even with the cheating son of a hound!" concluded Dan, examining his maimed hand, and shaking his head slowly from side to side.

"Did you find out who the man was that took your part?" I asked.

"No," said Dan, "but he was a gentleman."

"I've no doubt," I replied, knowing that every man who carried a pistol in that country was a gentleman.

"He was a gentleman, I tell you," said Dan doggedly. "I ain't been bunking with a gentleman for two

years without bein' able to size one up when I see him."

"However that may be," I said, knowing very well that Dan's notion of a gentleman was not necessarily complimentary, and that he was merely stating what he considered to be a fact, as though he had said I was a gambler or a pugilist. "However that may be," I said, "the best thing you can do is to go to the hospital steward and get him to do something for that wound, or you'll have trouble with it."

That afternoon at stable call our new lieutenant made his appearance with the captain, walking up and down the lines talking about the horses. Dan was grooming the horse next to mine, accompanying his brush with a peculiar hissing sound, as is the habit of some hostlers, when, after the officers had passed us, he whispered to me, "That's him!"

"Who?" I said, knocking my brush against the curry-comb to cover the conversation from the sergeant.

"The stranger that took my part in the 'Miner's Rest' last night," said Dan.

I looked at the new lieutenant again, with more interest, and although I still had my doubts as to my bunky's ability to tell a gentleman when he saw one, he was undoubtedly right in this instance.

It was a week after his arrival at the post that the lieutenant drove into Blue Gulch with the ambulance, a two-seated spring wagon, to meet the stage which was to bring his wife. Darkness had fallen when he returned, so that few knew of her coming, and it was a surprise for most of us next morning at guard-mount when we saw the slender figure of a woman dressed in a light summer costume standing on the porch of the lieutenant's quarters. After guard-mount she crossed the parade-ground with her husband for a stroll. She wore a garden hat made up of white lace with a flower or two, and she carried a parasol covered with lace and lined with rose-colored silk that shed a soft, warm radiance, in which she walked. So dainty a thing was a strange sight for us rough riders, and the men crowded at the little windows, craning their necks to get a furtive look at her.

Dan was on guard that day, and as usual was the commanding officer's orderly. The officers' houses were built double, a set of quarters on each side with a porch extending along the front common to both. The lieutenant's quarters adjoined the captain's, who commanded the post, so that Dan, whose business it was to stand in front of the commanding officer's house in readiness for his call, saw this lady near at hand several times during the course of the day. And when he came off duty that evening some of the men chaffed him about it, and asked him if he had spent a pleasant day with the lieutenant's wife; was he going to call on her in the evening? and uttered other cheap witticisms of like nature, not very refined, perhaps, but meaning no harm. To their surprise, Borley turned upon them, and with his usual forcible and profane language proceeded to give them a lecture on decency and respect, which coming from him was singular. Dan concluded his remarks by telling them that if they did not like it they knew what they could do, and waited with a lowering face to see whether any of them would accept his challenge. But they, knowing very well what he could do, wisely let it pass unheeded, turning the matter off with a laugh.

During the three weeks that followed, the lieutenant's wife, as was proper, showed an interest in her husband's troops and learned the names of several of the men, and among others my bunky's name, he being prominent as orderly, and had a pleasant smile and a good-morning for him when she came out on the porch at guard-mount. Dan had told me about this one evening when he

came off, and how he had turned red and saluted.

"I didn't know what the h—l to do," he said, knocking the ashes out of his clay pipe on the toe of his brogan.

"I don't know what else there was to do," I replied.

"She's not like anything I ever seen before," he said, meditating. "I didn't know as there was any women like that."

And then he got up and proposed that we go over to the sutler's store and get a drink. I declined; but he went. He had kept sober for an unusually long time, and I was not surprised when he failed to get back that night. I tumbled his blankets to make it seem that he was in them in case of a check roll-call, but he did not appear at reveille and was reported absent again at "stables." It was not until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when half of the garrison was dozing and the silence was so profound you could hear the crickets chirping in the hot grass outside, that Dan made his presence known. He started his row at the trader's store. Going out on the barrack porch, I saw the corporal and a file of the guard come out of the guard-house and go over after him. He came back between them, talking loud though otherwise peaceable, till they got him half-way across the parade-ground; then all of a sudden he straightened out both of his arms and sent the corporal staggering one way and the private another, after which he began rolling up his sleeves and crying out that he was nothing but a poor drunken soldier, but that it would take more than a corporal and a file of the guard to take him to the guard-house, and that he wanted everybody to know it. Everybody did know it, for the noise he made could be heard all over the post and brought plenty of spectators out to see the cause of it. The corporal and his man, as soon as they recovered, jumped him right away, but encumbered with their arms they were no match for him, and the sergeant, seeing this from the porch of the guard-house, sent another man to help. But the three of them had more than they could do to carry Dan, for he just lay on his back and cried and fought and swore, till at last the corporal, losing all patience, ordered his two men to stand aside, and drawing his sabre, seemed as though he would give the business a bloody ending, when just at this moment our lieutenant, who was officer of the day, came striding across the parade-ground and bade the corporal wait. Then turning to the crazy athlete, who had risen to his feet and was swaying from side to side with the sweat pouring down his red face and neck, his hair in his eyes, and his chest heaving under his torn shirt, he said: "Borley, go to the guard-house!"

"Lieutenant," said Dan, saluting him, "I'm nothing but a poor, miserable, drunken soldier!"

"Go to the guard-house!" repeated the lieutenant.

"I'll do it," said Dan after looking at him for a moment. "I'll do it for you, but there's not another man in the garrison I'd do it for." And off he started for the guard-house.

The corporal sheathed his sabre and stepped alongside of him and a private stepped on the other side, each taking him by an arm. But Dan stopped and shook them off with an oath, and stood at bay once more. "Take your hands off of me," he said. "I'm obeying the lieutenant's orders, and I can do it without your help." Whereupon the lieutenant told the corporal to let him walk quietly if he would, and so they started once more, and Dan walked himself into the dark cell and was locked up.

The next morning I went on guard and Dan turned out with the prisoners, looking sodden and stale. The prisoners were kept at work all day, and it fell to me to go out with them on the first relief as sentinel. After we had taken the water-wagon around

and filled the water-barrels at the different houses, I took the prisoners, as was the custom, into the back yards of the officers' quarters to saw and split stove wood. While they were at work in the lieutenant's yard I stood near the entrance to the passageway. Dan was carrying a load of small wood into the kitchen and had just tumbled it into the box, when the lieutenant's wife, dressed as usual in some fresh and dainty fashion, came out of the dining-room. Dan was for walking out looking neither to right nor left, but she spoke to him.

"Borley," she said, in a tone of rebuke, "I am sorry to see you here." Dan turned very red, stood at attention, with his eyes on the floor, and said nothing. "I had thought," she added, "that you had more pride." Then she turned away and gave some instructions to the cook, while Dan came on out into the yard and went to splitting wood without a word.

Well, a garrison court gave him twenty days in the guard-house and a forfeiture of ten dollars of his pay for this affair, which was not so much, for getting drunk, I fancy, as for resisting the sergeant of the guard and raising a row on the parade-ground. When Dan had served out his time as a prisoner and come back to duty, he was very taciturn and quiet, which was only natural. He devoted all of his hours to keeping his kit clean and bright, but it was a long time before he was chosen orderly again. No one but I knew how hard Dan worked for his old place, and how he went on guard each morning in his fine parade clothes fitting his squarely built figure like a glove and the sheen of his carbine barrel and his buttons as dazzling as the sun, hoping that this would be the morning he would win it back; but it was always some other man who walked over to the commanding officer's quarters to report when the old guard was relieved, while Borley was left pacing his beat in front of the guard-house, showing all who cared to see how a perfect soldier stood sentry duty. He never made any complaint or even spoke to me of the matter. We both knew that the "old man" had told the adjutant not to appoint him. Only the two lines that went from the corners of Dan's mouth to the corners of his square chin deepened as I had seen them deepen when we were in a tight place in an Indian skirmish, or when he was stripped to the waist standing up against some man in the troops to see which was the better of the two; and at every disappointment he only strove the more.

Until, at last, a day came when the ban was removed and it was Dan who marched over to the commanding officer's house to report as orderly, and the lieutenant's wife was standing on the porch when he brought his heels together and saluted. After that he was orderly every time he went on guard until his usual period for going on a spree once more came around. I supposed, of course, that the ordinary routine would be followed, and was much surprised when a week passed by without his relaxing attention to duty. Then another week went by, and a third, till a month had elapsed, and my bunky was still sober. It was an unheard-of state of affairs, and bets were made in the troops on how long it would last, those who bet against his nerve doing their best, under the guise of friendship, to induce him to take a drink, knowing well that one would suffice. But those grim lines about Dan's mouth kept their place until six weeks had passed by. Then one day the first sergeant sent me to the captain's house to get the "Morning Report" book. I found the captain standing on the porch talking to the lieutenant, and so I stood at the bottom of the steps waiting until he should ask me my errand. I heard him say, "Oh, yes, that's so. There isn't a better man in the troops so long as he leaves whiskey alone."

"He certainly has behaved remark-

ably well during the last six months," said the lieutenant. "Maybe that court-martial had a good effect on him."

"I doubt it," said the captain; "it's too old a story with him. However, he has done so well I'm willing to give him a chance, though, as I tell you, I haven't much confidence in him."

Then he turned to me and I delivered my message, got the book, and walked off. I suspected that my bunky was the subject of their conversation, but I did not understand what it meant until the next day, when it was announced that Private Borley was appointed a corporal.

It was a proud day for Dan when he first wore his chevrons. He went on duty as non-commissioned officer of the guard, and in the afternoon the lieutenant sent for him on some business about the prisoners. The lieutenant's wife was, as usual in this hot weather, sitting on the porch sewing, and when her husband had finished his instructions, she looked at Borley with a smile and said: "I congratulate you on your promotion, corporal." Dan told me this afterward, in a subdued sort of way, and I sat there and wondered at the man. Seeing what an impression all this seemed to have made on his stolid nature, I found myself forecasting in my mind what would happen when he lost his chevrons—what would be the effect on him when this moral impulse had expended itself and he had fallen back into the depths of drunkenness and degradation. And for the first time I felt a sort of pity for him.

It was about three weeks after Dan had been made a corporal that two men of the troops deserted. This was no unusual thing; in fact, there had been so many desertions that the commanding officer was very anxious to catch the deserters and make an example of them. The morning following the departure of these two, Borley was told by the first sergeant to report to the lieutenant for duty. When he came back Dan told me that the lieutenant was ordered out after the deserters, and he, Dan, being first on the list of corporals for detail, was going along and was going to take one man, and I could be that man if I liked. I was glad enough to go—anything in the nature of a change from the monotony of garrison routine being welcome. The orders were to take our carbines and twenty rounds of ammunition, five days' rations, an overcoat and a blanket. We saddled our horses at the stables, and leading the lieutenant's horse, rode up to his house, where we dismounted while Dan went inside and reported. The lieutenant came out in a few minutes, followed presently by his wife. Although the men we were going after were two of the worst characters in the troops and had, moreover, stolen their horses and arms, their pursuit was not regarded as particularly dangerous duty. The lieutenant's wife had no great reason for being alarmed, nevertheless while her husband was securing his outfit on the saddle, she said to Borley, as a woman will under such circumstances: "Take good care of my husband, corporal."

"Yes'm," replied Dan, turning red, as usual, and saluting, "I will."

And so the order was given to mount and we rode off.

The lieutenant evidently had some information that he was acting on, for he took the trail that led to the mines near the Canadian border and followed it at a trot all that day and late into the night. We made no fire when we camped, but eating a cold supper, rolled ourselves in our blankets, and were up and in the saddle again at the first break of dawn. When we mounted the lieutenant cautioned us to keep a sharp lookout, as the signs were getting fresh. He, himself, rode first, Dan next, and I brought up the rear. It was about an hour after sunrise when I thought I saw something move in

the bushes on the side of the trail ahead of me. Just as I was going to call Dan's attention to it, he suddenly jabbed the spurs into his horse's side so that the brute gave a great leap and landed alongside of the lieutenant, while at the same moment Dan threw his carbine to his shoulder, facing around on the bushes. Instantly there came a jet of smoke from the brush, with a flash and a report, met half-way by the fire from Dan's gun, the two explosions coming so close together they almost seemed like one. The lieutenant's horse had swerved when Dan shoved between it and the bushes, and then had reared at the sound of the shooting, but the lieutenant wheeled it back on to the trail and drew his revolver. By that time Dan's horse had started running up the trail and was out of sight behind a turn. My own horse was dancing a little, but I had him in hand, and sent a shot into the bushes on general principles. Whereupon a voice that I recognized as belonging to one of the deserters, named Morrow, called out: "Don't shoot any more! I surrender!"

"Hold up your hands, then, and come out!" said the lieutenant.

"I can't, sir," replied Morrow. "Donovan's killed and is lying on me, and my arm's broke so that I can't move him."

The lieutenant hesitated a moment, not believing this, then gave the order to dismount. Tying our horses, he and I went into the brush with our revolvers ready to shoot in case of treachery, but we found matters as Morrow had said. The lieutenant took his gun away and we lifted the dead man off of him, and then, while I tied up his arm as well as I could, Morrow told us that it was the one shot fired by Borley that had wounded him and killed his companion. "We were taken by surprise," he said. "We didn't know you were so close and had only time to hide our horses and get into the brush. I had no idea of fighting, and was kneeling behind Donovan, with my gun on the ground. But when the lieutenant came along, Donovan up with his carbine and pointed it at him. I whispered, 'For God's sake don't shoot!' but he fired, and just as he fired the corporal jumped in and let us have it, and the ball went right through Donovan's neck and hit me in the wrist."

Then the lieutenant said to me: "Go and see what has become of the corporal."

I had not far to go, for I found him just beyond the bend of the trail, lying on the ground, to all appearances dead. I guessed then that he had got the bullet Donovan had meant for the lieutenant, and sure enough, when I put my hand under his coat to see if his heart was beating, I found a wet spot on his breast. His heart had not stopped, but was fluttering so feebly I did not think that we could get him in to the post alive. But the lieutenant made a compress for the wound and bandaged it with strips torn from his shirt, and gave him some whiskey and water, which revived him. Then he rigged a horse litter with a couple of saplings and our blankets and hitched the deserters' horses to it, so that Dan was carried as easily as possible. When we were ready for the road the lieutenant sent me ahead to bring help from the fort.

I arrived at the post about midnight, and getting a fresh horse, rode back with the doctor. He was able to give Dan sufficient relief to enable him to reach the hospital alive, but that was all, for the doctor said he could not possibly live another day. I was worn out and slept for twelve hours, but in the morning I went to the hospital and sat by my bunky's side. He was suffering frightfully. His face was ashen pale, and as the paroxysms of agony took hold of him he writhed and lifted himself, and cursed the man that had shot him, calling him all the vile names known to the barracks, and they were not a

few. He grew weaker and weaker after each attack, and when they subsided fell back exhausted and panting for breath.

It was just after guard-mount that the doctor came into the ward and with him the lieutenant, who had already spent a good part of the night with the wounded man, trying to help him. The doctor felt Dan's pulse and answered the lieutenant's inquiring look by saying in a low tone: "He can't last much longer." Then the lieutenant said to Dan: "Corporal, my wife would like to speak to you, to thank you. Will you see her?"

Dan had watched all who approached his bed with a dumb, hopeless look, but now his face perceptibly brightened in assent. So the lieutenant went out into the hall, where his wife was waiting, and brought her into the room. She came to Dan's side and looked at him and said, "Oh, I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry!" while Dan gazed up at her with his hollow eyes. Then the tears began to roll down her cheeks at the sight of his suffering, and she leaned over him and wiped the death-sweat from his forehead with her handkerchief—a trifle of lace and cambric—and murmured: "Poor fellow! Is there nothing I can do for you?" Dan looked at her wistfully, but the next moment his lips tightened over his teeth and he motioned for the lieutenant to come to him, and gasped: "The pain's coming on me—take her away."

The lieutenant led his wife away weeping, while the agony again took hold of Dan. But from this time on until he died he endured it silently.

HAS THE REPUBLICAN PARTY A FUTURE?

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

THERE are two forces of nature which appear in human character, the active and the inert. So in politics, in popular government there are two general elements, the aggressive and resistant, or the progressive and non-progressive.

The Democratic party came into existence sixty-five years ago, and since then it has carried eight presidential elections, and when Mr. Cleveland's present term expires it will have had control of the executive branch of the Government thirty-two years. The opposition to the Democratic party has carried nine elections, and Presidents chosen by it have administered the Government thirty-six years. At first and for a time the Democratic was the aggressive party of the country, but since it fell under the control of the slave power its attitude has been defensive. It has defended the worst of causes, and has suffered defeats that would have resulted in the demise of any other party, and should have destroyed its very existence. That it survives and has gained recent successes may be attributed mainly to the fact that it has been the most thoroughly organized and best disciplined political force the country has ever known. It claims to be the rendezvous of the conservative men of the nation—it certainly is the non-progressive, the resistant party. It is natural that the progressive and resistant elements should be in conflict. The one sees that improvement should be made and has the courage to undertake it, but the other never looks to the front, and regards innovation with doubt and fear. The resistant element is more easily organized and submits to dis-

cipline better than the aggressive, for activity means thought and individuality.

The Whig party possessed a high degree of intelligence and individualism, and consequently its members would not submit to severe discipline. It was unable, except in two national elections, to overcome the lockstep tread of its antagonist. In the last one it only succeeded through defection in the ranks of its opponent, caused by factious dislike of a candidate. It had so little coherence that when the tremendous conflict between freedom and slavery came on its dissolution was inevitable. The Republican party was organized from the aggressive elements of both the old parties, and to combat for a great principle. It appealed to the intelligence and conscience of the country and drew to its folds men of conviction, courage, and energy. It was aggressive upon a great wrong, and the cause it advocated aroused the enthusiasm and determination of its members, which enabled it to overwhelm the trained forces of its opponent. Its successes have been unparalleled and its achievements will stand as the greatest in our history up to the present time.

A political party may be formed to do a particular work and disappear when it is done, or it may have a prolonged existence, if when a particular object has been accomplished it passes to and takes up new issues which are ever rising. To a certain extent a new issue has the effect of reconstructing parties, though it has been rare that a marked inroad has been made in the Democratic party, whatever position it has taken upon new questions. Since its organization the Republican has been the progressive party, and in the main has done its work well, otherwise it could not have gained such conspicuous successes in carrying elections; but it must not make the mistake of supposing that there ever will come a time when all necessary work may be considered done, or that it can succeed or survive on its record merely. Its attitude in the past, which has generally been correct and just, made it an irresistible power, and because its members believed that the party was true to the interests of the masses of the people. It is this that has made it victorious, and not that organization and discipline that can be enforced on men of less intelligence. Republicans will not stand in line except when something of value is to be accomplished for the country. Because slavery has been swept away, the solidarity of the republic assured, the great war debt reduced to comparatively trifling proportions, a national circulating medium secured, and methods of administration improved through Republican management and legislation, it must not be presumed that there is no further mission for the Republican party. The country has a right to expect that a party which has accomplished so much will address itself to what is now demanded to promote the general welfare, and unless it takes up new questions suggested by ever-changing conditions, with wisdom, intelligence, and courage, it cannot hold its membership, and will pass into an insignificant minority party.

It is a common experience that when a party has acquired great strength through the efforts of good and patriotic men, and especially when it has been successful for a considerable time, bad men join it from sinister motives. There are always those who have political or other interests to promote, and they seek associations with a party that has the power to advance them. To such, convictions are nothing. Those also disposed to ring manipulation, when they discover a strong and compact power, seek to put themselves in lead in the hope that they may be able to use it to their advantage. The republican party has suffered at times and in localities from such accessions to its strength. When it appears

that these elements gain control and dictate policies, it is necessary to administer an alterative remedy by selecting for leadership men whose characters and sentiments are a guarantee that honesty, efficiency, and progressiveness will be carried into legislation and administration. Political parties, like individuals, should occasionally, at least, revise and improve their habits. The money power never undertakes to organize a political party, but allies itself to that which, for the time being, seems most controllable in its interest. The shortcomings of the Republican party in some instances are attributable to this influence, and it has suffered the consequences. It is natural to feel and act leniently and generously toward those who render service, but no party in this country has been able to dominate for any length of time, which has favored classes instead of the masses.

Conditions which are constantly changing give rise to new questions. A political party which does not observe the current of events and adapt its policies to changes as they take place is incapable of managing the affairs of a great nation. It must have the disposition and genius to employ measures adaptable to supply the wants of the country under all circumstances. Lamartine said, "that Napoleon was clear-sighted as to the past, but blind to the future." If the Republican party possesses the latter quality of Napoleon's mind, it need not calculate on future success. No party should succeed which cannot comprehend the present and forecast the future with a reasonable degree of intelligence. With the Republican party "the past is secure," but the question is: Has it worn itself out in the work it has already done, or will it take cognizance of new conditions and wants and undertake to provide for them with the intelligence, courage, and energy with which it has performed its previous work? If it does not, it might as well be considered as "gathered to its fathers," for the independent and aggressive of its membership will seek other affiliations where activity instead of inertia prevails. Republicans cannot be held together through the mere force of party drill. They want that which will animate, something that promises promotion of the public welfare. There are conditions at the present time that demand such change of policy as will remove evils as speedily as practicable without producing destructive consequences.

The fact cannot be disguised that there is a struggle between capital and labor, between a class and the mass. How it has been provoked is immaterial, the fact exists and must be dealt with. The issue is not whether one interest shall be subordinated to another, but as to how the rights of all shall be respected and all interests protected and justly promoted.

There are trusts and combinations to enhance income upon capital at the expense of the laboring and consuming classes, and these must be suppressed through the necessary legislation. It is to the credit of the Fifty-first Congress, which was Republican, that it enacted a law to suppress them in interstate trade, but this step should be followed up in the States as to domestic traffic to an extent that will cause the principle of competition to be respected. The disparity in the possession of wealth is alarming to many minds, and the condition is unnatural. Equality in the possession of wealth is an impossibility, as men are unequally endowed mentally and physically. But the disparity which exists cannot be accounted for by these differences. It has resulted in large part from policies which favored the few, which has enabled capital to acquire an undue proportion of produced wealth. The disparity has become so great that it is both alarming and irritating; so much so that there is some reason to apprehend that efforts may

be made to remove it through revolution and violence. It is a subject to which the public mind is earnestly addressing itself, and many remedies are proposed. That some of them should be impracticable and indefensible is but natural, yet there are others which are practicable and would produce good results without harm to any interests, except to those which seek special advantages. The tariff policy of the Republican party protects American labor from the competition of cheap foreign labor. In this no change is necessary. It is natural that the party should respect the interests of toilers, for it was organized to ultimately remove unpaid and coerced labor from the nation.

It is not best that any party should advance too rapidly, for the interests of the various classes are so interwoven that a sweeping policy might do injustice, might do more harm than good. The capitalist class has had advantages from the fact that the country has suffered for several years from an inadequate volume of circulating medium, which has given money an undue earning power. The fact that the volume should keep pace with the increase of population, production, and trade has been disregarded in our financial legislation. The adequacy of the volume has been sacrificed to the idea of good money, and on the assumption that gold only is good money. Our financial theory has been formed with reference to international dealings, and in disregard of our domestic commerce, which is more than ten times greater than our foreign commercial transactions. Whatever our laws make a legal tender for all public and private debts and dues, is good money in domestic transactions. How the volume of the circulating medium shall be enlarged to meet the wants of business is, perhaps, the most important question now before the country. It is unfortunately a sectional issue, a contest between the capitalist and producing classes. That a large majority of the people of the nation favor free coinage of silver is certain, and that there is a deficiency of money is nearly universally felt; it has been demonstrated by the stringency that created such a scare or havoc among the banks. It was not the insolvency of many of the banks that forced them to close, but the insufficiency of their means to accommodate business. Free coinage of silver will supply the deficiency to an extent at least, and perhaps fully. If it will not, then some measure must be devised that will. The Republican party should take the side of free coinage of silver as a matter of justice and a measure of policy. If the experiment should not establish the fact, it will produce money enough to supply business wants; then some additional measure will have to be devised, for the producing and commercial classes will not much longer endure the evils of monetary stringency which oppresses them, makes profit for the capitalists, and increases the disparity in the possession of wealth.

The laws of taxation require remodelling and on the principle that burdens should be imposed somewhat in accordance with ability to bear them. In national taxation two measures are proposed: one is a graduated income tax and the other is a graduated inheritance tax. There are objections to the first as well as argument for it. One objection is, that it is inquisitorial, which applies to all taxes, except that upon land. If that were all, it scarcely rises to the dignity of consideration. There are objections to an income tax of no inconsiderable weight. In business a tax is treated as one of the expenses. It is taken into account by the merchant and manufacturers in fixing prices at which they will sell, by the banker in establishing his interest rate, and by the carrier in making his charges for transportation.

It is doubtful if the poorer classes

would not have to pay more for what they are compelled to buy than they would save through a reduction of taxation. Besides this it would be a restraint upon enterprise, the greater as the tax is made higher. The inheritance tax is not subject to any of these objections. It is easily collected, for the records in the probate court would disclose what it would be. Those who would pay it would not have the merit of having earned it. The natural law is that the property of a deceased person escheats to the community. It goes to children or other heirs or devisees through the grace of government, and for this it is but just that the beneficiary should contribute something toward the support of the benefactor. Though men are unequally endowed by nature, it is good policy that all should begin life as nearly equal as is practicable so far as the possession of the things of earth is concerned. Desire for such dominion is a tremendous stimulant to exertion, but those who inherit what satisfies them are deprived of such stimulation. Human history shows that but few sons of rich men add to their patrimony; they rather squander their inheritances. In this country especially great achievements in the public service, in the professions, in science, art, literature, and the acpuisition of wealth have been by those mainly who began life in moderate circumstances or poverty.

There is a measure which can only be adopted by the States, and it is the exemption of homesteads of limited value from taxation. The constitution of California is different from that of any other State. It prohibits such exemption and would have to be amended in order to carry the principle into effect. The laws of all the States exempt homesteads from seizure and sale to satisfy private indebtedness, but the tax gatherer can turn the widow and orphan, the poor and distressed out of house and home to satisfy a public debt. If an individual can be made to lose his debt, consistency and an extension of the principle of humanity would seem to require that the Government should collect its revenues from those who are fortunate enough to possess more than a homestead of limited value. The glory of this country is that a far greater percentage of the people own their homes than in any other nation, but the decrease in the last few years, if not alarming, is greatly regretted by all patriots and philanthropists. Our highest duty is to protect the home. And if the Republican party is true to itself as it has been to the country, it will make this measure a part of its platform, and as soon as it gains the power will carry it into effect. It will not conflict with the principle of equality and uniformity of taxation, for the homesteads of all will be exempted. It will be applying the principle of imposing burdens according to ability to bear them. The taxation of inheritances and exemption of homesteads will have some effect in lessening the present disparity in the possession of wealth.

It is not difficult for any intelligent man to imagine that he can suggest the measures which are necessary to remove all the evils which afflict the country. There are those who are in too much haste and those who move too leisurely. It is not considered wise by the medical profession to administer too many medicines at once, but it is deemed better to experiment first with that which seems to be the probable panacea for the disease. The specific measures which I have suggested seem to be applicable to the most distressing ailments, and perhaps will restore the country to a healthful condition. It is not pretended that carrying them into effect will be all that should be done. A party that really has the interest of the country at heart will make it its business to study its wants and to devise

measures of relief. Though it is impossible to satisfy the extremes of classes, success is tolerably certain to the party that shows a disposition to act; it may not move fast enough to satisfy the most extreme, but there must be movement, or it will lose the support of the active and progressive. If the Republican party does not manifest the disposition and courage to advance, a party will be formed that will take its place as the antagonist of the non-progressive party. Not to grapple with new questions and new conditions as they arise will result in decay and dissolution. If the Republican party shuffles off worn-out and effete leaders, and places itself under new and modernized men, it has a future that will befittingly supplement its past career.

By doing this it will lose the non-progressives in the party, but it will draw from other organizations more than enough to make up for the loss.

ON KEATS.

BY LORENZO SOSSO.

FAME that doth never quite recede with time,
 Glory that lives
Through marvel of a music made sublime
 By what it gives,
All these he yearned and strove for. Though surpassed
 In power to do,
Vaster his Song's horizon spread, more vast
 His vision too.

But soon he faltered even where he trod,
 Nor worshipped long
Apollo; in divinity a god,
 A god of Song.
Then like a fadeless flower low he lay
 Amidst the weeds;
Pale in the purple sunrise of the day
 That broke his reeds.

And we who hear yet, as in some conch-shell
 Seas heard remote,
Melodious songs as sweet as hydromel
 Burst from his throat;
Wonder an oak towering in pride of place
 Ages should crown,
While some fair violet in its modest grace
 A day treads down.

CALIFORNIA AS A HEALTH RESORT.

BY P. C. REMONDINO, M. D.

WHAT are the characteristics of the Southern California climate?

This question is one not easily answered; at least, not in the same sense as one might answer a like question in regard to Ireland or Continental Russia. California, as a whole, presents various climates and that of the California of the South in its own turn and in different localities presents nearly every conceivable form of climate at some period or other of the year. Although the climate of the southern part of the State is generally spoken of as being peculiarly distinct, with characteristics entirely different from those of the middle and the northern portions of the State, it is, nevertheless, a generally overlooked fact that this section comprises within its territory the most extreme of climatic conditions. For instance, it is called a rainless, or dry climate. This is undoubtedly true as regards certain localities. Yuma and Indio, in San Diego County, have the smallest rainfall in the United States; while in the Cajon Pass where the California Southern Railway enters the region, the rainfall will at times rival the excessive rains of the Kassia Hills of India, and in the course of a few hours the torrents of rain pouring down on this Pass will often outdo any rainfall of as many days' duration at Neah Bay—that station on the coast of Washington recording the heaviest rainfall in the United States. The plateau on the high hills that form the broad ridge of the mountain chain extending from Mount San Bernardino southward into Lower California give, in their turn, about the same rainfall as is registered in the high valleys of the Po region of Upper Italy. On the coast, beginning at San Diego, the rainfall is comparatively light—only about eleven inches; as we move northward from that point the rainfall experiences a gradual increase—Santa Monica, Ventura, and Santa Barbara having about one-third more rain than San Diego. Moving inland from any of these coast stations the rainfall again increases, the maximum being reached where the mountain chains run east by west, so as to intercept the greatest amount of clouds drawn from the south. One peculiarity of this region consists in its not having any local rain causes.

Were Southern California not in the track of the southerly winds that are drawn to the far northern coasts of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia by the aspirating force of the cyclonic disturbances in those regions, it would be absolutely rainless. A prolonged cyclonic disturbance at the mouth of the Columbia, or at the straits of Juan de Fuca, gives this region its heavy rains—rains that in Juldan, forty miles to the northeast of San Diego Bay, give at times a yearly precipitation of combined rain and snow amounting to nearly sixty-two inches, and bringing over the whole region all of two-fifths more of rainfall than its annual mean. The rains come from the south, but the rainfall begins on the north, in Oregon and Northern California, and as the moisture-laden atmosphere is drawn northward, the rain extends southward. If the cyclonic disturbance is of short duration, and not violent, it may not cause sufficient northward aspiration to bring rain farther south than the mountains that range eastward from Point Conception, in which case Southern Cali-

fornia experiences what are known as "dry winters." During one of these seasons the total rainfall at San Diego was less than four inches of rain for the twelve months. These cyclonic areas cross the Pacific Ocean from the Asiatic coast to the American, and are most likely to occur during the four months of winter. The rainy season is therefore in winter, and the summer, when these oceanic influences are dormant, is the dry or rainless season.

The above description of the causes of Southern California rains is given to show how distant are the direct causes that affect its climatic factors. The variety in quantity of rainfall, as well as the very heavy snow that falls on the mountains (on the northern declivities of Mount San Bernardino the snow often lingers far into the summer months) also furnishes an idea of the diversity of its topography, and of its varying climatic features. A region that experiences the smallest yearly rainfall, and at the same time shows the greatest and heaviest rainfall for twelve hours that are to be found in the United States, must of necessity be a land of seeming and incomprehensible climatic contradictions.

In opposition to the cool coast climates that are found on its whole extent of seaboard—the coldest summer climate in the United States—we have the desert and inland valley climates of the small mountain valleys, where there exist the hottest summers in the States. Here there is experienced such a heat that were it to be associated with the same degree of atmospheric humidity that accompanies the same degree of heat in the Atlantic States, the maintenance of life would be an impossibility. Eastern atmospheric moisture, associated with the heat of the Colorado Desert, or that of some of the inhabited valleys on its western border, would convert their arid wastes into the broad-foliaged and weird landscapes of the era of the great Saurians. Were this heat to extend to the seaboard and commingle with the seventy-two per cent of relative humidity found there, the seacoast would be uninhabitable. Nature has here made a happy provision in bringing southward from the Arctic Seas a broad stream of coldish waters, which cools the whole extent of coast from San Francisco to Cape San Lucas, at the southernmost extremity of the Californian peninsula. These waters are of such a low degree of temperature that they are inhabited by the whale and the seal. This is the source of our wonderfully cool summers, as the cold breezes daily coming from the northwest overcome both the heat of the dry land and that of the sun of the far southerly latitude; and from the same source, allied to latitude, comes the warmest of winters, as the water along the immediate coast, and in its bays and inlets, never falls below a mean of 60° Fahr. in winter, nor rises above 66° in summer. This is the great equalizer of the Southern California temperature.

The great suction eastward, produced by the heated and rising air of the desert, induces a continuous passage of this cool breeze over the whole extent of territory that is found between the ocean and the high mountains at the edge of the great desert, and insures to it that agreeableness which has made Southern California such a climatic desideratum. This breeze is active during the day, and at night is replaced by a colder air flowing from the high mountains toward the sea. This gives to the Southern Californian amphitheatre those wonderfully charming days and recuperative nights, that are always cool enough to require a blanket even during July or August. It is this absence of enervating heat during the day or night, that permits of so many restorations of shattered health which would elsewhere be impossible. For this reason invalids have been in-

duced to adopt a Californian summer for a climatic change or for a residence, and our Eastern friends can readily see that it is erroneous to consider California only as a winter resort. I have always noticed that patients in the early stages of consumption who remain through a Californian summer make greater progress than is possible during the same months in the East, where, as a rule, they invariably lose the little gain made during their winter's stay here. I have never looked upon an Eastern or a Western winter as being particularly objectionable or injurious to invalids. In fact I have had patients who did exceedingly well even in a Canadian or a Minnesota winter.

It is the spring and summer months that are there particularly to be dreaded by the invalid. The alternations of freezing and thawing, slush and mud, ground fogs, and spasms of snow, rain, and drizzle, with the cold and shifty winds that affect the spring; then its sudden transition—often prematurely and out of season—into the enervating heat of the summer days, with sultry and debilitating nights, seasons of bobbing barometer, steamy, sticky, murky air and overcast sky, drenching rains and atmospheric disturbances—these are the conditions so detrimental to the impaired system, and which must be avoided at all hazards. Such conditions are unknown in Southern California.

The sanitaria of Southern California are situated on the confines of the desert (and in this great depression, some 300 feet below sea level, there is a mild and dessicated crematorial heat that is most excellent for asthmatics) and on the adjoining valleys; then in the foothills, or on the high mountain plateaus—the latter being from five to eight thousand feet above sea level; the largest valleys, such as the San Gabriel, San Jacinto, or the Santa Ana are all noted for their healthfulness, and great number of cured consumptives who have made them their homes; then lastly comes the immediate coast and the islands. In reference to the islands I learn, through the courtesy of Mr. Heber Ingle, that on Cedros Island, where the same climate exists as that enjoyed by Santa Catalina —Cedros Island being farther down the coast and farther out at sea, out of 4,000 persons that have been carried on the company's books, on pay rolls—the island being used by a large gold-mining company—there has not been a single case of the grippe during the last two years, although the island has had trimonthly and sometimes monthly steamer and schooner communication with San Diego. What is more remarkable is the fact that many of these persons were attacked by the grippe almost immediately after their return to the mainland.

On the climatic resort amphitheatre of this southerly coast, the grippe has been of a remarkably mild nature; those long, tedious disorganizations of the entire system that have been of such frequent occurrence elsewhere as a result of the grippe, often extending into weeks of duration, as well as resulting fatally, have been practically unknown here.

Man tires of a continual diet of oysters and champagne, or of truffled grouse and roast goose, and even so may he tire of the monotony of an uninterrupted season of clear skies and an unvarying temperature. Some natures may even need the stimulus of an occasional promiscuous activity on the part of the riotously disposed elements to keep them above par, and the man from Kansas, possibly, will wander about disconsolate in a region where he is not required to anchor his trees nor burrow underground whenever a dark speck appears on the horizon.

I am often asked what part of Southern California is best adapted to certain individual cases. This is of course largely a matter of personal

and constitutional election. As a rule, however, I may say that rheumatic, neuralgic and laryngeal cases do better in the interior, since the sea air loses much of its severity in travelling inland between a hot sun and a warm soil. Convalescing cases recovering from some long and tedious illness, and those suffering from nervous prostration, insomnia, or the debilitated stages of advanced consumption, are more benefited by the bracing air of the coast—the greater invariability here experienced and the greater amount of atmospheric moisture having in these cases the desired effect.

To the tourist the region offers every conceivable variety of temperature met with in either Europe, Africa, or Asia. The shores of Africa and the interior of the great Sahara; the highlands of Spain and the low hills and plains of Italy; the abrupt Apennines and the more gigantic Alps of either Switzerland or Bavaria; the heather-clad hills of Scotland and the sunny islets of the Greek archipelago — all have here their counterparts. Yet with this strange diversity, the climatic factorial influence of the great heated desert and the vast, cold ocean combine to produce a homogeneity that make California unique among the known regions of the world.

A GROUP OF ARMY AUTHORS.

BY CEPHAS C. BATEMAN, CHAPLAIN U. S. ARMY.



IT may be held as nearly axiomatic that he who wields successfully the sword of a commander need not despair of wielding with grace and effectiveness that mightier weapon —the pen. Not a few military men of brilliant reputations have written their names deeper into history with the pen than they ever did with the point of the sword. Even Cæsar's fame as a soldier rests chiefly upon Cæsar's ability as an author.

If we subject the real military man to a close analysis we shall find his mental powers above the average and in excellent proportion and poise—will, moral as well as physical courage, instinctive appreciation of human nature, energy, confidence in himself, large but not sanguine hope, and endurance. The burdens of war may sap his strength, but the original man is superb. In point of education he will be sufficiently cultured to preserve him from narrowness, bigotry and tyranny, and sufficiently uncultured to be free of the crotchets and manias of the over-learned world. He will be a square rather than an oblong man; hence he will not be unduly elated in moments of success, nor markedly depressed in hours of anxiety, peril, or disappointment.

Now that such a man should make himself understood and felt, when he wishes to reinforce the sword with the powers of the pen, ought to occasion no surprise. A very considerable part of the world's literature has been produced by soldiers.

Poetry seems to have been the only province in the domain of letters practically unoccupied by the professional man of arms. No army has ever yet given us a first-rate poet, though some great poets have come near being soldiers, and some great soldiers barely escaped the dangerous



MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

infatuation of the Muse. Perhaps the hard contact with force and its pitiless effects, not to mention the stern mandates of relentless discipline, may account for the absence of poetic fire.

In the illustrious register of military writers of this age, few occupy a more honored place than Major-General O. O. Howard. Probably no officer now upon the active list of the American army has turned out so much "printers' copy" as the present commander of the military department of the East. This is rather remarkable, since this work has been done by one who, though naturally "right-handed," possesses only a left arm, and comparatively little of this has been accomplished by "dictation." Apart from official correspondence, he does his own writing. Since that memorable day in the year 1863, at Fair Oaks, when the good right arm was carried away, General Howard has struggled to adjust himself to a left-handed life, and with what success his subsequent career, the thanks of Congress, his many contributions to current and standard literary vehicles, and above all the ever-growing affectionate regard of his countrymen abundantly attest.

From an authorized list of General Howard's productions, I enumerate two hundred titles of books, pamphlets, editorials, magazine articles, stories and other notable newspaper contributions. These include, in the subject-matter, history, biography, military science, travels at home and abroad, Indians and Indian warfare, cadet reminiscences at West Point, reviews and criticisms, Biblical ex-

positions and religious discussions, stories for children, and such like *ad libitum*. The sketches and personal recollections of his contemporaries in the great inter-state war are among the most graphic and engaging writings of that period extant.

His book entitled, "Chief Joseph: His Pursuit and Capture," which appeared in the year 1881, was a notable publication of a memorable campaign against hostile Indians. This work is valuable for its hints toward the solution of the Indian problem, some of which, in the light of the present day, seem to have been inspired by the spirit of prophecy.

One of his recent books, and one of universal interest, is the biography of General Zachary Taylor. The theme is one which General Howard has studied *con amore*, and in his charming style he does justice to the life and character of a great citizen and soldier. Running through this, as through all of General Howard's works, is the luminous chain of moral purpose. Fortunate indeed is any man whose memory may be blessed with such a biographer.

In the interim of exacting military duties, General Howard still plies the pen, and important additions to his already rich, varied, and voluminous literary bequests to mankind may be expected by those who admire and love the martial author.

Thomas Carlyle was fond of saying that no really clever man ever came of utterly stupid ancestors; and with rare courage he would add: "My father was the remarkablest man I ever knew." Descendants of the sterling men of colonial times will doubtless agree that Captain Charles King, late of the 5th U. S. Cavalry (now honorably retired because of wounds received in Indian wars), about fills the requirements of a "Simon-pure American" in point of ancestry. His great-grandfather, Rufus King, holds a reputable position in our constitutional history, was for years a United States Senator from New York, and twice American minister to the Court of St. James. Captain King's grandfather, Dr. Charles King, was a college president, and in turn his own father, Rufus King, was also a noted public man. It is just possible, therefore, that Captain King's literary skill and artistic tastes, in part at least, "came by nature." But be that as it may, there is no more tireless toiler in the realm of authorship than this same gallant officer and gentleman.



CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

Of his novels a critic has recently written: "No living author is more sure of an eager

audience or more certain to hold and delight his readers. No one knows more thoroughly the matters of which he writes, and no one else can describe them with such graceful and natural art. His stories always have a plot; his characters are living men and women; he makes the barracks, the march, the battle-field, as near as if we had been there; and he clothes them in something of 'the light that never was on sea or land'—for he is a poet, whose poetry insinuates itself through practical and most readable prose."

Now, while Captain King is chiefly known as a novelist, it is not, I think, in that *rôle* that he has done or can do his best work. It is in such substantial efforts as "Famous Battles," and "Campaigning with Crook," that he will deserve to be remembered. His word-paintings of battle scenes have been translated into foreign tongues and have won the author international renown. Should he turn the entire current of his undeniable genius into the historical channel, he may be expected to add lasting lustre to his already effulgent fame. But the demand has been so clamorous for fiction, that Captain King has responded by pouring it out in such lavish fashion as to suggest the presence of an inexhaustible fountain. His method of composition is quite novel. He is the first author that has made practical the phonograph as a labor-saving machine. Since this fact alone has given rise to erroneous accounts of his literary operations, I may be pardoned for here introducing some extracts from personal correspondence. "First: I form my plot and block out my stories in rather an informal way, that is by having a general idea of what the plot is to be, and a very fixed idea of the characters; then I go to work and tell the story as seems most easy and natural, without bothering much as to the length of chapters, except where it has to be published first as a serial. Second: Ordinarily my work begins right after breakfast in the morning, and I write steadily until luncheon time at half-past one. Interruptions, however, are very frequent here in Milwaukee, and I cannot always count on escaping them. Then sometimes I have to use the evening hours and write until quite late at night, but this is a matter I object to very much. Proof-reading and going over the type-written sheets I generally take in the evening. I devote all months of the year to literary work. I have very little time for rest. It is my custom ordinarily in writing to scribble roughly in pencil or with fountain-pen, in a sort of shorthand of my own, the story as it occurs to me, and then having gone over it once or twice, to read it into my phonograph; then the cylinders of the phonograph are taken down to the office of my transcriber, Miss Rhoades, and that young lady very carefully and conscientiously does the type-writing. In dictating to her, it is not necessary to bother myself about punctuation or spelling or anything of the kind, as she has been engaged in this work for me ever since the fall of 1889, and is quite well up in army technicalities. Well, now that I am getting older and lazier, I consider perhaps four thousand words a good day's work. I have sometimes, under the spur, written six thousand and even more words in a day, but I never want to do it again."

Referring to some published accounts of his methods of composition he further writes: "From these you may get some idea how this work is done, except that one would suppose that I never wrote at all, and depended only on my own fluency, which would be a very poor thing to depend on."

That Captain King has never placed an unreasonable value upon his works of fiction is evident from this modest confession: "For some reason which I cannot fathom, these

soldier stories of mine seem to have found a great many readers among the mass of the people. We army people know how defective in many respects they must be. I can only try to be right technically and historically."

Now these same "army people" have been disposed to censure Captain King for his portrayals of garrison life, chiefly because of an imaginary effect these portrayals have upon the civil public. A certain feeling of uneasiness in army circles set in with the appearance of "The Colonel's Daughter," and "Marion's Faith," and this has grown into a "remonstrance" in certain quarters, to the infinite merriment of not a few, as subsequent stories have found their way into print. In replying to published strictures upon one of his latest books he has publicly said:

"The character of 'Waring' was not intended to represent my idea of the 'thorough army gentleman,' neither was it my intention, to portray therein 'a really fine character.' 'Waring' was a whimsicality, as generous in many ways as he was selfish in others. As 'Two Soldiers' led to 'An Army Portia,' and that to 'A Soldier's Secret,' and all three had their *raison d'être*, so may it be found that this picture of garrison life just after the war, when 'Doyles' were many, is but the prelude to 'more serious work,' and in contrasting the troublous past with the idyllic present of army life, those who have time to read may yet find something more than 'entertainment for the passing hour.'"

It would seem clear at a glance that no book worth reading could be made from the humdrum doings of actual garrison life of to-day, and an army post made up of ideal characters would also be monotonous, and so like Utopia as to become shortly unbearable to ordinary terrestrial beings. A book about such an angelic military community would be acceptable only to the vain and frivolous who wish to be considered of a superior order of existence.

There must be composite characters and imaginary conditions if we are to have a genuine story in these "piping times of peace." It is doubtful if the public would ever have considered the characters and customs set forth in Captain King's books anything more than clever exaggerations, had not army people called attention to them by taking the delineations so severely to heart. But this fact has served to make book reviews interesting if nothing more. Now no sooner is a new army story out, than the author is bombarded right and left; and any number of "keys" to the characters are forwarded to him post haste. Again in a letter he touches upon this point: "Yes, I appreciate what you have to say about the guesses made in the service as to the *dramatis personæ*. There were nine guesses at 'Lady Pelham,' and all of them wrong. I have never yet found any one who really knew the original of that character. Rest her soul—she's been dead many a long year."

As Captain King is not yet fifty years of age, we may reasonably expect that the supreme effort of his life is still to be made, and will be made with such success as to insure him not only passing but perpetual honor among mankind.

The old adage, "like father like son" finds a happy illustration in the person of the genial author of "Marjorie and Her Papa."

Lieutenant Robert Howe Fletcher was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. His father, Doctor Robert Fletcher, who is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, England, served through the civil war with distinction, and has since become well known in scientific circles for the excellent bibliographical work he has done in connection with the Surgeon-General's Library at Washington, D. C.

In 1867, Mr. Fletcher, being then seventeen years of age, went on to Washington, and in a personal interview with President Johnson obtained an appointment to the Naval Academy. During his four years' course at that institution he had the expe-

rience of nine months of sea service at home and abroad. After graduating he was attracted by the reports of active service that our scattered little army was doing on the Indian frontier, and became imbued with a soldier's ambition to join it.

President Grant, who was a personal friend of Mr. Fletcher's father, encouraged the midshipman in the idea, with the result that Mr. Fletcher exchanged his warrant in the navy for the commission of a second lieutenant in the 21st Infantry. Lieutenant Fletcher joined his regiment in Idaho Territory in 1872. After serving a number of years on the frontier, he became General Howard's aide de camp in charge of scouts, during the *Nez Percé* Indian war in 1877, at which time his health was seriously impaired by hardships and exposure. General Howard makes honorable mention of Lieutenant Fletcher in his book on the Chief Joseph campaign. Subsequently the young officer was on duty in the engineers' office at division headquarters at San Francisco and in Southern California until 1886, when it became evident that he was permanently disabled by duty in the field, and he was honorably retired.

After his retirement, Lieutenant Fletcher first of all turned his attention to painting, fitting up a study in San Diego for that purpose. But he soon abandoned a life wholly devoted to this art, for the more remunerative occupation of literature. His great skill with the pencil has, however, stood him in good stead in illustrating his stories with original and attractive sketches. He was not, strictly speaking, a beginner at writing, having written a story when little more than a boy for Frank Leslie's *Chimney Corner*. Also after



LIEUTENANT ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

graduating from the Naval Academy he had been an occasional contributor in prose and verse to *The Capital*, a weekly paper edited by Donn Piatt in Washington, D. C. But his first serious work was a novel entitled "A Blind Bargain." This appeared serially in *The Golden Era*, a magazine issued in San Diego, and was afterward printed in book form. In 1887, when Lieutenant Fletcher took up his residence in San Francisco, he began contributing short stories to *The Argonaut*. Most of these tales had their scenes laid in the Indian country, although one of them, "Dick," dealt with naval life; and another, "The Adventures of Yulita Anita de Sunatvarita in Corner Lots," is a reminiscence of San Diego in the astonishing days of its "boom."

A collection of these stories, including one or two new ones, notably "The Mystery of the Studio," was published in 1891, under the general title of "The Johnstown Stage." Lieutenant Fletcher wrote during the year of 1889 that justly celebrated child's chronicle, "Marjorie and Her Papa: How They Wrote a Book and Made Pictures for It." This at first appeared in *St. Nicholas* magazine. It has since come out as a book and has entered the foremost ranks of children's literature of to-day. "Marjorie" was followed in *St. Nicholas* by "Two Boys and a Girl," from the same pen. It seems scarcely necessary to say that the author has by such meritorious works as these won a large place in the affections of the rising generation.

Lieutenant Fletcher works steadily with his pen, when his health will permit, contributing to various magazines and periodicals. A story from his pen will appear in the same issue of the CALIFORNIAN with this article. As a dialectician he at times equals the excellence of Bret Harte, and is truer to the Westerners of our own time. He has just completed a new novel called "The Story of Ray Stone," which as representing his matured powers may be looked forward to with interest by the many eager readers who have followed him through his earlier productions.

The scholar and soldier are happily combined in the person of Captain John Bigelow, Jr., of the 10th U. S. Cavalry. Few men have enjoyed such rare advantages as have fallen to his lot, and still fewer have improved the same so well. By inheritance and instinct he is a literary man, and by professional penchant a man of arms.

He is the eldest son of Hon. John Bigelow, the distinguished journalist, diplomat, and biographer, and was born in the city of New York, May 12th, 1854. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, traveller and writer, is also a son of the same honored father. With members of his father's family, the future soldier travelled abroad during 1859-60, and when he did so again in the following year he remained away till 1867. The senior Bigelow was appointed consul-general in Paris, and on the death of Minister Dayton succeeded to the more responsible position.

Young Bigelow was placed in the best schools of the French capital, and afterward became a student at Bonn on the Rhine. On his return to the United States, he attended the Friends' School at Providence, R. I., and was eventually fitted for West Point. He went abroad once more in 1869, and was placed in a public school at Berlin, from which he entered the University of that city. At Freiberg, Saxony, he also spent some time in the Mining Academy. While thus studiously engaged, he saw something of the process of mobilization of the German army, of the transportation of material, prisoners, etc.; and as a matriculate of the University of Berlin attended the triumphant entry of the troops into the capital at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. Returning home in 1873, he reported as a cadet at the Military Academy the day after land-



CAPTAIN JOHN BIGELOW, JR.

ing in New York. He graduated in 1877, a member of the largest class which up to that time the Academy had turned out, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the 10th U. S. Cavalry, and reported for duty with his regiment in the following winter at Fort Duncan, Texas, on the Rio Grande River. In December, 1878, he was detailed by the Secretary of War as instructor in the department of French and English languages at the West Point Academy, where he remained until 1884. During the year 1883, he was promoted and married, his wife being a daughter of Judge Henry Clay Dallam of Baltimore.

His periods of repose were paroxysms of "learned labor;" for in the midst of an instructor's engagements he was able to write and publish "Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, a Strategic and Tactical Study."

Relieved at West Point, Lieutenant Bigelow rejoined his regiment at Fort Davis, Texas, and in the spring of the following year marched with his command to the department of Arizona and took station at Fort Grant. Lieutenant Bigelow participated in the campaigns against the Apaches, who were led by the redoubtable chieftain Geronimo. A diary kept by Mr. Bigelow during these stirring times on the southwestern border was published as a series of articles in *Outing*.

Early in 1887 he was again ordered east, being detailed as adjutant-general of the District of Columbia militia, which was then being organized. This position he filled with credit to himself and the service until relieved two years later. He owes the opportunity which made possible his chief literary production to this detail. "The Principles of Strategy: Illustrated Mainly from American Campaigns," was written in Washington, and while the author had access to the War Department library and the advantage of personal contact with officers of wide experience and authority. The book appeared simultaneously in London and New York. The principal sale was in England. The new and revised edition was prepared while the author was on duty at Fort Assiniboine, Montana. About the time of the completion of the revision, Lieutenant Bigelow was honored with promotion to a captaincy. Following is an extract from the preface of the new edition: "While of paramount importance in the army, military study is hardly less important in the reserve, or the national guard. Nor is it unimportant outside of these military classes. It is the citizens rather than the soldiers who decide the great question of peace or war, and determine the military policy of a nation. Hence a certain amount of military knowledge is useful, not

to say necessary, in every walk of civil life, and should be regarded as an essential part of a liberal education.

"The literature of the day abounds in works on the art and science of war, but these are based for the greater part upon the experience of European armies in European countries. It is the purpose of the author of this book to discuss the subject of strategy in the light of American warfare, and thus furnish instruction for Americans not only in the theory of this subject, but also in the military history and geography of their own country."

Honorable Frederick Douglass, in acknowledging receipt of a book written by the Reverend T. G. Steward, D.D., who was appointed to his position in the army by President Benjamin Harrison, and is now chaplain of the 25th U. S. Infantry, penned these appreciative words:

"I am not theologian enough to venture a criticism in respect of the soundness of the conclusions arrived at in your volume, entitled 'Genesis Reread,' but with the millions of your countrymen who have African blood, I own myself a debtor to you in that production. It is a credit to the mind and heart of our whole people and a killing condemnation of our alleged mental inferiority. I have seldom read a book more elevated in style, more lucid and logical in argument, more rich in research, more profound in thought, or that gave evidence of more earnestness, industry, and candor in its production. I rejoice that you were able to write it. In speaking to Mr. Wears about the book, I expressed a wish which I repeat to you, and that is, that you would keep on writing. In preaching you speak to your congregation; in writing you speak to the country, and the country has great need of such teachers."

In the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Steward occupies a prominent position. Indeed, he is recognized not only as one of the most accomplished exegetes of his church, but an authority on questions of polity and history as well. He has been often mentioned as a probable candidate for the office of bishop; and though the good doctor disclaims the possession of any qualifications desirable in a church dignitary, it may be questioned if the ecclesiastical mantle could fall upon worthier shoulders than his.

He is the author of a dozen works of more or less substantial merit; he has a reading acquaintance with Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, and German; speaks and writes French with grace and fluency, and is master of an excellent English style.

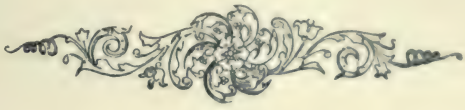
As a pastor he has been successful, presiding at various times over large congregations in Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities.

At present he is a literary worker, whose productions find ready accept-



CHAPLAIN T. G. STEWARD, D.D.

ance with editors of magazines and leading journals. Such men as these verify the statements that the mental development required in military tactics enables the soldier to enter the literary world and successfully compete with the most logical writers of the present day.



ALONE.

BY ALBERT MONSON.

He stands alone amid the joyous throng,
 A mortal lost upon the sea of life;
Unto his ears the merry shout and song
 But turn to cries of agony and strife.
 He has no brother, sister, child nor wife,
Nor father, nor a mother's tender love
That care for him. The sunbeams from above
 Descend and cut him like a foeman's knife.

No deed of wilful wrong was ever done
 By him; and yet his anguished mind can trace
Along the path of life which he has run
 A line of errors nothing can efface.
 And now, forsaken, gloomy, in disgrace,
Denied by kindred and by former friends,
Down to the very dust his proud head bends
 While Death and Woe are stamped upon his face.

Alone! No word of sympathy or cheer
 Is offered to his sad and lonely heart;
No sounds of tender cadence reach his ear
 Nor to his spirit joyful news impart.
 Despair exhausts on him its hellish art;
He suffers hell on earth; and now, what more
Can Justice claim upon the other shore
 When from the earth his spirit shall depart!



"JOAQUIN STEPPED FORWARD WITH CLENCHED HANDS."—SEE PAGE 695.

THE FRA DIAVOLO OF EL DORADO.

BY NEITH BOYCE.

AT sixteen a lover eloping with his mistress; in two years thereafter first a miner, then a monte-dealer, finally an outlaw; at eighteen the head and heart of a band of desperadoes numbering from twenty to eighty; handsome and brave, feared by men and adored by women—this was Joaquin Murieta, the famous bandit of California.

Murieta was born in the department of Sonora, Mexico, and there passed sixteen uneventful years, imbibing a very mild education in the public school, and endearing himself to his mates by the sweetness and geniality of his disposition. His troubles began, not at all remarkably, with a woman. In his seventeenth year he became desperately enamored of Rosita Felix. Even at that early age it seems his fascinations were irresistible. The gay Boccaccian idyl had its appropriate climax in discovery and flight.

Pursued by Rosita's irate and revengeful father, the lovers fled, crossed the line in safety, and took refuge in Los Angeles. This was in '49. Here Murieta lived peacefully for a time, until he was implicated by confession of one of his associates in a horse-stealing raid of some previous date. Just or unjust, the charge drove him from Los Angeles—for in that wild time and country a murderer might and probably would go scot-free, but a horse-thief was hanged as soon as caught.

To the gold-fever now raging over the whole country, Joaquin fell an early and an easy victim. In the spring of 1850, we find him, still accompanied by the faithful Rosita—more faithful, alas, to him than he to her—engaged in mining among the Stanislaus placers, where he had a rich claim, and was on the road to wealth.

One evening his cabin, where with Rosita he was resting after a hard day's work, was invaded by a party of some half-dozen American ruffians.

"You don't know, I suppose, that greasers are not allowed to take gold from American ground," began the leader insolently.

"If you mean that I have no right to my claim, in obtaining which I have conformed to all the laws of the district, I certainly did not know it," replied Joaquin quietly.

"Well, you may know it now; and you have got to go. So vamoose, git, and take that trumpery with you," jerking his thumb toward Rosita. "The women, if anything, are worse than the men."

Joaquin stepped forward with clenched hands, the blood mantling his dark face. "I will leave these parts if such be your wish, but say one word against that woman, and though you were ten times an American, you shall rue it!"

Scarcely were these words uttered when one of the party reached over and struck Joaquin a severe blow in the face. The latter sprang for his bowie-knife, which he had thrown upon the bed on returning from work. Rosita, instinct with the danger such rashness threatened, threw herself before him, and seizing him in her arms, frantically held him. For the intruders to thrust the woman aside and strike the unarmed man senseless, was the work of a moment. When Joaquin awoke to consciousness it was to find Rosita prostrate, her face buried in her clothes, sobbing hysterically. Then he knew the worst. Fleeing from the desecrated spot, home no longer, Joaquin

and Rosita sought refuge on a little rancho, hidden away in the Calaveras Mountains. Even here they were not permitted to rest in peace. Driven out again by the all-coveting Yankee prospector, they next went to Murphy's Diggings, where Joaquin once more tried his luck at the mines. But fickle fortune no longer smiled on him, and after a time, weary of labor without reward, he became a monte-dealer. This occupation, then considered respectable, was better suited to the peculiar abilities of the suave young Sonorense, and for a time he prospered exceedingly.

But the fates were hostile and refused to be placated. One evening, while riding into town a horse which he had borrowed from a half-brother, who lived on a ranch near by, he was accosted by an American, who claimed that the animal had been stolen from him. In vain Murieta explained that he had borrowed it and pleaded "*pro alieno.*" A half-drunken crowd soon surrounded him, pulled him from the saddle, and carried him to the ranch of his brother, whom they summarily launched into eternity from the branch of one of his own trees; they then bound Joaquin to the same tree, and flogged him.

It was the last straw. The boy's hot southern blood flamed into madness. Looking around the circle of his enemies, he marked each one, and swore against them all a terrible oath of vengeance—kept but too well. From that time forth he was the relentless foe and scourge of the incrowding Americans. Typifying the struggle between victor and vanquished, he was—or considered himself—not a renegade and rebel so much as a victim of intolerable injustice, fighting to avenge the wrongs of himself and his countrymen upon their oppressors.

Not long afterward, the body of an American—one of those concerned in the flogging of Joaquin and the murder of his brother—was found near Murphy's Diggings, literally hacked to pieces. Suspicion pointed to Joaquin, and was confirmed by other murders following in quick succession. The name of the young Mexican began to be whispered about, coupled with threats of speedy lynching. These came to Joaquin's ears, and again he fled, none too soon.

Within a few months he was at the head of a band of desperadoes, numbering sometimes as high as eighty. In the organization and manipulation of this little army, Joaquin's talents had full sway and accomplished their work well. Among his followers his word was as the law of the Medes and Persians—from it there was no appeal, disobedience to it was punished by death. Each member of the band had his peculiar duties to perform, his allotted field of operations, the limits of which he must not overstep. For all the path of distinction was plainly marked—it was a trail of human blood. No outlaw was much respected who had not killed his man, and rank was high in proportion to the number slain. All these men were expert marksmen and equestrians, always splendidly mounted and armed.

The executive ability and personal magnetism of Joaquin enabled him to weld and compact what would ordinarily have been a disorderly crew into a unit, and to wield this terrible weapon with matchless precision and effect. For three years—a long time at that rushing epoch—he swept the country like a cyclone, defying the impotent government officials, marking his path by a wide swath of robbery and murder, and making the name of Joaquin a terror from Shasta to Tulare.

At no time before or since in the history of the coast could such a state of things be possible. But at that time the whole region was in upheaval. Justice was paralyzed, government a farce, and the minority of peace-loving citizens forced to band themselves together into vigi-

lance committees to supply the deficiencies of the public officers. Los Angeles was then known as the wickedest city on the coast. Being near the Mexican border it furnished a convenient stopping place for gamblers *en route* from Mexico to the mines, and for criminals to whom a trip across the line might at any moment become a necessity. As a consequence, in 1851–53 it had more desperadoes domiciled within its small limits than were at large in all the rest of California. Its average mortality was one a day. At one time the office of sheriff, worth $10,000 a year, went begging—two incumbents having been killed within the year.

Under such conditions, highwaymen were naturally as plentiful as flowers in spring; Joaquin was only one of many. And in order to view his failings charitably, it is only necessary to recall the names and deeds of his rivals in crime—Camillo, Armigo, Salomon Pico, Vasquez, and a host of others—men who without his provocations were to the full as sanguinary as he, and who had all his vices without any of his redeeming traits.

One of the choice spirits he ruled was Manuel Garcia, commonly known as Three-Fingered Jack, from his loss of a finger in the last Mexican war—a man of large, powerful frame, of rugged and ferocious countenance, of boundless brutality. The favorite sport of this individual was known as "sticking Chinamen." The poor little brown men were considered fair sport for any one who chose to try his skill upon them, and were slaughtered right and left like so many rats. Jack would dash into a group of the defenceless wretches, seize their queues with a peculiar twist of his own invention, jerk back their heads, and slash throat after throat. He used to boast that out of every ten he could account for five.

Another of the band was Claudio —a man of middle age, lean but vigorous, crafty, brave, but chiefly distinguished for consummate cunning and vindictiveness—a very Iago. Then there was Pedro Gonzalez, a most expert horse-thief and spy—a valuable member of the fraternity—and Joaquin Valenzuela, who was almost a counterpart of his leader, though a much older man. This marvellous resemblance often served Murieta by bewildering his pursuers and throwing them off the track, and made for him even a greater reputation for ubiquity than he deserved. And there was Reyes Félix, a brother of the devoted Rosita, who in his Mexican home had heard delightful tales of the daring and success of Joaquin, and burned with longing to join him. This, after the death of his father, he succeeded in doing, and served his captain faithfully and well until the vigilantes of Los Angeles caught and hanged him.

These are a few types of the band, whereof the rest were for the most part variations. They agreed in one thing, however, if in no other. They were all utterly wild and lawless, knowing no object but the satisfaction of their own greeds. Their leader, far from attempting to restrain them, set an example of unscrupulous audacity which the boldest might strive to emulate, but could never hope to excel.

The stories of Murieta's bold and bloody deeds are countless. The following are characteristic:

While attending a *fandango* in San José, he got into a fracas, and was fined twelve dollars by a magistrate. Being put in charge of a deputy-sheriff, he invited that officer to go with him to his house and get the money. The man, not knowing with whom he had to deal, complied. The two reached an unfrequented place, when the bandit suddenly turned, said, "Accept the compliments of Joaquin!" and plunged his jewelled dagger up to its hilt in the other's breast.

One evening he was seated at the monte-table, when one of the players,



"I TAKE THE BET; JOAQUIN IS BEFORE YOU."—SEE PAGE 699.

an American, boastfully offered to bet $500 that he would kill Joaquin at sight. Murieta leaped upon the table, thrust his pistol into the astonished American's face, and cried: "I take the bet—Joaquin is before you!" Then springing to the ground he mounted and rode away unharmed.

In the spring of 1852, he drove three hundred stolen horses through southern California into Sonora. Soon after, being in Los Angeles for a few days, he heard that another deputy-sheriff was on his track with the avowed purpose of taking him dead or alive. Joaquin got up a sham fight between two Indians in front of the hotel where the officer was staying. The latter came out to see the fray, when the bandit dashed up to him, drove a bullet through his head and rode away.

Another time Joaquin rode into a camp where about twenty-five miners were at supper, and entered into conversation with them. Presently a man who knew him by sight joined the party and upon seeing him called out: "That is Joaquin! Why in God's name don't you kill him?" Putting spurs to his horse, with one bound Joaquin cleared the camp and dashed down the canyon. Finding his path blocked there, he returned toward the camp to take advantage of a narrow coyote-trail around the brow of a precipice that overhung the awful depths of the canyon below. A shower of bullets greeted his reappearance, but none of them touched him, and he dashed up along the dizzy path, waving his dagger and shouting defiance.

On one occasion, riding in disguise through Stockton, he saw a handbill offering $1,000 for his capture. He wrote underneath, "I will give $5,000 —Joaquin," and departed unmolested.

One could fill a volume with tales like these, but enough have been given to show his methods and the success which almost invariably attended them. However, he had now nearly reached the end of his tether, the popular clamor having finally forced the authorities to take extraordinary measures for his suppression. In May, 1853, the legislature at Sacramento passed an act authorizing Harry Love, a well-known ranger, to do what they were unable to accomplish—namely, to hunt down Joaquin and kill him. This robber-hunter is described as "a tall, straight Black Knight figure, with bright burning eyes and long glossy ringlets falling over his shoulders, knightly in way and walk as an ancient cavalier."

With a band of twenty followers, rangers like himself, Love set to work. Once upon the trail he was as untiring and relentless as a sleuth-hound, bringing all his mountaineer knowledge and skill to aid in hunting down his prey. All the long summer months he followed stealthily the flying footsteps of Joaquin, waiting the opportunity which the latter's well-known recklessness was sure in the end to give him. But it is possible that the bandit might have continued to burst through the fine-spun webs spread to trap him—if it had not been for the treachery of a woman. One of Joaquin's mistresses, Antonia la Molinera, had been faithless to him, and in terror of his threatened vengeance betrayed him to his enemies. Then the end came.

One evening at the last of July, Love and his band came upon a party of seven Mexicans in camp near the Tejon pass. Six of them were gathered about the camp-fire where preparations for supper were going on. The seventh, at a little distance, was washing down a magnificent bay horse. A bright, picturesque figure he was, with his flowing black curls, his sparkling eyes, his gay and rich attire. On being asked where his party was going he replied, "To Los Angeles." Addressing the men around the fire, however, Love received an entirely different answer:

when the first speaker advanced a step, raised his head haughtily and said, "I command here. Address yourself to me."

At this moment one of the pursuing party, a man who knew Joaquin, and was known by him, came up. The latter saw that the game was lost. Calling to his men to save themselves, he sprang upon his horse, and was off like a flash. Close upon him came his foes, firing as they rode. As he dashed madly down the narrow trail, his horse stumbled upon the brink of a precipice, and fell with him down the declivity. Both unhurt, in a moment they were up and on. But closer and closer came the pursuers; thick and thicker the hail of bullets. Murieta's horse was struck and fell mortally wounded. The rider, knowing himself lost, yet held on desperately for some paces, until three bullets had pierced him. Then he turned with a smile, held up his jewelled hand, saying: "It is enough!" and sinking down, died without a moan.

Thus, when he was but twenty-one, ended the career of Joaquin Murieta; it had lasted barely three years. Who will embalm it in song or story? Surely here is material rich enough to tempt and inspire novelist, poet, or librettist. What a picturesque background and setting — shifting from the mingled squalor and splendor of the primitive city to the sordid realities and golden promise of the mining camp, and thence to the wild, majestic beauty of the mountain passes and canyons! What felicities of plot, what wealth of incident comic, tragic, always dramatic, the history of the time unfolds with every page! And for hero—have we not already sketched one? Nowhere in fact or fiction could there be found a character better suited to bring out to the full the wild romance of the time, to crystallize about itself that strange vanished life into enduring shapes of terror and beauty, than this same lithe, picturesque, youthful figure, with its fierce glowing passions of love and hate, its electric force of will, its revenge swift and deadly as the spring of the rattlesnake.





THE DEERHOUND IN AMERICA.

BY GEORGE MACDOUGALL.

LANDSEER'S "Stag at Bay" possesses the power to stir the blood of one who possesses an innate love of the chase, and carries the imaginative inspector far away from his real surroundings, into the excitement of a deer-hunt. He can almost hear the deep-mouthed baying of his hounds when after a long exhausting run, trembling and frothing with fatigue and heat, they find their victim at last in their power. He can almost see the flash of the hunted animal's eyes, as it throws up its head in a last noble effort of self-defence. And later he sees the stretched-out skin and catches the delicate aroma of roasted venison, and finally, with his faithful deerhounds crouched around him, he lies back in his easy-chair in his library, and gazes above the mantel at the beautifully mounted antlers.

Upon first seeing a deerhound, if one has placed his expectations very high, he is likely to be disappointed, especially when his school chum's greyhound Jeff promptly shakes the daylights out of him, and leaves his exalted expectations shattered in the dust.

But afterward, when one has become a full-fledged dog-fiend, goes to dog shows and learns to talk learnedly about the proper carriage of tails and ears, the presence and absence of quality, character, and other equally paradoxical attributes, his flagging faith revives, and when he comes across a long, gray, symmetrical beauty, resembling a weasel, a panther, and several other graceful animals, as she arises from her bed of straw and smiles at him with her lovely, kind eyes, stretching her thin limbs and wagging her tail, he will lose his heart entirely.

Two or three years ago, while in

Montana, the writer received by express a lanky, clumsy, cowardly puppy, a giant in body but a baby in mind, who was christened "Alan Breck," after Stevenson's most picturesque character in his most interesting story, "Kidnapped." The extreme altitude, aided perhaps by overwork, gave Alan nervous prostration, and for six months he was delicate, sluggish, afraid of his own shadow, but always obedient and loving. A camping trip restored him to health and he has never been ill a moment since. Courage came with health. He delighted his owner by successively thrashing every dog who had ever insulted him. He remembered them all, and, after each fight came back smiling and panting. To keep him company came "Rob's Lassie," a little "ornery," ugly puppy about five months old, who, even at that age, put her hackles up and whimpered with rage if a strange dog looked hard at her. Lass is still small and "ornery," but has developed into a beauty, nevertheless; of courage absolutely dauntless, endurance unlimited, not very fast but always first to see game, first to own a track, first to start and last to quit. She is nervous, petulant, and headstrong; will cry with rage if thwarted; but is also loving, gentle, and intelligent. Alan, on the contrary, is all dignity and softness, a demon in a fight, but that only as a matter of business, and, now that all his old enemies have been conquered, not in the least quarrelsome. A word of caution, and he will let a strange dog do anything but actually bite him, only raising his head and walking stiffly by. But woe betide the dog who transgresses his limit! Like a flash Alan's fangs are in his throat and, if under fifty or sixty pounds in weight, his legs are flying in the air as Alan shakes him as a terrier would a rat.

In early days in Ireland there existed a breed of gigantic wolfhounds, famed in song and story. Extraordinary tales are told of their size and prowess. With the extinction of the wolves, however, their usefulness was gone, and the wolfhounds disappeared almost as rapidly as the wolves. One or two English fanciers claim to possess specimens of pure blood, and they are trying hard to revive the breed by aid of deerhound, great Dane, and other crosses. Practically the same dog was used in the Highlands of Scotland to hunt the red deer, though size was not so necessary as in the old wolfhounds. Their usefulness there continues to the present day, but in the early part of the present century, with several other ancient breeds, extinction had almost overtaken them. The inauguration of dog shows about sixty years ago revived interest in many old and dying breeds. To restore the deerhounds excessive inbreeding was necessary, which diminished their size. The size of the dogs has to a great extent been recovered, but the bitches are still small, though they are improving every year. Nothing has been lost except size. The breed seems to retain all of its pristine courage, speed, endurance, and hunting sense. In America the change of climate has acted like a change of blood; added to which, we are getting further from the inbred source with every generation, so that the effect of inbreeding is gradually wearing out, and we today are breeding finer deerhounds than they have in Britain.

Ten or twelve years ago the most prominent breeder of deerhounds in America was Dr. Q. Van Hummell, then of Denver, Colorado. He had a pack of twelve or fourteen highly bred dogs and used them on the big game which was more plentiful then in Colorado than now. He claimed for them wonderful courage and intelligence, but found them rather deficient in speed, and his fancy gradually turned to the greyhound. He has owned no deerhounds for several years, but his eyes glistened on see-

ing Alan, who was bred from a bitch that he once owned. Dr. Van Hummell a number of years ago sent a pack of deerhounds to this northern country, which were purchased by the Montana Cattle Association, and were hunted for them by a Mr. Porter, now of Denver, to clear the range of coyotes and gray wolves.

The first exhibition that Mr. Porter gave the cattle men was immediately after a journey on horseback of about sixty miles, from which his pack was all foot-sore. He took four deerhounds out, however, and killed a very large gray wolf. The pack was hunted on the range, east of the Rockies, by Mr. Porter for about a year, during which time he killed about six or seven hundred coyotes and some three hundred gray wolves. He was paid by the Cattle Association and also received the bounty, which was at that time high, for the skins, and he therefore made a very good thing of it. The Cattle Association then bought the dogs and Mr. Porter went home. The pack was hunted in the interests of the cattle men for several years thereafter, but some trouble arose and the pack was split up and scattered, some of them remaining in the possession of Colonel Murphy, of Helena, up to a year or two ago. Mr. Porter made a similar trip to Texas last winter, which proved entirely successful and very profitable. His pack in Texas, however, did not consist entirely of thoroughbred deerhounds; there were several cross-bred deerhound-greyhounds and several greyhounds. The best dog of the pack was the litter to which Alan belonged. He, with another deerhound and a medium-sized greyhound, absolutely killed a gray wolf without assistance. Mr. Porter was not willing to assert that that feat could be repeated with any regularity, but claimed that the same three dogs could probably do it again, with a little good luck.

A gray wolf is an ugly antagonist, and must be overcome by a pack of dogs strong enough to control him by superior strength, or else at the end of the encounter a few dogs will be missing. In such an encounter Mr. Porter's method was to help his dogs all he could. As soon as they had a wolf down and he could get to them he dismounted, and putting his foot on the neck of the wolf while he was held by the dogs, stabbed him with a knife.

In working a pack a pair of good gritty greyhounds are very useful. They are faster than the deerhounds, and if you have the right kind of greyhounds there is very little difference as to grit. The deerhounds are stronger, a little more plucky, and have more hunting sense. They also help themselves to find the game, which greyhounds do only in exceptional cases.

The first coyote the writer ever saw killed was by four dogs, Alan, Lassie, Tony, and another old stager of a greyhound called Snip, belonging to a hunting chum. Snip had been through the mill "many a time and oft." His old body was scarred from end to end, and his head was chock-full of schemes to beguile the wily coyote. Tony had been entered on coyotes before, and they said the same of Alan, but we were of the opinion that he was certainly too young to have had very much experience. Lassie was about fourteen months old and had never seen anything bigger than a jack-rabbit.

We started out one morning from Deer Lodge, Frank on his powerful little roan horse Roanie, Irve on a crazy thoroughbred colt, which, however, was no crazier than its rider when it came to a run, the owner of Alan and Tony on a little bit of a cow-punching cayuse called Punkin-seed. Punkin-seed is small and ugly enough to stop an eight-day clock, but a gamier little horse never looked through a bridle. He has carried his rider gallantly through many a long day, and though either Roanie or the thoroughbred can

outrun him two to one, he is generally "there or thereabouts" at the end of a run, especially over rough ground, for the little rascal can pick his way like a coyote and make up time over a level piece of ground no larger than a handkerchief.

It was a sunny but cold day in December. There was about six inches of snow and everything was frozen tight. We agreed among ourselves that it was really dangerous to gallop our horses, and that if the dogs jumped a coyote we would not ride hard, but take care of our necks. After a ride of six or seven miles we were going down a steep hill, at the bottom of which was an irrigated field frozen into little ridges. We had dismounted with the intention of putting up the fence, when somebody shouted out, "There they go!" Looking up, a pair of coyotes were seen about a quarter of a mile away running up the next bench. The two boys galloped down the hill.



None of the dogs could be sighted but Lass. She was so crazy for a run that it was a comparatively easy matter to get her started, and the rest ran because she did, and quickly became sighted. We were soon flying over the ploughed field, without thoroughly realizing how it all oc-

curred, jumping the stream at the end and galloping up the hill. Roanie would not jump a fence—the beggar never will unless the whole force of the company get at him and yell and strike him with their hats. After raising considerable excitement Roanie jumped over, Irve jumped, little Punkin jumped, and we straightened out for about a mile, right up the mountains.

Reaching the top of a foot-hill, we saw the dogs on the top of the next bench, a quarter of a mile away. We looked askance at the croppings of hard rock sticking out of the side of the hill from six or eight inches to three feet high. Frank, in the mean time, had gone off to the left and found an easier descent. We turned our horses loose down this beautiful declivity, jumped a number of little benches and gullies in the valley, and piled up the hill on the other side. As we topped the hill we saw the hounds on the next hill, pretty well strung out, and poor old Snip tailing badly. At the bottom of this hill there was a stream thickly grown with cottonwoods. We came down the hill at a canter. As we got to the bottom Roanie, as usual, refused to jump. Punkin stopped on the steep bank. Where Frank stood was the only place where the growth was thin enough to get through. Frank talked to Roanie lovingly, and while he talked to him little Punkin was sliding down this bank. Finally Punkin's rider said, "Frank, I am coming," and he replied, "Come on, and be *somethinged!*" and Punkin must have landed on Roanie's back. But Roanie jumped the creek, Punkin after him, and we lay on our horses' necks and let them



From Photo.

bore through the brush to the top of the next hill in due course. The dogs were then half a mile away and out of sight.

Presently they came trailing back. The long start that the coyotes had was too much for them, for over this dreadful ground they pumped themselves comparatively soon. We rested a little and let them roll in the snow; then we went on. As we rode down the ridge we noticed old Snip throw his head up to windward and start away at a canter. The other hounds went with him. We were on the point of calling them back, but concluded that if they made a mistake they would learn more by making it than by our correcting them. As we reached the brow of a steep hill Frank gave a yell that pretty nearly scared Roanie into a spasm. We looked, and on came the hounds down out of the draw on our left. They had a coyote about fifty yards ahead of them, running for all he was worth. He tried to turn up the draw on our side, but a few yells turned him back. The coyote crossed the stream and tried to turn up the draw on Irve's side, but a yell from Irve spoiled that plan, and it was then too late for him to turn down, so he had to keep right on up the steep side of the hill. As he got about fifty yards up the hill, Tony, who was leading, nailed him by the hind leg. He turned to bite at Tony, when Snip grabbed him by the belly, Alan by the throat, and Lass some place or other, quicker than you could count one, two, three. They were running packed, Tony first, Snip at his shoulder, Alan at Snip's, Lassie at Alan's, and the coyote turned into such an array of gleaming ivories as he probably had never met before, and certainly never will again. As they shook him they made their way slowly down the hill, falling occasionally, for it was very steep, but not one of them let go for an instant. We all came up with the dogs on the other side of the creek. There was no hope for the coyote. Alan had his whole neck in his jaws, and the only change he made in his grip was to "guzzle" him a little deeper to get his back teeth in action. The other dogs were shaking and tearing at him wherever they could get a hold, and a few moments saw his intestines torn out. Our dogs had covered themselves with glory, and we were very proud of them when we turned homeward.

There was another glorious chase about three weeks afterward. This was over near Whitehall, on the east side of the range. We were informed of a herd of antelope that still remained in the valley, and concluded we would go and interview them. We took Alan, Tony, Lass, and our rifles, and went over the Bozeman Short Line to Whitehall, where we were met by a ranching friend, with whom we spent the night. There was very little snow in the valley, but the day was bitterly cold, with one of those piercing winds which freeze the marrow in one's bones. We started early and drove about fourteen miles up the valley, picking up a young rancher on the way. We rode some two or three miles, when the young rancher sighted the antelope up in the foot-hills.

As we pulled up to look at them we noticed a jack-rabbit squatting by a sage-brush within ten feet of Doc's horse. One of the party whom we called Doc brought his rifle up and shot the rabbit through the head. His killing this jack-rabbit, while it saved a run, frightened the antelope, and they took to their heels. They were some distance off, and the wind was blowing so hard that none of us could see very well and we wasted half an hour trying to find their tracks leading south, whereas they had gone north. As we were hunting around Alan hit off the trail, and, the other two joining him, they trailed the antelope for us about half a mile, when the young rancher said: "I know just where they are; they

have gone up to the sand-hills." We struck for the road to get out of the cactus and cantered along pretty smartly for four or five miles; then, turning over toward the mountains again, we reached the mouth of quite a large valley with sand-hills in all directions. Forming a line (rather a slim one to cover half a mile of territory) we rode up into this valley for about a mile, when we saw the antelope looking at us from the crest of a sand-hill. We kept edging nearer until the antelope broke by us as a band of cattle would. Doc turned himself loose and struck a fine two-year-old doe about an inch above the brisket. As we discovered afterward, the bullet went just above the breast-bone and below the vital organs, and it made no difference to her speed for half a mile or so. The hounds did not seem to take much notice; they had never seen antelope before, but with our riding and yelling Lass suddenly took fire and started to run in earnest. The other two immediately joined her, and it was only a matter of a moment till they were all excited and in hot pursuit. Then followed a wild ride. By dint of thumping our ponies, which were not in very good condition, with the butt ends of our rifles, kicking, rocking in the saddle, and cracking our throats with fiendish yells, we got them warmed up. The chase had lasted about a mile, when the wounded antelope commenced to drop back from the band. Seeing this, the hounds redoubled their exertions. Little Tony was in the lead, Alan next, and then Lass, strung out about twenty or thirty yards apart. Tony, on reaching the antelope, grabbed it by the side of its hip, which, of course, afforded him no hold, and he dropped off with a mouthful of fur and skin. It checked the antelope a little, however, and Alan put on some extra steam. He disappeared on the far side of the antelope, then his great head appeared above its back as he made his spring, when they both rolled over together and came to earth in a cloud of dust. The other hounds threw themselves on her and pinned her to the ground. The dogs did not have a sound foot left among them. The cactus had cut them into ribbons, for which cause we decided not to hunt any further, so we turned our steps for the ranch where we had left the team. Arriving there, we devoured about all the provisions in the house, thanked the ranchman and his wife for their hospitality, and started for home in triumph. The head of the doe was a very pretty one and we afterward had it mounted.

In Montana, besides the writer's pack, there are some good wolf-killers—deerhounds, greyhounds, and cross-breeds—in the neighborhood of Great Falls.

A good deerhound should be as fast as a second-rate greyhound and as good a stayer. The most predominant characteristic of the deerhound is his courage. One is hardly ever found lacking in this quality, and their punishing power is very useful at the bitter end of a hard fight.

We have killed coyotes with two greyhounds, two deerhounds, two deerhounds and a greyhound, and various like combinations, but two dogs are hardly equal to a coyote, for they are usually not powerful enough to hold the coyote helpless, and it is a sickening sight to a true sportsman to see good hounds cut up needlessly. Of course they have to take all reasonable chances, but three hounds are better than two and four are better than three. Hounds have not the courage of bull-dogs. Severe punishment does not do them any good, and there is a point at which they will quit (a fact that might as well be admitted). Therefore it is expedient to see that the chances are in favor of the hounds escaping with little or no punishment.

We have owned dogs of all breeds for the past twenty years, and in no

breed can be found such a pleasing combination of high qualities as those which characterize the deerhound. Big Alan, savage as he looks and is, in fact, when occasion requires, will allow a little child to maul him until humanity calls for interference. He lives peaceably with seven or eight other dogs, a little nanny-goat, and a horse. Once in a while there is a squabble, but Alan is never known to keep on fighting after one of his kennel-mates has quit. Not only does he seldom fight, himself, but he absolutely will not allow the others to fight among themselves. No restraint is exercised on them. They run together, their food is thrown to them on the ground, and they are watched only for the first few minutes, after which they are left to feed as they will. Alan, of course, usually gets a little the best of it and picks the choicest morsels. Some of the greyhound dogs and younger deerhounds may have an objection to this occasionally, but it is so quickly overruled and silenced that it amounts to nothing. The little nanny-goat sleeps with him, and he seems very proud of her attachment. He treats the puppies kindly, though with dignity, only occasionally entering into a romp with them when the spirit moves him.

Lass, on the contrary, is always ready for any kind of excitement. She is romping all day and can stand off the whole pack when they make it too interesting for her, as they often do.

Deerhounds are delicate when young, but, once grown, seem to be extremely hardy. Their care is simple. They should be fed on plenty of meat and table-scraps once a day, and, if possible, given access at all times to greyhound biscuit, to fill up on. About every other day they should be run from eight to fifteen miles at a smart jog, occasionally spurting, then stopping to a walk. In the hunting season they should get a run every day except the day before and day after a hunt. Under this treatment they will be always strong, lively, and ready for work. Before starting on a hunt it is a good idea to give each hound a slice or two of bread, to stay their stomachs, and when they come home as much meat as they will eat. Their legs and feet should be kept in good condition, and they should be given plenty of bedding, then left quiet till the next afternoon, when they should have a walk of a mile or so and then be fed. The second day they should get about five or six miles, then they can go back to their regular work. In this way (bar accidents) dogs may always be kept in good condition and ready to throw themselves into the chase with all the ardor and enthusiasm that flushes the cheek and quickens the blood of their sympathetic masters.

THAT ALIEN.

BY ROSALIE A. KNELL.

A TEA-PARTY was at *tempo vivace*. Delicate shaded lamps threw a soft glow over the brilliant and artistic rooms. *Tête-à-tête* tables with old-rose silk coverings stood about, and everywhere sweetest of blushing roses were in dense profusion. Steaming cups of tea stood upon the tables before the upper set of our society, their gay chatter and soft laughter intermingling with the dreamy strains of a waltz now and then sounding in from among the thick palms of the anteroom. Dorothy Thornburgh was holding a Russian tea from three to six at the æsthetic Pacific Avenue residence of her father, Judge Thornburgh. Guests crowded the rooms and halls; there was a general clatter of busy tongues and a variety of smiling faces, each one evidently glad with the other.

Rather late in the afternoon the sudden, high-sounding electric bell again rang out sharply. At the same moment the door swung and two gentlemen entered the house together —the jolly, laughing-faced young Lieutenant Stevenson and with him a very tall, stalwart Englishman, clumsy of foot and blunt in manner. His light-brown hair, parted in the middle, was brushed down very smoothly on both sides of his head. His beard, of a reddish hue, was closely cut and came to a point at the chin. He carried himself with a very noticeable droop; yet as William Victor Bereston stood there with both hands resting on his back he looked a typical Englishman. He certainly entranced this American maiden Dorothy as for the first time she looked upon him. The next moment her tall, lithe figure came toward them. Her dark-brown eyes sparkled and her cheeks were glowing with animation.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Stevenson," warmly extending her hand. "I feared you were not coming, but then I am so glad you have!" turning and smiling on the Englishman.

"My friend Mr. Bereston, Miss Thornburgh." Bereston seized her hand and shook it so that Dorothy blushed most intensely.

"I am delighted to meet you, my dear Miss Thornburgh. I have heard so much about you that I have really been quite anxious to meet you, don't you know," in that characteristic drawl.

"Really?" responded Dorothy sweetly. "Do I come up to your expectation?" This caused much mirth for the speakers as well as those near by.

"Quite, Miss Thornburgh, quite!"

"Oh, only quite? Well, I am glad of that; and being the friend of my friend here, I am glad to know you."

She led the way in and formally introduced them. It was not long before Dorothy and Bereston learned to know each other very well, agreeing wonderfully on all topics of conversation.

"What a charming girl you are, Miss Thornburgh. Really you are a typical American girl."

"I am proud that I am an American; but as for the typical part, I don't know."

"What a charming laugh you have, and you carry such an amount of expression in your face, don't you know."

This struck Dorothy as being immensely funny, and she burst into merry laughter.

"Do I? I never noticed that before."

"You are an awfully jolly girl, and I think I like you very much, don't you know."

"*Think*, sir? You know not what you say!"

Both laughed, and Bereston "hoo-hoo-hoo'd" so that it fairly convulsed Dorothy. The Englishman began to wonder what she was really laughing at, and in *sordino* effect continued laughing rather nervously.

"What's all this about?" said Lieutenant Stevenson, coming toward them and, as usual, madly twirling his mustache. "What is the joke?"

"There is really no joke, my dear boy. We are simply laughing at nothing, don't you know," drawled Bereston.

"Yes, at nothing," Dorothy laughingly put in, to which Bereston turned to her:

"What *are* we laughing at?"

"I don't know what *you* are laughing at, but I am laughing at you, or rather nothing."

"At me — hoo-hoo-hoo — at me — hoo-hoo-oo-o! You don't seem to be afraid to say so. Now really, my dear Miss Thornburgh, I am very much flattered."

"I thought you would be. Forgive me, Mr. Bereston, for being so giddy."

"You are charming!"

"But seriously," continued Dorothy, turning to the young lieutenant, "I want you and Mr. Bereston to stay to dinner to-night. Can you?"

Stevenson looked to Bereston.

"I should like to very much—yes, thanks, shall be delighted," answered Bereston.

"Ah, I am glad. Now see that you do not go." With a smile Dorothy left them, and was soon chatting gayly with a young man who seemed beside himself with admiration of her.

"By George, Stevenson, that's a—that's a most charming girl. I'm quite in love with her already."

"The deuce you are! I say, Bereston," turning and facing him, "I think you had better go!"

"Hoo-hoo—not much, dear boy, not much."

Bereston is one of those fellows most susceptible to pretty girls, especially those of mammondom. He falls in love with all of them, and almost always uses his polished ways and brilliant eloquence in proposing to marry them. But it seems searching papas and careful mammas always find him out in time; or sometimes it was his turn to find out something about the money part of the contract, in which case he thought nothing of simply quietly disappearing in proper time. That he is a professional liar is well known in several parts of different countries. Besides these gifts, he always fares well as regards society's hospitalities. In his daring, blunt way he is almost hateful—and yet he is irresistible.

After dinner that evening Dorothy was almost wildly gay. She sat at the piano and sang Godard, swelling the Englishman's heart even more by her thrilling contralto voice. He leaned his elbow on the top of the piano and looked upon her, enraptured, while the others talked.

"What a charming girl! that finely shaped head! exquisite auburn hair! divine profile! well curved neck! those brilliant brown eyes!" Thus mused he, when——

"I like you, Miss Dorothy," suddenly blurted out Bereston.

"Do you? And I like you." She turned to him bewitchingly.

"Really! Do you mean that, Miss Dorothy?"

"Of course I do. I want you to believe it, and I want you to come again. How long do you intend staying?"

"To-night?"

"No, no. I mean in California. You said something about going back to England shortly."

"Ah, yes, I did intend next month, —but now—I won't, unless I take you with me."

"Mr. Bereston!" she looked up at him, her merry eyes aglow, and ris-

ing from the piano stool, playfully beckoned to him, saying, "Come, let us join the others."

The next day Mr. Bereston called upon Miss Dorothy, and of course every day that week he was there. Lunched with the Thornburghs five times, and dined there three times, and at the end of all times Dorothy found herself more interested in him than ever. But her father, learning from Aunt Sara of these numerous day calls and lunch parties, besides committing to memory one of the Englishman's letters to Dorothy, stood upon the brink of fury.

"The idea of that man!" he stormed. "Who is he, anyhow?"

"An awfully nice fellow, papa, and such a real gentleman, too," answered Dorothy gayly, at that moment appearing at the study door.

The unlooked-for and sudden answer, with the gay, smiling face, quite took his breath, but only for a second.

"A gentleman, is he? You know no more to verify that assertion than I do, and I know nothing."

"Why, his bearing, his manners are those of only a gentleman."

"The bearing of only a persistent form of impertinency! I am told he has been here every day this week. What is the meaning?"

"Well—you know—because, you know, I invited him always. He only came a few times of his own accord. But he is such a bright and clever talker, I do like him so much."

"No doubt about it. You American girls are extremely tiresome about these foreign products; I tell you I don't like the man, never did. It has been three times too many times to bear the sight of him at our dinner-table, and I forbid his entrance here again."

"There is no sense in disliking a person for no reason."

Judge Thornburgh thought of a letter in his pocket, then again thought it best to let it stay there.

"I tell you, Dorothy, I forbid the man to come in this house again. If he comes when I am here, I'll simply throw him out—the most impertinent specimen of his type I ever met. A penniless masker who gets into the good graces of people, and clings to their goodness like a serpent. A man that ought to be put into a balloon and sent off the earth—a parasite—a——"

"Now, papa, there is no use raving about it; I am sure when you know him better you will like him very much. I notice you laugh at his witty remarks."

"No one can help laughing at such a foppish idiot, such an infernal ape!' —Dorothy's lower lip protruded— "What a great deal he thinks of himself, to force his company this way upon people who care nothing for him!" he shouted. "But I'll let him know who has it to say in this house!"

"I think I still have a right to invite and have my friends," tearfully began Dorothy.

"No one forbids you, Dorothy, but I notice you are disgustingly gushing toward new-comers, and to this Englishman unusually so. Who is he, that you should treat him this way, and what does he want? What do you know of him? What gentleman will force his presence into a respectable household this way, and allow himself to be entertained by the daughter, and every day of the week at that—and—and—I become more enraged the more I think of it!"

"There, there—what is the use of speaking so? Being introduced by Lieutenant Stevenson ought to be enough proof of his being a gentleman. I cannot believe any wrong in him. He is a jolly well-met fellow, like clubmen generally are, but perfectly honorable and straightforward. Besides, how are you ever going to know a person if you don't invite them to come, and learn to know them."

"I don't want to know this man, and I won't have him in the house!" stormed Judge Thornburgh.

"And I do," returned Dorothy hotly, "and I think I still have a little right in this house regarding my friends!" She swept from the room in a rage, slamming the door after her. At the same moment the bell rang. She knew who it was, and sprang down the stairs to answer the door herself. Bereston walked in.

"How are you to-day, darling?" he said, taking Dorothy's hand and pressing it to his lips.

Dorothy turned a frightened look toward the upper landing of the broad stairway.

"Why, what's the matter, dear, what makes you so frightened?" coolly putting his hat, gloves, and cane on the rack. "Come, tell me what makes you so timid," and with both hands thrust into his sack-coat pockets he deliberately walked into the drawing-room and let himself fall into the most comfortable chair.

"Oh, Mr. Bereston, I think you'd better not stay to-day. Papa is angry about something, and it makes him mad at everybody."

"Not at me, I hope."

"I think—I think—Mr. Bereston, don't *you* think you had better not stay?"

"Why? What is he mad at me about? I'm sure he has no reason to be."

"No—but he is—Oh, Mr. Bereston, come to-morrow—I——"

"My dear Dorothy, I would not for the world be the cause of any trouble for you. It is strange that your father should be angry with me. I'm sure I have always acted right."

"I know—but my father does not like you, and——"

"He does not wish me to call. My dear Dorothy, this is the first house in San Francisco that has refused me an entrance, I assure you." At this little speech the humiliated stranger feigned a hurt expression uncommonly funny to one who really knows him.

"I am so sorry about this, Mr. Bereston—but——"

"Well, if you wish me gone, why, I'll go."

"No, I don't—you know I don't. I am so glad to see you, you know I'm glad to see you!"

"You are very kind, Dorothy dear, I'm sure I know no happiness away from you. I love you, Dorothy. You shall be my wife. Say you love me, dear."

"I do—so much—so much, but——"

"You will be mine spite of everything. Be true to me as I am to you, always?"

"Why should I not, when I love you so, my——"

"Dorothy!" abruptly called a stern voice from the head of the stairs, causing a tableau in the drawing-room.

"Dorothy!" resounded the voice again.

"What—what is it—papa?" stammered blushing Dorothy from the doorway, throwing a painful glance at the Englishman.

"Who is that man?"

"It's—it's Mr.—Mr. Bereston."

"What does he want?" shouted Judge Thornburgh. "You will ask that man to leave this house at once!"

There was a death-like silence. Dorothy slowly came to where the Englishman was coolly standing.

"I guess you had better go. My father is enraged about something."

"I don't really quite understand your father, Dorothy. What makes him so down on me? I'm sure he has no reason. But dearest, you will be true to me, won't you, darling, no matter——"

"William, I love you, and I am yours truly, but for heaven's sake go. I fear my father will come, and then there will be a scene. I beg of you go!—good heavens, he is coming! *Why* don't you go!"

"Let him come. I'll see him right now," and thrusting his hands in his trousers' pockets, he coolly stood waiting. The next moment Judge Thornburgh appeared in the doorway.

"Oh! ah! my dear Judge Thornburgh, how are you to-day?" advancing toward him and taking his hand. "I am glad you are looking so well."

The judge seemed petrified—the brazenness was appalling. Dorothy turned away with a giggle.

"Dorothy, I asked you to show this man out, but since you disobey, I have come to do so myself."

"Really, Judge Thornburgh, I do not quite understand your feelings toward me. I have never yet been ordered out of a house; I will go if you wish me to, but I will speak first. I will be glad if you will tell me your reasons for disliking me. I cannot bear to think I have done any wrong toward you, or hurt you in any way. I respect you very much, and have a deep regard for your daughter."

"Deep regard indeed—you have shown it very brilliantly, and through it proven to me the depth of your manliness. This letter here, which I can understand is one of yours, most accidentally came into my possession." Dorothy's heart leaped; the Englishman withered.

"Now will you tell me, sir, what right you have in writing this way to my daughter and signing yourself, 'Your loving Bill,' on one week's acquaintance?"

"Really, my dear Mr. Thornburgh —I—really I—er—you know, I——"

"By your appearance and the growth of your beard one would judge you a man—not the fop that you are, and if my daughter had two ounces of womanly dignity in her, she would have put a stop to your gross boldness at once."

"I am sorry, my dear Judge Thornburgh," the Englishman began—then half loudly muttered to himself, "That beastly letter!"

"Yet that beastly letter was written for my daughter."

"I beg of you don't misunderstand me. I really love your daughter very much, don't you know. My intentions toward her are perfectly honorable, I assure you. Don't let a beastly letter of that sort separate us. I promise you I shall not take such liberties in writing to her again."

"In this I already have the proof of your character, and your persistency in coming here at any and all times enrages me more than I can express. To me you are absolutely disgusting, and who you are and what you are is yet to be found out."

"I don't wish to discuss my ancestry at the present moment, but were my father to know of his son being snubbed in this way, he would soon let his power be felt."

"Sir, you will leave the house!"

"I will do so without being ordered." Bereston walked to the other end of the room to Dorothy, her cheeks aflame with mortification and anger. In silence he held her hand. She looked up into his face, and a look of tenderness passed over it, quickly changing to one of defiance as she glanced toward her angry father. Bereston came across the long room again, bowed and left the house.

When the door closed after Bereston, Judge Thornburgh without a word to Dorothy went up to his study.

After a few hysterical stage-falls over the couch in her own boudoir, Dorothy dried her tearful eyes, and sitting down to her desk wrote a spasmodic note to Bereston, sealed it, and with a decided pound of her shapely fist upon it sent it by her maid Tessa. Upon which issue, Bereston met Dorothy in her dog-cart on the morrow at a stated place, and slowly driving through the Park they made a rough sketch of the future. The next day Dorothy and Tessa departed from the Thornburgh domicile, pretence formed of a few days' stay with friends in Fruitvale —another well-seasoned dish for Society's splendid appetite.

"Dorothy Thornburgh has eloped with that Englishman Bereston, and the old man Thornburgh is fuming."

"Heavens!—I am married," Doro-

thy said to herself after the ceremony was over and she began to realize it. "Married," the very sound of the word frightened her. She felt an intense desire to weep. She wished she had not done it. She will never do it again. She longed to fall upon dear papa's neck and weep.

"Well," she said to herself, jerking around to pull down the shade in one of the Monterey coaches, "it's done, and there's no use making a fuss about it. Here I am, and happy. Ah," she sighed, "so happy! Dear Bill, I love him so, dear sweet boy. But anyway I wish papa knew about it. I think I'll write, and tell him all. Guess I won't—yes, I will—he can't kill me anyhow, and I will." She pencilled a hasty note, and addressed it to her father. Still holding the pencil in her hand, she absently gazed out upon the quickly passing scenery and thought.

"He has always been so good and kind to me," she mused half aloud. "Dorothy Thornburgh — Dorothy Beres——" she stopped to giggle— "Well, Dorothy Bereston, you're a wretch—but it was a good idea to write, for he will sort of make up his mind to it by the time we return. I know he will."

Judge Thornburgh recognized Dorothy's handwriting at once.

"What a dear girl she is after all!" he said tearing open the note, and placing his glasses upon his nose began to read. "What's this!" he fairly screamed, "what's this!" and reading the startling news to bewildered Aunt Sara, crumbled the note in his hand, and threw it with a mighty will upon the floor. "That's news for you."

"Well, well, who would have thought such a thing of our sweet Dorothy?" meekly exclaimed Aunt Sara.

"Our sweet Dorothy indeed!" with accents and look expressing more than words.

"Oh, well, Robert, there's no use. She's married, and it can't be undone. You know she has always been a self-willed girl, and it was very wrong of you to act so the other day."

"I do and speak as I wish in my own house, and as I have a right. That scoundrel! and as for Dorothy," his fist came down upon the table with a tremendous bang, "I have done with her. She is an ungrateful, selfish girl. I have done with her, done with her forever! She never need look on me and say 'father,' never again."

"Robert, what are you saying?"

"And if that Englishman thinks he can walk into this house and make it his home, he is mistaken. Or if Dorothy supposes that in time I will be fool enough to forgive and support them, I'll show her I will not; even if she is in want, I will not—never—never!"

Dorothy became indignant that she did not receive a response from her father, and that he would not bend to her will. She was married; what was to be done but grin and forgive? She was finding her dear husband's will and temper much like her own, and, sadder still, she already realized, as her father said of him, that he was a penniless masker. How convenient if papa would only forgive; but his heart was stone. The Englishman found in the stony heart of papa his fondest hopes blasted. They were now married three months and, owing to two separate wills and the taste of vinegared regret, had often quarrelled desperately. It was getting awful. Even Dorothy's own bank account was giving out, and over it she spent lonely and tearful days, her husband coming and going when he pleased. Bereston would be away from Dorothy days at a time with no explanation. So he went one day, and has never been seen since, leaving Dorothy penniless, penitent, and overcome with grief, Aunt Sara and Tessa alone to help and console her. She begged of her father forgiveness, but he would not even heed her or the ter-

rible wrong dealt her, so great was his anger toward his daughter. It was now over two months since Bereston had deserted her. Rosy-cheeked Dorothy had grown pale and thin, and upon a couch in a darkened room she spent her hastily wedded life, refusing even to speak.

"Robert," sorrowfully spoke Aunt Sara, "I must intercede again for Dorothy."

"I wish to hear nothing from her."

"Shame come to you! your child is very ill—how can you be so heartless?"

"Here is money, take it and use it for her comfort, but not in my house."

"How can you forbid her her own home?"

"Her home? No—she forsook her home, kindness, and every comfort for a wandering beggar. It was her choice."

"No matter, she is still your child, and it is still her home. She has a right to it, and in mercy's name I will bring her home. It's a shame—a shame!" she cried, hastily leaving the room with tears rolling down her cheeks. Robert Thornburgh only lightly treated Aunt Sara's grief. He knew through experience what an excellent actor Dorothy could be for sympathy.

Again Aunt Sara stood at the bedside of Dorothy, but her heart failed her; she was unable to speak as she looked at the wasted form of that once beautiful Dorothy. She left the room and burst into tears, at the thought of so brilliant a life perhaps ended because of a wilful child being tempted by a villain. She jerked her handkerchief over each eye and spoke to herself aloud: "That's what it is in allowing foreign and mutilated coin to enter into our household. Oh! if I had only known of this in time."

Three weeks after Aunt Sara had spoken to her father, she softly led him into the sick-room.

"Be soft, Robert, she is asleep now, and I would not for the world disturb her. The more sleep the little dear has the better, but come, you can look at her—see how thin and pale she is." Tender-hearted little Aunt Sara had to turn away.

Robert Thornburgh stepped up to the bedside, leaned low, and looked into the face of his child—he started and visibly trembling, looked closer. He hid his face in his hands, and wept like a child.

"O Robert, Robert!" cried Aunt Sara, rushing to his side, "come away, do not awaken her. It would be her death to awaken suddenly and see you standing there."

Deaf to her entreaties, he leaned over and again looked long into Dorothy's face; bent down and gently kissed her upon her brow, and quietly stepped from the room. He seemed but the withered form of that handsome and strong-charactered man, so suddenly had grief and repentance clutched him.

Dorothy was to be brought home that Sunday, and every comfort and good cheer was to be for her. Nothing should be denied, that she might again be the Dorothy that was.

Some time after Robert Thornburgh had gone, Aunt Sara returned to the sick-room with a cup of broth, Dorothy's only nourishment, and that had to be forced upon her. She would weakly resist until her now feeble body would fall back completely exhausted.

"Dorothy, Dorothy dearie," Aunt Sara called to the still form, and putting her hand on Dorothy's brow, a cold shudder darted through her body. She hastily put down the cup of broth and pulled back the curtains.

A terrible prolonged scream and a dull thud on the floor brought frightened Tessa rushing into the room to meet a horrible sight.

Dorothy's head had sunk back heavily among the pillows, and her beautiful features were set in death's calm slumber. Her young life had quietly, peacefully ebbed away, quite an hour since.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

ANY inquiry concerning the currency must be historical, but we promise that our incursion into history shall be short, sharp, and to the point.

From 1066 to the eighteenth year of Edward III., 1345, England's coinage was solely silver. From 1345 to 1717 she had a bi-metallic system. From 1717 she became a gold-standard country. Gold is worth more in England than elsewhere, because England, not being a producer of gold, must get it in the way of trade from other countries. In order to draw gold in preference to silver the Bank of England in the seventeenth century, under the advice of no less a person than Sir Isaac Newton, who was Master of the Mint, increased the ratio of the value of gold over silver, so that gold was given a greater proportional paying power, thereby encouraging payments in gold. This movement forced a subsequent discountenancing of silver in all other commercial countries, and has resulted in a general demonetization of the white metal.

The Bank of England, by an act of Parliament, is authorized to pay for pure gold £3 17s. 9d. per ounce. An act of the United States Congress fixes the value in America of the British pound sterling at $4.86.95; at this rate the Bank of England pays for fine gold $18.90 per ounce, or 30 cents more than is paid by our Government.

On June 26th of the current year the Indian Government closed the mints of India to the free coinage of silver. The money of account of India is the silver "rupee." India being a British dependency, the par of exchange between London and Calcutta is based on the London "mint par," or gold valuation. This "mint par" is an *arbitrary constant* which is not affected by market fluctuations, and this constant furnishes a fixed point or gold standard level from which to measure the value of Indian currency in absolute terms. It is not necessary to enter into the question as to how the "mint par" of the gold valuation is obtained, but to state that it is 23.3625d. per rupee; the conventional par of 2s., or 48c. per rupee, however, is not far from this par, and is used in the government accounts of England and India.

Since 1870 silver has been depreciating in India. The Indian government, having about £16,000,000 per annum to pay in England, found the loss by exchange becoming more burdensome with every fresh fall in exchange, the effects on Indian finance being deplorable. In fact the lower the rate of exchange fell, the nearer the Indian government became to bankruptcy. The key-note of the present action, therefore, is rather to prevent a farther fall in exchange than to raise the value of the rupee, and is, doubtless, the preliminary step to introducing a gold standard into the country. The provisional ratio of value of the rupee is now 1s. 4d., or 32c., or 33.33 depreciation from par of 2s. per rupee. This rate of exchange is, presumably, the point of stability of the Indian government; at any rate it has been fixed high enough to relieve the government of its pressing necessities, while it is well within the limits of recent fluctuations, the rupee having at one time reached 8d., or 16c., or 66.67 per cent depreciation from par of 2s. per rupee.

The United States, being a silver as well

as a gold producing country, is necessarily affected by this action of the Indian government, as the recent slump in silver and the closing of a greater number of the western silver mines conclusively prove; and it now remains to be seen what move she will make on the financial chess-board. The exponent in India of government policy, Sir David Barbour, favors international bimetallism, and in the extreme case of silver being abandoned by this country, then he favors a gold standard. The United States Treasury now holds in its vaults, uncoined, 124,292,532 fine ounces of silver bullion, for which it paid $114,219,920, and is worth today, at the market price of silver, $103,411,386, thus showing a loss of $10,888,530. It is very evident that with every mint in the world, excepting that in Mexico, closed to silver, the United States, in a single-handed struggle, will not be able to maintain the value of silver.

It can thus be seen that any attempts to give money commodities—say rather circulating mediums—a fictitious value can only prove of temporary relief. Without doubt the policy of safety and advancement for ourselves is the policy which obtained from 1812 to 1860. No paper money ever issued by the Government of the United States, or by the government of Great Britain, when receivable in the revenues of the issuing government, and made legal tender in the payment of debts, has ever gone below coin in par value. England's latest attempt to bull the gold market of the world ought to be met by us with firm resistance, for in the words of Thomas Jefferson, before our financial policy became vaccinated with the virus of Wall Street, "Bank [national] currency must be suppressed and the circulation restored to the nation where it belongs."

It is of interest to recall at this time a pregnant sentence uttered by the great English statesman, Lord Chatham, the best friend American liberty ever had on the other side of the water: "If the Americans adopt our banking and funding system their liberties are gone." E. R. Endres.





BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

LOVERS of an entertaining, yet equally healthy fiction have no reason to complain of the quantity or *quality* issued during the past few months. In fact it would be difficult, if possible at all, to recall a time within the past quarter of a century when the domain of fiction was enriched by the production of so many *exceptionally* good novels, especially in the same space of time. The quality of recent fiction has been of the very first order. This is a good sign: for, after all, what is it that can charm us more, that can so entertainingly instruct us, that can fill us with such lofty ideas as a *good* novel—one with a purpose, an aim; one to amuse as well as to instruct? During the past few months we have had, among many others, Howells' delightfully written "World of Chance;" [1] a credit to its author's genius, a brilliant piece of fiction, an excellent specimen of *ideal* realism. We read with much pleasure and profit Clara Louise Burnham's "Doctor Latimer," [2] one of those choice bits of character painting only found in the neighborhood of Casco Bay. The author of "Next Door" displays the same ability in the writing of "Doctor Latimer" that she did in her former pleasant stories.

Bret Harte gave us, and we cordially welcomed it, "Sally Dows," [3] and three other equally fascinating stories, written with the same charm, the same captivating pen that has given us so many, not too many, pleasant stories.

Margaret Deland, whose "John Ward, Preacher," was one of the best books of its kind ever written, gave us in "Mr. Tommy Dove" [1] and the four other companion stories a most clever and delightful exhibition of her portrait painting of the New England type of character: a character we regret to notice is too rapidly passing away, one that one never tires of meeting with.

Then again we were glad to receive from the author of that perfect little gem, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," a new volume of sketches. If that exquisite piece of fiction, "A Cathedral Courtship," [2] and the associate sketches which go to make up the volume is any criterion of what one may expect from Kate Douglas Wiggin, then she will be hailed in the literary world as an author of such rare ability as will give her a name and a lasting fame.

Then again that veteran of many triumphs in the field of literature, George MacDonald, carried us in his "Heather and Snow" [3] into that pleasant, poetic, and dreamy land of Scotland, and introduced us to a very poetic girl, who wields an influence for good over men and women. In this book we meet with the author's common-sense view of the influence of religion over humanity. The scene is transferred from Scotland to India at the time of the mutiny, and we find no dull line in the description of that interesting country during one of its most exciting periods.

When we read some few years ago "The Silence of Dean Maitland" and "In the Heart of the Storm," we laid them aside with much satisfaction, and awaited a new novel from the pen of Maxwell Gray; and so, when some days ago we received, and read with interest, "The Last Sentence," [4] we confess that we were *not disappointed*. In fact, we think it the best novel of the

[1] "The World of Chance." By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros.
[2] "Doctor Latimer." By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
[3] "Sally Dows, and other Stories." By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

[1] "Mr. Tommy Dove, and other Stories." By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
[2] "A Cathedral Courtship." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
[3] "Heather and Snow." By George MacDonald. New York: Harper & Bros.
[4] "The Last Sentence." By Maxwell Gray. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

last decade; we mean, of course, of that class of novels of which George Eliot was the chief among the many. There is a power about the book which seems to captivate us, in spite of what may seem to be too much of the atmosphere of sadness. If there is one fault with the book it is that there is too much of sorrow in its pages. Yet there are very many clever epigrams in the book; considerable of dramatic power, especially in the scene where final sentence is passed by Judge Marlowe. The book is the equal of "Adam Bede," and the cultivated readers of English fiction will welcome the book because it is indeed the work of a well-trained genius. Maxwell Gray is indeed a novelist worthy of much praise—worthy of being widely read.

Our enjoyment of "Sherlock Holmes" was of such a character as to make us yearn for anything which Conan Doyle would give us. And so, when we read "The Great Shadow,"[1] we could say but one thing: Clever, clever, *very* clever!

Conan Doyle has every indication of taking a very high place in the world's literature as a writer of originality and brilliant execution.

If Rudyard Kipling was at any time a fad he has ceased to be one, and his last volume, "Many Inventions,"[2] sustains in every respect the author's reputation for originality of creation, for a descriptive power unapproached by any living author, a delicious humor, which is never coarse but always pleasantly free and easy, and for a wonderful insight into human nature.

Kipling stands to-day as the best character painter of his time, and in his new volume, especially in the story of "My Lord the Elephant," displays a skill unequalled in the art of delineating character. Kipling is indeed a realist of the first order. The study of Indian life shows a painstaking labor in the very heart of the cities of the Indian Empire. Kipling in this volume shows himself a master in the art of making every detail intensely interesting. The volume of stories varies so much that we seem to leave one story to read a better and a different one. We wonder if this genius will not soon claim, and a just claim at that, enough attention from the literary world to deserve the name of the Anglo-Indian Dickens. No writer of our time possesses the storehouse of excellent materials, no author the genius for utilizing the same.

Then again, we welcomed Marion Crawford's "Pietro Ghislero,"[3] which, by the way, should have been named Laura, and we found the same fascinating story-teller. We were glad to breathe in the delightful atmosphere of modern Rome, and meet the society which Crawford alone could make so pleasant to meet. The author of "Mr. Isaacs," "A Roman Singer," etc., etc., always writes an excellent book, and each one seems better than the other.

But enough. We have had other good works of fiction. Suffice it to say, however, that the fiction of the past few months has been of an unusually high order, the authors of which should receive the thanks of a thoroughly appreciative reading public.

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In the above brief *résumé* of recent fiction, it will be observed that five of the books referred to are volumes of short stories. Three of them were written by American and two by English authors.

In this connection the thought suggests itself as to the coming American novel. As a nation we have had no really national novel. Our great American novels have had only a local coloring. They have been sectional. For instance, Hawthorne gave us the New England type of character. Bret Harte the Western; Charles E. Craddock that of the type living in the Tennessee mountains; Page and Cable Southern types of life and character; Richard Harding Davis, as in his clever "Gallagher," that character alone found in the American city, and so we could enumerate. Now, with these different types of character being rapidly eliminated from our life, and the steadily increasing cosmopolitan character, is the time not nearly at hand when we can greet the *first* American novel?

Surely, we have the authors! We have to-day more writers of promise than we have ever had before—writers whose present work should be an omen of a grand final success in the future.

* * * * *

"Americans in Europe"[1] is the striking title of a book whose first edition was exhausted on the day of its publication. Such a prominent title deserved the name of its author, but when we looked at the title-page we found that it was "by one of them," when we finished it we knew that he was an unusually *aggressive* one! and yet perfectly honest and thoroughly earnest in his denunciation of the practices of some of our American friends when they cross the Atlantic. The author points out in a very skilful manner the temptations to which our young men and women are exposed, especially in Paris, where they go to study art and music. The book is a brilliant yet caustic review of some of our representatives abroad, who instead of being *American* became un-American—Americans who misrepresented their own country by trying to be something else besides American.

[1] "The Great Shadow." By Conan Doyle. New York. Harper & Bros.

[2] "Many Inventions." By Rudyard Kipling. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[3] "Pietro Ghislero." By Marion Crawford. New York: MacMillan & Co.

[1] "Americans in Europe." By One of Them New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

This book should be in the hands of every young man and woman who contemplates going abroad. One will be a better American after its perusal.

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Unquestionably the literary event of the year is the publication of Gen. Lew Wallace's new novel, "The Prince of India, or How Constantinople Fell."[1] The author has been at work for many years gathering materials for the work, and now that the work is completed there is every reason to believe that it will meet with a most cordial reception. As we have received the book on the eve of going to press, we will reserve our review of it until some future issue.

* * * * *

One of the most charming little volumes which has come to our notice is the volume, "Other Essays from the Easy Chair,"[2] by that prince of men, that most delightful of writers, George William Curtis. There is a charm about the book that does not permit us to think that they were written years ago, but they seem as fresh as if the hand that penned them had just given them to us. Curtis is no more, but it will be many years before he and his "Easy Chair" are forgotten.

* * * * *

The author of "The Leavenworth Case," the best detective story written in America, has written a book which adds to her reputation as a brilliant writer of detective stories. "Marked Personal"[3] is intensely interesting; from cover to cover one never loses a line, but follows on and on until the end is reached. Through intrigue and entangling alliances one is brought to the end of the volume, and leaves it with the satisfaction of having read a most interesting book.

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Visitors to that nineteenth century wonder, the World's Fair, will be greatly aided in seeing and appreciating the sights of that remarkable institution by taking with them "A Week at the Fair,"[4] a profusely illustrated volume concerning important matters connected with the exposition. The articles in the volume were especially prepared for it, and give it a special value.

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"How to Know the Wild Flowers"[1] is something which all lovers of nature and its beauties should know. It has always been a surprise to us that never before had there been issued a practical guide to the study of our common flowers, and yet thousands each year have gone into the field to admire, if not to pluck, our beautiful flowers, knowing not their name nor anything about them. This volume by Mrs. Dana supplies a long-felt want, for it gives the names, habits, and haunts of our common flowers. The volume is fully illustrated and well written.

* * * * *

Some days ago the writer, in going into one of New York's largest dry-goods stores, noticed at the book-counter a large pile of very neatly bound books with this sign attached: "'Reveries of a Bachelor,' reduced to fourteen cents;" and next to the pile was an equally large one, with the sign: "'Dream Life,' reduced to fourteen cents." Looking into the pages of the books we were surprised to notice how well printed the books were. The binding, that of white and green, was not only tasty but durable. Here, then, were two of the most delightful books in any literature—two of the most helpful books ever reached—placed within the range of the poorest of the poor. This is truly a wonderful age in the art of printing cheap books.

* * * * *

Mrs. Grant, wife of our illustrious ex-President, has just finished the manuscript of her recollections of the late beloved hero. There is every reason to believe that the book will be a noteworthy contribution to the history of a remarkable man, who exercised a wonderful influence in shaping the destiny of our republic. We await with much pleasure the publication of this book, for we understand that there will be told for the first time considerable about the General, especially after he became President of the United States.

[1] "The Prince of India." By Lew Wallace. New York: Harper & Bros.
[2] "Other Essays from the Easy Chair." By Geo. Wm. Curtis. New York: Harper & Bros.
[3] "Marked Personal." By Anna K. Green. New York: Putnam's Sons.
[4] "A Week at the Fair." Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

[1] "How to Know the Wild Flowers." By Mrs. Wm. S. Dana. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

EL PRIMERO.

ON Saturday, August 5th, 1893, the citizens of San Francisco, especially those who take an interest in the exciting and fascinating sport of yachting, looked out upon the bay with feelings akin to pride, for on its surface floated *El Primero*," as her name implies, the honor of having been the first to introduce this luxurious method of travel and recreation upon the waters of the Pacific, which to the owner of a seaworthy steam yacht offers an unequalled and extensive field for the gratification of the most enthusiastic and exacting seeker after new



EL PRIMERO.

first steam steel yacht built on the Pacific Coast, perfect in every outline, graceful as a swan, and surrounded by a fleet of pleasure-sailing craft, all decked out in their gayest colors, and their decks crowded with guests.

When future annals of yachting and yacht clubs in San Francisco are written they will record the fact that to E. W. Hopkins belongs the wonders and scenes, where nature can be viewed in her grandest aspect.

Down the coast of California past Monterey Bay and Santa Cruz, on to Santa Barbara and San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles and the land-locked bay of San Diego, then farther still along the Mexican ocean line, or going in the opposite direction north through the calm and placid water-ways of Puget Sound to the

Land of the Midnight Sun, Alaska, whose scenic grandeur throws into the shade even the far-famed wonders of Switzerland, the glaciers glittering in the sun being unapproachable in size and beauty, while the waters abound in the choicest varieties of fish, which afford not only sport to the angler but a delicious addition to the table. Each day passed in these waveless waters on a steam yacht may be filled with novelties and surprises which admit of no *ennui*, and awaken interest in the oldest traveller.

The luxury of a steam steel yacht is expensive, and can only be indulged in by the fortunate possessor of great wealth, but to a man of appreciative taste for the beautiful, and of a genial and sociable disposition, such as Mr. Hopkins is given the credit of possessing, it is a piece of property which is capable of bringing him some new, instructive, and innocent pleasure every day in the year. It is to Mr. Hopkins' credit, also, that *El Primero* is distinctly a Californian yacht, the product of home industry, built, finished, and furnished at the Union Iron Works, where it has been proved to the world that as strong, serviceable, well-built, and speedy war-ships and cruisers, as well as merchantmen and steel yachts, can be built as it is possible to launch from any shipbuilding dock in this country or the world. Honor to whom honor is due, and to the head of these iron works is great honor due from every citizen of San Francisco and the State of California, for his noble enterprise which has been serviceable and successful in building up such a mammoth industry.

The dimensions of *El Primero* are: Length over all, 137 feet; beam, 18; depth, 8.6; mean draft, 4.8; registered tonnage, gross, 102.99 tons; net, 73.48; displacement, 70 tons. She will draw only 4 feet of water at the bow, and less than 5 feet 10 inches at the stern. The engines are triple expansion of 225 horse-power. She is manned by a crew of six, and has a speed of fifteen miles an hour. The interior is finished nearly entirely with teak and prima-vera, or white mahogany, as the latter wood is sometimes called. The deck is flush fore and aft, with the exception of a house about the foremast; in this is the pilot-house, and a dining-saloon. The forward and after part of the deck is covered with a canvas canopy, as a protection against a hot sun. The dining-saloon is eight by thirteen feet and can be converted into a social hall or card-room when desired. It is connected with the kitchen or galley underneath by a dumb-waiter. Electric bells furnish a means of communication throughout every quarter of the yacht. The forecastle is provided with berths for six persons, and has plenty of room for more.

The main cabin is a little aft of amidships, and has two sleeping-rooms, which are large and fitted with every modern convenience. The cabin is thirteen feet long, and has an average width of ten feet. A handsome bookcase forms a part of the furniture, and on both sides are cushioned seats. Aft of the cabin are two state-rooms containing two berths each. In the stern is a state-room similar to that in the bow. Every particle of available space has been utilized to secure the greatest degree of comfort and elegance combined, and the result has been that *El Primero* is a miniature floating palace, which should be, and no doubt is, a source of pride and satisfaction both to her builders and owner.



AT THE WHARVES.

THE CITY OF STOCKTON.

BY F. J. RYAN.

THE history of Stockton has been often written, and each historian has treated it from a different motive, and from a different point of view. The history of George H. Tinkham is the best work on the subject, but it is too voluminous and goes into too many details that interest only the resident, and especially the old residents, to make it available to the writer for the general public. Every one who has written on the subject has laid it under contribution, however, and it is the principal basis of so much of this as relates to the early history of the city. Much, however, has been gleaned from a perusal of the history of the town as it is contained in the papers published in the city from its foundation.

Stockton is situated at the head of tide-water navigation on the San Joaquin river system, on an arm of that river, three miles from the main channel. It is located on what was known as the Rancho del Campo de los Franceses (the ranch of the French Camp) which was granted by the Mexican government to Captain Charles M. Weber, and the grant was subsequently confirmed by the United States. The American patent was signed by President Lincoln and is the first land patent that received his signature.

Charles M. Weber arrived in California in 1841, and in what is now Stockton in 1842, after having fought under Houston for Mexican independence. He was a German by birth, a man of strong will and adventurous spirit who left his native country in youth, and became thoroughly cosmopolitan before he had grown a beard. His liberality was broad, and his enterprise was unlimited. After pursuing the cattle business, which was the chief resource before

the discovery of gold, he tried mining, milling, and merchandizing in their turn, and though successful in



R. E. WILHOIT,
Pres't Board of Education.

each, relinquished all to develop Stockton, which he plainly foresaw would become one of the most important towns of California. He laid out the city which he at first called Tuleburg, but subsequently changed the name to Stockton, in compliment to Commodore Stockton, who had taken great interest in the place and promised to secure government aid in improving its harbor, a promise he was unable to fulfil.

With the discovery of gold, Stockton's real history begins. It was the principal outfitting point for the northern mines, and a city sprang up in a few weeks. It was a city of tents principally, but a busy place from which immense trains of wagons drawn by long strings of mules wended their way eastward and northward into the mines with supplies. Early in the history of Stockton, large numbers of sloops and schooners and nearly a dozen steamers navigated the San Joaquin, and brought supplies and people to Stockton, and took away the products of the mines and the ranges.

As the town grew, it became more substantial. Houses of wood and adobe arose, and Captain Weber was among the first builders. For his first frame house he paid a dollar per superficial foot for the lumber; carpenters were paid $10 a day, and everything that entered into the building cost him in proportion to those prices. He was liberal to settlers who were businesslike, and gave away many good building-lots to those who seemed likely to become useful citizens, and as the city developed he devoted a large number of blocks of ground for public uses. Thus the county of San Joaquin acquired its court-house square, the city its numerous beautiful little parks, and the people their first cemeteries.

By 1850, Stockton had assumed urban form. Frame buildings became numerous, the lumber for most of them being brought from the Atlantic coast around Cape Horn. As in all frontier towns, the saloon, the gambling-house, the livery stable, and the hotel were the pioneer structures. In those early days too, the pioneer residents were largely composed of reckless men who appealed to arms on very slight provocation, and bloodshed over gaming, drinking, and the



GEORGE C. TURNER,
Board of Education.

smiles of women as reckless as the men were as common as tradition makes them in other California towns

or camps of that day. Stockton was, however, a business place from its foundation. From its principal hotel for many years long lines of stages set out every morning for Sacramento and the northern mines, for Sonora and the Tuolumne mines; for San Andreas, Angel's Camp, Murphy's, and the Calaveras mines; for Mariposa and the Stanislaus, and in fact for all parts of the State where mining was conducted.



H. C. HOLMAN,
Board of Education.

On August 1st, 1850, the first municipal election was held under a decree of the district court, in which the population of the city was stated at 2,000. At that election the officers chosen were: Samuel Purdy, mayor; C. M. Weber, W. H. Robinson, J. W. Reins, James Warner, B. F. Whittier, Hiram Green, and George A. Shurtleff, aldermen; A. C. Bradford, clerk; G. D. Brush, treasurer; C. J. Edmonson, assessor; W. H. Willoughby, marshal; H. A. Crabb, attorney; F. C. Andrew, harbor master, and Walter Heron, recorder.



C. M. KENISTON,
Board of Education.

Stockton's prosperity was not without checks. A disastrous fire occurred in December, 1849, and swept most of its fragile business houses away, entailing a loss of $200,000. That winter was very rainy, and business was stagnant, because intercourse with the mines was rendered impossible, the soft adobe soil being saturated, making the trails impassable. This stagnation was aggravated by the necessities of the San Francisco creditors of Stockton merchants. The historical fire of 1849 in that city had borne hard on its merchants, who bore hard on their debtors in turn, and some Stockton merchants were crowded out of business.

Business recovered rapidly with the return of spring, and February, 1850, saw thirty-four mercantile houses flourishing. Manufactures, which have since distinguished Stockton beyond all other Californian cities, began that year. The first goods manufactured were crackers. They were made from imported flour, in a city whose present annual output of flour is worth $5,250,000. Boat-building was the next important industry. The first boat was built in 1850 by S. H. Davis. It was, of course, small and would count for little to-day, but its building was an event to be appreciated then. This branch of industry has continued and grown until now large steamboats, barges, sailing craft and pleasure-boats are built every year. In



L. M. CUTTING.
Board of Education.

1850 also brick-making began, and the next year a brewery was built, and the first wagon was made in Stockton. Mining tools were made in that year, and until the business of mining was wholly changed.

In 1853 Jacob C. Wagner started a small tannery. Hides were a drug in the market and cost him but a trifle. This was his chief advantage, and the next was the ready sale of leather, but his appliances for tanning and finishing were necessarily crude and inconvenient. He persevered, however, and from his small beginning has grown the Pacific tannery, which in 1892 produced $234,000 worth of leather.

Imported flour was not long used in Stockton, for in 1852 a mill was built by Austin Sperry and S. M. Baldwin, out of which has been evolved the present Sperry mill, whose annual product is worth more than two millions of dollars. In 1883 the Crown mills were erected, by which the product of flour was doubled, and in 1891 the Union mill, with a like capacity, was finished, so that now Stockton's flour-producing capacity is 6,000 barrels a day and the value of its actual product of mill stuffs for 1892 was $5,250,000. Beside these three large mills, the Aurora mills do a custom business of 200 barrels a day.

Next to its mills in point of magnitude are Stockton's combined harvester works. These are five in number, from which in 1892 were turned out 379 of these massive machines, which go into a field of standing grain, cut, thresh, clean, and separate it, and leave behind them a trail of straw on one side and a trail of sacked grain upon the other. These massive machines, drawn by from twenty to twenty-six horses, cut and thresh the grain as rapidly as the ordinary reapers of the prairie States cut and bind it. Their employment in the great grain fields of the San Joaquin valley is made especially desirable by the absence of rain during the summer and the exemption from gales that in some regions would thresh out the dried grain, if it were left in the field uncut until fit to be threshed.

The combined harvester is a Stockton invention. Crude machines have been made in other regions before the Stockton machine was perfected, but it remained for J. C. Houser of this city to make a harvester that did the work satisfactorily. The first of these machines was built in 1865, and its first successful trial was made the following year. The next year three machines were turned out, and the production was increased every year, except one of great depression in business, until the year 1893 will find Stockton's product reaching the number of 450.

While flour and combined harvesting machines rank as leading industries in Stockton, they are by no means its only manufactures. There are besides six or eight branches of manufacture that are not common to Californian cities. They employ an army of 1,300 operatives to whom they pay over $1,000,000 annually, and a large proportion of the earnings are invested in home-building. The result is that Stockton's bread-winners are largely also home-owners, and the proportion of pretty cottages and even more pretentious residences owned by wage-workers in this city is hardly exceeded in any city of the United States.

The paper mill is the largest of the industries not previously mentioned. It gives employment to eighty-five persons and its annual product, principally "news" paper, is worth $250,000. Nearly equal in order is the woollen mill with its ninety employees, principally women and girls, and its output of blankets, flannels, etc., worth $250,000 per year. Three wagon and carriage factories, with seventy employees, produce $125,000 a year; two foundries with sixty men produce $125,000 worth of machinery; the terra-cotta works with twenty men

make $35,000 worth of sewer pipe, building material, and plumber's white ware. Five planing mills are kept busy on building work, and their combined product in 1892 was worth $600,000.

Another branch of manufacturing, to which Stockton may lay exclusive claim, is that of "buhach." That is troduced mainly through the energy and enterprise of Joseph D. Peters, who is president of the company, and is also one of the foremost of Stockton's business men.

Stockton is not noted as a wine-producing point, yet it has its El Pinal vineyard and winery, which, with one small winery, produces



THE STOCKTON SCHOOL HOUSE.

the trade-mark name of the insect poison made from the pyrethrum plant, Stockton having the only mill in the United States for grinding the flowers of that plant, which is grown on the plantation of the Buhach Company in Merced County, the only place in the United States where it has been found to flourish in perfection. This novel industry was in-

$175,000 worth of wine and brandy annually.

Brick is another leading article of Stockton manufacture. It is made by the San Joaquin Brick Company. The peculiar feature of this establishment is its kiln, which is kept constantly burning. This is accomplished by what is known as the downward draft. The kiln is divided



JAS. A. BARR,
Superintendent of Schools.

into many compartments, two of which are always open. One of these is receiving the unbaked brick, the other is being emptied of those that have been burned, while all of the remainder are in the various stages of being heated, burned, or cooled off. The fires are fed from the top through four-inch flues with fine slack coal which is poured into the flues with a grocer's scoop, about eight ounces at a time, and the fire kept increasing in intensity until the desired temperature is reached, when the brick are allowed to gradually cool. The value of the product of this industry in 1892 was $50,000, and it will be greatly increased in a few years.

Add to the figures here given the miscellaneous manufactures such as are common to most cities of 18,000 inhabitants, and the value of Stockton's manufactures for 1892 will approach very closely to $10,000,000.

While Stockton people are proud of their manufactures and cherish them, they are also proud of their public schools. Very early in the history of the city provision was made for the education of its children. Some of the schools were ill-furnished, the buildings were bad, and the apparatus crude, but great interest in them is apparent from the articles on the subject in the newspapers of the first years in the city's history. For some years there was no organization among the teachers and no official standard of qualifications, but the schools seem not to have suffered on that account. The rush to the gold mines brought many who became tired of mining, and some, having been teachers in the East, resumed that occupation here. Among the families who came



W. C. RAMSEY,
Proprietor Business College.

were many ladies who had been trained to teach, and these were added to the corps as time demanded and the financial ability of the city permitted. Among those who were teachers in Stockton was Thomas B. Reed, who has since become famous as Speaker of the National House of Representatives, though his work was in a private academy over which presided the man who was for some years superintendent of San Joaquin County's schools.

From small and inadequate beginnings, in rude and leaky buildings, the school establishment of Stockton has grown, until there are now eleven school buildings, only three of which are of wood. In these are employed fifty-one teachers, and the average daily attendance for November, 1892, was 2,144, on an enrolment of 2,432, while the school census of that year gave the number of children of school age as 3,120.

The average pay of the male teacher was, in 1892, $1,280, and of the females $810; but that of the male teachers for 1893 has been increased nearly $100 per year. Teachers are selected for their merits alone, and though the political "pull" may have been potent in the past, it is unknown now.

The schools are managed by a board of five directors elected by the people. The superintendent is chosen by the board, though the office until recently was elective. The present superintendent, James A. Barr, has held the position not quite two years, but in that time has effected many improvements in school work. He recognizes that the schools are not perfect, though they deservedly rank among the best in the State, and he is laboring to make them as nearly perfect as possible.



THE SOUTH SCHOOL.

Mr. Barr is a native of Kentucky, but has resided in California nearly twenty years, or ever since he was about nine years old, and is hence a

real Californian. His education was received principally in the Stockton public schools, though after his graduation at the high school he took a course at the Stockton Business College. After teaching in country schools two or three terms, he was appointed principal of the Jefferson School in this city, and after holding that position several years was in 1891 chosen superintendent. Mr. Barr is still a student. His experience as a teacher showed him that much improvement could be made in the methods pursued in this city, and he has devoted a large proportion of his time since he has been superintendent to the improvement of the system.

For this purpose he has carefully studied the methods pursued elsewhere, and, taking the best in each, is laboring to engraft the improvements on the system here. Two years are not a sufficient time in which to accomplish all he desires, but even in that time great improvement has been made. He reads closely all the criticisms on the public schools here and elsewhere, and seeks to profit by them. Neither given to fads nor devoted to established customs, he does not rashly embrace innovations or cling to forms simply because they have the negative approval of long use. During his superintendency, there has been a notable increase in the attendance as compared with the enrolment, a still more notable increase in punctuality, and a consequent increase in the proportion of the school fund received by the schools under his charge.

Through his efforts Stockton was largely represented at the annual convention of the California Teachers' Association last December in Fresno. This was the first time Stockton had appeared prominently in the meetings of that association. So favorable a showing did the Stockton teachers make in that convention that this city was unanimously chosen as the place of holding the next session, in December of this year.

The details of school work in Stockton would be uninteresting to the general reader, and are therefore omitted. It must suffice to say that Superintendent Barr regards teaching both as a business and a high profession. While fully appreciating the sacredness of the teacher's charge, he also appreciates the necessity of giving close attention to the business of education and is not satisfied to allow the schools to "run themselves." Being a man of calm and judicial temper, he proceeds with deliberation but persistency, and if some popular freak does not cause a radical change in the board of trustees, he will be long retained in his position to continue the excellent work he has begun.

On the southeast corner of California and Channel Streets is situated an educational institution second to none of its kind—the Stockton Business College. Mr. W. C. Ramsey is the principal and proprietor of it, and under his able management and di-



STOCKTON BUSINESS COLLEGE.



THE HIGH SCHOOL.

rection it has been raised to the highest standard of excellence hitherto reached by similar institutions.

Mr. Ramsey is one of those self-made men whose elevation by their own exertion marks them as possessed of exceptionally high qualities, and of energy and determination rising above the general plane. Born in central Illinois, and left an orphan at an early age, he worked on a farm during the summer and attended school in the winter. Such was his economy that he saved sufficient means to enable him to finish his education at the State Normal University of Illinois, graduating from that institution in 1873. In 1879 he came to California, and in 1881 was engaged as a teacher in Stockton Business College, which had then been established six years. He became proprietor of the institution in 1886, at which time there were but eleven pupils enrolled; during the past year there were over 700 students. Twelve teachers are employed in this college—persons of experience and ability, who combine courteous treatment with firm discipline. Mr. Ramsey's long experience of nineteen years in the profession has taught him what constitutes success in a teacher, and he surrounds himself with men of worth and capability. The courses of the school are thorough and comprehensive. In the theoretical department, which includes pupils from those who are just learning to read and write to graduates from the high school, the student decides for himself how much he learns, the work being for the most part individual, without the incentive of competition. The most interesting department is the Actual Business or Practical Department, in which two banks are established, doing business with one another as if they were in cities far distant from each other.



THE COURT-HOUSE.

The pupils are supplied with all the requisites for such a business, a good representation of money, drafts, checks, notes, mortgages, deeds, due bills, etc., being in full supply. Then there is the Shorthand and Typewriting Department, and lastly the Normal or Teachers' Department, where about one hundred students are being prepared for the educational profession. The courses are all elective, and a pupil may select such and as many studies as he may choose.

In the matter of churches, Stockton is as well provided as in the matter of schools. There are now twenty-three houses of worship in the city and twenty-six religious organizations, exclusive of those auxiliary to the churches. Until recently the church architecture of the city was rather antiquated, as much of it still is. Within a few years, however, the principal Methodist congregation erected a magnificent church edifice at a cost of nearly $60,000, and St. John's Episcopal parish erected a handsome new church at a cost of nearly $30,000. St. Mary's Catholic church has recently been remodelled and improved at a cost of $10,000, and within three years five small churches have been built to accommodate the people in rapidly growing suburbs, and in those districts within the city which are rapidly being filled with residences.

Among the public buildings of the city, the Court-house stands pre-eminent. It is a magnificent granite pile erected at a cost of $260,000, and is a spacious and commodious edifice in which are all the county and city offices. It is furnished with the best and most improved modern furniture and office fittings, fireproof vaults, and conveniences for transacting public business. The court-rooms are spacious, and the judge's chambers conveniently situated for those having business therein, and the rooms are heated and lighted with natural gas, furnished by a well sunk by the county on the lot whereon the jail is situated. The Court-house is 156 feet long and 126 feet wide, and stands in the centre of a block 300 feet square. It is surmounted by a dome 172 feet high, on which stands a colossal statue of the Goddess of Justice. From the dome a fine view of the surrounding country and its farms, fields, vineyards, and orchards can be had. On the east the Sierra Nevada mountains bound the landscape, on the south is the vast San Joaquin valley, on the west the Coast range, and on the north the view is limited by the scattered oaks and other forest trees which from that height and distance appear like a forest.



THE COUNTY JAIL.

One square north of the Court-house on San Joaquin Street is the new jail, a handsome red brick structure with stone trimmings, which, were it not for the steel gratings at the windows, would not be recognized as a prison. It is within two squares of the business centre, and, instead of being regarded as damaging to the surrounding property, is admired as an improvement.

On the block next south from the

Court-house is the Free Public Library building, a small building of granite of modest design, which was erected in 1889, and is soon to be incorporated in a building that will cover an area of 150 by 100 feet, designs for which have been prepared and accepted. The new building will be a work of architectural art of which any city of double the size of Stockton could well be proud. The present building was erected from a fund the nucleus for which was a donation of $5,000 by Frank Stewart, a pioneer business man of the city, and the new will be paid for out of $75,000 bequeathed by Dr. W. P. Hazelton, a pioneer dentist of this city, who died in 1890 in Tarrytown, N. Y. Dr. Hazelton accumulated his first capital in Stockton, and when he had become wealthy determined to testify his gratitude to its people for the encouragement he received here. The bequest shows that his gratitude was great, and as he also left an ample fund for the purchase of books, and for medals for those grammar-school pupils who excel in scholarship and deportment, he has in his turn placed Stockton under an obligation of gratitude deeper than that which he has so richly repaid.

The Masonic Temple is a plain but substantial building that occupies a half-block. It is of brick with stone trimmings, three stories high, and contains a music hall, several lodge rooms, and other assembly rooms, on the upper floors, and on the first floor is the post office, stores, offices, etc.

The post office will not long remain in the Masonic Temple, however, for the United States has purchased a site on the southeast corner of California and Market Streets, on which will be erected a building to contain all the Federal offices located here. The appropriation for the purpose is only $75,000, which, after the price of the site is deducted, is inadequate to the purpose of putting up a becoming structure, and Congress should appropriate an additional sum sufficient to erect a building worth $75,000.

The County Hospital, a frame building just outside the eastern border of the city, was destroyed by fire in the fall of 1892, and will be replaced by a handsome brick building sufficient to house 250 inmates. The means for that purpose were raised by the sale of county bonds which were recently taken at a premium of 2 per cent.

The California Asylum for the Insane, which was the first institution of that kind in the State, is located in Stockton. It consists of four large asylum buildings, three physicians' residences, with storehouses, engine-houses, laundries, stables, workshops, etc., within an enclosure embracing sixty acres, all of which was donated by Captain Weber, whose liberality was almost unlimited. A detailed description of the buildings and grounds would be too long for such an article as this, and this brief out-



THE METHODIST CHURCH.



YOSEMITE THEATRE BUILDING.

line must suffice. Within the enclosure are three natural gas wells, one of which supplies all the gas needed for fuel in the laundry, and another is being sunk which will be sufficient to supply fuel and light for the whole institution. The first, which was sunk for water, yields but a small supply of gas, which is not utilized, but the water of both the completed wells is used for irrigating the gardens within the grounds. The cost of the asylum buildings was about $503,000, and they are sufficient for the accommodation of about 2,000 patients.

The Yosemite Theatre has been built by a company which was incorporated on June 1st, 1891. Ground for the building was broken on August 15th. The structure, which is of the finest red pressed brick with terra-cotta trimmings, covers an area of 150 feet square. It is in the form of an H. The theatre and the office building are separate. They are divided by a lighted court ten feet wide, on each side of which are brick walls and iron doors.

The entire main entrance, including the box-office lobby, is finished with marble wainscoting, imported tile floor of a buff hue, and hardwood. Plastic relief decorations increase the pleasing aspect of this corridor. Oil colors of soft tones that blend with the dark marble and hard-wood have been used.

The foyer decorations are a splendid example of the Empire style. The chandeliers in the foyer deserve to be termed magnificent. They were especially designed for a house furnished in the strict Empire fashion.

There are niches in the wall on the right of the foyer—the right on entering. One of them is on each side of the ladies' parlor. In these niches are settees, which are upholstered in corduroys. They afford handsome and comfortable lounging-places between acts. The seats are the best grade of Andrews' opera chairs. They are made of polished oak wood, are upholstered in rich old yellow plush, have springs, and are not only wide enough to suit all, but are set far enough apart in rows to

avoid any cramping of knees. Three rows in front in the dress circle are upholstered like the orchestra seats.

The boxes are all embraced in the limit of the proscenium arch. This arch is a grand sight. Its grandeur is better appreciated when viewed from the dress circle than beneath. Its soffit is 26 feet deep. The boxes on each side of it emerge from between beautifully proportioned Ionic columns. One of these columns separates adjoining boxes, and another is on the outer side of each box. The columns carry purely classical entablature, which is surmounted by a rich Empire frieze. From the top of this frieze on each side the sounding board rises toward the centre of the arch. The acoustics of the theatre are perfect.

The stage was constructed under the personal supervision of Thomas Harrington. It is 38 feet deep, 68 feet wide and 60 feet high, being 3 feet deeper than the California theatre. It is a completely equipped stage. There are twelve large dressing-rooms. A pretty feature is the brass chain and posts which form the footlight guard.

The school architecture of Stockton is not, as a whole, a matter of which the city can boast. Until recently the buildings, like most other buildings in the city, were more remarkable for strength than beauty. The spirit of improvement which has inspired individuals to modernize and beautify their homes and business houses reached the schools when the Fremont school building was erected. This was so satisfactory that the hand of improvement was next laid on the Jefferson building, which was transformed into a handsome structure. Then the wand of art was laid on the Washington or High School, and it rose one story higher and assumed form more becoming to the modern city of Stockton, and to its beautiful surroundings of beautiful residences, neatly improved streets, and the beautiful little park called Fremont square, its northern *vis-à-vis*.

The architecture of Stockton has undergone much change in ten years. Severe utility seemed the rule a decade ago, but now great attention is paid to ornamentation, and the result in the residence quarters is delightful. With the rise of a few modern residences, taste seemed to change almost at once, and now those who can afford handsome homes seem to have become imbued with a spirit of emulation in that direction. The number of handsome residences that have been built within five years is remarkable in a city that has had a reputation abroad for being almost slow.

Among the fine residences erected within a few years are those of R. E. Wilhoit, and R. C. Sargent, views of which are printed herewith. J. M. Welsh recently finished a residence which cost him $20,000. E. W. S. Woods and his brother J. N. Woods each erected residences that cost $15,000 each, and the number of those that cost from $5,000 to $10,000 that have been added to the city's homes in a few years is too great to notice in detail here.

Wheat-raising has been the chief agricultural industry of the territory tributary to Stockton. Though farmers have prospered, it is becoming more and more apparent every year that it is not a profitable industry. To escape it, and to secure greater prosperity, an increase of population, and more desirable rural homes, great attention is given to irrigation. One system with about twenty-five miles of canal is now in operation and is working magic changes. The orchard and vineyard, the dairy farm, and the handsome rural residence will soon supplant the great wheat ranch with its wide and lonesome stretches of field, varied but not relieved by occasional shanties. Water, the great resolvent, will soon make the soil yield any kind of a crop in

any season, and fine farm-houses will no longer be moved five, six, and eight miles into Stockton as has been done by ranchers whose families would escape the lonely life. Homes in the country will then be desirable, and the more there are, the more prosperous will Stockton become.

The other irrigation projects are being industriously pushed, and when they are completed, within the present year, nearly every acre of land in the country will be within reach of their waters. This will effect a great change in the city as well as in the farming districts, and the population of the city, which has increased about one-third since the census of 1890 was taken, will more than double itself before another Federal enumeration is made.

Though Stockton is not noted as being in a fruit-raising region, the records of fruit shipments by rail show that it is the third in point of magnitude in the State. These shipments do not include the large amount that goes to San Francisco every day in the fruit season, when a steamer leaves in that trade two or three



RESIDENCE OF R. E. WILHOIT.

hours before the regular daily packet steamer. Eight hours is required for the trip to San Francisco, and fruit and vegetable raisers can send their products to consumers in that city, and lay them on their breakfast tables fresh from the gardens but little more than half a day after they leave the gardens.

There is a large amount of capital in Stockton, and most of its important enterprises have been carried on with the money of its people. Its city and county bonds issued for street, sewer, wharf, and building improvements have been bought largely by its resident capitalists, who, knowing how secure is the investment, have usually bid higher than non-residents. An exception to this rule was found in the recent sale of county bonds for the new poor farm and the re-erection of the county hospital. An agent for the State school fund outbid the local capitalists and thus got them. The indebtedness of both city and county is therefore virtually all due to their citizens.

Stockton's five banks are almost exclusively owned by the people of the county. Of these three doing a general banking business, only one being a national bank, while the other two are savings banks. They are among the soundest and best managed in the country, and in fact Stockton has had but one bank failure in many years, and that was such a small one that it did not cause a ripple in the business world; the bank having almost wound up its affairs before a sudden demand upon it disclosed its weakness.



THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

Failures in Stockton are rarities in any line. Its business is carefully conducted; most of its business men have been long in the city, and those who are not old residents are trained business men who have recently

been attracted hither by learning of the solidity of its growth, and by having a knowledge of its resources and surroundings. Good and prudent business men have no difficulty in obtaining money with which to do business, but Stockton is a poor place for the mere adventurer. Within the past ten years several such have come here with dazzling schemes to ensnare capital, but after wasting much eloquence have gone elsewhere to succeed where men are more sanguine and have more capital than judgment.

The influence of the combined agencies enumerated have operated to cause Stockton to grow very rapidly within the past few years. In 1880, the census credited the city with 10,287. This was only 221 more than were counted in 1870. In 1890 the increase was 4,096, and the population was given as 14,376. A city census, completed May 5th this year, shows 17,759 inhabitants, an increase of 3,383 in less than three years. All these figures apply to the city proper, which is comprised within the quadrangle two miles square. On the north, the east, and the south, the population has overflowed until there are probably 5,000 people in the suburbs. There is nothing to mark the city from these suburbs. The centres of streets, well lined with residences on each side, form the eastern and southern boundaries. The northern boundary is a street on whose north side lie some of the most elegant residences and grounds in the country, while on each of these three sides the suburbs spread out from a half-mile to a mile, and two of them are thickly covered with the homes of people who earn their bread in the great manufactories within the city limits.

Stockton's situation, at an altitude of only thirty feet above mean sea-



CAPTAIN WEBER'S RESIDENCE.

level, on land that was originally intersected by sloughs or sluggish streams, that in the dry season had little or no current, made the drainage problem a grave one, that grew graver as the years went by, and the population increased. Most of these sloughs and streams have now been filled, and the water diverted into other channels, but no system of sewers was devised to take their place until a few years ago.

A very complete system was adopted, however, and is being rapidly constructed. As the natural slope of the land is very slight, art had to supply the deficiency. The system adopted was that of draining the city sewage into a vast reservoir, and then by powerful pumps lifting the sewage and forcing it through pipes to the San Joaquin River, two miles distant. Rain-water is disposed of in a separate system of mains which flow into the channels of the harbor. The pumping station, located in the southwestern part of the city, is a handsome little building that is furnished with means of consuming the foul gases that arise from the sewage in the reservoir, and no unpleasant odors escape therefrom.

The outfall pipe is provided with outlets, from which the sewage may be taken in the dry season to be used on the land over which it passes for irrigation or fertilization.

Water is supplied to the city by a corporation whose works are located on the eastern border of the town. The source of supply is a large number of deep wells, sunk far below all danger of pollution from the surface. The works have recently been rebuilt, the machinery greatly enlarged, and new mains laid throughout the city.

The streets are illuminated with electric lights, and electricity supplies the power by which street-cars are propelled every few minutes over two lines, one of which is nearly four miles long and the other two miles.

Other lines are to be constructed at an early day, and the shorter of the existing lines is soon to be extended northward and eastward, into suburbs that have grown up within the last three years.

Stockton is only two miles square as its plat is recorded in the county records. Stockton in reality has overflowed those lines a mile to the eastward, a like distance to the southward, and is rapidly extending northward, but its progress westward must be limited to the land lying north of Stockton channel, because that to the south is too low to be desirable for residences. The population of legal Stockton is a little over 15,000 and the population of actual Stockton is nearly 20,000.

Stockton owes much of its prosperity to its location at the head of tide-water navigation. This made it the natural metropolis of the great San Joaquin valley. From this port wheat is transported by water to San Francisco Bay for seventy-five cents per ton, hence vast quantities of wheat and barley find a market here beside that which is used by the mills. Being one of the "terminal points" on the Southern Pacific Railroad, it enjoys lower railroad freights, and these two advantages have operated greatly to its commercial advantage. The advantage of cheap river transportation has made it the greatest lumber mart in the interior of the State, and its grain, lumber, and manufacturing business attract large numbers of people from distant towns, who greatly enliven the retail trade in all lines.

The traffic on the river is so great that one transportation company has thirteen steamers, large and small, almost constantly in commission, another has two large steamers, and besides these there are nearly or quite one hundred other craft that carry lumber, coal, hay, grain, tan-bark, and other bulky commodities hence or bring them to Stockton. There are three miles of improved wharves, and the whole water-front of about

seven miles must, within a few years, be improved by bulkhead wharves to accommodate the increasing commerce.

Another factor in producing the prosperity which Stockton enjoys is its natural gas. It has been known for nearly forty years that inflammable gas could be found at an inconsiderable depth in the earth under the city. That knowledge was not utilized to any extent until 1887, when Jerome Haas, a Pennsylvanian, who had had some experience with gas wells in his native State, sunk a well whose depth is only known to him, within the city limits, and got a flow of gas sufficient to justify him and his associates in laying an extensive system of pipes in the city, and supplying the gas for lights and fuel. This gave great impulse to gas-seeking, and there are now fifteen gas-wells either within the city limits or within a short distance. Some of these supply but few besides stockholders in the corporations owning them, while others sell enough to pay handsome dividends. They range in depth from 976 to 1,970 feet, and from 8 to 12 inches in diameter. The gas is found in heavy flows of water, and is thereby divested of its carbon, which makes it an excellent fuel, but makes it necessary to supply carbon by artificial means to make it a good illuminant.

Among the moral agencies of Stockton, her newspapers must be counted as equal, in their province, to the schools and the churches. The history of daily journalism in Stockton extends back forty years, and is necessarily too long to be fully treated here. The daily newspapers of to-day are the *Independent*, the *Mail*, and the *Record*. The first-named was removed here from San Andreas, Calaveras County, early in 1861. It has had a checkered career, and has changed proprietors many times, but during eight years past has been published by J. L. Phelps and C. L. Ruggles (J. L. Phelps & Co.). Mr. Phelps, who has lived in Stockton nearly twenty-five years, is the editor and carefully guides and controls its tone, and Mr. Ruggles devotes himself to the business management. It has the Associated Press franchise, and is the only morning paper that has endured in Stockton. When Phelps & Co. purchased it, it was heavily encumbered, and had lost some of the prestige which it had won by the ability of its early editors. By careful management, conservative action, and energy, they restored its lost prestige, freed it from incumbrance, doubled the value of its plant, increased its revenues more than double, and have made it one of the best interior papers of California.

The *Mail*, the only evening paper that has enjoyed a career of any length, is a bright, vigorously edited paper. It is bold in its attacks on what it deems wrong, trenchant in its editorial style, light, newsy, and entertaining in its manner of serving local news, and has the air of a thoroughly prosperous paper that can afford to be independent and attack or defend whom or what its editor thinks should be attacked or defended. It is published by Colnon & Nunan, E. L. Colnon being the editor and J. J. Nunan the business manager. They have conducted the paper about seventeen years, and have covered the afternoon field so thoroughly that no competitor has been able to make sufficient inroads on them to enable it to long survive, though many have tried.

The only weekly paper that has outlived a couple of years is the *Record*. It is a lively, gossipy, independent sheet, that aims to "shoot folly as it flies," while also taking a tilt at politics, as its editor feels inclined. It is ten or a dozen years old, and has for four years been published by Denig & Martin. Mr. Denig, the business manager, was one of the original publishers, and has clung to it from its birth. Mr. Martin, a graduate of the *Independent*

office, is the editor, and has brought the *Record* to a higher plane than it ever enjoyed under his predecessors.

In the opening of this article, the founder of Stockton was only incidentally mentioned, but Charles M. Weber deserves more than this from Stockton, for which he has done so much, and for which his widow and his children continue to do everything that in reason can be expected of the most liberal and public-spirited citizens. Captain Weber was the son of a Lutheran minister in Homburg, Germany, and was born in that city February 16th, 1814. He came to America in 1836, and passed his first winter in New Orleans. Having suffered from yellow fever, he sought health in the then republic of Texas, and on attaining it joined Houston's army and fought for Texan liberty. In 1841, while in St. Louis, he read a description of the San Joaquin valley by Dr. John Marsh, who resided there, and with that impulsiveness which always characterized him he set out at once for California, instead of visiting relatives in Illinois, with which intent he went to St. Louis.

He reached Sutter's Fort, near the present city of Sacramento, in the autumn of that year, and spent the winter there as general man of business for the old Swiss pioneer, with whom he became a trusted friend from the moment of his arrival.

In the spring he went to San Jose, formed a partnership with William Gulnac, with whom he prosecuted many enterprises. They built a grist mill, established a store, began manufacturing shoes, and in fact tried to supply all the wants of that then wild and ill-supplied region.

In 1844, he and Gulnac were granted eleven square leagues of land by the Mexican government, being what is now known as the Weber grant. In the settlement of their partnership affairs, this tract was transferred to Captain Weber, whose widow and children still own a large part of it.

In 1847 Captain Weber removed to Stockton and built a residence on the peninsula between Stockton and Miner channels, which is now known as Weber Point. He subsequently built what was in its day the grandest residence in Stockton, which still stands, and a view of which is presented.

In 1850 Captain Weber was married to Miss Helen Murphy. Miss Murphy was the daughter of a pioneer who emigrated from what was then Lower Canada in 1842, and settled in San Jose, where his descendants are among the most prominent and respected citizens. Three children were born to them. Of these, two are now living in Stockton. Charles M. Weber, the eldest, resembles his father greatly in person and character. He is liberal, enterprising, energetic, and wholly unpretending. For some years he resided on a farm in Santa Clara County, and was elected from his district a member of the Assembly. On the death of his brother, Thomas J. Weber, who managed the Weber estate in San Joaquin County, he returned to Stockton. The other surviving child of Captain Weber, Miss Julia, is a young lady of high accomplishment, of retiring disposition, who devotes herself to her mother's comfort, cares little for society, but is universally loved and respected for her amiability and her many other estimable womanly qualities.

Whenever a question arose in Stockton as to what was best to be done for its prosperity, Captain Weber was the first to be consulted. Whenever it became a question of means to be raised, Captain Weber took the lead in contributing. Though almost fiercely jealous of his rights, he was the most kindly and lenient to any who tried to wrong him, once he had conquered the wrong-doer or the trespasser offered to make apology or amends. His career in America had tended to develop those characteristics, for though

wealth was easily acquired in his day and the region where he lived, men often had to defend it with force and arms.

An illustration of these apparently inconsistent characteristics was given when squatters and the heirs of his former partner Gulnac attempted to take possession of the land within his grant. He contested their claims in the courts at an expense that was greater than the property they attempted to deprive him of. When he triumphed, he gave every aid to the squatters, besides forgiving them their offences against him, but he regarded the attempt to take his land as an assault on his integrity, and that to him was dearer than life.

Captain Weber died May 4th, 1881, after a brief illness, of pneumonia. Thus terminated a career of great usefulness, which the people of Stockton remember with deep gratitude. The portrait of the beloved founder of the city hangs in almost every public building and in many private residences. It occupies the place of honor in Pioneer Hall, among the many others that line its walls, and Captain Charles M. Weber will be gratefully remembered as long as Stockton exists and its history is read.

Stockton was for many years the home of David S. Terry, the man who acquired almost a world-wide reputation by two tragic events. In the first of these he killed Senator Broderick, and in the other was killed by David Neagle, a deputy United States marshal, for an assault upon Stephen J. Field, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. His widow, who acquired equal notoriety by her efforts before her marriage to Terry to establish her claim to be the wife of ex-Senator William Sharon, now languishes, a hopeless maniac, in the insane asylum in the city where her husband was once so much loved and respected.

It was the early home of Josie Mansfield, the beautiful woman who caused the quarrel between Colonel Jim Fisk and Ed Stokes in New York, which caused the murder of Fisk. Her father was the editor of a paper in this city, and was killed by a man whom he had offended by something he had published concerning him.

One of the most prominent characters in Stockton is Thomas Cunningham, the sheriff of San Joaquin County. Mr. Cunningham enjoys the distinction in California of being the only sheriff who has been re-elected ten times. He is now serving his eleventh term in that office, and such is his popularity that he has several times been the only Republican candidate elected during a time of a general revulsion in politics, and has also several times been re-elected practically without opposition. His efficiency as a sheriff is such that but two or three persons who have committed grave crimes during his twenty-one years of service have escaped the penalty of the crimes they have committed in this county. He has entirely suppressed gambling in the county; no prize-fights or other illegal sports are tolerated, and though Stockton is famed throughout the land as a racing centre, the dishonest characters who usually follow the racing circuits avoid this city, knowing that they will be almost certain to be arrested by Sheriff Cunningham or some of his efficient deputies.

Stockton's kite-shaped race-track was the first of its kind on the Pacific Coast, and has been made famous by the large number of trotting records broken here by horses of national reputation for speed.

Among Stockton's attractions are its mineral water baths. In two of these, the water from gas wells flows into large tanks, one of which is over 200 feet long. In these large numbers of people indulge in swimming, and derive great benefit from the medical effect of the water. Another

of these swimming-baths is being constructed, and Stockton will soon be better supplied in this regard than any city on the coast, San Francisco not excepted.

When the irrigation systems now being organized are perfected, the water at the dams will be utilized as power to generate electricity. This will be conveyed to the city to be used as power in manufactories, and as a motive power on several lines of electric railways that are also projected to interior points for the conveyance of freight as well as passengers.

It is not difficult, from all that is here written of existing facts and of enterprises proposed, to foresee a great future for Stockton. As a grain mart with more warehouse capacity than any city outside of San Francisco; as the third shipping-point for California fruit, according to the amount forwarded from here as indicated by the Southern Pacific Railroad reports; as the greatest flour-making point in the interior and the largest manufacturing city, it cannot stand still. The ratio of its growth in wealth and population must continue to increase, until it must in a very few years become one of two or three of the cities in California which will be distinguished beyond all the others for rapid and solid prosperity, peacefulness, morality, and high culture.

Although public improvements and the advance in the value of real estate in Stockton have been rapid during the last few years, the tax levy this year is $1.72 on the $100 on a very low valuation in the "old district," and $1.56 in the new, or those additions that were not embraced within the original corporate limits. Outside of this are the suburbs, which, though virtually part of the city, only pay 72 cents on the $100, and enjoy the advantages of the city's schools.

At the election in May, W. R. Clark was re-elected mayor, a fact which is very rare in Stockton, no one having been re-elected to that office for many years. At the same election three new members were elected to the board of school trustees. The new board will take office in September, and will consist of George C. Turner, H. C. Holman, A. R. Bogue, S. A. Kitchener, and E. W. S. Woods. The last three take the places of President R. E. Wilhoit, L. M. Cutting, and C. A. Keniston. Of the outgoing members, the first two have served many terms in that board, and Mr. Keniston had a long experience as a teacher, several years of which were in this city.

The high school graduates this year a class of forty-two students, which is the largest ever graduated, and the examiners from the University of California speak in high praise of the work done.

The principal, Prof. Robert F. Pennel, who has only held that position one year, was recently elected principal of the State Normal School at Chico. He is the second principal of the high school to be called to an important position in a like school, Prof. A. H. Randall, now of the State Normal School at San Jose, having for several years presided in the Stockton high school.



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THE BEGINNING OF AN END.

London music halls are more prosperous than ever. Theatres droop, but music halls flourish.—DAILY NEWSPAPER, Sept. 7th, 1893.

Theatres droop and the drama wanes. Tragedy palls and great comedy is out of date. Odds and ends are written and trifles are admired. The years of genius have passed away, and the triumph of talent is at hand. Passions do not exist in the grand, but sentiments are played with in the *dilettante*. The period of the Romance is upon us, and the Future is yet to come.

When Talent shall have pictured all the mean details, and Fancy have sculptured all the petty ideals; when Stevenson shall have described all the isles of the South Seas and Peary have centred the North Pole; when Hardy shall have recorded the peasantry of England and Howells have done with the *bon ton* and the mediocre of New York; when Dana shall have foretold the legislation of the next decade, and Senator Sherman have disappeared from Congress; when the master-minds of meagre things shall have had their say and their impress placed on the mould of time; when Gladstone shall fail, and Bismarck be entombed, and Pope Leo join the registry of the saints; when actors shall seem to be no more and of statesmen there are none, Reformation may follow. For in the contention of discordant elements, in the confusion of disarranged contraptions the Great Individuality will arise, and the Era of Leadership will be begun.

Democracy has reached its height, royalty has seen decay, and the republic is in straits. We are in the face of new factors that have never operated before. Intelligence is extending its domain to other creatures than man, and foresight is running into the realities of prophecy. The inspired air is the fosterer and promoter of disease, and the enemies of man are greater than he knew. Microscopic life besets his body and consumes his strength. Intense activity wears away his frame, and deteriorates his race. Man is living too fast. He is traversing the seas and the land with equal ease. He is gathering the news of the universe by the wire and the lens with a rapidity and accuracy that fixes his mind in a thousand places in a thousandth part of so many minutes. From the centre of Africa to the border of Thibet; from the top of Hamilton to the rim of Saturn; from the heart of the happy self to the squalor of the desolate poor; from the sublimity of knowledge to the criminality of ignorance! The unspoken voice of one speaks to the unlistening ear of another, three, five and more thousand miles away; and the Mahatmas reveal of the past while the mediums pretend to photograph the immortal ghosts; a great editor of a metropolitan journal falls a victim to the faith, and the unlettered country lad is amazed at the exhibits. Suicides in the city of London increase at an astounding rate and the fear of death becomes as nothing. The

Recipes for October, By Mrs. Ewing, Miss Parloa, Marion Harland, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Hope.

Griddle Cakes made with Sweet Milk.—By MARIA PARLOA.—Mix together one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's Baking Powder. Rub this mixture through a sieve, letting it fall into a bowl. Add three generous gills of milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one well beaten egg. Fry in small cakes on a griddle, and serve at once.—(Copyright.)

Apple Dumpling.—By MRS. EMMA P. EWING.—Sift together two and a half cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder. Add a cup of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir into a batter. Half fill a buttered baking dish with quarters of pared sour apples. Pour the batter over them and bake three-quarters of an hour, or until nicely browned. Serve with a hard or soft sauce.—*Use only Cleveland's baking powder.*

One rounded teaspoonful of



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Minute Biscuit.—By MARION HARLAND.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter and the same of lard, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder, half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of cold water, one teaspoonful of white sugar. Sift baking powder, salt, sugar and flour together twice; chop up the shortening in the flour, not touching it with your hands, stir in with a wooden spoon the cold water; roll out quickly, cut into round cakes and bake in a good oven.—"*Finding Cleveland's baking powder to be really the best, I recommended it in 'Common Sense in the Household,' and now use it exclusively.*"—April 5, '93.
MARION HARLAND.

Apple Koker.—By MRS. LINCOLN.—Mix well one-half teaspoonful salt and two level teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder with two cups sifted flour. Rub in one-quarter cup cold butter. Beat one egg light, add three-quarters cup milk, and stir it into the flour. Use more milk if needed to make the dough soft enough to spread half an inch thick on a shallow baking pan. Quarter, pare and core four large sour apples, and divide each quarter lengthwise. Lay them in parallel rows on top of the dough, core edge down, and press them into the dough slightly. Sprinkle two tablespoonfuls sugar over the apple, but do not let it touch the pan. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes. Turn it out, apple side up, on a platter, and serve with *Lemon Sauce.*—Mix well three heaping teaspoonfuls corn starch with one cup of sugar, in a granite sauce-pan. Add two cups boiling water, stir well, and cook ten minutes. Add the grated rind and juice of one lemon and one tablespoonful butter. If the sauce be too thick to pour easily add more boiling water.—(*Copyright* 1891 *by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.*)

Jam Puffs.—By MISS AMABEL G. E. HOPE.—One cup flour, one level teaspoonful Cleveland's Baking Powder and a speck of salt sifted into a bowl. One cup of dry mashed potato mixed into it. Then rub in three tablespoonfuls of beef dripping; mix with enough cold water to make a stiff dough. Roll it out very thin on a well floured board. Cut into rounds, wet the edges, put a spoonful of jam on each round. Fold over and press together the edges, lay them on a greased tin and bake in a hot oven ten minutes.—*Use only Cleveland's Baking Powder.*

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religions of legends shake to pieces, and Anarchy is offset by the Populist's hyperbole of government.

The spirit of charity grows apace, but the beggar is denied his place in civilization. Man must work or man must not eat. The rich must share of their bounty, or the unemployed will steal it from their coffers. The merchant kings must dissipate their wealth or lie crushed under its over-toppled ruins. For the time of the plebs has come again, the rebellion against the aristos, the struggle of man for power; the equalizing of forces, the tie in the race, the bursts of fearful speed, the fainting of the mighty. Disaster carries great and small alike in her monstrous stretchers. The mighty start again and stumble and fall; only the mightier still go on. When the race is done there will be few at the end, but one will be first—the mightiest, the great genius, the new dramatist.

Theatres will revive, and music will be renewed. The period of the Romance will be passed, and the new Luthers, the new Colonies, and the new Shakespeare will appear. Gladstone and Bismarck and Cleveland will have been the forerunners of great new nations—Independence and Compromise and Tyranny combined; Zola and Hardy and Howells and Bierce, the genii of the new novel; unrestrained realism, studied profundity, picturesque actuality, and violent impulsiveness. Boyle O'Reilly, Doctor Holmes, Walt Whitman and his school, progenitors of better things to come: of pathetic humor, of humorous truth, of libertied expression: great men, but Greater Men are to be. The odds and ends will be gathered and synthesized and made as one, great expressions of the past, great tenets for the future. Human life will be re-estimated, human ambition reset—and a new course begun.—*Anon.*



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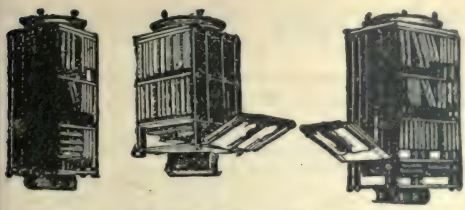
If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

—Rudyard Kipling.





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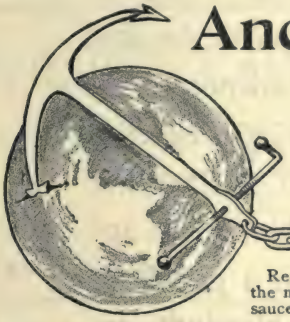
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MINDS

BY

THOMAS HARDY

A well-proportioned mind is one which shows no particular bias; one of which we may safely predicate that it will never cause its owner to be confined as a madman, tortured as a heretic, or crucified as a blasphemer; also, on the other hand, that it will never cause him to be applauded as a prophet, revered as a priest, or exalted as a king. Its usual blessings are happiness and commonplace. It produces the poetry of Rogers, the paintings of West, the statecraft of North, the spiritual guidance of Sumner; enabling its possessors to find their way to affluence, to wind up well, to step with dignity off the stage, to die comfortably in their beds, and to get the decent monument which, in many cases, they deserve. It never would allow a man to do such a ridiculous thing as throw up his business to benefit his fellow-creatures.

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The Nicaragua Canal

AND

OTHER ESSAYS

BY

Richard H. McDonald, Jr.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE PACIFIC BANK, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

PRESS NOTICES

The articles give ample proof that Mr. McDonald is a pungent and incisive writer, and, while some cannot agree with his conclusions, all must admire his style and the masterly use of the English language.—*Wasp*, San Francisco.

The essays are very ably written and reflect great credit on Mr. McDonald. The work is highly commendable and invaluable to all who wish to be well informed on the political and economic questions of the day upon which it treats.—*Times*, Pleasanton.

One of the clearest and comprehensive reviews of the Nicaragua Canal is furnished by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., and should be read by every American citizen who has the interests of his country at heart.—*Argus*, Adin.

The work is artistic from a typographical point of view, and the subject matter is treated in a terse, scholarly manner.—*Express*, Winters.

The writer is undoubtedly a scholarly, but what amounts to a great deal more, a thinking man. One would suppose that the topics which he discusses had been utterly exhausted by this time, but all of his essays are so very masterfully handled, that they appear decidedly new, to an attentive reader. Mr. McDonald has the ability to make even a dry subject interesting reading, and in that respect he surpasses the many writers on political economy.—*Independent*, Santa Barbara.

Mr. McDonald holds to a high conception of the duties of citizenship, and no one can read his lines without being impressed with the earnestness of his purpose. Manifestly these papers are but the beginning of more serious literary work.—*Sun*, San Diego.

The essays are not only worth reading, but the subjects show that they are deserving of careful study and consideration by all interested in political and economic topics.

"The Nicaragua Canal and Other Essays," by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., is an intensely interesting work upon live questions of the day.—*Gazette*, Los Angeles.

They are essays of great importance and such that every good citizen should have a copy to read and study over.—*Observer*, Corning.

There are no higher class essay on leading public questions than these. They are not written in a partisan spirit.—*Times*, Pomona.

The essays show thought, and are logical presentations of subjects from a Republican standpoint.—*Argus*, Auburn.

We earnestly recommend them to our readers for careful perusal.—*News*, Rio Vista.

Mr. McDonald is a forcible writer and his essays on the great questions of the day will be read by all who take an interest in the advancement and betterment of our political, commercial and social usages.—*Times*, Escondido.

These articles have already appeared in print and attracted much attention on account of the recognized ability with which the subjects were presented. Mr. McDonald is a thorough student, and the salient points of the questions under discussion are brought out clearly and forcibly.—*Gazette*, Martinez.

The contents are masterly essays on important questions of the day—topics of importance and interest to every public spirited person on this coast—written by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., vice-president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, and reprinted from previous numbers of the *Californian Magazine*.—*Ojai*, Nordhoff.

Those who are at all familiar with Mr. McDonald's method of grappling with these important problems will hail the appearance of these essays with delight. They are admirably written and get at the root of the matter with charming distinctness.—*New Era*, Monterey.

Mr. McDonald is a constant student, thinker and writer upon the great questions of the day. In speaking of the writings embraced in this volume, he says: "If they aid in establishing better standards in political, commercial and social usage, in influencing any citizen to take a firmer stand for all that is good and right in public, then the purpose of the writer will have been served."—*Appeal*, Marysville.

Richard H. McDonald, Jr., vice-president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, has during the past few months contributed to the *Californian* a number of interesting and scholarly articles on the Nicaragua Canal and other political and economic topics.—*New Era*, Benicia.

These essays, besides discussing the Nicaragua Canal, cover quite a range of economic subjects, the topics being "Is Labor in Danger?" "Regulation of Railway Charges," "How to Secure Good Municipal Government," "Political Duty of Californians," "Our Commercial Growth and the Tariff," from both a Republican and Democratic standpoint; "Ballot Reform" and "The Danger to the Republic." There is much matter in the pamphlet for thoughtful people to consider.—*Times*, Los Angeles.

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PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA.

The large profits realized by California fruit-growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter-section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF.

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES.

The fact of such large profits from California lands makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent. profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain-growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40 unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money-making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time, is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION?

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five-acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land, when it is then deeded to the purchaser costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land, nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment, not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessens the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for, when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured; besides every one knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land-owners.

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6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.

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8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.

9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.

10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer, and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.

11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.

12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.

13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.

14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.

15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.

16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.

17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.

18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.

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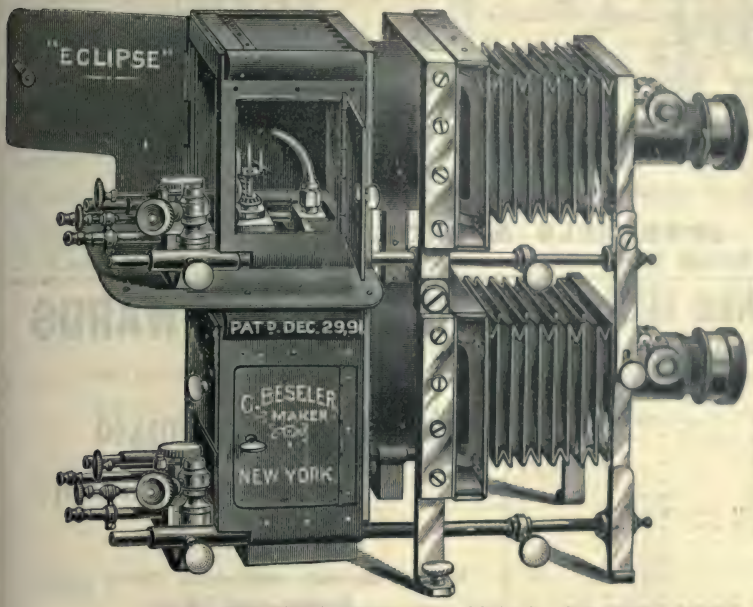
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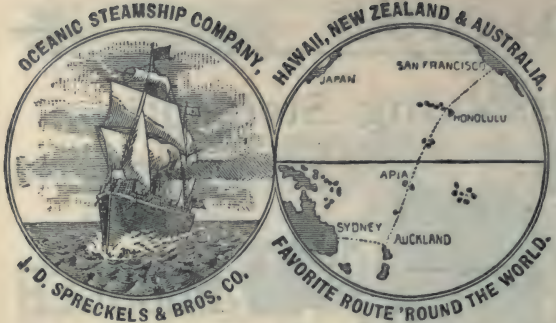
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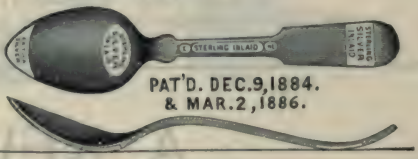
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47 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

THE CALIFORNIAN

NOVEMBER 1893

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

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I like the Californian from start to finish—OCTAVE THANET

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE CALIFORNIAN will be the finest and largest issue ever produced by the magazine, one that will be suggestive of its growth and development. Among the features having local color will be a richly illustrated paper entitled **"California Through a Snowdrift,"** showing the contrasts of snow and flowers in the Golden Gate. **"The Nooks and Corners of San Francisco,"** by Elodie Hogan, **"The Midwinter Fair," "The Forest Trees,"** are all richly illustrated papers speaking of the wonders of the Pacific Coast. **"A Submarine Christmas"** is an illustrated description of the wonders of the deep Pacific and of a submarine craft, the crew of which see the actual life of the deep sea in its home. Geo. Hamlin Fitch, the well-known critic, writes on the books and authors of a year, reviewing the literary growth of this time. Theo. R. Van Reed contributes a story on the tribulations of the author. Gertrude Atherton describes delightfully the romance of Fort Ross, while **"Shark Fishing as a Sport"** forms the subject of a graphic description.

Among the verse of the issue are poems by John Vance Cheney, Chas. E. Markham, General Lucius H. Foote, and a beautifully illustrated translation of Chamisso's **"Woman and Love"** by Frank V. McDonald. Among the illustrated descriptive articles is one on the **"Jubilee of the Pope"** by Mrs. F. Barbour, **"Early Art Among the Americans"** by Prof. John Richardson, while General N. P. Chipman will write on Immigration.

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Surplus	15,168,233 94

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Interest, Rents, &c.	8,191,099 90	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-Holders	$19,386,532 46	
For Expenses and Taxes	7,419,611 08	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as follows

United States Bonds and other Securities	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

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Insurance Assumed and Renewed	$654,909,566 00
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Increase in Annuities in Force	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed	47,737,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

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I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct

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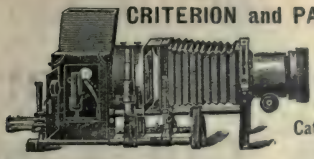
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THE CALIFORNIAN.

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GRASS-THATCHED HUTS AT LOS PUENTES.

VILLAGE LIFE IN MEXICO.

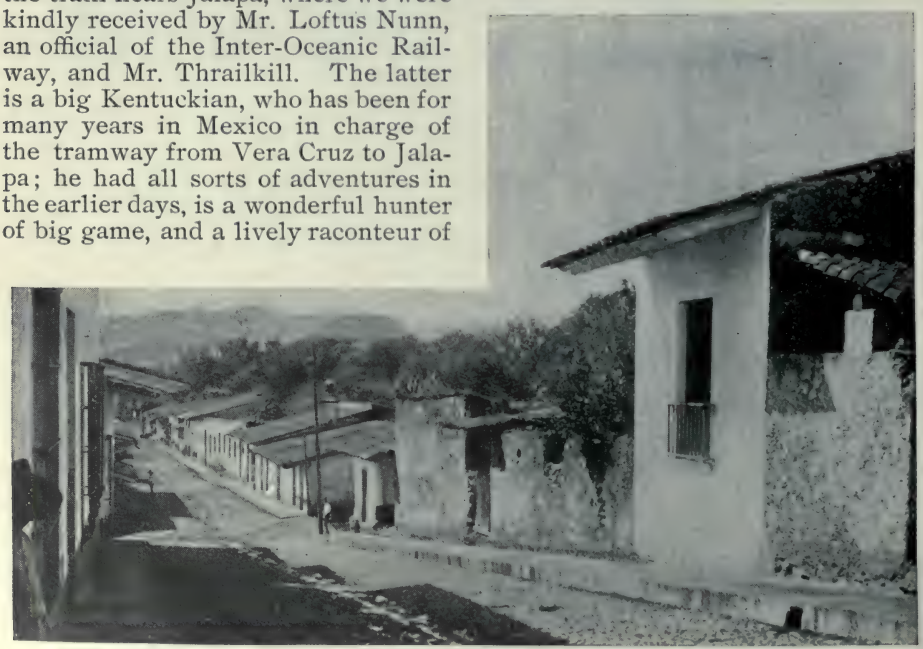
BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

TO reach Coatepec from Vera Cruz, on Christmas Eve, it was necessary to get up at daylight and have our baggage carried by *cargadores*, or porters, to the station of the Inter-Oceanic Railway. For some little distance out from the city of Vera Cruz we passed over sand-hills. When these had been traversed, we got out into a green country dotted with palm-trees and cottages thatched with palm-leaves. In the *tierra caliente* no more substantial habitations than these huts are needed. The track passes through the old national road by way of Cerro Gordo, where General Scott defeated the Mexican General Santa Ana on the 18th of April, 1847. At many points along the track are seen tiny cairns, erected to commemorate some death by violence. When a native finds a dead body he piles a little heap of stones upon it, and each subsequent passer-by adds a stone or two. On the top of the pile a rude wooden cross is placed. At the little way-stations small crowds of natives



A PEDLER.

gather, to whom the trains have not yet ceased to be objects of wonder and interest. The Antigua River is crossed by a fine iron bridge a hundred metres in length, which was manufactured in England and put together on the spot. As we advanced further from the coast, the ascent became steeper and the country bolder; the track began to climb up hill-sides and to pass through deep cuts, often made through solid rock. Now and then the view opened out, and gave us command of wide stretches of country, in which occasionally cattle were seen feeding. After reaching the highest point the descent is made by long curves, through very pretty country, perfectly green and fresh. Soon Orizaba's snow-capped peak, an almost perfect cone, came into view, and except when hidden by clouds was visible for all the rest of the journey. The vegetation is everywhere thick, rich, and luxuriant, the moisture being sufficient to keep it in a state of continual verdure very refreshing to eyes wearied by the arid aspect of the Valley of Mexico or of the environs of Vera Cruz. When the track gets clear, as from time to time it does, of the bower of vegetation through which it cuts its path, wide views reaching far away on one side to the mountains that hem in the Valley of Mexico, or to the waters of the Gulf on the other, are obtained: the distant ranges look purple in the haze, and the peak of Orizaba is often so obscured by clouds that its situation can scarcely be made out with certainty. The ride is a beautiful one, and becomes more so as the train nears Jalapa, where we were kindly received by Mr. Loftus Nunn, an official of the Inter-Oceanic Railway, and Mr. Thrailkill. The latter is a big Kentuckian, who has been for many years in Mexico in charge of the tramway from Vera Cruz to Jalapa; he had all sorts of adventures in the earlier days, is a wonderful hunter of big game, and a lively raconteur of



A STREET IN COATEPEC.

big stories. To support his statements it is his custom to appeal to a Mexican servant of his, who to the question, "Is it not so, Ramon?" always discreetly replies, "Si, señor."

Leaving our baggage at the station, we walked up a winding, hilly, picturesque stretch to Mr. Nunn's house, where we took lunch, meeting his wife and sister, the latter a delightful girl just out from England on a visit to her brother. Their house is a charming, roomy old place, part of the walls of which belonged to a convent. The garden contains a large stone bath, supplied with water by a perennial stream, the surplus running out into a public fountain on the street. It is partly surrounded by high old stone walls and commands a glorious view. The wide plain at our feet stretches away to the sea; the rolling hills are dominated by the commanding height of Orizaba and the glorious peak of Ixtaccihuatl —the white woman. A broad piazza looks onto the garden, and here in lounges and hammocks the family spend much of their time. The drawing-room contains one of the very few fire-grates to be found in Jalapa.



NEAR COATEPEC BRIDGE.

Jalapa—the place of water and land—has many charms and is a favorite health-resort, many Vera Cruzans maintaining houses both in Jalapa and in the Gulf city. The streets are steep, quaint, and winding, and the air of the highlands is healthful and invigorating. The city has a permanent population of 14,000, but this number is increased at certain seasons of the year. There is a fine cathedral and several handsome churches, most of which were built by Cortes and his followers. But the confiscation of church property has caused many of the sacred edifices to fall into ruin; for when a tower is thrown down by an earthquake or lapses from natural decay, no repairs are made. Near the cathedral a pretty little plaza, with an ornamental band-stand and stone seats, has been made. The convent of San Francisco in the middle of the city was formerly the seat of a powerful and wealthy monastic fraternity, but it is now shorn of its revenues and influence.

The Municipal Palace—for Jalapa is the capital, though not the largest city, of the important State of Vera Cruz—is a large building in the pseudo-classical style, and contains, as I was told, some handsome rooms, in which occasional entertainments are given by the governor, whose official residence it is. The governor receives a salary of $6,000 a year. The last governor had, in addition to this, $6,000 more, his pay as a general in the Mexican army. The deputies to the State legislature meet in Jalapa, and receive a salary of $250 a month each.

Here, too, is a normal school for the training of teachers, who in the earlier days of the republic were very ignorant, knowing the church catechism and very little besides. Each canton sends two pupils to the normal school, and each pupil is allowed $40 a month for expenses: at the end of the course they must go wherever the government sends them to teach.

Besides its pretty streets, winding

irregularly up and down the hillsides, its splendid views of Orizaba and of that singular box-shaped peak, the Cofre de Perote, and its substantial stone houses, Jalapa is famous as having the most beautiful flowers and the most lovely women in all Mexico. Vanilla grows wild in its forests, and the gathering of it affords a large revenue and constitutes an important industry. Its flowers are greenish-yellow, with spots of white, and grow upon a climbing stalk. The pods grow in pairs and are as large around as a man's little finger. They vary in length, but six inches may be taken as an average. At first the pods are green, but they turn to yellow, and finally to brown. They are dried in the sun, and while drying are touched with palm-oil, which imparts to them a brilliant gloss. Every one knows the delicate flavor which vanilla gives to the wares of the great French manufacturer of whom Parisian wits said that, while Fame had stamped her mark upon Thiers, Menier had stamped *his* upon chocolate. Jalap, a medicinal plant well known in nurseries, is native to Jalapa, and derives its name from the city. The luxuriant vegetation, brilliant flowers, and glowing complexions of the women of Jalapa are largely due to the moisture of the atmosphere, in fact to the same cause to which the belles of Devonshire, Ireland, and Tasmania owe their reputation. On the highlands that overlook the *tierras calientes*, a drizzle called *chipi-chipi* is of constant occurrence and keeps every green thing fresh. Jalapa also abounds in singing-birds, often of very bright plumage, which does not in Mexico, as in most countries, imply a lack of sweet voice. Many of these singing-birds are kept in cages in the houses, and at the hotels are somewhat of a nuisance to the tourist who wants to sleep in the early morning. Of course, most Mexican women, whether of Spanish or Indian origin, are copper-colored, but Jalapa boasts of many fair-haired beauties with blond complexions and blue eyes.



COTTAGE DOOR AT CHAPULTEPEC.

The chill of evening comes on suddenly in Mexico as soon as the sun goes down, and some care must be exercised by the visitor in exposing himself to the night air. The natives, though they wear very light clothing during the day, when the coolness of night comes on wrap themselves up well, the women in their rebosos or blue-fringed shawls, and the men in their blanket-like vari-colored serapes. The *vomito*, or deadly yellow fever, so common at Vera Cruz, is almost unknown in the healthy air of Jalapa and Orizaba, yet, curiously enough, if a man who has been attacked by the *vomito* in the lowlands moves up to the highlands, he almost invariably dies.

The house-windows in Jalapa, as in most Mexican cities, are protected by bars of iron or wood, and have little balconies, upon which the maidens sit or stand while some



SUGAR FACTORY AT COATEPEC.

youthful admirer "plays bear" in the street below. This silent flirtation by means of bows, gestures, sighs, fan, and flowers is sometimes carried on for many months before the young couple meet.

A common feature of a Mexican town is the public washing-place. Round two or three sides of a small square are white pillars supporting a red-tiled roof. The roof shelters two rows of tanks placed at a height convenient to a woman standing up: the tanks have marble floors built on a slope. On the grass of the inclosed square the clothes are spread out to dry. The women bring their own soap, but water is obtained from the public pump.

We were sorry to hurry away from Jalapa and our kind hosts, but it was necessary for us to be getting on to Coatepec. Accordingly at a few minutes to 3 P.M. we presented ourselves at the office of the mule-car line running between Jalapa and Co-



COFRE DE PEROTE FROM COATEPEC.

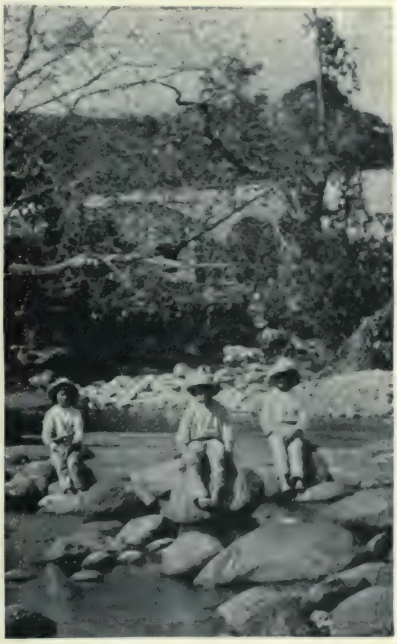
atepec, but only to learn that the car had started half an hour before. On going up to Mr. Thrailkill's house, he expressed his astonishment at the early departure of the car, but very kindly offered to lend us horses on which to pursue our journey. We accepted his offer, hired a mule to carry our baggage and a *mozo* on horseback to look after the mule. The *mozo* led us over a rough causeway, irregularly paved with stones and in many places slippery with mud. On either hand were copses of fine trees and flowering bushes; the banks were high and dripped with moisture, which caused ferns and mosses to grow most luxuriantly upon them. As we went on, we now and then saw the track of the Inter-Oceanic Railway, and once or twice we crossed it. Sometimes the descents were steep, and the horses slipped about on the mud-covered stones, though my horse, having no shoes, stood up better than those which were shod. On the way we met a few peons on foot carrying burdens, and exchanged "*buenas noches*" with them. When we were about two-thirds of the way to Coatepec darkness came on, but our horses found the way for us. At last we came to a long bridge over a mountain stream, then to the track over which the mule-car from Jalapa runs, and so into the village of Coatepec. After a little blundering about our host came out to us and, receiving us very kindly, showed us into the bedroom assigned to us. This was a large room floored with square red bricks and having two windows, barred from top to bottom, looking onto the street. The house is of two stories and is built in a square about a pretty *patio* adorned with flowers, hanging baskets of ferns, and a little fountain: behind are the coffee-drying floors and some sheds containing a weighing-machine, a coffee-bean sorter, and other apparatus connected with the preparation and buying of coffee. This hospitable house was our home for a week, during which we pottered about studying village life, taking photographs, or playing billiards at the Casino. A Mr. J. V. Brenchley, of North Wales, was also a guest in the house. He



COATEPEC FROM THE CERRO.

has been more than three years in Mexico, employed upon railway engineering. He is an ardent sportsman, and told us many stories of hunting adventures.

Our host is the owner of a large coffee-plantation, and also buys coffee for cash from the small growers, nearly everybody in the district being coffee-raisers. The coffee grown round Coatepec is of excellent quality: three thousand pounds of it were sent as an exhibit to the Chicago Exposition. The coffee-buyers dispose of the coffee they purchase from the small growers to dealers in New Orleans and New York, the magnitude of the dealers' operations being shown by the fact that one house buys 700,000 bags, each containing 130 pounds of coffee, annually. The various grades of coffee sold by the wholesale dealers are produced by mixing different qualities, putting sugar into the roaster with the beans, and by roasting them to a lighter or darker hue.



NEAR THE AQUEDUCT.

The coffee-raising region of Mexico extends from the sea-coast up to a height of 5,000 feet above sea-level. The coffee-tree, however, flourishes best at a height of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet, for here the plant gets that heat and moisture which it requires. In a coffee-plantation all trees more than two years old will be found well laden with fruit. The land for planting can be obtained for about ten dollars an acre, and once planted will go on yielding for years. After clearing the land, plants varying in age from six to twelve months are set out in rows distant eight to ten feet from each other, the plants in the row being about six feet apart. As the young coffee-tree is sensitive to excess of heat, bananas or plantains are set out to give it shade. These grow quickly and in a year yield abundantly so that a revenue begins to come in from them while one is waiting for the coffee. If one is very anxious for quick returns, corn or tobacco may be planted, but it is better not to make too heavy a drain upon the natural richness of the soil, but to be content to wait till the coffee-trees begin to bear. The trees rarely yield much until they are two or three years old, and are not very productive until they are four or five years of age: they reach their highest productiveness in the sixth or seventh year from planting.

In the favored region around Jalapa, Orizaba, and Cordova almost anything will grow. The products of temperate and tropic lands alike can be raised successfully, for the climate is a harmonious and happy blending of the characteristics of both these zones. Mr. Frederick Ober, in his charming book of travels in Mexico, mentions the case of a young man who came from Illinois to Cordova with $3,500 and bought fifty acres of land, half of which he planted with coffee-trees. In due time he found himself the proprietor of a flourishing plantation and enjoying a happy and almost luxurious life in a lovely land.

Coffee is not a mere bush, but a

tree, which if allowed to attain its full growth unchecked would reach a height of twenty feet or more; but when it is about six feet above the ground, its further growth is stopped in order that its strength may be husbanded and that the tree may not rise to a height inconvenient for the pickers of its berries. The green berries turn to a deep bright red and are hulled by passing them through a machine: then they are laid out on mats or on concrete floors to dry in the sun. The gathering of the crop goes on from November to April, and during those months in a coffee district the berry is seen everywhere, for nearly every peasant who has land grows more or less coffee. This he sells at a rate per pound according to its quality to a buyer for silver coin, which he generally buries in the ground. In hard times he has to dig out some of his buried treasure, but he always does so with extreme reluctance. The buyer ships the coffee to a wholesale firm, who roast and blend it as already described.

In a Mexican household coffee is made very strong and is served up in a small jug; a few spoonfuls of the concentrated coffee are put into the cup, which is then filled up with hot milk. In the restaurants the waiter brings two pots, one of coffee and the other of boiling milk, and pours from them according to the taste of each customer.

The sugar-cane was introduced into Mexico by Cortes, and the valley of Cuernavaca, where he built his Palacio, is still green with great plantations of cane. In most of the sugar haciendas the machinery is of a primitive kind, but in some of the large establishments, which produce a million pounds of sugar a year, the most modern appliances for crushing the cane and evaporating the juice are found. We walked out one lovely morning from Coatepec to Los Puentes, over a rugged stone causeway, down which came clattering a party of rural guards, heavily armed and well mounted, in attendance upon the governor of the State. Los Puentes is a pretty hamlet, consisting of a sugar factory, thatched cottages, rushing rock-strewn streams, and bridges. I pottered about there a whole morning, finding several views for my camera.

Cotton also grows well in Mexico, and in some parts of the country has the valuable quality of continuing to bear good crops for several seasons in succession; while in the Southern States of America the soil must be strengthened with fertilizers and fresh seed sown every year. The cotton-plant is native to Mexico and yields very richly. Yet with all these great natural advantages for the cultivation of cotton, Mexico does not produce enough of the raw material to keep her own mills at work, but imports large quantities of cotton from the United States. A great cotton hacienda is strongly built, with walls like those of a fort; the tops of the walls are often studded thickly with broken glass of a jagged and deadly appearance; for further protection, companies of soldiers are kept within the establishment. A hacienda of this type, whether devoted to the manufacture of sugar or cotton, the raising of cattle, or mining of silver, is a complete little state, with every appliance for luxury and security. It contains within its walls hundreds of peons, soldiers, barracks, a chapel, houses for the laborers, apartments for the owner and his family, and every necessary of life for man and beast. The administrador, or general manager, is the father of the great family; he decides all disputes arising between the various members of it, and if he is only ordinarily just, never finds his authority disputed, but is looked up to with much respect and consulted by the peons in all family matters. A gentleman who was for some years administrador of an estate in the State of Coahuila told me that while occupying this position he conceived a



EL MEXICANO LABRADOR.

high opinion of the simplicity, honesty, and trustworthiness of the Mexican laborer.

The inhabitants of Mexico are Europeans, Creoles, and Mestizos. Creoles are children born in Mexico of European parentage; Mestizos are people of mixed origin. The Indian, or indigenous inhabitant, is of a brown color, is rather under the middle height, muscular, broad-chested, and, though his legs are not large, is capable of great endurance. The Indians retain the simple national dress they wore centuries ago and form the large class of peons, or laborers, on the great mining, coffee, and pulque haciendas. The man wears coarse cotton shirt and drawers and a piece of rough woollen cloth fastened round the hips with a belt and reaching to the knees; on his head is a high broad-brimmed straw hat, and on his feet, if he is shod at all, are leather sandals. For some unexplained reason the men almost always have one leg of their trousers rolled up to the knee. The women wear a chemise reaching to the knees and a piece of woollen stuff passing twice round the body, but not sewn together, girded round the waist by a colored sash. The hair is either rolled up on the head or worn in two long braids fastened together at the ends with a piece of ribbon. Earrings and bead necklaces are the usual ornaments.

In the *tierra caliente* the Indian's house is of cane or wood, thatched with straw or palm-leaves; on the *tierra fria*, or table-lands, where a more substantial dwelling is needed, it is of adobe, with a roof of beaten clay supported on beams. Inside the hut the sacred fire of the hearth is never allowed to die out. The domestic utensils are few and simple: a *metáte*, or stone for crushing the corn of which the tortillas are made, a flat pan for baking the tortillas, an earthenware brazier in which charcoal is used as fuel, and a few unglazed pots and dishes. In some parts of the country, however, beautiful pottery, highly glazed, of artistic color and graceful shape, is manufactured. Copies in miniature of the various domestic vessels of a native house can be obtained, and make pretty mementos of a visit to Mexico. Usually the walls of an Indian hut are decorated with a few rude, highly colored pictures of saints, and in a corner there is an image surrounded by cheap and tawdry ornaments. Though the property of the Catholic Church has been confiscated, yet the



PRINCIPAL CHURCH IN COATEPEC.

priests continue to exercise a strong influence over the natives, a large portion of whose scanty earnings they absorb.

The food of the Indians consists of fruit, vegetables, tortillas, frijoles or beans, and chilies. At a country *fonda*, or restaurant, one is offered *chile con carne*, or bits of meat rendered fiery hot with peppers, frijoles, the ever-recurring tortillas, either plain or with chili sauce, and to drink, the national liquor *pulque*. Pulque is produced by the fermentation of the *aguamiel*, or honey-sweet juice of the maguey, or century plant. It is of a milky-white color and looks very much like soapsuds. It is slightly intoxicating, as it contains about six per cent of alcohol. Its taste and smell must be tasted and smelt to be described. If one is very dusty and thirsty, closes one's eyes, and tries to deprive one's self of the sense of taste, it may be drunk, but hardly otherwise. *Mescal* is a spirit prepared from a particular species of maguey, and is much more highly intoxicating than pulque. To prepare it the leaves of the plant are crushed in a mill, and the juice thus expressed is distilled.

The fermented juice of the prickly pear is also drunk; and on the lands near the coast palm-wine is made. From the juice of the sugar-cane another intoxicant, called *aguardiente*, or fire-water, is obtained. However, this last, despite its ominous name, is no worse than the rum of the British sailor, the potato-brandy of Hamburg, or the arrack of the Chinaman.



MUNICIPAL BUILDING, COATEPEC.

As servants the Indians are indolent, but are always to be relied on; nor are they ever guilty of rudeness or impertinence. Of course, if a mistress starts out by thinking them devoid of all honesty and treating them as thieves and liars, she will probably be served as she expects to be served; but kindness and consideration, in the Republic of Mexico as elsewhere, reap their reward in faithful service. In hiring laborers

to work on a plantation or as domestic servants, you must advance them money and repay yourself by keeping back a part of their wages as they are earned. A servant always owes his master or mistress money when he leaves. When he wishes to leave he tells you so, and goes. This is usually done when the servant has a little money in hand, and then he does nothing while the money lasts. The next employer assumes the debt of the servant to his former master. There is no imprisonment for debt: a laborer cannot be forced to work until he has earned enough to wipe off a debt; and at death all obligation ceases; being purely personal, it does not descend to heirs. Wages are low, about two reales a day for an ordinary laborer; but mechanics and artisans are, of course, more highly paid. Our hostess in Coatepec told me that when she and her husband first came to Mexico she had to do almost all the work of the household herself; but she took great pains in teaching her servants, and now she has an excellent cook, a neat maid, and a boy, who carry on all the domestic work with a little supervision from their kind mistress. When additional help is wanted in the house, the cook's mother is near at hand, ready to help. The cooking is done at a native range, built of brick, and using charcoal as fuel. The servants make for their own use or have bought for them tortillas at a price, if I remember correctly, of three cents for fourteen.

The tortilla is the staff of life to the native, and the poor women seem to be working night and day at the grinding of the corn with which it is made. The corn is softened in lime or potash water, and is then crushed to a fine paste with a stone rolling-pin upon a little sloping three-legged stone table. Some of the paste is patted and flattened between the palms of the hands into a thin cake, which is baked on a flat stone or on a thin iron plate over a quick fire. Often the tortilla is mixed with bits of meat or with chopped peppers and fried in grease. Tortillas and frijoles, eaten with red peppers, are the chief articles of food of the poor of Mexico.



A MEXICAN VILLAGE MARKET.



RURAL GUARDS.

The natives are clean in their personal habits, being fond of bathing. Rude steam-baths are produced by pouring water on heated stones. They also keep their clothes very white and clean. When not grinding corn a native woman seems always to be washing clothes. At Coatepec I was fond of going down to a clear, brawling stream which flowed through the village and watching the women, with skirts tucked up to their knees, standing in the running water washing clothes, or sometimes their own long hair, a process in which they are very liberal of soap. Often both banks of a stream are lined with women washing clothes upon flat stones at the edge of the water. At Coatepec my attention was especially attracted by a pretty fair-haired girl, who laughed very much when I wished to take her photograph. She was probably a bewitching maiden of Jalapa, where blue-eyed blond girls are not uncommon.

The Indians are strong in bearing burdens, and will carry loads weighing from fifty to a hundred pounds as many miles to market, from which they return with only a dollar or two. After selling their earthenware vessels, chickens, charcoal, or garden stuff, they usually visit a pulqueria, or drinking-shop, which absorbs most of their earnings, and of the remainder the village priest gets a large share. The pulquerias are adorned with gaudy wall-paintings, and bear such names as "The Devil," "The Black Cock," "The Elephant," "The Little Hell," and so on. Like the American saloon, the London gin-shop, and the Parisian cabaret, they are the resort of loafers and idlers, who consume immense quantities of pulque. The stronger drink, *mescal*, is the cause of much of the crime in Mexico, fatal quarrels frequently arising from over-indulgence.

I come now to the second division of the inhabitants of Mexico—the Creoles. They are of European parentage, born in Mexico, and are often very handsome. They are indolent, very fond of gambling and of the fair sex. The young Creole girls are very closely watched by their mothers, and flirtation is carried on

under considerable difficulties. Usually the women wear the mantilla, or lace shawl, especially when going to church, but when dressed in their best they wear the latest French fashions.

The Mestizos (feminine, Mestizas) spring from the union of the Spanish and Aztec races, the fathers being usually white and the mothers Indian. They have swarthy complexions and are the handsomest people in Mexico. They are of gentle manners, docile, clean in their habits, and perfectly honest. They are fond of pleasure, and still retain many of their ancient customs and dances and the style of dress which they wore before the conquest. When of good blood they are often clever, and make excellent lawyers, doctors, and soldiers. They are superb and showy horsemen, and their riding costume is handsome and appropriate. It consists of a plaited shirt, with trousers of white or colored drill, fastened round the waist by a colored silk sash. The broad, high felt hat has a silver cord round it, often a silver monogram on the sides, and silver embroidery on the brim. The saddle is embellished with carved leather and silver bosses; a silver-mounted sword, a revolver, and a carbine also forming part of the outfit. The peasant wears open trousers of leather ornamented with silver and split up the sides to show the white drawers underneath, and a serape, or blanket, of gay colors, with a slit in the centre for the head to pass through. The Mestizas wear loose embroidered chemises, woollen or calico skirts, and over the head and shoulders the fringed *reboso*, or shawl. They rarely wear stockings, though their shoes are often neat.



MEXICAN CHILDREN.

The Mestizos of the better class are disposed to adopt the usages in dress and social matters of the gay, refined, light-hearted Gaul, rather than those of the more phlegmatic races. Their manners are very agreeable, and their courtesy and readiness to place themselves and their property at your disposal, if not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, is at any rate charming.

To return to Coatepec. Overlooking the village is a hill called the Cerro de Coatepec. Up this we scrambled one damp afternoon through bushes and undergrowth, and obtained from its top a capital bird's-eye view of the little town, only one or two private buildings of which exceed a single story. We noticed the bull-ring, the low red-tiled roofs, and, rising high over all, the three churches with their domes and towers; also a curious hill of the shape of a truncated cone. Had the day been clearer, we should have seen the peak of Orizaba and the Cofre de Perote.

On any village road in Mexico one may see from time to time a string of bullock-carts, each in charge of a driver who holds in his hand the ox-goad so familiar to students of the Old Testament and to the readers of books of travel in the Holy Land. Indeed, one is often reminded in Mexico of the primitive usages of

Palestine and the East. In both there is the same tenacious clinging to old-fashioned and apparently inefficient implements, and the same mistrust of new-fangled contrivances which their forefathers knew not. And in common fairness to primitive peoples it must be considered that highly ingenious and complicated pieces of machinery are not suited for use in a country where there are no skilled mechanics. If the complex machine gets out of order, who is to repair it? If one of the screws or springs is missing, how is it to be supplied? Further, where the labor of men and women is exceedingly cheap, much can be done by hand which in countries where labor is costly must be done by machines. For my part, I am by no means devoured with anxiety to see old countries invaded by steam-ploughs and patent harrows; there is more charm to me in the old methods. Beautiful handiwork is becoming a thing of the past, and the craftsman of earlier days, who was really an artist in clay, wood, or metal, has well-nigh disappeared, and instead of him we have machines (of wonderful ingenuity, it may be granted) which turn out thousands of articles precisely alike, and which dull the ears, blear the eyes, and deaden the souls of all who are concerned with their working.

Who would compare the spiritual value of life in a modern manufacturing town with existence in Florence or Rome in their best days? Does the thick white iron-china plate of a cheap city restaurant bear comparison with the commonest Mexican pulque-jug? Is cocoanut matting any improvement on hand-made petate? Does a machine-made straw hat, even with a buzz-saw edge, mark any distinct advance upon the peon's headgear? Is not a modern railway station or ferry depot an object of despicable meanness and ugliness? and what lessons does it teach other than those of a grovelling utilitarianism? If it pleases the traveller in Mexico to go back in imagination to Palestine in the days of Christ, why deprive him of his simple, harmless pleasure by noisy declamation about the wonders of steam, the telephone, and the telegraph? Let us rather thank God that the world has some regions left as yet unpenetrated by the modern spirit of unrest, where the heart, tired and chafed by the self-laudation of the nineteenth century, may refresh itself by contemplation of the simplicities of a life which hears the din of the great world, with its marvels of steam and electricity, only as the roar of a distant sea, whose ceaselessly plashing waves serve not to disturb, but to accentuate its calmness and repose.



CALIFORNIA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

THE WHITE CITY is one of the things that come up to the brag, "It is immense:" there is so much to see that nothing can be seen. One is reminded of that son of Erin who went hunting, but came back disgruntled and empty-handed, saying, "I give it up: every time I aimed at a duck another got in the way." There is food in the Fair for the critic and the cynic, but, withal, there is nothing of the kind in recorded history so vast, varied, and impressive.

California's place in this great show is distinctly strong and dignified. She attracts the eyes of the world. There is an air of vastness and abundance about her exhibit. The Californian commissioners did wisely in making a separate State exhibit, in addition to her display in the general departments. In no other way could California have impressed her dignity and importance upon the world. As it is, she makes a profound impression; she stands out a distinct and significant figure—an empire in herself. Moreover, I feel that this gathering of the peoples will help on the growth of the fraternal feeling—help to wipe out our petty jealousies, our little spites, our absurd provincialism.



BEAR CHAIR—HUMBOLDT EXHIBIT.

Mr. Opie Reed is a prominent figure in literary Chicago. I asked him the usual question, "What do you think of our exhibit?" He answered quickly: "California's exhibit will be worth $20,000,000 to her. It surpasses the combined displays of any other ten States. She is beyond rivalry. Washington is the only State that approaches her. She seems to unite in herself Europe, Asia, and Africa. Even the building is a marvel. To speak of the architects of that structure as 'woolly Westerners' is to show a gross ignorance of the meaning of words. Judged by her display, California is the foremost State in the Union. It will be worth to her a thousand articles—worth indeed all that you could print. The many-volumed Bancroft could not, in a century, produce the effect of this demonstration. It will do more than all your books and papers to remove erroneous impressions. California has a great future. In time people will pour out of the East and the Northwest upon the Pacific slope. A nature-force and a human-force will drive them to you. The people of the East will flee before the snows of the Atlantic seaboard: while the Swedes and Poles, crowding into the Northwest, will gradually force



THE DATE-PALM IN CALIFORNIA EXHIBIT.

the present inhabitants upon the coast."

Let us step into the old adobe Mission, so strangely picturesque, and see the exhibit that inspired this song of praise. We are at once in the heart of Southern California. On every hand are oranges and orange-boughs and the delicate fragrance of lemons. Here, upon the left, is the daring display of Kern. The county is symbolized by a bridge; the bases rest upon two globes, one the "Orient," the other the "Occident." In the centre of the bridge hangs a scale of prunes; the short arm represents the world, the long arm the county of Kern! So Kern is the macrocosm, is it? Draw your own conclusions. But first inspect these heaps and pyramids of riches. Inspect the pilasters and panels of the arch. Here are oranges, lemons, peaches, apples, pears, nectarines, plums, cherries, olives; English walnuts, black walnuts, peanuts, pecans, pinones; wheat, barley, corn, onions, oats, broom-corn, ramie, cotton; gold, silver, lead, copper, gypsum, iron, sulphur, salt, nickel, kaolin, borax—but the list runs out to the crack of doom!

Los Angeles, San Diego, Orange, Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, and the new county of Riverside, owing to the similarity of their products, are associated in a combined exhibit. As we pass Santa Barbara we hear a clack of tongues: "What holds the bottles up?" "Don't touch them or they'll fall!" Looking that way, we see two tons of bottled olive oil built high into a new Cleopatra's Needle. The frame of steel supporting it is hidden. This Needle points to the fact that California is a rival of the oil-producing regions of the Mediterranean. Near by, another group is silently looking at pictures of the "Flower Festival" held annually at Santa Barbara. I also look, and I am again in the southwest land,



HUMBOLDT COUNTY EXHIBIT.

"Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
And where the wind's feet shine along the sea."

Another turn and we stand before the Bean Pagoda of Ventura! But how can we talk of beans, with the scent of the wild-rose in our nostrils and the noise of breaking billows in our ears? Let us pass on to the mulberry-trees of San Diego and Los Angeles. Here we find silk-culture in all its stages from the egg of the worm to the finest of colored sewing-silk. Here, too, are jellies and grains in heaps. We taste the raisins of San Diego and find them sweeter than the raisins of Malaga. Now we come to the big vegetables of Orange. You, comrade, sit there on that mammoth beet, and I will get along on this big squash. If you wish to move the beet, call two helpers, for it weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. What slender trees are these to our left? They are not trees: they are twenty-foot corn-stalks from the valleys of Orange. Yonder is the fine citrus display of San Bernardino — her grains, her honey. We cannot see from here the case containing specimens of the gold and silver hidden in her mountains. A little farther on is Riverside. In spite of her youth, she attracts almost as much attention as any country in the southern sisterhood. Here, to the right, is Los Angeles with her immense globe of oranges and her tower of English walnuts. Yonder is her "Palace of Plenty," a large structure in the shape of a Greek cross. It contains the products of the southern group; and it is claimed that among these products will be found all the fruits and grains of the Union. Those nodding plumes yonder are feathers from the ostrich-farms. Elsewhere Los Angeles has her mighty Liberty Bell, made of oranges and modelled after the old cracked bell of '76. Later on we will look at the work of the women of the south; nor can we now stop to look at the clumps of shrubs and ornamental trees. We must hasten on to Central California, to the northern citrus belt. Perhaps we can climb north on this castor-bean stalk. It will hold us up, for it is fourteen inches in diameter and is the famous stalk that Jack the Giant-Killer climbed in our youth. On our way we pass frames of honey in the honey-comb, and suddenly my heart goes back to the woods of Ventura, to the glens of Santa Barbara. Buried twilights return—I see the flaring camp-fire and the bed upon the green boughs.

We are now on the border of Fresno, the region of the sun-dried raisin. Here is a pagoda of redwood, with rafters of fir and roof of barley and wheat and oats and corn and pampas plumes. Here are all the sun-dried fruits—raisins and the rest—the pride of Fresno. Look at the walls of the pagoda: the pale gold of the lemons and the blood-red of the wood make a delicate chord of color.

We are bound for Santa Clara, but on the way let us step over to the Pampas Palace, examine the plume-built walls, the pictures, the relics. Close at hand is the great central palm-tree, towering forty feet into the air and throwing out of its top its green, enormous leaves. A daily bulletin is fastened to its trunk, giving the comparative temperature of Chicago and Coronado Beach. On July 13th the noon temperature of Chicago was 95° and that of Coronado 70°. This old tree has come two thousand miles to tell its story of sunshine and soft air.

What black knight is this on high, clad in the sixteenth century, dashing forward, sword in hand, "pointing with pride" toward a banner inscribed with the bold device: "Santa Clara challenges the world in the production of dried fruit!" It is the famous Knight-errant of Prunes (mem., Santa Clara in 1891 produced 20,000,000 pounds of prunes—the rest of the world 9,000,000). Let us turn a moment, in this time of war, to listen

to the healing music of the redwood piano of Santa Clara. How exquisite the grain of the wood—how perfect the polish! Now we examine cinnabar from the mines of New Almaden; magnesite, or fuller's-earth, that gives smooth finish and weight to paper; Angora fleeces, silky and fine, we are told, as the wool of Ancyra. and petals. Another moment must go to the transparent views from the Lick Observatory. Nor must we forget the Eschscholtzia Club of San José: it sends a case of hand-painted china—very attractive work. (But, in the name of Apollo and the Muses, I call down a purifying evil upon this club for adopting that atrocious



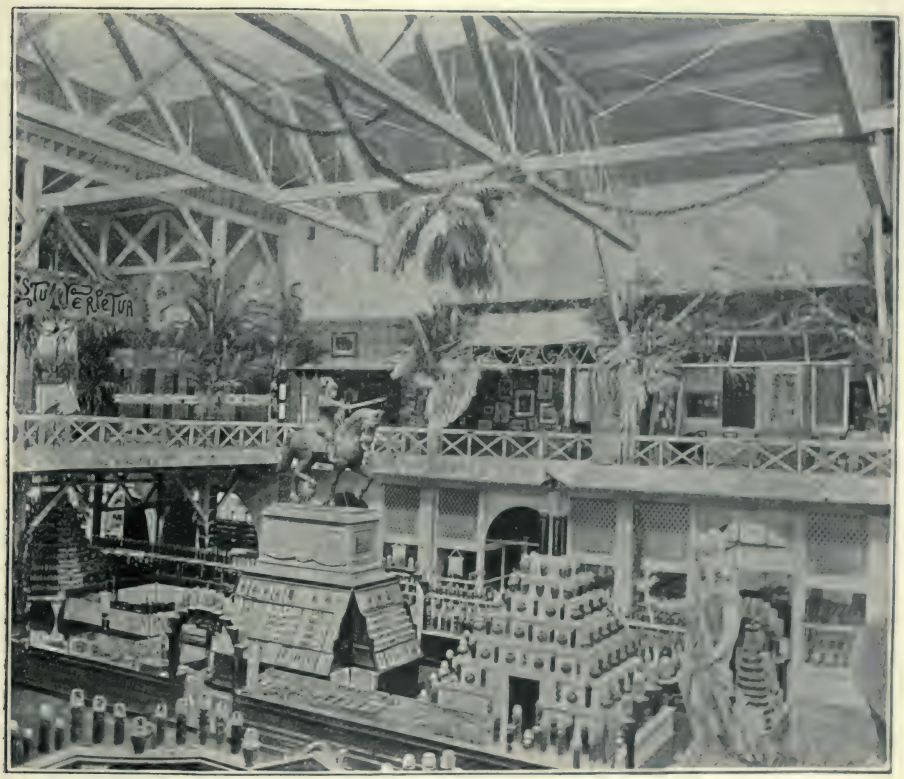
DESIGN MADE FROM PRODUCTS OF BUTTE COUNTY.

We are urged to taste the delicious cherries and to sip a new beverage, an unfermented grape-juice that holds the flavor of the grape. Now we pass an immense pyramid of fruit—fruit seemingly from all lands. Here is a symphony of color—reds and yellows and whites and delicate greens. We must spend a moment over the pressed wild-flowers. They are mounted on cardboard and covered with celluloid. This new process protects from dust and prevents the crumbling of leaves name. What is the matter with California Poppy Club?)

Moving on we pass Rupert Schmidt's famed figure of California. Now we are at Humboldt. As we enter, a grizzly, coming out of his cave, growls across our path. One thinks himself in the midst of a museum. Here are trophies and relics and curios; here are woods and fruits and grains, and Mrs. Herrick knows the story of them all. Tell us, good woman, what are these? and these?

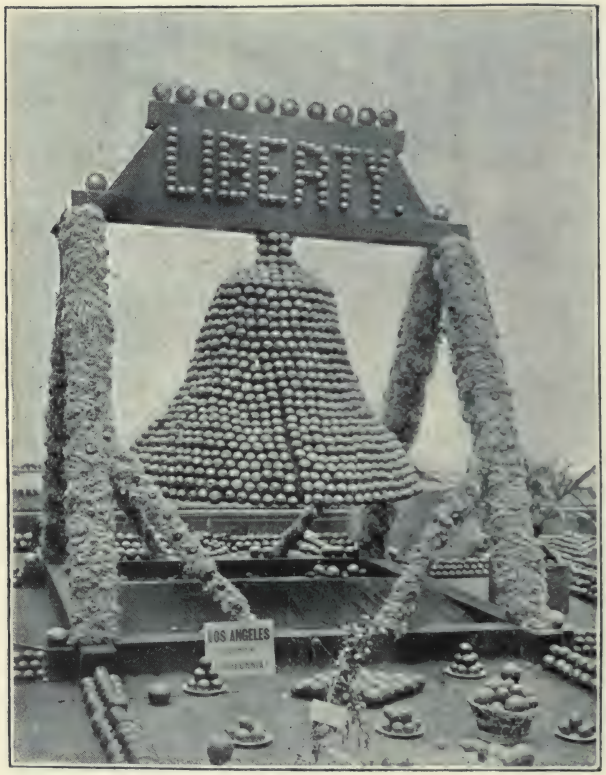
I note some fragments of her long chronicle:

"Humboldt is the banner redwood county. Her redwood alone is worth one and a half billions, and her fine showing of the burl, curly, and straight-grain, plain and polished, has made the woodsmen of the world say it is the wood of the future, and that oak has had its day. The capability of this wood to take a high polish shows that it is far ahead of all foreign woods. You can see plaques, vases, urns, and curios, all polished like glass; canes made of bark and burl; also a vase turned from redwood bark that equals ebony. Humboldt has laurel of a width and length to utterly paralyze Eastern people. She shows yew-logs two feet in diameter, equal to rosewood, only of a deeper, richer red, hard as mahogany and capable of a high polish. We show Douglas spruce from which our finest ships are built and our tapering masts are made. And they are of such strength that even if old Boreas bends them when he sends his mighty breath roaring over old Ocean, they rise gracefully again and bear our products all over the world. . . . For minerals there is gold, silver, petroleum, coal, and iron. . . . Humboldt's future is assured. And they haven't a Chinaman in the county. . . . This famous mule's-head violin was made by the old hunter and trapper, Seth Kinman. And he told the story of it, caressing it all the time: 'I crossed the plains in '46, and me, the mule, and my old violin was true compan-



SANTA CLARA COUNTY EXHIBIT.

ions; sometimes not seeing a human face for a year. And when I'd get the old fiddle out and commence to play, that old mule would stick up his ears, leave his feed, and putting his head in the door of the tent or cabin, would wag his ears as long as I played, never leaving to feed. And I used to wonder if he wasn't musical. In '51 I rode him, a pioneer, into Humboldt; and when he died of old age I cut down a tree, split out boards, and made the violin out of the skull, in memory of the hardships we endured together.' Both are dead now, man and mule, and the old mule's-head fiddle is wanted for the musical conservatory of Berlin, but I have refused three hundred dollars for it, thinking such things should stay in America. This bear-skin chair was also made by Seth Kinman for Dom Pedro, and all the preliminaries made for presentation, when he overheard Dom Pedro say something detrimental to the American Government. He returned to the hotel, packed the chair, and returned home, and Dom Pedro was out a chair."



THE LIBERTY BELL OF ORANGES—LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

There, in the northeast corner of the building, is the Grain Palace of Butte, a structure double-walled with glass and filled in with a hundred and eighty-four varieties of grain. Curious are the pictures that one finds inside. They are made of grains and grasses and are the work of a skilful Spanish artist. An odd idea, that Butte display.

Shasta is proud of her fruits, minerals, and woods. She has no fruit in jars: it is all fresh and renewed from day to day. Tehama is the yoke-fellow of Shasta, and glories in her wealth of oranges and olives. She has tons of toothsome nuts from the almond orchards. By the way, I've been a spy upon that tree, and I find it is

> "The first to brag with bloom, the last to bear."

We now seem to be entering a temple—it is the county of Sacramento. Here are grains and fruits without end. So fine and perfect are the grapes and peaches (the bloom is yet upon them) that people from benighted lands insist that the fruit is made of wax.

We walk through the pavilions of Alameda; we glance at her fruits and grains, but we weary of these riches —peaches white and red, pillars of

fruit, sugar in crystalline cubes, preserves in globes and Egyptian jars, brown wheat and white barley, tea-plants and tall corn, grapes from rolling hills, oranges from sheltered canyons. There is a moment left to glance at the relief map of the county. It strikes the imagination. You will enjoy, also, the relief maps of California and of San Francisco.

We are now in the southern wing of the building, by the bronze statue of Marshall, the discoverer of our gold. He stands in the centre of the mining display of the State. Here is free gold from the Delhi; gold in white quartz from Siskiyou; crystals of quartz and leaf gold from Plumas; big nuggets from Nevada; diamonds found in the gold-dust of old river-beds; wire-gold from Green Mountain; marbles from the quarries of Inyo; serpentine from Amador; rubellite (red tourmaline) from San Diego; aluminium from San Bernardino; asphaltum and petroleum from Kern and Ventura; softly colored onyx from San Luis Obispo. Look into these slabs of polished onyx: there are clouds there that stir not and mountain ranges that never heard the noise of cow-bells.

Now we go to the gallery above. Here is the work of the schools and the colleges. Berkeley and Palo Alto show photographs of their universities. Here is some crayon work, figures from life, from the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. These studies are perhaps the best work in this department. Mills College shows views of her buildings and grounds. The work of the Cogswell Polytechnic compares favorably with anything in the Department of Liberal Arts. A fine showing of manual-training work comes from the San José Normal School. The manager of the department, Miss Katherine M. Casey, goes with us. "Quote me as saying," she says, "that the Oakland exhibit is more complete and satisfactory than any other public-school exhibit. Also that the work of the little school at Temescal is my pet display." Santa Clara, San Diego, Los Angeles, Alameda, and Humboldt counties make excellent showings. There is no



MULE-HEAD VIOLIN AND WHALE-BONE SEAT—HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

time for the pictorial exhibit of the churches; for the good work of the Blind Asylum and the School for the Feeble-Minded.

In the west wing is the historical exhibit, under the management of Mrs. Mary E. Hart, of Los Angeles. Here are things without end to delight the eye and warm the heart of the antiquary. Our three eras are represented—the aboriginal, the mission, and the pioneer. First we come to an Indian tepee or wigwam, made of untanned deer-skin, ornamented with figures of strange beings moving wildly in procession. Look at these old musical instruments, faded garments, odd implements for games, crude primitive machinery for preparing food. There is no time to examine these vases, these reliquaries. Now we come to a later day—to rude pictures painted by the early Indian converts, a series of pictures, fourteen in number, representing the fourteen "stations of the cross." These were recently discovered walled up in San Fernando Mission.

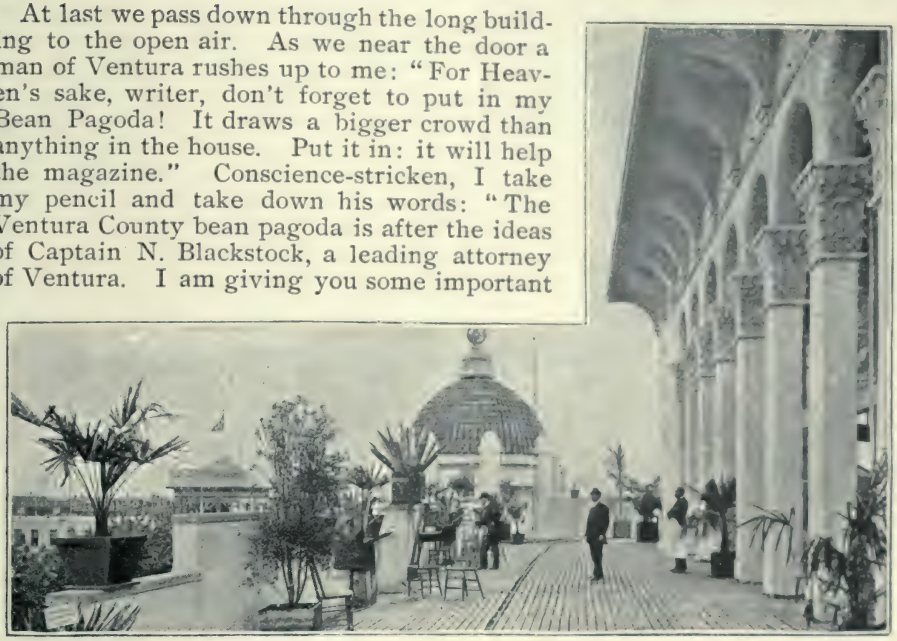
They look like old Egyptian paintings; some of the faces and figures seem identical with those upon the walls of the Egyptian temples in Cairo. Here, also, is a model of the San Luis Rey Mission; also, a curiously carved bench of Indian workmanship; also, an old worm-eaten door from Mission San Gabriel and a crumbling chime-wheel from San Juan Capistrano. An old clumsy plough used by the early Mexican inhabitants of the State takes us back to the crooked stick of the ancients. It was made from the bough of a tree, a branch of which forms the single handle of this strange implement. The place where the hand held is worn smooth. What a tragic interest hangs round this homely relic! Think of the men who have staggered behind it; and now it is the one witness of their anxious efforts, the one thing left on earth to tell the story of their days.

Of the Wells-Fargo display volumes could be written, for every corner and cranny of their room has some reminder of the life of desperate men. Everywhere are trophies that recall the masked men at the sharp turn in the road, the "hold-up," the mountain trail, the hunted tramp. Much, too, could be written of the Art Gallery. Among the important paintings are five Keiths and two Matthews. The gallery has many visitors. No other State has a separate collection of paintings.

Now the work of the women of California! They have a just pride in what they have done. Notice the grace and beauty of that circular colonnade below us. It was erected for San Mateo, but is a part of women's work. Also the Pampas Palace that we passed. Yonder, too, are a thousand dainty things from Southern California — silk embroideries, decorated china, Mexican drawn-work, oil-paintings, souvenirs. Also a display of wild-flowers painted on native woods, from Mendocino; carved easels from Alameda; sea-weed and shells from Monterey and Santa Cruz. To the women we owe also the attractive and restful San Francisco room. It contains the exhibit of our literature and music. The former is in charge of the well-known writer, Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins; the latter was arranged by Mrs. John Vance Cheney, the president of the Century Club. This room, designed by Mr. Edmund Russell, is made of fragrant redwood; a dull copper is the prevailing tone. On one hand are portraits of Emma Nevada, Sybil Sanderson, Karl Formes. In corners are panels hung with strange instruments of music—Chinese, Japanese, Indian, and Hawaiian. Literature is yonder on the west wall. There we can get a taste of literary California — Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, John Vance Cheney, Charles Warren Stoddard; Miss Ina Coolbrith, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and the rest. Fine fire-etchings of some of these are hung upon the walls.

Now we reach the Poppy and the Wild-Flower rooms. Mrs. E. O. Smith, president of the Board of Women Managers, is here to meet us. At the portal we pause to read Mrs. Wagner's poppy poem, worked in gold threads upon a white banner. The Poppy room was made in honor of the emblem flower of the State. The divans and the decorations are in white and yellow—white silk and cloth of gold—and the walls are hung with curtains of gold. On the ceiling is the figure of a girl, golden-haired and beautiful, throwing poppies. Behind her are two cupids sporting, and farther away are the outlines of palms and gum-trees in a rising rosy light. There is a golden twilight always in the room. Now push aside these portières, and we are in the Wild-Flower room. Here everything is more simple and severe in design. Long, delicate ferns hang over a pedestal of green and yellow marble. The walls are draped with folds of olive-green silk; and against these hang our wild-flowers in water-colors.

At last we pass down through the long building to the open air. As we near the door a man of Ventura rushes up to me: "For Heaven's sake, writer, don't forget to put in my Bean Pagoda! It draws a bigger crowd than anything in the house. Put it in: it will help the magazine." Conscience-stricken, I take my pencil and take down his words: "The Ventura County bean pagoda is after the ideas of Captain N. Blackstock, a leading attorney of Ventura. I am giving you some important



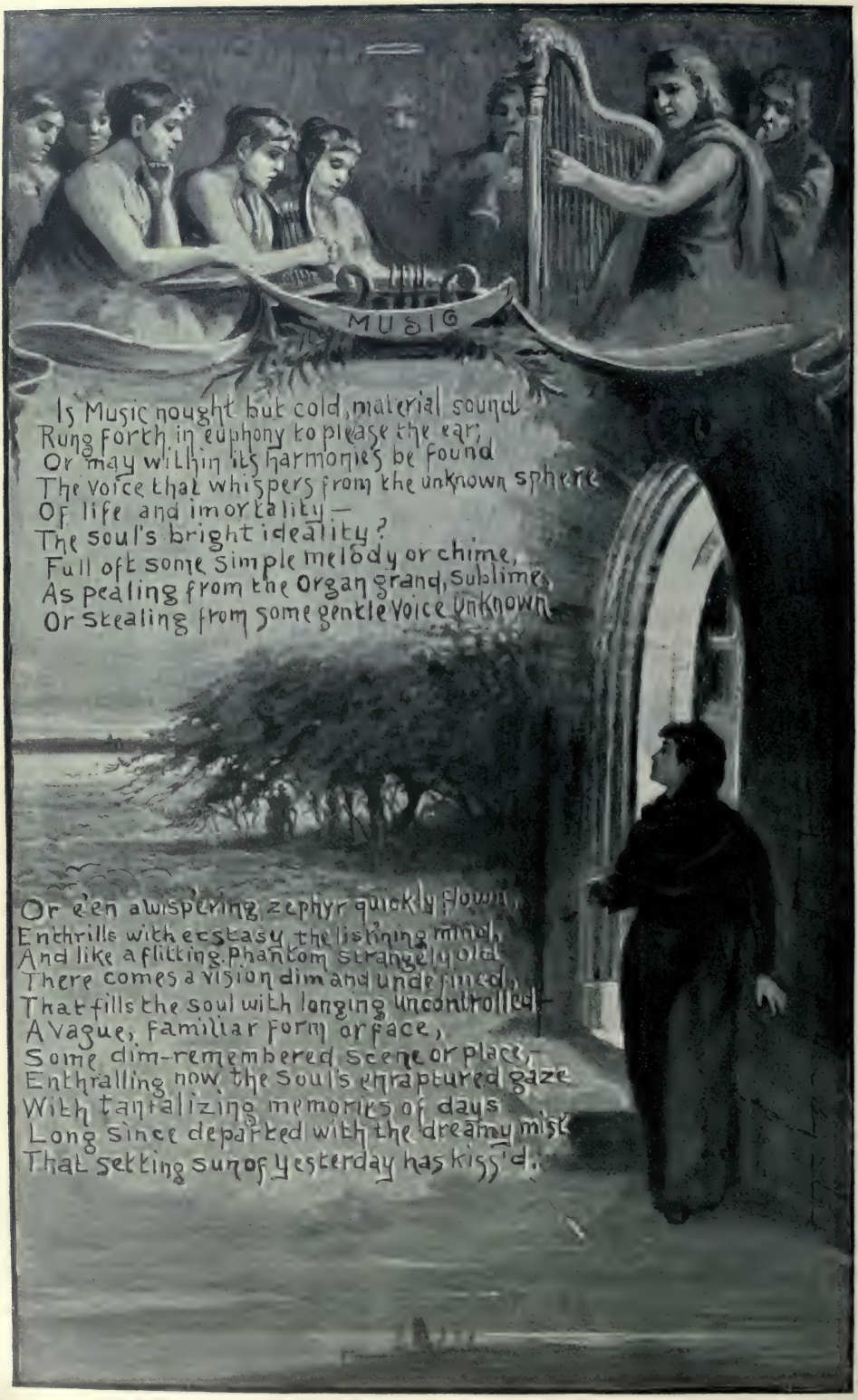
TOP OF CALIFORNIA BUILDING.

names. The architect was George C. Power, of Ventura. Captain W. H. A. Thompson, of West Saticoy, is manager of the exhibit, and F. A. Foster, of Ventura, arranged the beans. The size of the pagoda is twenty-three and a half feet, extreme height, and twelve feet from side to side, with an octagon base. It contains one ton of beans; has six hundred and fifteen apartments, faced with glass and filled with beans. On its top are beans growing in pots. All these beans are from Ventura County."

At the door I look back over it all. I see the figure of California, looking down upon us, silent and satisfied. Here are the products of the thrifty tillers of the earth. Let them take courage in their work, for, ages ago, Zoroaster left his blessing upon them. Open your Zend-Avesta and read:

> "Not for the righteous—
> Not for the thrifty tillers of the earth
> Shall there be destruction together
> With the wicked."

But there is a touch of pathos in the fact that this great structure, built with so much anxious thought, is only for a day. Yes, all this White City that has come so suddenly is to pass away as suddenly. It is only for a day: a little while and all these towers and domes, these white walls, these colonnades, these sculptures, these thronging forms, these voices, this music—all this vast fabric that touches the earth so lightly — will suddenly break and disappear.


MUSIC
Is Music nought but cold, material sound
Rung forth in euphony to please the ear;
Or may within its harmonies be found
The voice that whispers from the unknown sphere
Of life and immortality —
The soul's bright ideality?
Full oft some simple melody or chime,
As pealing from the Organ grand, Sublime,
Or stealing from some gentle voice unknown
Or e'en a whispering zephyr quickly flown,
Enthrills with ecstasy the listning mind,
And like a flitting Phantom strangely old
There comes a vision dim and undefined,
That fills the soul with longing uncontrolled —
A vague, familiar form or face,
Some dim-remembered scene or place,
Enthralling now the Soul's enraptured gaze
With tantalizing memories of days
Long since departed with the dreamy mist
That setting sun of yesterday has kiss'd.



Is it the Vision of these days returned
Or is it but the mem'ry of a dream
Whose impress on the mind had been unlearned
Til brightened by the music's magic theme?
Or may it be transcendent memory
Of Preexistent life in faint rehearse,
As throbs the hidden chord of mystery
That binds the soul with all the universe
And pulses with the life divine
Beyond the Spirit's mortal shrine
Whene'er the mystic melodies of earth
In tristful Symphony or mellow mirth
But touch in unison the vital note
Uniting distant worlds howe'er remote?
For oft the soul that ne'er before gave sign
Of life or love, but slumbered on unknown,
Awakes one day within the thrall divine
Of some electric, sympathetic tone,
That thrills the latent soul with life
To glow with wild, ecstatic strife,
As does the touch of nature's breath unfold
The hidden bud, though seeming dead and cold
And brings to light in mystery combined
A life and beauty none had e'er divined.

Clifford Howard.

THE EARLY AMERICANS.

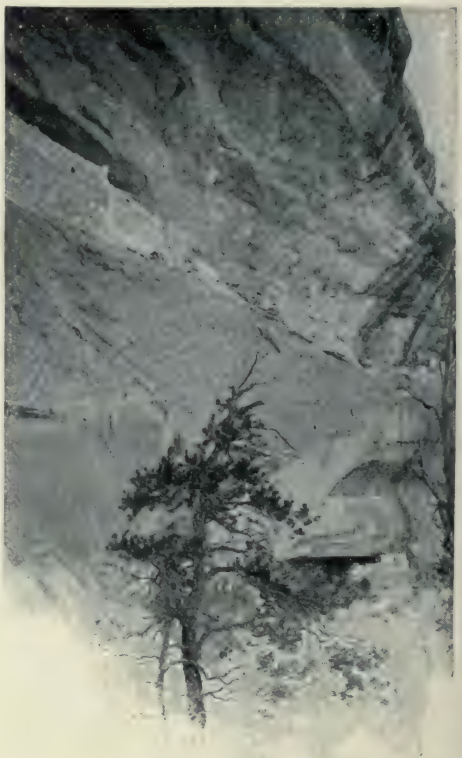
BY PROFESSOR GEORGE N. RICHARDSON.



OVER an immense region, including large portions of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah, are scattered countless ruins of edifices that were once the habitations of a by-gone people. Who these people were, whence they came, and what was the cause of their disappearance—or almost total disappearance, if the Zuñi and Moqui are remnants of them—the archæologist cannot inform us; but it is certain that the whole of the great territory which they occupied was once as densely populated as the most populous rural districts in the United States at the present time. There was no place on the wrinkled surface of the land that they did not inhabit; in deep canyons, fertile valleys, midway up the faces of frowning cliffs, on rolling mesas, and on the summits of almost inaccessible rocks they constructed their abodes.

That those who inhabited the valleys and the lowlands were a peaceful agricultural race there can be no doubt; but what manner of people were those who lived in the cave dwellings and built those impregnable fortresses, the cliff-houses? Who were the enemies that compelled them to find safety on inaccessible crags? Why should the quiet settlements on the banks of streams be left unmolested, while the cave-dwellers and builders of the cliff-houses were made subject to attack? Were the latter contemporaneous with the valley tribes? These are questions unanswered as yet by the ethnologist. There are, however, theorists who incline to the opinion that the teeming population which originally inhabited the mesas and valleys were driven to make their homes in the cliffs by the invasion of powerful tribes from the north, and that physical changes which occurred at a later epoch rendered the region uninhabitable, causing an exodus of both conquerors and conquered.

Coronado was the first explorer to enter the territory of the cliff-dwellers and verify the rumors that had reached the Spaniards of their exist-



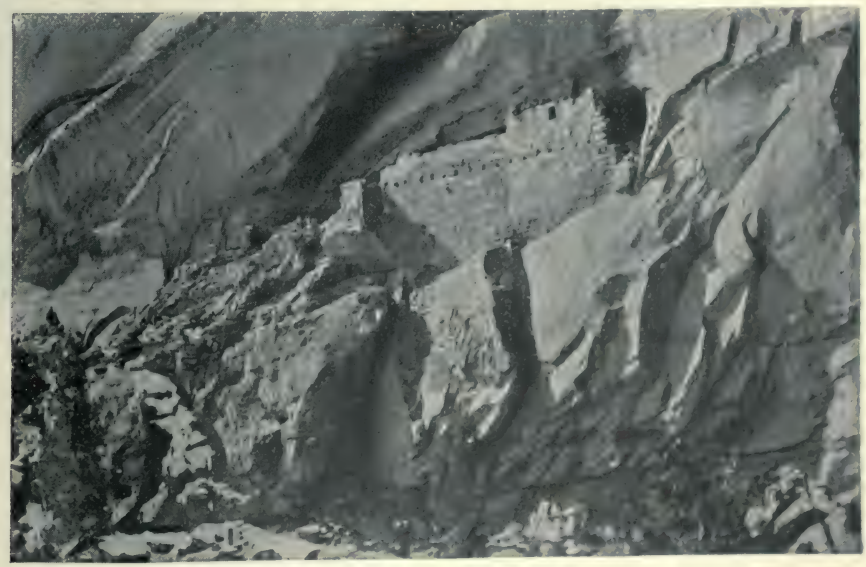
CLIFF-DWELLING, MANCOS CANYON.

ence. That was in 1540, and in August of that year, in his report to the Viceroy of Mexico, he gave a description of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," the site of which has not been accurately determined. Hubert Howe Bancroft, in his "Native Races," is of the opinion that the evidence in favor of Old Zuñi being the ruins of Coronado's celebrated "Seven Cities" is conclusive. Gallatin, Squier, Whipple, Turner, Kern, and Simpson are of the same belief, but Bancroft supports his conclusion mainly on the statement made by Espejo, who visited the locality some years after Coronado's expedition, and who distinctly says that the place was called Zuñi by the natives and Cibola by the Spaniards. Another opinion is that the ruins of those ancient pueblos lie on the Chaco River, an affluent of the San Juan. These cliff-dwellings in time were lost sight of, and it was not until exploring expeditions sent by the United States into the region discovered ruins and archæological remains of importance that the interest of scientists was aroused.



A HIGH CLIFF-DWELLING.

Various exploring parties visited the locality, but nothing of importance was gained until the Hayden survey



CLIFF-DWELLING IN MANCOS CANYON.

during 1874–76, when Mr. William H. Holmes and Mr. W. H. Jackson furnished valuable information with respect to numerous ruins which they examined.

Last year a scientific expedition into the San Juan district was organized by *The Illustrated American* Publishing Company of New York, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Museum of Washington, the American Museum of Natural History of New York, and the Peabody Museum of Boston. The members of the party were selected with care, and the results have been a grand addition to archæological knowledge, important discoveries of ruins and of relics that reveal the habits and customs, the industries and occupations of the ancient inhabitants, and the finding of new fields for future explorations.

The ground explored by the expedition covers the four corners where the States of Colorado and Arizona and the Territories of Utah and New Mexico join together. For several months canyon after canyon was visited, cliff after cliff was climbed at risk of life and limb, while ever and anon dangerous streams were descended and waterless deserts were crossed. The first ruins visited were those of the pueblos at Aztec, New Mexico. The party then proceeded northward to the valley of the Rio de la Plata, and during their future movements McElmo, Hovenweep, and Ruin Canyons were visited and examined, as also Butler's Wash, Comb Wash, Monarch Canyon, Allen Canyon, and other places. Everywhere ruins were found pointing to the fact that the ancient population of the region had been at one stage of its existence very great.



CLIFF-DWELLING, MANCOS CANYON.

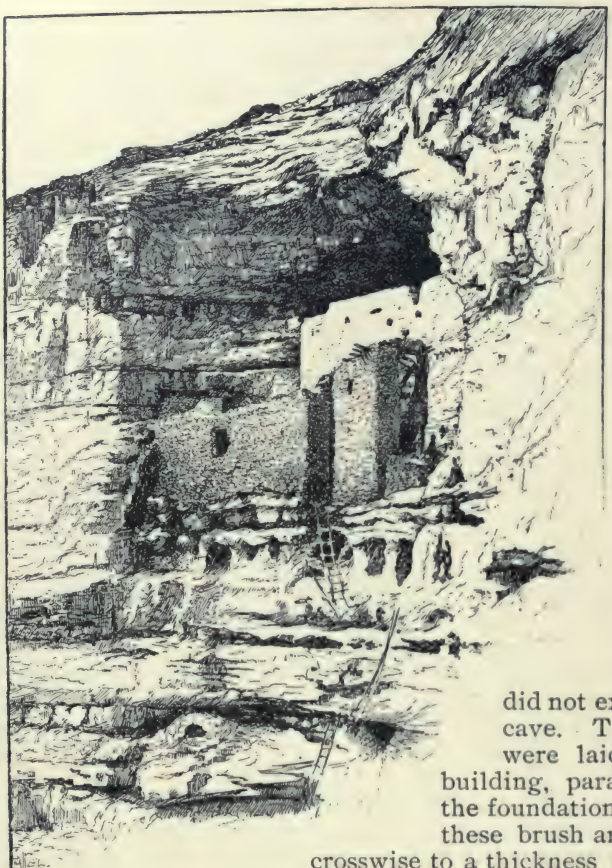
In most of these ruins were found fragments of pottery, and in some instances unbroken specimens were unearthed displaying decorations and designs that mutely spoke of the high

degree of skill and art to which the ancient potter had attained. The samples unearthed consisted principally of bowls, water-jugs, and jars of various forms, and earthen vessels of the shape of the modern frying-pan. Arrow-heads, flint knives, and stone axes were also found, and human skeletons, these latter being found in the burial-mounds on the mesas and in the valleys. Of the manner in which the cliff-dwellers disposed of their dead we shall speak later.

In the McElmo and Hovenweep Canyons were discovered numerous picture-writings, the most interesting of these being in Yellow Jacket Canyon, about one mile to the east of the junction of the Hovenweep and McElmo Creeks, where there "is a large cave-shelter with the remains of a tower on top of the boulder. One side of the rock was literally covered with picture-writings and signs. The human form, deer, goats, lizards, snakes, bears, turkeys, and many other birds and animals are plainly distinguishable, while intermingled with the figures are many hieroglyphics." The occurrence of the Swastika cross, however, was regarded as the most important discovery made in that group of pictographs. This cross is a Mexican and Central American symbol, and its presence at this distant point would seem to indicate that the inhabitants of the cliffs were conversant to some extent with the religious rites of the nations in the south. The same symbol has been found in the ruins of the Mancos Canyon.

In San Juan County, Utah, is the famous Ruin Canyon, with its circular, semi-circular, and square towers, and its ruins of great buildings. These remains the exploring party examined carefully, and several very curious facts presented themselves in connection with the existence of the ancient inhabitants, namely, that the ruins are a considerable distance from any other group; the soil of the canyon is not tillable; the buildings were constructed for defensive purposes, each one being a fortress in itself; and that there could be found no cemetery or burying-ground. How did these people live, when in Ruin Canyon there was no soil in which to raise a crop? The numerous picture-writings on the cliffs reveal the sources of subsistence. The figures of goats and sheep appear wherever these pictographs are seen, and we know that the cliff-dwellers reared these animals and were thus supplied with food, milk, and clothing.

The southeast corner of Utah is a desolate land, cut and slashed and torn in all directions by deep gorges and wild canyons, and abounding in precipitous cliffs pierced by great caves and caverns. In this uninviting region the ancient cave-dweller found refuge from his foes, and evidence of his former presence is everywhere visible. A number of these cave shelters and dwellings in Butler's Wash, Comb Wash, and Cottonwood Gulch were visited by the expedition, but the most picturesque group of ruins yet discovered by them was in a beautiful little box canyon running about half a mile into the rocky divide which separates Butler's Wash and Comb Wash. In it shady cottonwood trees, green shrubbery, and flowering plants greeted the toil-worn explorers and cool running water quenched their thirst. At the far end of this little paradise, in a desert wilderness, a large cavern is formed in the cliffs as they meet. The ruins in this cave, which is thirty-five feet high and over fifty-seven feet deep, with their curved fronts and numerous port-holes, give them the appearance of a modern fortress. The cave is one hundred feet above the floor of the canyon and can only be reached by using the ancient footholds cut in the steep surface of the sandstone ledge. Mr. Lewis W. Gunckel, geologist of the expedition, thus describes this interesting cave-dwelling:



CLIFF-DWELLING ON BEAVER CREEK.

"Judging from the large number of port-holes in these ruins, the structure was evidently intended for a fortification. In one room we counted twenty-five port-holes. From these the defenders could send their deadly arrows in every direction. The front walls of the most prominent rooms are all rounded, so that by means of the port-holes the whole canyon below could be commanded. The entire aspect of the cave is of defence and protection rather than comfort.

"The buildings in the north end of the cave give perfect illustrations as to the methods of roofing when the buildings did not extend up to the roof of the cave. Two heavy beams or rafters were laid across the top of the building, parallel with each other, as the foundation for the roof. Then over these brush and small sticks were laid crosswise to a thickness of three inches, and upon this was set a layer of adobe mud about three or four inches thick, neatly plastered down. The roofs in Monarch's Cave (thus named by the expedition) still show the finger-marks of the ancient builders. Some of these buildings are two stories in height, the upper story being in a good state of preservation, although the floors have fallen through. In one case, the entrance to the upper room is by a small door in the wall, which is reached by means of a cedar log laid across to the next dwelling. The log is a little lower than the sill of the door, and for convenience of entering a stone protrudes from the building, serving as a step from the log to the door above. It is truly a unique way of entering one's residence, and it is the only case which we have noticed."

On the walls of the cave representations of the human hand were found in great numbers, colored red, white, and green. Rude picture-writings were also seen both inside the cave and along the sides of the cliff, while in some of the rooms neatly worked stone axes were found by digging, as well as arrow-heads, pieces of matting, string, corncobs, and sticks with balls of pitch on the end for torches.

The symbol of the hand is one of the most ancient known to archæologists, and is as widely spread as the symbols of the Swastika and the serpent; it appears in the walls of ancient temples and palaces of Assyria, it is

found in Yucatan and in the length and breadth of the Mississippi Valley. Civilized nations and barbaric races of the past used it, and it is still preserved in our legal documents in the words "witness our hand and seal." Though the origin of it is lost in the mists of the past, it was the most natural symbol for primitive man to make use of to represent possession, strength, and authority. The impressions on the walls and over the doors of the buildings in which the ancient cliff-dwellers lived were probably the marks of ownership used by successive possessors during many generations of a family; but the symbol was put to different uses by different peoples. With regard to its prevalence in the buildings and cave-shelters of the cliff-dwellers, an anonymous writer in the *Illustrated American* of August 13th, 1892, makes these remarks:

"The hand is, of all pictographs, the symbol of most frequent occurrence. It is cut into the rock or painted upon it in red, yellow, or black. Sometimes it stands alone over the entrance to a dwelling, and sometimes on the walls surrounded by numerous pictographs of animals and inanimate objects. In almost all cases they are located in such inaccessible places or are so indefinite that it is quite impossible to secure photographs.

"The rear walls of each of the fifteen chambers of the Casa del Eco (*sic*) cavern are stamped with several hands of ordinary size. Not one of them is cut into the rock; in every case the owner or dweller seems to have dipped his hand into red paint, and then firmly pressed his palm and fingers against a smooth portion of the wall. Since it seems incredible that so light a paint could have lasted through the thousands of years, it is probable that the color was thickened by the laying on of more paint over the lines of the first made. It is observable that the right hand predominates, and by actual count we found the average to be an excess of over seventy per cent."



RUINS NEAR FORT WINGATE.

The Casa del Eco is a famous relic of the cliff-dwellers. It was discovered and named by the Hayden survey expedition, and both Mr. Holmes and Mr. Jackson have given descriptions of it. Mr. Jackson thus

writes of it: "The opening of the cave is almost perfectly circular, two hundred feet in diameter, divided equally between the two kinds of rocks (light-colored sandstone and a dark red variety), reaching, within a few feet, the top of the bluff above and the level of the valley below. It runs back in a semicircular sweep to a depth of one hundred feet; the top is a perfect half-dome, and the lower half only less so from the accumulation of *débris* and the thick, brushy foliage, the cool dampness of its shadowed interior, where the sun never touches, favoring a luxurious growth."

After describing the buildings that extend along this semicircular floor he remarks: "The whole appearance of the place and its surroundings indicates that the family or little community who inhabited it were in good circumstances and the lords of the surrounding country. Looking out from one of their houses, with a great dome of rock overhead, that echoed and re-echoed every word uttered with marvellous distinctness, and all about a steep descent of one hundred feet down to the broad fertile valleys, covered with waving fields of maize, the scattered groves of the majestic cottonwood, and the meanderings of the Rio San Juan, these old people, whom even the imagination can hardly clothe with reality, must have felt a sense of security that even the incursions of their barbarous foes could hardly have disturbed."

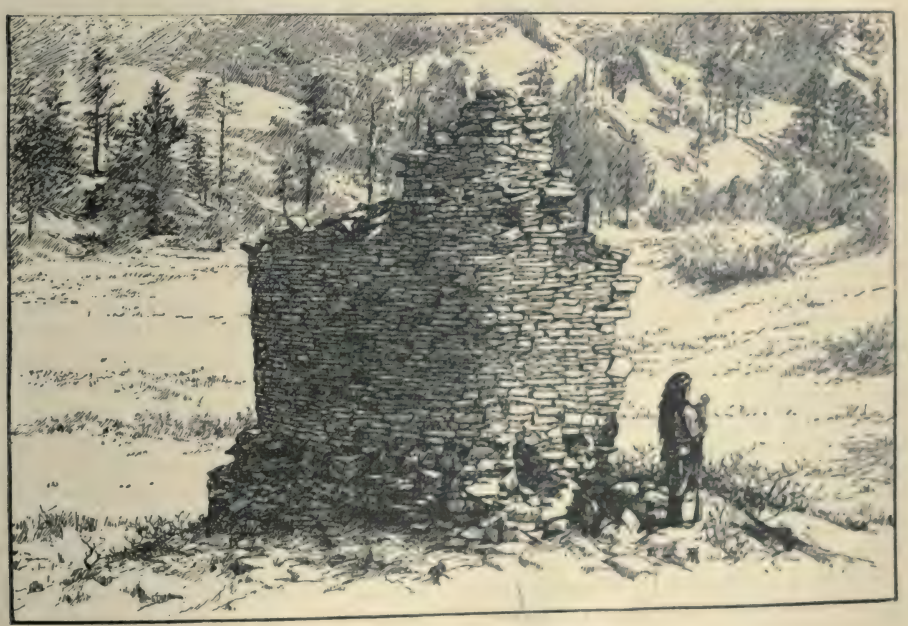
A favorite resort of the cliff-inhabiting people was the canyon of the Rio Mancos, and traces of their industry may be found everywhere, on river bottom, cliff, and table-land. A special feature of the relics in this canyon are the ruins of round towers, which occupied positions of different elevations, some being on high promontories, others on the edges of cliffs and erected immediately above cave-dwellings, and others again quite low, within twenty or thirty feet of the river-bed. Some of these towers were surrounded by a high wall, the space being divided into compartments, and near the mouth of the Rio Mancos occurs a double tower, the smaller one having a diameter of fifteen feet, that of the larger one tangent to it being forty feet. They are built on the edge of the cliff, the smaller and outside one having been the tower proper. About midway up the canyon on a narrow strip of alluvial bottom is situated a large circular ruin which has been named the great tower of Mancos Canyon. It represents the class of towers that were protected by an outer wall. This ruin is in an advanced stage of decay, attesting to its great antiquity. The inner wall, however, can be traced throughout the entire circle, being in places six feet and eight feet high. A portion of the outer wall is still standing and is twelve feet in height. The diameter of the outer wall is forty-three feet and that of the inner twenty-five feet. The space between the walls was divided into compartments or cells, ten in number according to geometrical calculations made by Mr. Holmes based upon four of the partition walls which still remain in a fair state of preservation. Each compartment communicated with the central inclosure by means of an entrance or doorway six feet above the ground, and measuring two feet in width and three feet in height. "It may be fairly presumed," says Mr. Holmes, "that the outer wall had no doorway or windows within reach of the ground, and that entrance was obtained, by means of ladders, through high windows or by way of the roof."

Valuable as were the results of the expedition sent out by the *Illustrated American* Publishing Company with respect to discoveries made and the interest that will be aroused in these ancient remains, another most important matter was accomplished, and that was the securing for the Smithsonian Institution the great collection of cliff-dwellers' relics that was in

the possession of Mr. Charles McLoyd, of Durango, Colorado. This collection consists of 21,000 different specimens and objects accumulated during a period of many years and under circumstances entailing toil and danger. In itself it contains the history of those ancient tribes, and both ethnologist and archæologist will have ample means of pursuing their favorite studies to enable them to penetrate the mysteries of the past and read the records of ancient days. There are skulls and mummies and skeletons to enable the craniologist and scientist to tell us about the mental and physical development of the cliff-dweller; there are his implements of war and industry; pottery and household utensils; there are specimens of his food, his pipe, his dress, and his children's playthings—silent recorders of his pursuits and industries, of the conditions of his life and his domestic habits. Surely, with such store of relics the scientists will be able to throw some light on the obscurity which conceals from us alike his origin and the cause of his extinction.

The relics found in these strange ruins are for the most part unearthed from a covering of fine dust and rubbish, the accumulation of centuries, work in which is very trying. Indeed, the explorer is frequently compelled to tie a damp sponge over his mouth and nostrils while engaged in excavating.

At the end of May last a member of the "H. J. Smith Exploring Company" passed through San Francisco *en route* to Chicago. He was conveying a consignment of cliff-dwellers' relics to the World's Fair. The labors of the exploring party to which he was attached were best rewarded in the "Cliff Palace" city, in Navajo Canyon, about six hundred and fifty miles southwest of Denver, the population of which, judging from the extent of the ruins, was estimated to have been not less than one hundred and fifty in number. Situated one hundred and fifty feet below the edge of the bluff, this cliff village—for such it may be called—was five hun-



ANCIENT TOWER NEAR FORT WINGATE.



RUINS NEAR FORT WINGATE.

dred feet in length and one hundred and twenty-five feet in depth. The houses ranged from four to seven stories in height, and the ground-floors show one hundred and twenty-seven rooms. The bed of the canyon lies a thousand feet below.

The most interesting relics found in this human eyrie were the remains of the dead, many of them being in mummy form. So dry is the atmosphere in that arid region that no embalming process was necessary; decomposition has no occupation there—evaporation has usurped its power over mortal remains, and the corpse shrivels and dries. The mummies were found in little closets and hollow places in the walls, while other remains were unearthed from shallow graves. A noticeable particularity of the mummies is the hair, which is fine and soft, varying in color from blond to brown, a convincing proof that the cliff-dwellers were not of the Indian race. A very perfect specimen was found walled up in a corner of one of the ruins. It is the body of a tall woman, about five feet ten inches in stature, and from the contorted attitude, the doubled-up form, and the protruding tongue there is some reason to suppose that she died in agony. The fact that by her side was a little heap of tiny bones suggests the conjecture that her infant perished with her, and that they had been immured alive, the punishment perhaps of a priestess' broken vows or a wife's infidelity.

In the disposal of their dead, the cliff-dwellers employed several methods and displayed considerable care. They had several different kinds of sepulchre. One was a shallow grave; another was a tomb erected above ground; in some instances, cells fashioned in hollow walls were made depositories of the departed; while still another method was to appropriate to the purpose an entire room the entrance to which was hermetically sealed with stone and adobe mortar.

The corpse was dressed in a feather garment which was composed of a texture of some fibrous plant into which were interwoven the tips of feathers so close together that the robe had the appearance of being made entirely of bird-skins. Around this undergarment was wrapped a piece of matting which was enveloped in a layer of cotton, and lastly a covering of reeds was bound around the corpse. Over the head was placed a kind of wicker basket, very similar in shape to the modern conical lamp-shade. By the side of the dead have been found earthenware bowls, jars,

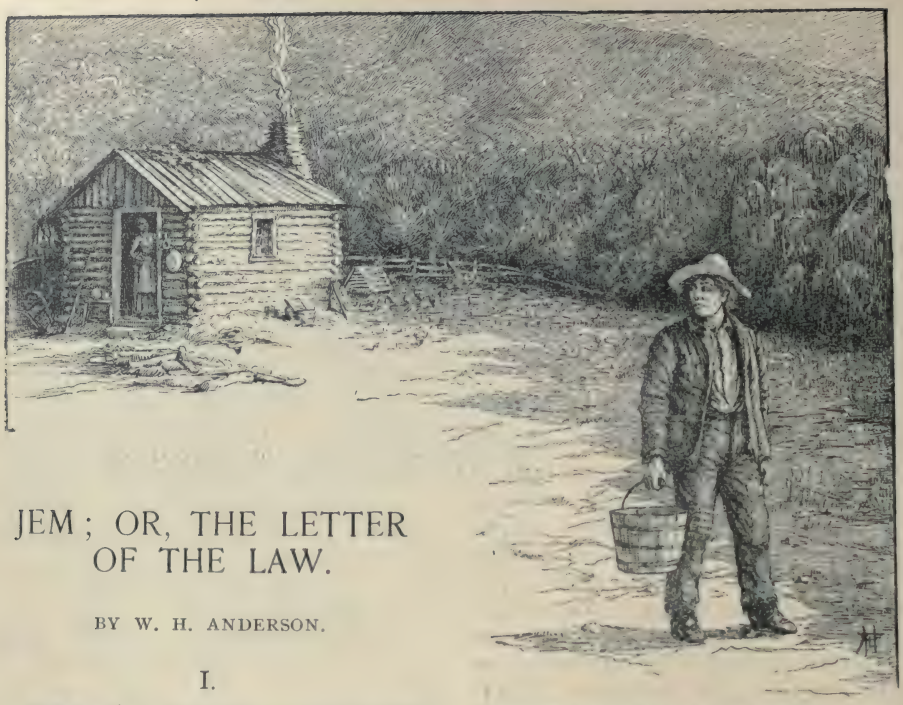
culinary utensils, also flint knives and arrow-heads and other objects, presumedly those used by the deceased when alive.

Hitherto all attempts to assign a time when the cliff-dwellings were abandoned have been mere conjectures. Some theorists incline to the opinion that they were inhabited after the conquest of Mexico by Cortes; others that they were ruins many centuries before the discovery of America, while the anonymous writer quoted above, and who was apparently a member of the expedition sent out by the *Illustrated American* Publishing Company, is bold enough to carry back the date of abandonment "thousands of years." That the ruins are not all of the same age is certain; and it is not unreasonable to conclude that the cliff-dwellers survived during a long period of time, various communities voluntarily abandoning their old homes for more favorable positions long before the final disappearance of the race.

Now that so many of these ancient ruins are being explored, the archæologist by comparative examinations into improvements in architecture, by a careful consideration of the conditions and progress of decay, and by studying the relics of earthenware and the implements that are continually being found, will, it is hoped, be able approximately to assign different periods of antiquity to different ruins. In spite of the arid climate and other favoring circumstances militating against decay, it is difficult to believe that certain relics, such as wood-work, matting, etc., have defied the destructive action of time of any great length. It is true that the cerements that infold Egyptian mummies are thousands of years old, but it must be remembered they were smeared with preservative unguents, that many of their lifeless wearers were inclosed in air-tight sarcophagi, and that none of them were exposed to weathering influences.

What an extraordinary life those ancient peoples led! What curious households they presented, living in homes perched in holes and niches and wide-yawning caverns in the cliffs at heights varying from one hundred to two thousand feet above the bottoms of the canyons! With muscular limbs and steady nerves the cliff-dweller day by day would sally from his doorway and descend the bald rock a thousand feet without a tremor—with no more feeling of trepidation than had the eagle which soared above him. Accustomed from infancy to gaze from dizzy heights, he skirted the precipice's edge in all safety and looked unmoved into the abyss below. Evening found him at home again with his children around him, perhaps smoking his pipe after a supper of roasted corn and flesh of turkey.* And the babies, like eaglets in their eyries! Imagine mothers descending those steeps with their infants on their backs and returning with vessels of water or bundles of fire-fuel on their heads! No wonder that the children learned to gaze unawed into fearsome depths, and, where facilities offered, played hide-and-seek and tag-last among the rocks, as soon as they had discarded their child-rattles and other playthings. They were safer and more free from danger of accident than are the school-children of San Francisco and Oakland, where the trolley and the cable-car, the railway and the furiously driven delivery-wagon maim and kill.

* There is every reason to suppose that the turkey was domesticated by the cliff-dwellers, and in some localities the meat of that bird seems to have been the only flesh food; in others the goat, sheep, and probably deer furnished food.

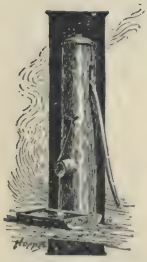


"YOU JEM! WHUR BE YOU-UN ER GOIN' TER?"

JEM; OR, THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

BY W. H. ANDERSON.

I.



IT was one of those crisp, clear mornings in early autumn when nature's wizard is busy tingeing hill and valley with his magic dyes. Into a little cove that nestled among the spurs of the Cumberland Mountains the sun was just finding his way, chasing out the shadows that still lingered here and there, gleaming among the brilliant reds and yellows where Jack Frost had done his cleverest work, and smiling brightly upon a merry little brook that came leaping and tumbling down the hillside.

Near this tiny brook, after it had reached a comparative level and flowed more decorously between a protecting fringe of button-willows, stood a rude, primitive cabin of roughly hewn logs. From its tumble-down rook's-nest of a chimney, built of broken sticks, stones, and mud, a thin curl of smoke was rising straight up on the heavy morning air and losing itself in the blue of heaven.

Presently out of the cabin came a boy, rough, uncouth, ragged, and yet a boy that would seldom pass unnoticed. He belonged to the strange race found exclusively in these coves and valleys. It is claimed for them that they are descended from the offscourings of the Old World who were sent in penal servitude to the New, and who fled to the mountains to escape their task-masters, or, after the proverbial manner of "birds of a feather," congregated there when they had served their time or been liberated. However this may be, they are a queer, ignorant people, having little in common with the outside world; their men brawny and shiftless; their women over-worked, listless, and slatternly; with here and there a God-given exception in both sexes, to furnish forth a hero for my story, which has the unromantic virtue of being a true one.

He was a light-hearted, joyous-seeming creature, who, whistling as

blithely as the mocking-bird in the tree above him and rhythmically swinging a large wooden bucket as he walked, started toward a portion of the brook over which hung two graceful weeping-willows. A close look at him would reveal what was originally a "tow" head gradually merging, under the influence of sixteen summers, into a handsome shock of brown sadly in need of comb and brush; a pleasing, freckled face, such as is the rightful property of most out-of-door boys; a nose that would have been pug but for an audacious turn-up at the end; large hands and clumsy feet; but withal a native (though hardly hereditary) honesty written in the generous lines of his big mouth, a genuineness in his broad smile or hearty laugh, and a depth of true blue in his great eyes that made one pause and wonder if here were not a soul misplaced.

"Jem! you Jem! Whur be you-un er goin' ter?"

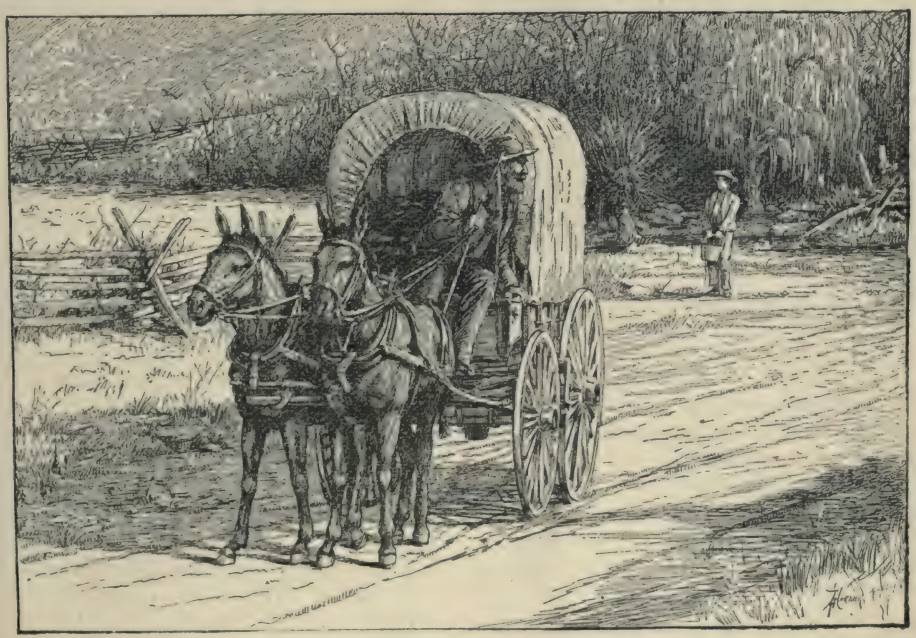
She was one of the typical, broken-down-looking mountain women who "poked" her head out of the hole known as a "dore" and called after Jem's retreating figure.

"Jes' down ter the spring, mam, ter git you-un er bucket uv water."

Poor "mam!" It was such an unheard-of thing, until Jem unaccountably developed the startling habit, for anybody to voluntarily do anything for her that she could never get used to it. Even now tears rose to her eyes—real tears: these untutored people know no other kind, and so seldom any that these shamed her, and she forced them back. Then, as if to atone for her momentary weakness, she turned to the rude shake-down in the corner, on which a rough man lay sleeping. Giving him no very gentle shove with her foot, she said:

"Git up frum thar, Bill Smith! Here be you-un er lazin' 'n' er lazin' 'roun', when me 'n' Jem's done bin up fer 'n hour."

The man opened his heavy eyes, swore a sleepy oath, turned over, and resumed his snoring.



"BUCK SUDDENLY PULLED UP AND CALLED BACK."

"Lazy lout," muttered the woman; "never wuz 'n' never will be wuth shucks, 'n' killin's too good fer him! Wonder I hedn't er hed better sense 'n' ter er married him. But he's my Jem's dad——" And the lines about her mouth grew softer as she looked upon the sleeping giant.

Meanwhile Jem lingered. He heard the rumbling of a wagon coming down the valley, and he wanted to see it pass on the "big road" that just skirted the spring. All his pleasant, sunny life he had vaguely fretted at his environment. As far back as he could remember he had watched the wagons on this same "big road" come from he knew not where and go he knew not whither. An undefined longing to solve these mysteries dwelt within him. Sometimes the wagons would stop, and the men, attracted by his bright face, would speak to him; or, before he had grown so large, the women, following a natural instinct of womankind and much to his wonderment, would kiss him. Occasionally they would tell him of a great world outside of and far beyond his comprehension—a world of many people grouped together in great cities upon the banks of a mighty river. But to Jem these things were names only; for how could he conceive that of which he knew less than nothing? Yet the longing grew within him to see these wondrous things; and but for the fact that he knew not where to look for them save by following the "big road," he would doubtless have set forth upon a tour of exploration.

The wagon, drawn by two stout mules, lumbered into sight. Jem recognized the driver as Buck Thomas, to him a most wonderful man, who had drifted into the valley two years before.

In truth, Buck Thomas was no ordinary man. Broad of shoulder, deep of chest, wide of girth, powerfully limbed and magnificently muscled—few would have cared to try conclusions with him. His mind suited his body—it was powerful in its rude way and independent. He was a man of strong prejudices and fearless opinions, nor was he at all backward in expressing them when the occasion warranted. As an occasional grower of tobacco, it was his pet theory that the Government had no right to tax what his land and his labor produced. This he regarded in the light of a personal outrage. Whatever he could, by hook or by crook, keep out of the avaricious grasp of this same Government, he considered as so much of his own money judiciously saved. To evade the internal revenue laws as they then stood was, therefore, one of the first articles of his faith. He practised it faithfully, with caution, but without fear. It was a doctrine that met with great favor among the rough men of the valley, to whom it was an open secret and in whose esteem Buck held a high place.

To Jem, Buck Thomas, by his hearty robustiousness and superior knowledge of the marvellous outer world and its ways, came as an inspiration—a blessing. They were soon fast friends—"fer ever'body tuck ter Jem," as his "mam" said; and many a pleasant hour had the boy beguiled, walking beside Buck's plough while that worthy regaled him from his inexhaustible store of knowledge and adventure—much of the latter, I fear me, and some, doubtless, of the former, having a "local habitation" in Buck's fertile imagination only. Naturally enough his political and revenue views never entered into these conversations; for, after all, Jem was only a boy, and a very ignorant boy thereat, upon whom Buck thought it would be sheer waste of breath to try to make him understand the intricacies of governmental injustice; for what knew he of laws and governments, this simple child of the valley?

As Buck drove past the spring he nodded a cheerful "howdy" to the

boy, who returned the greeting. The wagon continued on down the road for a hundred yards or so, when Buck suddenly pulled up and called back:

"Say, Jem, I want ter see yer."

Jem put down the bucket which he had been holding and approached the wagon. As he came up Buck continued:

"I've been thinkin'—yer know I've got er lot er 'backer whut had ought ter be sold, 'n' I'm goin' down country with it nex' week—how'd yer like to go 'long?"

Jem's breath came short and quick. Here was the impossible about to happen at last.

"Whut'll mam say?"

"Oh, thet's all right. We won't be gone more'n two 'r three weeks, 'n' yer'll see er heap sight uv things."

Buck evidently knew Jem's weak point.

"I'll tell mam, 'n' ef she-un'll le' me I'll sho' go."

"In cose she-un'll let yer. I'll stop by this ev'nin' 'n' speak er good word fer yer."

With this Buck drove on. Jem watched him until the "big road" was swallowed up in a grove of cottonwoods. He then turned slowly away, walked to where he had left his bucket, and carried it, full of fresh spring water, to "mam," who had begun to wonder what had become of him.

The poor woman's consternation can hardly be imagined when, backed up by Buck, for whom he had wisely waited, Jem spoke to her of his proposed trip. There was much coaxing on his part, many "good words" and assurances from Buck, and innumerable protestations on the part of "mam." She "didn't see, nohow, whut the boy wanted ter be er trapesin' erbout fer. He mus' be crazyer 'n er betsey bug. Hedn't she lived right here in the cove all her borned days?—in cose she hed—'n' whut wuz good 'nuff fer her hed oughter be good 'nuff fer Jem." All this she urged eloquently, and much more to the same effect. But Bill, the giant, came to the rescue, and "'lowed ez how it wuzn't er goin' ter hurt the boy none; he wuzn't er doin' no good roun' home; 'n' Buck Thomas cud take keer uv him, he reckoned." So "mam," seeing that all were arrayed against her and that Jem's heart was set on going, with many forebodings of evil from this reckless venturing into the great unknown, gave a reluctant consent.

Thus it came about that Jem was at last to find out where the "big road" went. He mentally resolved to eventually discover whence it came.

II.

At a corner where two busy streets meet, in the heart of a great Southern city, stood a country boy dressed in plain cotton homespun, hands in pockets, and eyes and mouth wide open with acquired and acquiring knowledge. It was Jem. This was where the "big road," after many days of excitement and pleasure untold, had brought him. Hour after hour he would wander about, studying with eager curiosity the show-windows, or standing, as now, on the corners, watch the surging, hurrying crowd of restless humanity rush by in ceaseless streams. What a marvellous experience, this ushering into modern fairyland, for a boy who had been brought up within the confines of a narrow valley, and to whose wildest dreams a hundred people would have seemed a multitude!

Buck had taught him enough about the streets to prevent his losing himself, and his natural quickness kept him out of harm's way.

As the shadows began to lengthen Jem ceased to be a looker-on; and becoming one of the units in the great human conglomerate, himself moved toward a less busy portion of the city. He came presently to a wagon-yard on one of the side streets where Buck had "put up." Here he

proceeded to feed and care for the mules; then he examined the curtain-covered wagon to see if everything was all right. A small portion of the tobacco was still unsold.

While thus occupied, he was spoken to by a pleasant-looking gentleman, who asked if he owned the tobacco. Jem explained that it was Buck's.

"Very well," said the stranger. "I am sorry that Mr. Thomas is not here. I have a small order for some leaf tobacco. You have just about enough left to fill the order; and as what you have seems to be particularly well cured, I thought I would buy it. I am willing to give a good price for it, say—" and the gentleman named a price which Jem knew to be considerably more a pound than Buck had been asking for it.

"If you are willing to sell it I will take it at that price. I am afraid I won't be able to see Mr. Thomas; so unless we can trade I will have to go elsewhere."

Jem hesitated; the man was moving away with an air of indifference; Jem decided:

"You-un kin take it."

"Ah!—thanks."

The tobacco was quickly weighed on the wagon-yard scales—a scant hundred pounds—and paid for. Then the man left, saying that he would send around for it the next morning.

Jem was jubilant. He felt that he had done Buck a good turn; and that they could now go home to "mam," for whom, amid all the delights of travel, he found time to get not a little homesick. The trip had already lasted much longer than they had anticipated, for they had come even unto the city in search of a good market, and (though of this Jem was profoundly ignorant) to get as far away as possible from where Buck was personally known, in order that no suspicion of unpaid revenue might attach.

When that individual came to "turn in" for the night (they slept in the wagon-yard), Jem gave him the money and told him of the trade. Much to the boy's astonishment, Buck's face became troubled. He questioned Jem closely as to the appearance of the buyer, seemed satisfied with the boy's attempted description, and went to sleep.

Toward midnight Jem was rudely awakened by the voices of angry men. A hand was laid roughly on his shoulder as he half-raised himself to see what the matter was, and the owner of the hand gruffly commanded him to "get up" and consider himself under arrest—though what "arrest" might mean he knew no more than would the wild creatures of his mountain home. He got up and stared about in bewilderment. Several men with lanterns surrounded him. Buck was standing sullenly to one side, for Buck had stubbornly resisted these officers, who were the embodiment of his pet antipathy—the Government.

One of the men hastily read, by his lantern's light, some words from a paper, which were all Greek to Jem. Then, before the boy could collect his scattered senses, he was taken out, thrust into a carriage with one of the officers, and whirled away into the darkness of the great lonely city—away from Buck, his only friend in all this vast multitude of souls—away, he knew not whither.

The end of the journey came at last. The carriage drew up before a gloomy-looking stone building, upon which the gas-light glinted coldly and which upreared a cruel front of impenetrable granite, broken only by deep-set, iron-grated windows. But to these things Jem was fortunately oblivious.

Dazed and stupefied, he was carried into a spacious office, where, after a moment's parley with a blue-coated individual and an entry upon a large leather-bound book, the officer who had him in charge turned him over to the tender mercies of a coarse, sour-looking man. This person, tak-



"IT'S ALL RIGHT—I AIN'T AFEARD NOW, BUCK. TELL MAM."

ing a bunch of great keys from his belt, roughly commanded Jem to "come on." Through heavy, clanging doors and along narrow passages, noisome and fetid, filled with a bedlamite pandemonium of shrieks, curses, and drunken ravings from wretched creatures of both sexes, whom misfortune, misery, and sin had brought into prison cells, our thoroughly frightened Jem was half-led, half-dragged, until a door opened upon a rock-and-steel-lined room filled with a mass of the fallen creatures of earth.

Here Jem was left, more dead than alive, wholly ignorant of why he was so treated; and here, as he was unknown and could give no bail, he remained for many weary months, in wondering ignorance and great wretchedness. He was "awaiting trial;" and, unconscious of any crime, understanding nothing and instinctively holding himself aloof from the miserable creatures who shared his confinement, this creature of green fields and open air was left to beat out his life behind prison bars until the slow-revolving wheels of "justice" should come around to him and —crush him!

III.

THE sky was sullen and hazy. The city lay sweltering under an iron band of oppressive heat. A grim silence as of impending doom hung over everything. Each out-bound train was crowded with people escaping from the stifling heat and the dread of what was to come; for Rumor busied herself with awe-struck, whispered reports of a threatened epidemic.

His honor Judge Blank, of the United States District Court, had for days been hurrying through his criminal calendar, impatient to clear the docket and get away from the dangerous city to his wife and child in the mountains. There were but one or two cases left, and his prospective vacation was at hand.

"Call the next case, Mr. Clerk."

"The United States vs. Buck Thomas."

Buck was brought in, pale and haggard from long confinement, but sternly resolute in the consciousness of self-justification. To prevent possible collusion, he and Jem had been separately confined, and he did not know what had become of the boy. He had vainly endeavored to find out, and supposed that when the nature of Jem's connection with the sale of the tobacco had become known he had been released and sent home. It never occurred to him that Jem had also spent the heavy-footed months in jail, "awaiting trial."

"Mr. Thomas, you are charged with selling tobacco upon which the revenue tax had not been paid, and therefore of violating the internal revenue laws. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

A moment's dogged silence. Buck lowered his head as if to think; then, raising it and looking the judge defiantly in the face, he said:

"Ef yer mean, did I sell the 'backer withouten payin' the tax—yes. Ef yer mean, did I do enything wrong—no! The Gover'ment ain't got no right ter tax my stuff."

"We haven't the time nor is this the place, Mr. Thomas, to discuss the right or wrong of the revenue laws. The only question for us to consider is, did you or did you not violate the law as it stands?"

"I sold the 'backer; 'r leastwise Jem sold it fer me; 'n' I didn't pay no tax on it nur I didn't aim ter."

"Then you plead guilty?"

"I reckon."

"Are you ready for sentence?"

"I reckon."

"Stand up."

"Mr. Thomas, you have openly defied the Government, and confess to a direct and intentional violation of the law. I feel that men who en-

tertain views like yours are dangerous to the community and a menace to the commonwealth. I consider it my duty, therefore, to punish you as severely as the law applicable to offences of this character will permit; both for the purpose of administering a wholesome corrective to yourself and of removing, for a time at least, a dangerous element from society. You are sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

"Mr. Marshal, take charge of the prisoner.

"Call the next case, Mr. Clerk."

"The United States vs. Jem Smith."

Buck was leaving the court-room with the officer; but when he heard Jem's name called he sprang back and cried:

"No—no! Fer God's sake, jedge, don't try the poor boy! It warn't none uv his doin's. It wur all mine —ever' las' bit. He didn't know nothin' 'bout no laws nur nothin'— 'n' the 'backer didn't b'long ter him!"

"Officer, remove the prisoner."

Buck was forcibly carried out, struggling and protesting Jem's innocence.

Poor Jem! pale, thin, and terror-stricken—the merest shadow of his former self—even "mam" would scarcely have known him. He had to be half-carried to a seat, and when the charge was read to him and he was called upon to plead, could answer nothing. A young attorney, appointed by the court, entered a plea of "not guilty" for him, and the trial proceeded.

The pleasant-looking gentleman—a government detective—to whom Jem had sold the tobacco testified fully as to the facts of that transaction, and also to the fact that the revenue tax had not been paid on the tobacco so sold. The prisoner himself failed to throw any light on the subject, his testimony being limited, through ignorance and fright, to:

"I dunno—I dunno nothin' 'bout it. I wants ter go back home—I wants ter go back home ter mam!"

The judge—a good man on the whole—was touched by this heart-cry for "home" and "mam," but sternly considered the prisoner's refusal to testify as due to obstinacy.

The district attorney, in his opening address to the jury, expressed his regret that one so young should have been led into such flagrant criminality, for that the boy was led into it he doubted not; but he still more regretted that he should imitate the worst features of the man who thus basely influenced him by preserving a dogged, defiant, and obstinate silence.

Continuing, he said:

"Silence, gentlemen of the jury, is never reconcilable with innocence. Only the guilty are afraid to speak out—only the guilty shun the truth. That the prisoner is guilty there can be no doubt. The testimony is clear and incontrovertible. It shows a deliberate violation of the law. There is no defence attempted except ignorance, which is no defence; and which in this instance is, I doubt not, most cleverly feigned.

"The revenue laws are being constantly violated. This must be stopped. To do so effectively, exemplary punishment is necessary. This boy's accomplice and instigator entered a plea of guilty and has received his sentence—much too light a one, I regret to say, for the law in these cases is very lenient. I must now ask you, gentlemen, to add another salutary example, by bringing in a verdict against the prisoner at the bar. Of his guilt, I repeat, there can be no doubt; and I sincerely hope that men of your intelligence are above being imposed upon by the threadbare excuse of ignorance, which, however his honor will charge you, cannot be considered in weighing the evidence."

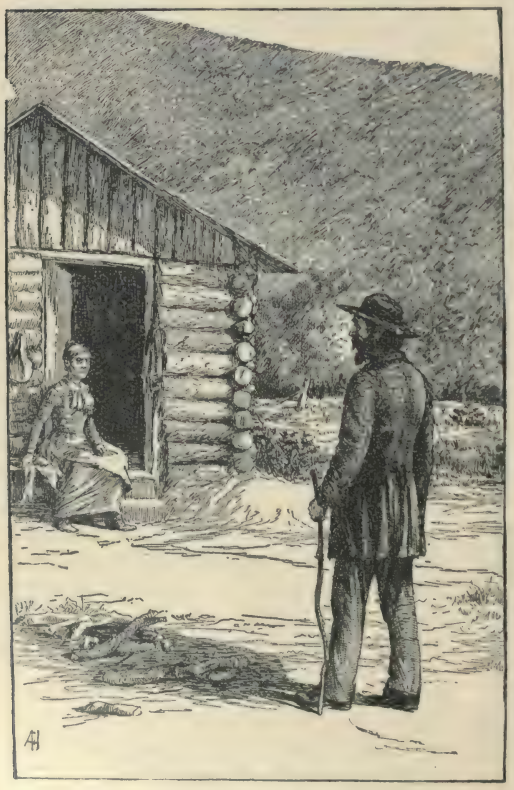
The defence, a young fledgling just admitted to practice, made a rambling, disconnected talk to little

or no purpose, except to ask the jury's consideration of the prisoner's youth and evident ignorance.

The prosecution closed with a terse, recapitulatory speech. The judge's charge was short and to the point—merely stating the law in the fewest possible words. Without leaving their seats the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

Guilty! Little did Jem know the fearful import of those two syllables, voiced by the spokesman of twelve good men and true. Guilty!—it is the brand of the pariah—the social outcast. Once let it be burned into the character by the properly appointed authorities, and though you are as innocent as purity itself, you will be forever shunned as one touched by the plague.

What a travesty on justice! An honorable judge, a district attorney, twelve jurymen, a hired witness—all the ponderous legal machinery of a mighty government, brought to bear upon—what? a poor, frightened, trembling boy, ignorant of everything save utter loneliness and perfect helplessness; vaguely aware that a farcical tragedy, in which he is somewhat interested, is being solemnly enacted—that a fearful phantasmagoria is passing before him—a terrible dream of which he understands nothing. But the law is plain. It has been violated—ignorantly maybe; but what of that?—ignorance of the law is no excuse. Then too the honorable judge is frightened by Dame Rumor, and must needs hurry through with his work; the district attorney cares for nothing except the glory of a conviction—why should he be lenient with a miserable little "Covite?" the jury are listless, tired, and hungry—it is almost the dinner-hour—they think with the judge and the district attorney; and the witness is merely earning the fee paid him by the Government for his shrewdness in ferreting out these troublesome law-breakers. Little chance here for badly defended innocence.



"THAR, SHO 'NUFF, WUR PORE OLE MAM."

This was the last case on the docket. The judge hurriedly dismissed the jury; asked the prisoner's attorney if he wished to appeal; was told that he did not; asked the prisoner if he was ready for sentence; received a hoarse "I dunno" for answer; uttered a few trite platitudes about youth, crime, etc.; sentenced the boy to six months' imprisonment, and gave him in charge of the marshal.

His honor then adjourned court, brushed the cobwebs of business from his brain, ate his dinner, and went light-heartedly to his wife and child. Little did he think, as he lounged and smoked and took his ease and

pleasure at the cozy mountain resort, that in the valley which added so much to the beauty of the view was a poor, heart-broken woman, patiently yearning, waiting and watching, day after day, month after month, for her boy's home-coming. Bless you, no!—the trial of the boy was only a very ordinary item in the regular course of his judicial transactions; besides, what did his comfortable honor, the judge, know of the possible misery—far-reaching misery—that the letter of the law might cause?

That night yellow fever broke out, and the retreat from the doomed city became a panic.

IV.

"Buck! air yer thar, Buck? Come closter ter me—I'm afeard. I b'l'eve I'm er goin' ter die, Buck. I don't hurt nowhurs now, but I'm so weak like—so weak. Whut d'yer reckon becomes uv er feller like me when he dies, Buck? Oh! I'm afeard—I'm afeard!"

"Hush, Jem, honey—hush. Yer ain't goin' ter die. Yer goin' ter git well, 'n' le' me take yer back ter yer mam——"

But the man had to turn away to hush a groan of agony, for all too plainly he saw the boy's death-warrant written on his face.

They had been sent back to the same jail—Jem and Buck; and while the fever raged they were all but deserted and nearly starved. At last the fever reached the jail itself and marked its victims by the score. Men and women died around them daily—so fast that their neglected bodies would putrefy before they could be hauled away and dumped into the trenches. Finally it fastened upon Jem, and found, in his famine-wasted body, an easy prey.

Buck, the mighty of brawn, hovered over and nursed him with a woman's tenderness, but all to no purpose. In a few days the death-film was in his eyes and the death-damp on his brow.

He had suffered terribly and raved in the delirium of fever. He had cried out in his agony for his "mam;" and in his calmer moments seemed wandering through his beautiful home-valley, re-living the happy life so rudely interrupted. Once Buck drew back from him and shuddered. The poor, tired brain and ceaseless tongue were going over the details of the arrest, imprisonment, and trial. Not a minutia was wanting; and he ended with:

"But it wur Buck's—it wur sholy Buck's. I dunno—I dunno—I dunno. It wur Buck's—it wur Buck's."

Now the end was near. The boy dropped into a peaceful slumber. After sleeping for an hour or more he suddenly awakened, turned to Buck, smiled faintly, and said:

"It's all right—I ain't afeard now, Buck. Tell mam."

That was all.

As Buck stooped over him he saw that there was nothing but the poor, diseased body left; and then, perhaps for the first time since his childhood, the strong man wept.

V.

I knew Buck Thomas for many years. One morning there came into my office a man from whom I recoiled in horror. Never have I seen such a mighty wreck—hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, a forehead seamed with agony of soul, and a massive framework of bones over which the skin hung loosely.

"Don' yer know me, Mr. Henry?"

The voice was subdued and broken. Like the man, it seemed a remembrance of the past—a ghost of other days.

"Don't yer recerlec' Buck Thomas?"

Buck Thomas! Could this wretched, wasted creature be Buck Thomas,

he whom I remembered as a brawny giant of iron will and flawless constitution? But Buck it was; and, oh, so changed!

He told me Jem's story in broken fragments, and then he added:

"But thet wurn't the wust—thet wurn't the wust. Yer see, I served out my time after he died; 'n' ever' day, sittin' thar in the jail, with nothin' ter do but ter think, 'n' think, 'n' think, I cud hear thet boy's voice sayin', 'Tell mam—tell mam.'

"I didn't mind the jailin' fer myself, Mr. Henry. I cud er stood it easy, fer I wuz right, 'n' er year in jail wudn't er hurt me none; but ter er bin the death er thet boy—sech er likely boy, Mr. Henry—'n' ter hev ter sit thar by myself, in my cell, 'n' think uv it; 'n' ter hev ter think 'bout hevin' ter go back 'thout him 'n' tell mam—I tell yer, it nigh onter et my heart outen me.

"Ez soon ez I wur discharged, I went right straight back ter the Cove. Oh, Mr. Henry! I never'll fergi thet day—I'm dyin' uv it.

"I asked the fust man I met in the neighberhood ef Bill Smith's wife wur livin' yet. 'Yes,' he sez, 'livin', but—' 'n' he teched his hed.

"'Yer see,' sez he, 'her boy, Jem, went off with er feller named Thomas two year ergo, 'n' ain't never been hearn tell uv sence. He wur er likely boy, 'n' it purty nigh onter killed she. Her looks fer him 'n' waits fer him ever' day—sets out in front uv her cabin, 'n' tends on er little sickly rose-bush whut Jem planted afore he lef' 'n' thet hez punied erlong tell now. Bill he cusses 'roun' 'n' lazes mos' uv the time; but he's good ter she when he ain't drunk, which air mighty seldom. Who might you-un be, enyhow, stranger?'

"I tole him, 'n' he run frum me like I wur er hant. Mebby I looked like one.

"I went on ter the cabin; 'n' thar, sho 'nuff, wur pore old mam sittin' out in front. Well, sir, she knowed me the minit she sot her eyes on me—which air more'n mos' folks does; 'n' she cum at me like er wil'-cat, screamin':

"'Whur's Jem? whur's my Jem?'

"I helt her off 'n' she sorter quieted down. Then I cud see thet her senses hed cum back ter her, 'n' I wur sorry, fer I hed been hopin' she wudn't be able ter un-'erstan'.

"I tole her all erbout her boy, frum beginnin' ter end; 'n' she jes' sot still 'n' never said er word. When I finished she turned 'n' looked at me—thet wur all; but I'd druther she'd er stabbed me with er knife. Thet look hants me—I tell yer, it hants me; 'n' it's killin' me.

"Mebby I'd better die, fer I'm the onliest one uv us whut's left. She died thet night."

COMPENSATION.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

For every joy that goes new joys are given,
As when the golden sun dies down to death,
The fair round moon, uprising, wandereth
Across the happy star-sown fields of heaven.





AMERICAN FOOTBALL IN THE WEST.

BY C. L. CLEMANS.

IN the field of American college sport football is supreme. Boating, baseball, and the track have their admirers and devotees, but nothing excites such general interest or creates such intense excitement as football—American college football.

Ask a Harvard man what is the loftiest ambition in the athletic world, and he will answer, "To do what Cumnock did." A Tiger victory at Thanksgiving is the object dearest to the heart of the Princetonian, while New Haven men will tell you that the chief glory of good old Yale is fourteen years of football with but one game lost in that time to Harvard and next to nothing to Princeton. Farther West it is the same. Michigan may defeat all comers at baseball, but her cup of joy will never be full until the rough and fast work of the Cornell men has been met and bested on the gridironed field. And so it is with the men of Berkeley, whose one hope is to retrieve their laurels of years lost to the boys in red of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University. The lesser lights of the coast are just as eager in their love for the sport, and the Hopkins Academy, Cogswell Polytechnic, Oakland and San Francisco high schools and the Berkeley Gymnasium look upon the football pennant as the chief trophy of the athletic field. There are, besides these, many other football teams in California. Those of Los Angeles, San José, Pasadena, Stockton, and the Napa College have shown great interest, but perhaps the best outside of the two universities, and the equal of either in the material it is composed of, is that of the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco. The universities at Berkeley and Palo Alto have, however, the great advantage of constant practice, which cannot fail to tell in the team work, and this always wins the day.

The increasing interest in the game in the far West was attested by the gathering of fully 15,000 people at



THE "DELLAND" FLYING WEDGE.

the Haight Street grounds in San Francisco to witness the recent game between the teams from these rival colleges.

Why is it that the game has assumed such a place in the popular affection and practically usurped the place of the national game in the hearts of the collegians and sport-loving people generally? Perhaps it is, as has been said, that it most nearly approximates a battle or the old-time tournament—only that the armor is softer and weapons are barred. Football is a contest for every man in the "line" or behind it; and one, moreover, in which skill, endurance, and presence of mind are as necessary as in contests with the gloves or with arms. Besides, it has a dash, a spirit, and a system of tactics impossible to the dual conflicts of the ring, and in a way resembles the tourney ring contests of Ivanhoe and Richard of the Lion Heart. This is why it is so exciting and attracts the vast crowds, always on hand in rain or sunshine to see a game between two great universities. But there is another feature which attracts the sport-loving public, and that is the absolutely amateur nature of the game. Nearly all other sports have, in some measure, fallen into the hands of professionals, and have, therefore, lost much of their hold on the popular mind. I doubt whether there is, or ever has been, a professional football team in the United States. The men play for the glory of their clubs or colleges and for victory—as dear to the heart of a true football man as to the soldiers of the Old Guard. There is still another cause for the popularity of football. Thus far its managers have not allowed it to be overdone. The Eastern football season lasts six weeks. During that time nothing else is thought of in athletic circles; and then it is over until the next fall, when it is taken up with renewed vigor.



What kind of a man does it take to play a winning game of football? Physically, the limits are far apart. It is not always the heavy team that wins; though, other things being equal, weight counts, and the "centre" and "guards" in the "rush-line" must be heavy to withstand the battering-ram tactics of opposing "backs." "Line-bucking" has become a favorite play of late years. The "half-backs," too, should have weight, and also that ability peculiar to a first-class football man to anchor himself to the spot where he stands when opponents charge his position; and still, when occasion demands, must himself be able to dash against the "rush-line" and break it. The "end rush" must be a whirlwind in whose arms the advancing "half-back" is always caught, or "tackled," and always thrown *backward*. Taken together the "rush-line" must form a wall, behind which the "quarter-back" is secure and the other "backs" confident. As for the "backs," the "quarter" may be a

small man, but he must be the quickest man on the team, cool of head, steady of arm, and be ready to fasten himself to the turf as firmly as the "centre" if the line needs his aid. The two "half-backs" and the "full-back" may be of very different weight and character. The man who can run forward or sidewise, whirl, dodge, and "brush off" all tacklers, at the same time firmly keeping on his feet, does not require much weight, for he can play an "end" game (running around the rush-line), and such tactics gain the most ground when successful. But if a "line-bucking" game is desired (breaking through the "rush"), then the more weight he can strike the line with the better.



THE WEDGE IN ACTION.

After the collision the more push and dogged perseverance, backed by the persistent pushing of those who form his own rush-line, the more ground will be gained. In addition to physical qualities the men must have courage, decision, nerve, and quickness of vision. The linemen must be obstinate as well and ready for that hardest of battles, a fight against hope; for in an even game, during two-thirds of the time they cannot hope to stop the advance of their opponents.

Rugby football was brought over from England in 1875. American ingenuity, however, soon developed a game very different from the one in which it took its rise. In the Rugby game the ball is placed between the opposing teams, which number fifteen men each, who attempt to kick or push the ball toward their opponents' goal. In this game a majority of goals or touch-downs wins, while in the American game a majority of points gains. In the old game there are eight "forwards," two "quarter-backs," two "half-backs," two "three-quarter backs," and a "full-back" or goal-keeper. The quarter-backs stand behind the line ready to pick up the ball when it comes through. They then throw or pass it to the backs behind them, who may run forward with it. The American players kicked each other's shins for a season, and then discovered that it was a clever play to leave an opening in the line through which the half-backs might expect the ball to come, and then by quick passing give the three-quarter backs an opportunity to make runs while their opponents were still entangled in the "scrimmage." They then got to rolling the ball between the lines, each side pushing and waiting for the other to pick the ball out of the "scrimmage." Finally it was discovered that it could be kicked backward as well as forward; "back-heeling," this was called. At first every man in the line might do this, but soon the "snap-back" (the "centre-rush" of to-day) was evolved, and the game became very much what it now is. American players claim that the present American game is more scientific and permits of more generalship. This is true, for the American football captain knows just when and where to

expect the ball, while in the English game it is largely a matter of chance. Another marked difference in the rules of the two games is in what is known as "blocking." The Americans allow their players to guard the man running with the ball, using their elbows and bodies to prevent his being "tackled" by an opponent. This interference would be rank "offside" play in any Rugby game.

The American game was first introduced at Harvard, but under the direction of Walter Camp, who is justly called the father of American football, Yale soon took the lead, and in the fourteen years that her football interests have been in his charge, first as a student and then as coach, she has lost but once (in 1890) to Harvard. Princeton has fared little better with the New Haven University, while other universities have been content merely to score against Yale. To Princeton belongs the credit of bringing out the "wedge" players, but Harvard was the first to use the Delland "flying-wedge," recently put to good use on this coast by the wiry boys in red of the Stanford University.

On the Western coast the first teams were those of the Phœnix, Wanderers, and Union clubs. These played some exciting games in 1882 at the old Recreation Grounds in San Francisco. All of thesematches were under the old Rugby Union rules. Dean, Sime, and the Searles brothers were the mainstays of the Phœnix team, the victor in these games, but the "punting" of Nicholson of the Wanderers—the famous Englishman with the green and yellow jersey—has never been beaten by any player that has stepped on the gridironed field. Edgar Foster was the captain and star player of the Unions, and in "line bucking" and "brushing off" no man in the West, unless it be the idol of the Wasps, Franklin Hittell, has ever excelled him. Soon the Merion Cricket Club placed a team in the field, and for the two succeeding years the only games played on the coast were those between the University of California—just entering the arena—the Unions, Merions, and the team of Brewer's Academy at San Mateo.

In 1885 Kenneth McKay and John Craig organized the Wasps from the best men of the old teams, and a new era in football began in California. Two closely contested games between this team and that of the University of California resulted in a score of 0–0 in each instance. These matches awakened a fresh interest in the game here, and in 1886 the California Football League was organized and a series of twenty games was played at the Olympic Park in Oakland by teams from the University of California, Reliance, Orion, and Wasps clubs and the Hastings Law School. Prior to this the West knew nothing whatever of the intercollegiate game —American football. The California Football League decided to drop the Rugby Union game, hitherto played entirely in the West, and for the first time here the game was played with eleven men instead of fifteen. All the features of the old-style game were not eliminated, and it was not until 1888, when Nourse of Amherst organized the Posens, that full-fledged Eastern football was played here. Nourse, the hated by Berkeley men and beloved by all others of the football field, first taught the University men what it was to learn defeat in a series of games, though many times before the Wasps and Orions had showed them a thing or two in football that caused the men of Berkeley to drape their blue and gold with black.

After Nourse came Joseph Tobin from Georgetown College, in the fall of 1890, and with him the latest plays of the crack Eastern 'varsity teams. Perhaps it is only fair, however, to say that even before the advent of Nourse or Tobin on this coast, Shafter Howard of Harvard taught the men of the State University many new tricks in vogue in the East. To his



PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY AFTER A "DOWN."

long and well-placed "punts" was due, in a great measure, the victory of his team in the Californian Football League series. His later work with the San Franciscos and Olympics has been far below his old-time form.

In the matches with the Posen team, Charles Wesley Reed, the captain of the University team, and Fred McNear, its half-back, did some phenomenal work. The playing of the latter has been characterized by competent critics as equal to that of any Eastern man playing that year. George Wellington, Frank Pugh, and J. Hunter Harrison were star men on the Posen team then, and Pugh still shows his form in his quarter-back play with the Olympic Athletic Club's eleven. John B. Sherrard, the present captain and "end-rush" of the same team, first learned to tackle as he does under the tuition of Nourse. It would not be just, in writing of football in the West, to omit the name of Felton Taylor, who has in years past done clever half-back work for the Union, Wasp, Reliance, San Francisco and Olympic teams. Oscar Taylor, the present "full-back" of the Berkeley team, first showed his ability on the football field when his long "drop-kicks," when a member of the Alerts, won his team fame in the "Little League" series of 1887.

The Academic Amateur Athletic Association, consisting of the San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley High Schools, the Hopkins Academy and the Cogswell Polytechnic School, maintains a football league, of which the Hopkins Academy won the pennant in '91 and the Oakland High School in '92.

When Joseph Tobin came home from Georgetown College in 1890 he organized the San Francisco Football Club, the forerunners of the Olympics, and introduced into their games the close play everywhere in vogue in the East. Hitherto the coast teams had played almost entirely the "long-pass" game, instead of playing close up to the rush-line as at present. This was the game which the University of California depended upon in its first games with Tobin's team. The contest of that year proved conclusively that the close blocking and rushing play was superior to the old style, and the game with the Berkeley boys resulted in a score of 44–0 in favor of the San Franciscos. Since that time the "long-pass" game has never been seen on the coast. Last season the San Franciscos, or Olympics, won against the Berkeley men by a score of 6–0, but this year the blue and gold has triumphed in two games out of the three played with the Olympic team.

The great game and naturally the most exciting of the season of 1891–92 was that between the University of California and the Leland Stanford, Junior, University. This was the first intercollegiate game played on the Pacific slope, and the boys from Palo Alto carried away a hard-earned victory by a score of 14–10. The Berkeley team had been organized for several years and considerably outweighed their opponents, but it was soon seen that they were no match for the boys in red, who played a more modern game. The team work of the latter was better, and, besides, they played what is known as an "end" game, and a rushing one; while the Berkeleyans, with their heavy backs, depended upon centre rushing almost entirely.

During the past few months football on the Pacific slope has received an impetus that it has never had before, and never has it held such a place in the public's heart as at the present moment. This is owing entirely to the enterprise displayed by the managers of the Berkeley and Palo Alto teams. Immediately after the Yale-Harvard Thanksgiving Day game in the East, Walter Camp and Thomas Lee McClung, respectively the famous coach and the famous captain of Yale's team, left for the

coast; the first named to act as coach for the Stanford University, and McClung to act in the same capacity for the University of California. For weeks the men of both colleges were hard at work, and in several preliminary matches with the Olympic Athletic Club's eleven, the Berkeley men made slightly the better showing. The coaching of Camp and McClung soon demonstrated that both teams had much to learn, for while the individual players were not so far behind the best men of the East, both elevens were sadly deficient in team work. The great game of the year took place on December 17th last, at the baseball grounds in San Francisco, when over 15,000 people assembled to witness it. This was the largest gathering that ever assembled to witness any athletic event in the West.

In weight, the Berkeley men once more had the advantage and they put it to good use, while the Stanford men proved a speedier and quicker lot. Hunt, the Berkeley captain, is a capital "line-bucker," and time after time battered away at the opposing rush, but the boys in red contested every inch of the ground, gaining the ball repeatedly on the fourth "down."

Clemans and Walton, the Stanford halves, did some wonderful work in going around the ends, making brilliant runs of thirty and forty yards, aided by good interference on the part of their team. Code of the same team did good quarter-back work, as did also Rich as guard. The Berkeley men resorted to the wedge almost entirely, and only once did Oscar Taylor, their full-back, essay a "punt." Then took place one of the cleverest plays of the game, for Henry, the Berkeley "end-rush," after a lightning spurt, tackled Kennedy, the Stanford full-back, as soon as the latter caught the ball from Taylor's punt. Walter Camp characterizes this as one of the best plays of the kind he has seen on any football field, and Camp also praises the "double-passing" of the Stanford men as equal to that of McClung's famous Yale team. The play throughout was snappy and quick. Both sides gained two touch-downs and both failed twice at goal, making the score a tie, 10–10. The trophy offered the contestants by the University Club of San Francisco will have to be battled for again next season.

The coming of Camp and McClung has given new life to the game in the West, and the interest displayed by the press during the recent games is a sure indication of the esteem in which it is held here now by the public.



PARKS AND RESERVATIONS.

BY MAURICE NEUMAN.

THE Congress of the United States by its act entitled "An Act to set apart certain tracts of land in the State of California as forest reservation," approved October 1st, 1890, set apart for said reservation an area, exclusive of the original Yosemite grant, of about 40½ townships, or about 1,458 square miles, or about 932,600 acres, situated in the counties of Mariposa, Tuolumne, Mono, and Fresno—the principal part of it, over 800,000 acres, lying in the two first-named counties. This reservation is generally known as the Yosemite National Park.

Under date of December 2d, 1892, B. F. Allen, special agent of the General Land Office, gave notice in the press that he should recommend, under Section 24 of the act of Congress entitled "An Act to repeal timber culture laws and for other purposes," approved March 3d, 1891, to have set apart a tract of land irregular in shape, extending from the northwest corner of Township 5, S. R. 21, E., M. D. M., in Mariposa County, to the southeast corner of Township 28, S. R. 63, E., M. D. M., in Kern County, containing 158 townships, or about 5,688 square miles, or 3,640,000 acres of land in round numbers, which tract of land was proclaimed by President Harrison as a reservation shortly before the expiration of his term of office.

Here we have then, set aside as parks or reservations, from the counties of Tuolumne, Mono, Mariposa, Fresno, Tulare, and Kern, in California, an area of about 7,146 square miles, or 4,573,000 acres; an area equal to more than twice the area of the States of Rhode Island and Delaware, or nearly the area of the States of Connecticut, Delaware, and Rhode Island combined, and only 309 square miles less than the State of New Jersey.

When a tract of territory of that size is being alienated from the legitimate uses and industries of the people, it is in order to inquire whether the present and future benefits which are supposed will be derived from such reservations outweigh the destruction of present industries and future possibilities of development contained in said reservations.

To arrive at any just conclusions it will be proper to examine, first, for what purposes, ostensibly, said reservations were established.

The act of Congress of October 1st, 1890, creating the National Yosemite Park, provides that the territory comprising it, excepting the original Yosemite Valley grant and *bona fide* entries of land made within the limits (of the reservation as described) under any laws of the United States prior to the approval of the act, "shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be . . . to make regulations . . . providing for preservation from injury of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonders within said reservation, and their retention in their natural condition"—and Section 24 of the act of Congress approved March 3d, 1891, referred to above, provides:

"That the President of the United States may from time to time set apart and reserve, in any State or Territory having public land-bearing forests, in any part of the public lands wholly or in part covered with timber or undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not, as public reservations, and the President shall,

by public proclamation, declare the establishment of such reservation and the limits thereof."

It would appear, then, that the preservation of timber, of mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonders within the reservation is the ostensible object for which the Yosemite National Park was established, while there is no special purpose avowed in the law under which the other reservation was proclaimed, but presumably it was for the preservation of forests.

Now if the preservation of forests is considered a sufficient cause for making reservations of large tracts of land, thereby causing the destruction of other vast interests, it must be necessarily because there is danger of destruction of forests if they are held under private ownership.

As to the value of the preservation of forests there can be no doubt—for economic, climatic, and æsthetic reasons—although a great deal of the prevailing sentiment in favor of forests is not based on facts.

Wood is a necessity of the human race for innumerable purposes; therefore a destruction of the natural supply to satisfy our immediate wants, without taking into consideration the necessities of posterity, would be not less than a crime. Then forests are a thing of beauty always, and to



some extent exercise climatic influences by moderating the temperature.

But the generally prevailing theory that forests increase the rainfall appears to be exploded; the latest conclusions arrived at by investigators seem to prove that the existence of forests neither creates nor augments rainfall. If the statements in the newspapers in regard to the rainfall in Australia that caused such extraordinary floods there last winter (winter here) are reliable, the rainfall in the not timbered districts in Queensland and New South Wales was more than twenty per cent heavier than in the wooded districts.

Another generally prevailing sentiment is that the existence of forests prevents the washing away of the soil on which they grow, and assists streams in maintaining a uniform regimen, by storing away the precipitation among the roots of the trees, and yielding these stores up gradually, thereby preventing on the one hand the immediate rushing away of the precipitation, which is causing floods, and acting on the other hand like a system of reservoirs, yielding up the restored waters only gradually. This is certainly true, but it is also effected by other forms of vegetation.

But admitting fully the value of forests and the necessity of their preservation, the question is: Does the policy of letting the people own and utilize the timber supply offered by our forests lead to their destruction?

No! will be the answer of every person who has had the experience of having lived among these very forests of the western slope of the Sierra Nevada from the days of the settlement of the State after the discovery of gold, who has seen whole hillsides deprived of the last tree by the axe of the miner during the flush times of the placer-mining period, and who sees now these same hillsides covered with a thicker growth of forest, produced spontaneously by mother Nature, than they were before the miner ravished their virgin beauty.

Why, anybody can see in our mountain counties, where land has been cleared of its natural timber growth for agricultural or other purposes, that in places where cultivation has not been kept up continually the new forest growth springs up as thick as it possibly can stand; and if anybody wants to see a prolific growth of young forest trees, let him go to the vicinity of the abandoned site of an old sawmill, which has been discontinued because all the available timber has been cut off; there he can see how luxuriantly the young forest springs up, after having been given light and air by the removal of the old trees.

Our forests reproduce themselves, and such reproduction could only be prevented by continuous cultivation of the ground. Is such a continuous cultivation of these reserved forest lands ever likely to take place?

There are undoubtedly valleys, and meadows, and flats that could not only be advantageously cleared and planted to other vegetation, but that would produce certain fruits more perfect and abundantly than any other lands; but the fact is that out of the 4,500,000 acres which are included in the reservations under consideration, five per cent, or 225,000 acres, would be a liberal estimate of the amount of land that would ever be brought under cultivation.

The rest of that territory would remain a forest; if cut down, it would spring up a forest again, more luxuriantly than before.

A great deal has been said about the devastation caused to these mountain forests by fires, supposed to be principally set by parties grazing live-stock in the mountains.

Why a man who owns sheep, cattle, or horses and takes them to the mountains to let them subsist during the summer on the pastures which then, and only then, become availa-

ble, should burn up these pastures that are to feed his stock, is a conundrum that has not been explained yet, if such a state of affairs really does exist.

The fact about these mountain fires is, the dried herbage, when not consumed by stock, the fallen leaves and branches of trees, and, more than all these, the trees that have fallen down from decay, form during the summer an accumulation of highly inflammable material which the least spark will set on fire. If this accumulation is burnt out every year no harm accrues to the trees, not even to the young growth; but the longer the accumulation of inflammable material goes on, the more severe will be the fire. The Indians, the original occupants of our mountains, acted on this principle before the occupation of the country by the whites, and probably do so now in out-of-the-way regions, by burning the accumulated trash up every year—thus preventing more destructive fires.

But mark: these forest fires do not destroy a forest; they devastate it by burning up large amounts of available lumber; a forest area that has been swept by fire produces a new forest if left to itself.

The greatest factor in these fires is the number of trees that have fallen down. Every tree, if left to its natural course, has its life, like any other living organism; it springs up, grows to maturity, and decays. If utilized when at its maturity, it becomes a source of profit; if left to decay, it becomes only an additional danger to other trees. Experience has shown that on an average each acre of timber area will produce each year forty cubic feet of wood. Applying this to the reservation of 3,640,320 acres we have under discussion—as this reservation appears to be a forest proposition pure and simple—we have 145,612,800 cubic feet of wood as the yearly increase. The utilization of such an amount of wood would leave the forest intact; if not utilized, that amount would only be so much additional fuel for any coming conflagration. Now, a reservation having been established, what is the Government going to do with these 145,612,800 feet of wood becoming yearly available? not to mention the existing available timber, of which 75,000 feet per acre is said to be a conservative estimate.

Is it going to let all the timber decay or burn up, or is it going into the business of cutting, sawing, and selling timber itself? or if not, is it going to lease the business out? if the latter, to whom? To a few favored corporations, or to the people? If to the latter, what is the use of having a reservation? If the answer is, the better to regulate the cutting of timber for the purpose of preventing the destruction of the forest, the reply is that the forest cannot be destroyed except by continuous cultivation of the ground, which is impossible because impracticable, and that the cutting down of matured timber can be regulated by State legislation. Then why not let the people go on and utilize the timber supply as needed, by letting them obtain these lands in private ownership, under regulations preventing monopolies?

Why should the citizens living in the vicinity of the reservation or in that part of the San Joaquin Valley adjacent to it, and whose needed timber supply promises to be immense in the near future, be compelled to forego the supply right at hand in this reservation, and be compelled to import it from Oregon or Washington Territory, and haul it long distances over the railroads from the ports of entry to its ultimate destination?

And as far as the prevention of fires is concerned, it seems to be evident that private ownership of these forest lands, with its accompanying settlements of miners, agriculturists, lumbermen, and persons following other industries dependent on their



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COUNTRY ABOUT LAKE MONO.

natural products, would be productive of a great number of people interested in the prevention of fires, which would more effectually stop them than any other means that could be provided.

The second object for which the Yosemite National Park reservation ostensibly was established is "the preservation from injury of mineral deposits . . . and their retention in their natural condition."

Now, a mineral deposit preserved and retained in its natural condition is of no value whatever; it becomes of value only by being taken away from where it is retained in its natural condition, so that it can be used. Of what use and benefit would have been the coal, iron, and petroleum of Ohio and Pennsylvania, the silver of Nevada and Colorado, the gold of California, if these mineral deposits had been preserved and retained in their natural conditions?

And these mineral deposits must be enormous, as the greater part of the area set apart for the park is mineral land, in which not only a number of mines are being worked now, but in which indications of mineral deposits without number have been discovered, hardly any of which have entered into a state of development yet.

In Mariposa County, in townships 3 and 4, south of ranges 19 and 20 east, M. D. M., are the Nite Mine, which has produced millions of dollars' worth of gold, and other mines, patented and unpatented, which have produced other millions. That portion of the park comprised in about ten townships near its northern and eastern boundary line, lying within the county of Tuolumne, contains many mines of value, while the portion located in the county of Fresno includes the Minaret and North Fork (of the San Joaquin mining districts), known to be rich in mines of iron, lead, copper, and silver. These, with deposits of marble, granite, asbestos, and other minerals, disposed all over the park, only await favorable transportation facilities for practicable and profitable development. The third object of the act establishing the Yosemite Park is "the preservation from injury of . . . natural curiosities or wonders within said reservation, and their retention in their natural condition." The Yosemite Valley, one of the greatest natural wonders in the world, has been set apart as a reservation years ago. Four sections of land have also heretofore been set apart for the Mariposa Big Tree Grove of sequoias; for any scattered groups of sequoias growing in the park let there be ample territory reserved. Outside of these, this Yosemite Park does not contain any other natural wonders or curiosities than what are contained in any other mountain forest region.

A public park, the larger the better, near a large city, is a public benefit, and ought to be maintained at or near each centre of population.

These parks, being within their immediate vicinity, give the crowded people of the cities a chance to obtain fresh air, and to the poor an opportunity to enjoy a great many refinements of civilized life which they would be unable to procure otherwise. Public parks are therefore a benefit, physically, morally, and intellectually, to all those near enough to enjoy them.

But a park, or a system of parks, comprising territory embracing millions of acres, situated far away from any centre of population, and therefore inaccessible to the great majority of the people on account of the expense attached to get there, would in fact be only a park for the benefit of the rich and well-to-do, who could afford the travelling expenses.

Would such parks be within the scope and spirit of our institutions?

Having examined the three objects for which ostensibly these reservations were established, there remains another feature to be considered, namely, the status of the actual settlers on these reservations in their

rightful possessions acquired by homestead, pre-emption, or purchase under the laws of the United States.

A portion of township 4, south range 19 east, M. D. M., is one of the most fertile and has been one of the longest-settled districts of Mariposa County, simply because the first settlers naturally picked out the best places to settle on. On the Merced River are choice spots, which by reason of the mildness of their climatic conditions and the facilities for irrigation are unsurpassed for fruit-raising. The little valleys higher up, in the timber belt, have been proven to be equal to, if they do not surpass, any other lands in this great fruit-raising State of California for the raising of certain fruits and vegetables, such as apples, berries, potatoes, etc. The same conditions prevail in the reservation extending from Mariposa to Kern County. What is to become of these settlements? The act of October 1st, 1890, says: "That nothing in this act shall be construed as in anywise affecting . . . any *bona fide* entry of land made within the limits above described under any law of the United States prior to the approval of this act."

This was evidently inserted in order to kill off any intended job of unloading undesirable property on the Government.

But the first thing that the then Secretary of the Interior—Secretary Noble—does after having been intrusted with the management of the park is to report to Congress that it would be impracticable to maintain the Yosemite Park under government control with a multitude of private claims within its boundaries, and to recommend to Congress to take the necessary steps to extinguish these claims.

This may be a correct position, but it throws the door wide open for the accomplishment of the very jobs it was intended to guard against. But in either case the American settler, the pioneer, who in good faith came there to carve out for himself and family, under the laws of our country, a home from the wilderness, is the one who is injured. If his private claim is to be respected, then he is doomed to poverty, for a country that is condemned to preserve, instead of to use, its resources and to retain them in their natural condition is in a state of unmitigated stagnation, of living death.

If, on the other hand, Congress compels him to sell his home, he can hardly expect to receive for it anything like what his place would have been worth in course of time if the country is left to the natural development of its resources. And if he sells and leaves his home, is his place to go to wreck and ruin? and if not, by whom is it to be kept up—by tenants whose landlord is the United States? Is the curse of landlordism to be maintained by our own Government?

And the hundreds of little valleys that are situated within the two reservations, and are susceptible of cultivation and to become the homes of well-to-do families, are they to be kept in a state of wilderness under the pall of a government reservation? From their very nature they would not furnish large holdings, but they would become the homes of sturdy settlers, whose families, raised in the healthy climate of these forests and mountains, would in the future supply a great deal of nerve and sinew for the cities and hot valleys below.

If these premises are correct, is it right to maintain these vast tracts of mountain forests as parks and reservations, and to withhold their treasures and resources from the industrial life of the people?

AMONG THE BRAHMINS.

BY JOHN HAMILTON GILMOUR.

THE race characteristics of the Brahmins are distinctive and original and cannot fail to elicit the interest and admiration of the student of human nature. The writer has been afforded an excellent opportunity to observe and study them under normal and also extraordinary circumstances, having been among them for some length of time, and in the south during the famine of 1877–78, which surpassed in horror all that had preceded it during British occupancy.

It was the policy of the British government not to make public the fearful nature of the distress, but when alike districts were annihilated and the province of Massur lost over one million persons, it was decided to institute measures of relief. The district of Tinnevelly is accounted one of the richest in India. When Europeans were struggling for the supremacy in Hindostan, it was repeatedly captured and recaptured. For a time the Dutch were in possession of the province, but eventually were ignominiously driven out by the British. It is a prize worth striving for. In the hills to the southeast every known spice grows in luxuriance. Pineapples with their thorny spikes fret the face of the country. The heavily wooded mountains have been cleared for the coffee and spices, and Englishmen have rapidly acquired huge fortunes through this enterprise. The sea is even more gracious. The great pearl fishery beds lie between Tuticorin and the island of Ceylon, and finds of wonderful gems are frequently made. Between Tinnevelly and the sea the country is flat and uninteresting, and there is no natural irrigation. This part is, however, the granary of the district. It was here that no rain had fallen for three years, and the suffering people having eaten up their reserve supplies, found no alternative but to calmly await death. The local government was powerless. Mr. Pennington, the collector, poured into the distressed taluks all the grain he could conveniently lay hands on, but it was a mere drop in the ocean. These taluks were most densely populated—often five hundred to the square mile. Then the famishing wretches began to leave their villages and invaded Tinnevelly itself. Horror succeeded horror. European women fainted at the sight of their wretchedness. The starvelings followed the horses of the white men and picked from the manure the undigested grain. Mothers showed their babies hanging to milkless breasts, and forever went up that cry "Swami, swami." It was not an appeal to God. It was to the white men they cried for help.

Active and resourceful, Mr. Pennington, with but slender means at his command, commenced a series of relief works, feeling confident that the supreme government would come to the people's rescue. After several thousand lives were lost the supreme government did offer relief in the wickedest and most wasteful manner possible. In the centre of the chief taluk a relief camp was formed, and into this camp the people were driven. Money was given those villages in which there was left some grain. At Ootipadaram, the chief village of the taluk of that name, a relief camp was formed, and at one time no less than 10,000 persons were daily being fed at the public expense. Besides this camp there were smaller ones at

Sattur and Virudupetti which probably sheltered 15,000 between them. The road to the camp from the railway station at Maniachi was literally festooned with corpses in all stages of decomposition. The air was heavy with pollution. Deadly fevers raged and cholera showed its horrible front.

The first official care was to dispose of the dead, and for that purpose long trenches were dug. Sometimes the deaths amounted to a thousand a day, and despite this awful mortality there seemed no diminution in the camp number.

This panic was felt equally by rich and poor. But so full of pride was the Brahmin that he preferred to die with his family, shut up in his house, rather than mingle with a horde of pariahs in the common camp. They were even too proud to ask for monetary assistance, but a procession of Brahmin women, tottering with weakness, would often go to the temple and, flinging themselves on the ground, pray for rain. Whenever the white man did anything for them his liberality was praised, and in proof of the esteem in which his gifts were held one-half was often given as an offering to the God.

The name Brahmin is synonymous with cleanliness. Not only are the Brahmins scrupulous in the attention they pay their bodies, but are equally careful with their belongings. It would be an impossibility to find a dirty Brahmin or a dirty Brahminical quarter.

Cleanliness is not a matter of choice; it is a religion which must be rigidly observed. Some of the ideas of cleanliness are very particular. For instance, no Brahmin woman permits hair upon her body. Each single hair must be plucked out, and the parts rubbed with saffron. After she touches anything she must bathe, and she refuses her husband entrance to her house if he does not completely wash and thoroughly purify himself after contact with Europeans. She is equally strict with her children who attend the public school, being harassed by the fear that they will inadvertently touch a Sudra. She will allow no dogs near her domicile, nor fowls, for they are unclean. Her table is of the simplest. Nothing that grows under the ground will the Brahmin eat, only that which can be gathered from above. Potatoes are unclean; so are beets and carrots. But corn, which has no contact with the soil, can be used. The Brahmin never touches with his lips any utensil. When he drinks milk or water he pours the liquid into his mouth without letting the vessel come near his lips, and after use the cup is thoroughly cleaned.

The Brahmin is extremely careful that nothing shall contaminate his person. When he buys wood from a pariah, the unfortunate seller will have to lay the bundle in the middle of the road and retreat from it a few rods, keeping his hand well in his mouth so as to prevent the possibility of his breath reaching the Brahmin's sacred person.

The Brahmins are disposed to be friendly to Englishmen, for there is a tradition current among them that certain sages visit England and create white men, calling them Gundanas, or God-fearing men, but the English soon outlived the Brahmin's respect by employing pariahs as servants. Though we diligently inquired who made the pariahs we never could learn. While talking to a white person they have a habit of catching the holy thread (a string worn by Brahmins around the body and hanging from the right shoulder) and showing the back of the hand. On the conclusion of the conversation the palm is shown. This is as a charm against the white person's meat-eating proclivities.

Brahmins rich and poor are equally particular. To be a Brahmin is to be a god. There are two Brahmin sects, Vishnu and Shiva, the Preserver and Destroyer. All Brahmins worship

Bruma, the Creator, and believe they sprang from his face. The descendants of Vishnu, who preserved the world from the attacks of Shiva and the latter's descendants, though equal each in the other's sight as God-descended, have nothing in common. They cannot intermarry nor eat together, and their quarters are widely separate. Their dresses are totally distinct, and they each wear caste marks. The Vishnu men have three radiating streaks upon their foreheads of brown and yellow, the lines meeting between the eyebrows. The two outer lines are brown, the inner yellow. The Shivaite adorns the centre of his forehead with a dot of sandalwood grease. The women too are differently costumed. The Shiva woman's dress is the prettier of the two, for the garb of the Vishnu woman is almost too scant for grace, being worn tight across her knees, and a Shiva has a loose fold hanging on the side of her right leg below the knee. A Telugu woman, a Brahmin north of Madras, has a loose fold hanging in front of her. Girls who have not attained the age of puberty wear a simple petticoat, while a mature woman wears an undergarment. So it appears that the dhoti form of dress covers another dress. Only Brahmin women are allowed to wear the dhoti or man-like costume, all Sudra women and others of low caste being obliged to wear the petticoat.

The Brahmin woman is also restricted as to color. There is only one kind of dress she can buy. It must be light brown with a gold thread running through it. It is chaste, rich and silky, and consists of a single sheet. She takes this and winds it about her body, and then twines it between her legs. As I have said, the Vishnu woman draws it tight across her knees, showing her limb from the knee down, while the Shiva woman's dress is graceful, voluminous, and coquettish. The Brahmin women are often very beautiful. Their complexions are pale brown, their hair black, and their eyes large and ravishingly tender in expression; they are fond of jewelry and some of them have gems which queens would be glad to possess. They often wear a thin gold plate in their breast, and those who are sufficiently opulent display magnificent head-pieces.

The widow's lot among Brahmins is not cheerful. The Brahminical law has ordained that widows must wear white and keep their head shaved, and they must wear a cloth over the head, as it must always be covered. The object of keeping the widow's head shaved is to detract from her personal appearance, for the Brahmins have no intention of having attractive widows in their midst. It is the custom among rich Brahmins to employ widows and the relatives of poor Brahmins as their domestics, but, to their honor be it said, their caste is most rigidly maintained.

Polygamy is prevented, but only in those cases when a woman is barren for the space of ten years, or if she only has female children, and in some cases when it is impossible for her to agree with her husband.

The Brahmin is an autocrat in his household, and some of his regulations are praiseworthy. Widows and boys who are bachelors are not permitted the use of snuff; there is no definite age given when the latter can take it, but they must be of mature years. Snuff supplies the want of hubble-bubble, the few who do smoke being Mohammedans.

Despite their strangely superstitious character and their tenacity in clinging to past traditions, the Brahmins are of the world worldly. Generations of intelligent ancestors have produced marvellously clever men, their physical appearance showing them to be men of birth and culture; they are above the middle height and are slenderly proportioned; their faces are oval and extremely hand-

some, their nose aquiline, their eyes large, and their complexion brown; their hands are perfect, the fingers long and tapering, and small in body. They are self-possessed, philosophical, and studious, and seize with avidity the chance to perfect themselves in the English language. The school at Ettiapuram is a surprise to the visitor. There small girls will be found in attendance, studying diligently the English language.

The Brahmins speak Shakesperean English, and some of their sentences are marvellously constructed. They are close students of the great poet, and Brahmin boys of twelve to fourteen years of age often know their Shakespeare better than do many Englishmen.

The superior intelligence of the Brahmins naturally leads them to seize the alluring prize offered by entrance to the government service, and the lower branches of the judiciary is filled with them; they have grotesque ideas of justice.

In the Ootipadaram taluk a Brahmin and a Sudra were on trial for the same offence; the Sudra was sentenced to be whipped, the Brahmin to a slight fine.

"Where is the justice in that?" was asked of the Tehsildar.

"My dear sir," he replied in his suavest manner, "you know the Brahmin is so brave, so superior, that you cannot inflict punishment on his body, so you have to punish him through his purse; while the miserable Sudra is such a coward that he dreads a whipping. We have to find punishments which are the most disliked."

It was of course an audacious lie, for the Brahmin would rather have suffered death than the ignominy of a flogging. Whenever there is a dispute between a Brahmin and a Sudra which has to be carried into court, no justice is done the latter. Thus it is that the great majority of the Hindoos prefer the law to be administered by the whites, for they are then certain that there will be no partiality shown. The Brahmins are clannish; for centuries they have been India's rulers; for centuries they have been regarded as deities. Their edicts were more to be feared than those of a Maharajah, for the Maharajah was subject to change, a despot of short life, while the Brahmin's despotism would continue forever. When the English seized upon India in the most approved freebooter fashion, the Brahmin saw the end of his sway approaching. There was but one way to continue his influence. If he wished still to be a pioneer in the land of his forefathers, he must bow to English demands, learn their customs as far as was compatible with his conscience, and above all he must win the intruders' confidence. The Hindoo is naturally subtle, so the English found in the Brahmin a coadjutor, the Brahmin improving all of his opportunities to learn the craft of his conqueror. He studied English, easily learned law, passed examinations, and began to flood the government service. From being a priesthood with power to morally damn, the Brahmin has become doubly dangerous to the common herd. Now his power is political as well as religious. He has "the ear of the Sikar," say the natives, "and what is the use to contend against the Brahmin?" I am convinced that more injustice is dealt out the poor *raiat* by the Brahmin petty judge of a taluk in one year than will be by every English judge in all India for one hundred years.

The Brahmin, whether he be a Tyer (Vishnuite) or a Tengar (Shivaite), is careful not to clash with the authorities. He never attempts to bring about an open rupture. The Brahmin is rather a peace-loving individual, though of course a Vishnu has a hatred for a Shiva. Perhaps one cause, or at least an aggravation, of the enmity is the curious fact that the followers of Shiva are handsomer than those of Vishnu. In one school

of about fifty, where there was an equal proportion of both sects, there was but one passably good-looking Vishnuite, while all the Shivaites were fine-looking. Another superiority of the pure Brahmin is, he has better capacities for learning than the Sudra or the lower castes.

The Brahmins, especially the Shivaites, are extremely sociable. They meet before each other's homes at night and hold quaint concerts. Few lands know such lovely evenings. The air is perfectly still and the incense of wetted earth fills the atmosphere. The dark copses are ablaze with tiny glittering lights which never seem to rest. No sounds disturb the pleasant cool; it is restful, soul-satisfying. Suddenly the quiet is broken by the clear tenor voice of a young Hindoo, and the refrain is caught up by other voices, fresh and pure, till the very woods and water breathe music and are stirred to poetic emotions.

Their life is purely pastoral, and the Brahmins, before the lust of governmental power seizes them, are the best fellows in the world. They have a peculiar vocabulary, as the following will show. They call the wasp, *videgar*, or priest; the grasshopper, a soldier; a large worm, a species of glow-worm, a cowherd or milkman; mosquitoes and fleas, servants; bug, a doctor; butterfly, a Brahmin woman; the horsefly, a dog; and the bee, a Brahmin.

It was explained to me that the bee was called a Brahmin for its habits of exclusiveness, the wasp a priest because of its love for getting others into trouble. The rest may be easily understood in their application.

Tinnevelly is the home of the cocoanut palm. This palm is the Madrassi's all in all. He eats the fruit and drinks the milk, from its trunk he makes a strong cordage, and when old he saws it down and its wood is valuable to the carpenter. For the leaves he has a multiplicity of uses. They can be employed for roofs and also for school-books. They are split at the crease, and two holes are bored in each end, through which is passed a string and a school-book is fashioned. These quaint leaves are also used as writing tablets, a sharp steel stylus being used to write upon them. The Brahmins are very fond of this tree, and no house seems to be complete unless one or two face its front. The verandas of these domiciles are built up from one to four feet from the ground and are painted red and white. These artistic buildings and the avenues of palm-trees render a Brahmin village eminently picturesque, and the exquisite cleanliness makes a visit to them very pleasurable.

An atmosphere of romanticism seems to hover about this stately people and their homes, and the world can produce few races braver or more stoical under misfortune and in whom exists a pride of caste so strong that it enables them to face calamity with the equanimity of a philosopher.



THE SOURCE OF REFORM.

BY R. H. McDONALD, JR.

"NO great political improvement, no great reform, legislative or administrative," says Buckle, "was ever originated in any country by its rulers." This statement is very broad and hardly consistent with the exact truth. We are unable to determine what the author regarded as great improvements or reforms, but that rulers have originated that which is of value cannot be doubted. Solon and Lycurgus were rulers, and they gave improved laws and institutions to their respective countries, or framed advanced systems and procured for them popular assent. Marcus Aurelius is credited with the origination and enforcement of reforms in the darkest period of the Roman Empire. Justinian caused the Roman laws to be revised and codified, and his Code, Pandects, and Institutes were decided improvements in Roman jurisprudence, so much so that they constitute the basis of the civil-law system which prevails in some of the most civilized nations of the present time. Bonaparte caused the laws of France to be codified and improved, and the Code Napoleon with no very great modification is the basis of French jurisprudence to this day. Since Buckle died the Czar of Russia has abolished serfdom, and so far as we know this measure of reform and humanity originated with him. Many instances may be cited where improvements or reforms of greater or less importance proceeded from the brains of rulers whose powers were even absolute.

The author quoted in tracing the progress of civilization necessarily began with the earliest ages of which we have historical information. His route was through the night of the darkest period of the world. He had to deal with peoples sunk in ignorance and superstition and whose rulers were temporal or ecclesiastical despots. His researches were among the records of absolute and irresponsible monarchies and not among the archives of an intelligent and free people. When he wrote there was little republicanism in Europe and when France was imperialistic. Its experiences under the first republic were not assuring, and England was monarchical and aristocratical. What he said is more nearly true in monarchies than in popular governments. He was little acquainted with the history of the United States apparently, for he classes her as least among the four most civilized nations. He places England first, France second, Germany third, and the United States fourth. Hereditary rulers are not interested in reforms that improve the condition and opportunities of the masses, for they detract from their privileges and powers. Louis Quatorze said, "I am the state," which is expressive of the feeling that pervades the minds of all monarchs to a greater or less extent. While the statement quoted is not strictly accurate, it suggests reflections touching the sources of progress and the duties and power of a free people.

It is true that improvements and reforms usually proceed from the conceptions and efforts of men in private stations, and that powers have been wrested from kings and privileged classes by the people. Postal reform in England resulted from the labors of Sir Rowland Hill, and prison reform from those of John Howard. Slavery in British dependencies was abolished at the command of a public sentiment created by the

eloquence of Wilberforce, and the American mind was aroused to opposition to our own slavery by the self-abnegating efforts of Garrison, Phillips, Thoreau, Parker, and a few other philanthropic men. Magna Charta was wrested from King John by the sturdy barons of England, and since Buckle wrote the emperors of Austria and Germany have conceded more liberal constitutions, which enlarge the rights of the people as to representation in the parliaments of those countries. These concessions were not voluntary, but in a measure enforced by popular sentiment. It may be said that public opinion has become the most potential influence known among men. It is an incident to the growth of civilization. Before civilization became a recognized fact there was no such thing as public opinion, for it can have no existence where there is the absence of intelligence and of independent thought. Through the progress of civilization governments and social institutions have been revolutionized either radically or partially. We have seen advancement in nearly all the countries of Europe, and that advance has been in proportion to the intelligence and virtue of the people. That there are a few learned and advanced thinkers in a nation does not make it civilized in the broadest and highest sense. Knowledge of physical and mental laws and moral integrity must be possessed by the masses, and while a few men of observation and thought may have great knowledge, their achievements are comparatively inconsequential so far as the public good is concerned unless the masses make corresponding progress. Improvements and reforms—and it is to be lamented—are slower in governments than in almost any department of human affairs. Absolutists do not seek to introduce reforms because they are hostile to their interests, and in popular governments rulers will not proceed faster than the people require of them. They may originate improvements in ordinary legislation, in methods and details of administration, and for the preservation of peace and order, but there need be no expectation that they will introduce material innovations until they are sure of popular approval. Those who rule by the right of heredity do not think of the public welfare, and rulers in republics do not ordinarily act in advance of public sentiment.

Buckle is one of those authors who is of opinion that governments and ecclesiasticism have not only retarded progress, but have been the causes of innumerable and grievous woes, and but for the independent thinkers, littérateurs, publicists, economists, and scientists the world would still be in the maelstrom of ignorance and vice. His investigations were such as to lead to extreme conclusions and cause him to draw pictures extravagantly dark. We who live in this enlightened and progressive country are naturally less pessimistic in our views than those who have existed in and have studied less favorable conditions, but by study of our own history we clearly perceive that rapid and substantial progress in government and institutions has not taken place except at the behest of the people. There is a percentage of delinquency and dishonesty among officials corresponding to the percentage of the same qualities among the masses. The bulk of officials are at least passably faithful and honest, but the progressives are few as compared with the whole, and those who have the courage to advance independently are fewer still. Our presidents and governors frequently recommend changes more or less radical, but not until they have sounded public sentiment. The same is true of legislators and others who conduct administrative branches of the government. Political leaders frame platforms with a view of impressing the popular mind, but never of such character as to antagonize what they suppose to be the popular feeling.

Public opinion is the chronometer with which politicians set their clocks, and hence in this country it is the regulator of official conduct and the chief source of improvement and reform in our civil and political institutions. Those who want change may petition the law-making and administrative powers, not so much in the expectation of gaining favorable action as in arousing the public mind to the subject. Reformers first address the people with a view to securing their indorsement, for they know that when that is accomplished all is done.

If what has been said be true, then a tremendous responsibility rests upon the masses. The character of government and institutions will be as they make it, for in this free country they may have absolute and final control. The people are as liable to make mistakes in their aggregate capacity as individuals are in their separate actions, but mistakes ought not to be repeated. The conduct of rulers will be as the people would have it, if they will but make their wishes known. They are not able to control where their powers are abridged, as in empires and kingdoms; but in republics, more especially in this, their will is law, and progress in whatever field must in the main proceed from and through them.

AN OLD BOOK ABOUT POETRY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

I.

SOME twelve months after the preparation of the papers, "The Old Notion of Poetry" and "Who are the Great Poets?"—the opening papers of the first series of these essays—I became the happy possessor of a volume to which I would call general attention. The title of the volume is, "Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews. Translated from the Latin of the late Right Rev. Robert Lowth, D.D., F.R.S., Prælector of poetry in the Univ. of Oxford, and Lord Bishop of London: by G. Gregory, F.A.S." An American edition was brought out by Calvin E. Stowe, Andover, 1829. A writer in the *North American Review* (v. 31, 1830), commenting on the fact that this edition was presented with an apology, uses these words:

"It will hereafter, perhaps, be regarded as an anomaly in the history of the human intellect, that the poems of Homer should for ages have attracted the attention of the profoundest minds, and been made for a time almost the exclusive object of criticism in all its forms, and of associated inquiry in all its ten thousand wanderings, and yet that the Hebrew writings of the inspired volume, though equally before the eye and in the memory of men, should have been long passed by with such total absence of everything like an attentive study, as to have left the great body of the most learned critics completely ignorant of their true nature, and gravely mistaking their poetry for prose."

This state of things has been regarded by the writer as an anomaly since the days of early youth; and he is able to account for it only on

the ground that not one in a thousand, even among scholars, has a just conception of the character, of the office, and of the power of poetry. Nothing is plainer than that the secret of power of the Old Testament lies largely in its poetry, and yet only recently has it begun to be suspected, save in isolated instances, that there are so much as wandering strains of poetry in the matchless and eternal old Hebrew songs and prophecies. A hint of the confusion and loss consequent on this blindness is given by the reviewer before quoted:

"The evils which have arisen from a wrong conception of the nature of so great a portion of the inspired writings have been multiplied. They have been the occasion of almost all the objections of infidels and the cavils of irreligious men. There cannot be a doubt that just in proportion as the Hebrew Scriptures, especially the poetical parts of them, are keenly and critically scrutinized, such objections and such cavils will utterly fade from the mind."

I believe this; hence my steadfast preference for Matthew Arnold as counsel in the case of poetry. He, and he almost alone, of late years, has had the discernment and the courage to declare that the "best of religion is its poetry;" and to him more than to any other we owe the little right-seeing that we begin to have of the Old Scriptures, the straight sight which makes a stand against doubt, despondency, and despair; the wise, just sight which takes these writings as they were meant and for what they are—the profoundest criticisms of life, under the dictates of poetic beauty and poetic truth. The ancient Hebrews had the language, the land, and the life to push the imagination to its highest; of which fact we need no further proof than that, after the waste and change of centuries, still theirs are the writings men of to-day—men who catch but a fraction of their beauty and majesty—name reverently the Sacred Book, The Book.

The views of Bishop Lowth concerning Hebrew poetry support so strongly, point by point, my own notions, perhaps already too familiar to those honoring me with a hearing, that the temptation is strong to follow him in this particular path; but, for the present, I have chosen rather to quote him concerning the first great principles of all poetry as they have come down to us on the long authentic voice of the ages. First, as to the point so long blown round and round by the twisting winds of metaphysics, whirling up new difficulty with each circuit:

"Poetry is commonly understood to have two objects in view, namely, advantage and pleasure, or rather an union of both. I wish those who have furnished us with this definition had rather proposed utility as its ultimate object, and pleasure as the means by which that end may be effectually accomplished. The philosopher and the poet, indeed, seem principally to differ in the means by which they pursue the same end. Each sustains the character of a preceptor, which the one is thought best to support, if he teach with accuracy, with subtlety, and with perspicuity; the other, with splendor, harmony, and elegance. The one makes his appeal to reason only, independent of the passions; the other addresses the reason in such a manner as even to engage the passions on his side. The one proceeds to virtue and truth by the nearest and most compendious ways; the other leads to the same point through certain deflections and deviations, by a winding but pleasanter path. It is the part of the former so to describe and explain these objects that we must necessarily become acquainted with them; it is the part of the latter so to dress and adorn them that of our own accord we must love and embrace them.

"I therefore lay it down as a fundamental maxim that poetry is useful, chiefly because it is agreeable; and should I, as we are apt to do, attribute too much to my favorite occupation, I trust Philosophy will forgive me when I add that the writings of the poet are more useful than those of the philosopher, inasmuch as they are more agreeable" (p. 4).

Can anything be plainer or simpler? Theology, bigotry, superstition—these render some excuse for the failure to find the poetry in The Book; but what apology is to be made for the failure to find the poetry in the books?

Let it not be thought, because this author was lord bishop, that the Hebrew poetry is all in all to him. The whole gamut of antiquity has been played in his ears—the classic learning, eloquence, and song. A few lines farther on—I take the points in the order that I find them—is asked a question that should be no more readily put than answered; and yet there is no end of hesitation and stammering when it comes, for example, to certain lines of Browning's:

"For what is a poet, destitute of harmony, of grace, and of all that conduces to allurement and delight? or how shall we derive advantage or improvement from an author whom no man of taste can endure to read? The reason, therefore, why Poetry is so studious to embellish her precepts with a certain inviting sweetness, and, as it were,

—'tincture them with the honey of the Muses,'

is plainly by such seasoning to conciliate favor to her doctrine, as is the practice of even physicians, who temper with pleasant flavors their least agreeable medicines:

'Thus, the sick infant's taste disguis'd to meet,
They tinge the vessel's brim with juices sweet:
The bitter draught his willing lip receives;
He drinks deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd he lives;'

as Lucretius expresses himself in illustration of his own design, as well as that of poetry in general" (pp. 5, 6).

And now, for a moment, think of the multitudinous definitions and decipherings, divisions and subdivisions—all the painful processes of inquiry, saddled on some one kind or style of poetry, we will say the heroic; what is the whole of it worth if this much be not settled first?

"But if it be manifest, even in authors who directly profess improvement and advantage, that those will most efficaciously instruct who afford most entertainment, the same will be still more apparent in those who, dissembling the intention of instruction, exhibit only the blandishments of pleasure; and while they treat one of the most important things, of all the principles of moral action, all the offices of life, yet laying aside the severity of the preceptor, adduce at once all the decorations of elegance and all the attractions of amusement; who display, as in a picture, the actions, the manners, the pursuits and passions of men; and by the force of imitation and fancy, by the harmony of numbers, by the taste and variety of imagery, captivate the affections of the reader, and imperceptibly, or perhaps reluctantly, impel him to the pursuit of virtue. Such is the real purpose of heroic poetry; such is the noble effect produced by the perusal of Homer. And who so thoughtless, or so callous, as not to feel incredible pleasure in that most agreeable occupation? who is not moved, astonished, enraptured, by the inspiration of that most sublime genius? who so inanimate as not to see, not to feel inscribed, or as it were imprinted upon his heart, his most excellent maxims concerning human life and manners? From philosophy a few cold precepts may be deduced; in history, some dull and spiritless examples of manners may be found: here we have the energetic voice of Virtue herself, here we behold her animated form. Poetry addresses her precepts not to the reason alone; she calls the passions to her aid; she not only exhibits examples, but infixes them in the mind. She softens the wax with her peculiar ardor, and renders it more plastic to the artist's hand. Thus does Horace most truly and most justly apply this commendation to the poets:

'What's fair, and false, and right, these bards describe,
Better and plainer than the Stoic tribe.'

Plainer or more completely, because they do not perplex their disciples with the dry details of parts and definitions, but so perfectly and so accurately delineate, by examples of every kind, the forms of the human passions and habits, the principles of social and civilized life, that he who from the schools of philosophy should turn to the representations of Homer would feel himself transported from a narrow and intricate path to an extensive and flourishing field:—better because the poet teaches not by maxims and precepts, and in the dull sententious form; but by the harmony of verse, by the beauty of imagery, by the ingenuity of the fable, by the exactness of imitation, he allures and interests the mind of the reader, he fashions it to habits of virtue, and in a manner informs it with the spirit of integrity itself" (pp. 6, 7).

If we are to form a just notion of what poetry is through the instrumentality of critics, this is the order of them to which our inquiries must be addressed.

I hold Keats' position, "Poetry is the supreme of power," to be impregnable. The words sound strange enough amid the tinkle of much matter dignified with the title of criticism; but in the presence of this old

bishop and the good old minds behind him, it is the inevitable conclusion. It stares one in the face. There is not a single "if" to trip us, not so much as a "but" to stumble over. There is no trouble, provided we turn to solid counsellors. Like the solicitous bishop of days by-gone, we must be content only with the best intelligence.

"Since the sensible world," says Bacon, "is in dignity inferior to the rational soul, poetry seems to endow human nature with that which lies beyond the power of history, and to gratify the mind with at least the shadow of things where the substance cannot be had. For, if the matter be properly considered, an argument may be drawn from poetry, and that a superior dignity in things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety delights the soul of man, than is found in nature since the fall. As, therefore, the actions and events which are the subject of true history are not of sufficient amplitude to content the mind of man; poetry is at hand, and invents actions of a more heroic nature. Because true history reports the success of events not proportionable to desert, or according to the virtue or vice that has been displayed in them; poetry corrects this, and represents events and fortunes according to justice and merit. Because true history, from the obvious similarity of actions, and the satiety which this circumstance must occasion, frequently creates a distaste in the mind; poetry cheers and refreshes it, exhibiting things uncommon, varied, and full of vicissitude. As poetry, therefore, contributes not only to pleasure, but to magnanimity and good morals, it is deservedly supposed to participate in some measure of Divine inspiration; since it raises the mind, and fills it with sublime ideas, by proportioning the appearances of things to the desires of the mind, and not submitting the mind to things, like reason and history" (p. 9).

Had Donnelly, instead of playing the zany over Shakespeare and Bacon, striving to put one man where God put another, spent his time crying this passage up and down the streets, he would have displayed originality meriting something better than bread and water and shackles. The most of us have read this passage at one time or another, but we have not taken it and other great sayings that belong with it to our business and bosoms.

As in heroic poetry, so in tragedy, there is no escaping the conclusion that poetry is superior to philosophy as well as to history.

"But if from the Heroic we turn to the Tragic Muse, to which Aristotle indeed assigns the preference, because of the true and perfect imitation, we shall yet more clearly evince the superiority of poetry over philosophy, on the principle of its being more agreeable. Tragedy is, in truth, no other than philosophy introduced upon the stage, retaining all its natural properties, remitting nothing of its native gravity, but assisted and embellished by other favoring circumstances. What point, for instance, of moral discipline have the tragic writers of Greece left untouched or unadorned? What duty of life, what principle of political economy, what motive or precept for the government of the passions, what commendation of virtue is there which they have not treated of with fulness, variety, and learning? The morals of Æschylus (not only a poet, but a Pythagorean) will ever be admired. Nor were Sophocles or Euripides less illustrious for the reputation of wisdom; the latter of whom was the disciple of Socrates and Anaxagoras, and was known among his friends by the title of the dramatic philosopher. In these authors, surely, the allurements of poetry afforded some accession to the empire of philosophy; nor indeed has any man arrived at the summit of poetic fame who did not previously lay the foundation of his art in true philosophy.

"Should it be objected that some have been eminent in this walk of poetry who never studied in the schools of the philosophers nor enjoyed the advantages of an education above the common herd of mankind, I answer that I am not contending about the vulgar opinion, or concerning the meaning of a word. The man who, by the force of genius and observation, has arrived at a perfect knowledge of mankind; who has acquainted himself with the natural powers of the human mind and the causes by which the passions are excited and repressed; who not only in words can explain, but can delineate to the senses, every emotion of the soul; who can excite, can temper and regulate the passions—such a man, though he may not have acquired erudition by the common methods, I esteem a true philosopher. The passion of jealousy, its causes, circumstances, its progress and effects, I hold to be more accurately, more copiously, more satisfactorily described in one of the dramas of Shakespeare than in all the disputations of the schools of philosophy.

"Now, if tragedy be of so truly a philosophical nature; and if, to all the force and

gravity of wisdom, it add graces and allurements peculiarly its own—the harmony of verse, the contrivance of the fable, the excellence of imitation, the truth of action; shall we not say that philosophy must yield to poetry in point of utility? or shall we not rather say that the former is greatly indebted to the latter, of whose assistance and recommendation it makes so advantageous a use, in order to attain its particular purpose, utility or improvement?" (pp. 7, 8).

Though I have gone over this ground before in my inquiry into the character and office of poetry, it is quite to the purpose to tread it once more; and it is fortifying to find the wise old bishop at my side every inch of the way. Of course, he will press on beyond most travellers of to-day when it comes to distinguishing between the inspiration of Shakespeare and that of the author of "Job," but so far as we can accompany him his words are certainly worth whole shelves of modern books on the subject of poetry.

"But, after all, we shall think more humbly of poetry than it deserves, unless we direct our attention to that quarter where its importance is most eminently conspicuous; unless we contemplate it as employed on sacred subjects and in subservience to religion. This indeed appears to have been the original office and destination of poetry; and this it still so happily performs that in all other cases it seems out of character, as if intended for this purpose alone. In other instances poetry appears to want the assistance of art, but in this to shine forth with all its natural splendor, or rather to be animated by that inspiration which, on other occasions, is spoken of without being felt. These observations are remarkably exemplified in the Hebrew poetry, than which the human mind can conceive nothing more elevated, more beautiful, or more elegant; in which the almost ineffable sublimity of the subject is fully equalled by the energy of the language and the dignity of the style. And it is worthy observation that as some of these writings exceed in antiquity the fabulous ages of Greece, in sublimity they are superior to the most finished productions of that polished people. Thus, if the actual origin of poetry be inquired after, it must of necessity be referred to religion; and since it appears to be an art derived from nature alone, peculiar to no age or nation, and only at an advanced period of society conformed to rule and method, it must be wholly attributed to the more violent affections of the heart, the nature of which is to express themselves in an animated and lofty tone, with a vehemence of expression far remote from vulgar use" (p. 18).

Whatever our special religious belief, we can agree with this, and in the agreement we shall go a long way toward settling contention and confusion, toward preventing waste of time over commentators as injurious as ingenious, as delusive as voluminous.

Nor shall we find this critic of great poetry scorning the small poetry. So thoroughly is he at home in the art that he can unbend with all the grace and fervor of Jean Paul to dwell fondly on the precious lyrics of slender theme, the little waftings of fancy, the fitful breaths of bird-like melody, that charm in moments of mirth or idleness.

"Not entirely to omit the lighter kinds of poetry, many will think that we allow them full enough when we suppose their utility to consist in the entertainment which they afford. Nor is this altogether to be despised if it be considered that this entertainment, this levity itself, affords relaxation to the mind when wearied with laborious investigation of truth; that it unbends the understanding after intense application; restores it when debilitated; and refreshes it, even by an interchange and variety of study. In this we are countenanced by the example and authority of the greatest men of Greece, by that of Solon, Plato, and Aristotle; among the Romans, by that of Scipio and Lælius, Julius and Augustus Cesar, Varro and Brutus, who filled up the intervals of their more important engagements, their severer studies, with the agreeableness and hilarity of this poetical talent. Nature indeed seems in this most wisely to have consulted for us, who, while she impels us to the knowledge of truth, which is frequently remote, and only to be prosecuted with indefatigable industry, has provided also these pleasing recreations as a refuge to the mind, in which it might occasionally shelter itself, and find an agreeable relief from languor and anxiety" (p. 15).

And the critic that so finds can go farther; can find that the practice as well as the reading of poetry is essential as a means of culture.

"But there is yet a further advantage to be derived from these studies, which ought not to be neglected; for, besides possessing in reserve a certain solace of your labors, from the same repository you will also be supplied with many of the brightest ornaments of literature. The first object is, indeed, to perceive and comprehend clearly the reasons, principles and relations of things; the next is, to be able to explain your conceptions, not only with perspicuity, but with a degree of elegance. For in this respect we are all of us in some measure fastidious. We are seldom contented with a jejune and naked exposition even of the most serious subjects; some of the seasonings of art, some ornaments of style, some splendor of diction, are of necessity to be adopted; even some regard is due to the harmony of numbers and to the gratification of the ear. In all these respects, though I grant that the language of poetry differs very widely from that of all other kinds of composition, yet he who has bestowed some time and attention on the perusal and imitation of the poets will, I am persuaded, find his understanding exercised and improved as it were in this Palæstra, the vigor and activity of his imagination increased, and even his manner of expression to have insensibly acquired a tinge from this elegant intercourse. Thus we observe in persons who have been taught to dance a certain indescribable grace and manner; though they do not form their common gesture and gait by any certain rules, yet there results from that exercise a degree of elegance which accompanies those who have been proficients in it even when they have relinquished the practice. Nor is it the least improbable that both Cesar and Tully (the one the most elegant, the other the most eloquent of the Romans) might have derived considerable assistance from the cultivation of this branch of polite literature, since it is well known that both of them were addicted to the reading of poetry, and even exercised in the composition of it. This too is so apparent in the writings of Plato that he is thought not only to have erred in his judgment, but to have acted an ungrateful part, when he excluded from his imaginary commonwealth that art to which he was so much indebted for the splendor and elegance of his genius, from whose fountains he had derived that soft, copious, and harmonious style for which he is so justly admired" (pp. 15–17).

Blessed old bishop! There you have it, poetry serviceable even as a sort of Delsarte practice for the mind and heart.

Verily the Oxford boys one hundred and fifty years ago had a decided advantage over their successors of to-day. Were the present time as favorable to poetry as theirs we should hear not a word, for instance, of the warfare between poetry and science (which, by the bye, the enlightened Tyndall terms her "younger sister"); not a syllable would be lisped on such a topic as "Is Verse in Danger?" The good bishop would as soon have thought of doubting the existence of his soul and the High Power on which it leaned as of questioning the imperishability of song; song, which has taught us the most we know of these.

With this peep at a forgotten volume I commend it most heartily to young and old, to all ranks and classes from shoeblack to scholar; this for a better understanding of the Scriptures and for advancement in knowledge concerning the ruling power, the one force always first, in matters great and small, sacred and profane.

II.

Postscript.

Bishop Lowth began lecturing in 1741, one hundred and fifty-eight years after Sidney wrote his "Defence of Poesy." A few quotations from Sidney will show, without argument, that the old notion was transmitted intact, and so held till the middle of the eighteenth century. "This heart-ravishing knowledge" is one of his expressions; another is, "That unspeakable and everlasting beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind." The purpose of poetry is "to teach and delight;" poetry is the "sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge." The poet "doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it." And so we might go on plucking flowers throughout this immortal essay, flowers every color and breath of which are instinct with the traditions for the authority of which I contend.

Eighty years later, in Shelley's "Defense of Poetry," we find the old notion getting dim. After all, it is more a seeming than a reality with Shelley, for we soon catch him crossing his own path. If Shelley be right when he says, "The distinction between poets and prose writers is a vulgar error," Sidney's exposition is without meaning. Really, Shelley does not intend the direct and full contrary; but should he, or another, or a thousand others, intend the like, we are safe in holding to the firm phrase of Sidney: "that same exquisite observance of number and measure in words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet." Taken in a half-sense, there is truth in Shelley's blunt statement, and in Sidney's "there have been many most excellent poets that never versified;" but taken in the whole sense, both asseverations are misleading. We cannot have poetry proper without the poet's vision *and* method *and* music—

> . . . "the numbers which could call
> The stones into the Theban wall."

Shelley would have it that the aim of the poet is, not to "teach and delight," but to delight. He says:

> "Those in whom the poetical faculty, though great, is less intense, as Euripides, Lucan, Tasso, Spenser, have frequently affected a moral aim, and the effect of their poetry is diminished in exact proportion to the degree in which they compel us to advert to this purpose."

Teaching and compelling us to advert to the teaching are very different things. The poet teaches and delights; delights because he does *not* compel us to advert to his purpose, but effects it while, in our delight, we are unconscious of what he is really doing.

Again Shelley says:

> "And this bold neglect of a direct moral purpose is the most decisive proof of the supremacy of Milton's genius."

On Milton's intent, I prefer the testimony of Milton himself:

> . . . "What in me is dark
> Illumine; what is low raise and support;
> That to the height of this great argument
> I may assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men."

If Milton and the few other great poets have not been teachers with a direct moral purpose, they have been, and still are, nothing. If Shelley meant that the poet should not use the prose teacher's method, he is right; if he meant more than this—and probably he did—he is wrong. The great poets, as we have learned from Bishop Lowth, "dissembling the intention of instruction," exhibiting "only the blandishments of pleasure," still "treat of the most important things, of all the offices of life." We know well that they do this in a very different way from that of the philosopher, but we know, if we know anything, that they do this in their own way, which way is most thorough and effective. However, Shelley's testimony, taken as a whole, is a sufficient answer to any errant portion of it.

> "But it exceeds all imagination," he observes, "to conceive what would have been the moral condition of the world if neither Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Calderon, Lord Bacon, nor Milton, had ever existed; if Raphael and Michael Angelo had never been born; if the Hebrew poetry had never been translated; if a revival of the study of Greek literature had never taken place; if no monuments of ancient sculpture had been handed down to us; and if the poetry of the religion of the ancient world had been extinguished together with its belief. . . . Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

I wonder how many readers remember these words: "I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science, and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter." They are Shelley's, written to Peacock in 1819, two years before he wrote the "Defense," when he must have been twenty-six or twenty-

seven. This is not the notion that the great poets have of their art, whether in youth or in age. With all his brilliance, the figure of this beautiful poet stands somewhat dim and shadowy; with the light and outline of the angel, there is yet something wanting: Shelley is not quite whole, not an "unspotted soul." Read between the lines, Arnold's stern conclusion is nearer just than it strikes one at first:

"The man Shelley, in very truth, is not entirely sane, and Shelley's poetry is not entirely sane either. The Shelley of actual life is a vision of beauty and radiance, indeed, but availing nothing, effecting nothing. And in poetry, no less than in life, he is a beautiful *and ineffectual* angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

For a last word, coming down seventy years, from 1821 to 1891, it may be profitable to inquire briefly into the success of Mr. Theodore Watts' attack on the old notion of poetry as formulated by Arnold. In his article on Lowell (*The Athenæum*, August 22d, 1891) Mr. Watts says:

"It is always difficult to know when Matthew Arnold is in earnest and when he is playing with his readers; but if he was in earnest when he defined poetry to be a 'criticism of life,' he certainly achieved in one famous phrase a definition of poetry which for whimsical perversity can never be surpassed. Had he said the opposite of this—had he said that all pure literature except poetry may be a criticism of life, but that poetry must be a simple projection of life in order for it to be separated from prose—he might perhaps have got nearer to the truth."

If Mr. Watts, with all his acuteness, is not keen enough to know when Arnold is in dead earnest and when he is at play, we must not blame him for being blind to very plain things; among them the flippancy and padding, the newspaper recklessness sometimes displayed in the staid columns of *The Athenæum*. In this article we are informed at the first dash that most Americans lack "moral, high-bred courage." This may be, but some of us have enough patience and courtesy to hear a speaker through before beginning to dispute him. Arnold did not define poetry as a "criticism of life," but as a "criticism of life under the dictates of poetic beauty and poetic truth," as a "powerful *poetic* application of ideas to life." In exemplifying this poetic application, he said that it has the accent of such a line as

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,"

an injunction to which Mr. Watts seems to have yielded temporary obedience. He goes on to say:

"If there is in any literary work a true projection of life, it must sometimes be classed as poetry, even though the writer shows but an imperfect conception of poetic art. Although much of Browning's noble and brilliant writing is a 'criticism of life,' and is, therefore, as I think, not poetry, a very considerable portion of his work is poetry, because it is a true projection, and not a criticism, of life. But Lowell's verse is all 'criticism of life.' Of poetic projection there is almost nothing at all."

While Mr. Watts is right in saying that much of Browning's writing is not poetry—he goes too far in finding "almost nothing" of poetry in Lowell—how is it that, with his mind and experience, and Anglo-moral courage to top it all, he does not know that, instead of combating Arnold's idea, he is reproducing it in less happy words of his own? In saying that, because much of Browning's work is rather a criticism than a "projection" of life, it is something different from poetry, he is simply saying what Arnold says better, viz., that it is something different from poetry because it has not the "matter and the inseparable manner" of "adequate poetic criticism."



FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA.

BY FRANK J. POLLEY.

A HUNDRED years have passed since the death of Father Junipero Serra. For a man who stood first and foremost among that band of missionaries, military authorities, and civilians to whom Spain had confided her interests in colonizing Upper California, he has received but little attention proportionate to his merits from the world at large.

Prior to the researches of Bancroft and Hittell, no historian of California discussed the life and labors of this zealous, faithful, and untiring priest with the fulness that the subject would have justified. Such articles as often appeared in the general press of this State were evidently compiled from poor or insufficient translations of Father Palon's life of Junipero. Even so able and conscientious an historian as Royce, in his late history of California, cannot give room to treat in detail of Serra's work, but while passing the whole subject of the early missions over with the briefest mention, he pays him the following tribute: "About Serra's high worth as a man and as a Christian there is, indeed, no controversy among those who know his career."

Fortunately, however, such neglect is no longer to be expected, and for the last few years Father Junipero's labors have met with universal praise,

while his character as an able, constant, conscientious, pure-minded, and unselfish worker in his chosen field grows brighter as the critical attention of the public is directed to it. More than any one else of the eighteenth century, he stamped his impress upon the record of Californian history, and fully deserves an honorable place among the illustrious names of the makers of America. He was as sincere a man and as willing and able to perform the work to be done as any who have ever lived for so high and holy an object in life. He strove only for the reward that comes in the life beyond, and with that goal ever in sight labored for those on earth whom his belief taught him were in peril of not sharing in the joys of the future life. The life of St. Francis of Assisi was a stimulus to Father Junipero, and the records of the saint's work, his faith, courage, hope, and cheerfulness under difficulties were as personal calls to Junipero during the many years he was a devoted and loyal follower of the Order of Franciscans.

Born of humble parents, November 24th, 1713, at the island of Majorca, he early chose the life of the Church, and during his boyhood and youth fitted himself for the office he aspired to. Once admitted to the Church, his zeal, learning, and eloquence soon commanded attention. He formed friendships with his brother priests that were destined to be tried in after years by hardship and peril of all kinds, and yet which were broken only by death, so loyal were these men to each other and the cause they worked for.

It was on August 28th, 1749, before he was able to set foot on the shores of America, after years of hoping and patient waiting. He was then a man of years, past the inexperience of youth, yet his zeal could not allow him to wait for the regular transportation, and starting from Vera Cruz, he made the journey to Mexico on foot. He had only one companion, but the perils of the way were as nothing to the unrest in his soul at being kept from the scene of his future labors. He was at once assigned active labors in the surrounding country, and for nineteen years labored hard and earnestly; teaching the Indians, improving the missions and church property, preaching, travelling, and seeing as well to the temporal welfare of his charges as to their spiritual salvation. His abilities were pre-eminent, and when upon the dissolution of the Order of Jesuits it fell to the lot of the Franciscans to succeed to the field of labors so long and faithfully worked by those brave men, the authorities at once, and without solicitation from Father Junipero, selected him as their leader to extend the work of the Church among the Indians of Upper California.

His executive ability was of high order, and with the assistance of Jose de Galvez, the visitador-general, expeditions by sea and land were soon under way to San Diego. The start was made on January 7th, 1769, and after disheartening sorrows and suffering a reunion was effected in San Diego, and on the 16th day of July, 1769, the first mission in California was founded there. The condition of affairs was discouraging; the voyage by sea had been fateful, one vessel was lost, the scurvy had broken out, Father Junipero was very sick, provisions were low, and the overland party in but little better condition after their months of wandering in search of roads through the valleys, mountains, and desert wastes. The Indians proved thievish and treacherous; they stole from the scanty supplies of clothing and even attempted to cut the sails from the ships, so that while sick and needing rest in body and mind all were called upon for ceaseless vigilance.

An expedition had been dispatched overland to search for Monterey, but passed beyond, reached San Francisco Bay, and returned in a starving and

destitute condition to their waiting friends. A vessel had been sent to Mexico for help, and before its return the Indians made an attack upon the little settlement. Six able-bodied men were all that were left to defend the lives and property of their companions; but the Indians, unaccustomed to fire-arms, were repulsed by these few.

Relief at last came from Mexico and hope once more arose. Energetic measures were instituted and maintained by Father Junipero until an expedition was under way for Monterey. This time the bay was seen and, with a heart filled with gratitude, a landing was made and Father Junipero raised the cross and preached a sermon to the company under Viscaino's oak. The primary objects of the first expedition were accomplished. San Diego and Monterey were settled, and a messenger was dispatched with the information to Mexico, where bells were rung, proclamations printed, and the news at once sent to Spain.

No day or hour was lost to Father Junipero. He labored with the laborers, taught with the priests, advised with the military commander, organized expeditions in search of fertile valleys, and rested only to conduct the services of the Church. He was unceasing in his efforts to obtain new missionaries, and as fast as help was received missions were founded and the work of converting the Indians commenced. He made his journeys on foot in all kinds of weather and with insufficient guards. No danger could make him turn from the path of duty while a soul remained unsaved.

He was happy in his chosen work; the soul was dominant and the ills of the flesh were disregarded. In the midst of his labors came news of distress at San Diego, and hunger was even then causing much suffering at Monterey. The Indians had helped the colonists with seeds and nuts, but the supply was insufficient. Junipero was in bodily ailment at the time from an ulcerated limb, but without a murmur he made the journey overland to San Diego, explored the valleys, founding the Mission of San Luis Obispo and making friends with the Indians as he journeyed.

At San Diego the captain of the ship *San Antonio* was found with supplies, but refused to proceed to Monterey on account of the lateness of the season and the danger of the winter winds. But no difficulties were insuperable to Father Junipero, and not until he saw the vessel leave the harbor and a pack-train commence its overland journey for Monterey, did he feel that the destruction of his labors was averted and his friends and companions relieved from danger.

Hardly was one trouble settled than a more serious one presented itself in the fact of a change of administration in Mexico and the efforts of the Dominicans to be allowed to share in the territorial and spiritual conquests of the Franciscans.

To negotiate or properly represent the cause of the missions without an agent in Mexico was manifestly impossible. No one save Junipero was deemed equal to the task, and after consultation with his missionaries and a decision made, he, with his usual energy and promptness, started upon the long trip to Mexico. Only an Indian boy accompanied him on this tedious, dangerous journey, during which they were both ill of a fever and once given up for death. They met with friends, and upon arrival in the capital so well did he argue his case, and so impressed were all with his honesty, sincerity, and ability, and so able a diplomat did he prove himself that he was successful beyond his hopes. The Dominicans received as their territory that known as Lower California; San Blas was saved as a shipping port; the finances of the missions placed in better order, and expeditions planned, equipped, and started for further surveys and explorations.

The authority of the priests extended to the matter of preserving discipline and morals in the settlements, a better system of supplies arranged, disturbing elements among the military, noticeably Fedro Fages, the commandante, removed, and, most important of all, the full winning over to the cause of Bucareli, the viceroy of Mexico; and so skilfully did Junipero plan that the best human foresight with the means at hand could hardly have accomplished more. Laden with provisions, encouraged by the friendship of those in authority, at the end of two long, busy, laborious, and eventful years, he said a tearful adieu to all and bade a last final farewell to the homes of his friends, the comforts of life, and the security of civilization.

Two years had passed since his departure from San Diego, and learning of hardships and privations at the missions, he left the vessel, and with a train of pack-mules laden with supplies went to all the missions from San Diego to Monterey, a veritable good shepherd who carefully watched and tended his flock.

In the midst of his unremitting labors and journeyings came the news of an Indian outbreak at San Diego in which several of his friends were killed and wounded; also that a most unfortunate quarrel had arisen between Commandante Rivera y Moncada and the missionaries as to the punishment of some neophytes whom it was alleged had been concerned in the outbreak and jointly responsible for the murders. The missionaries were for pardoning them, but the commandante, in defiance of the priest's orders, broke open the warehouse on the beach, where the neophytes had taken refuge and claimed the privilege of the sanctuary. The quarrel assumed grave aspects, for the commandante dragged forth his prisoners and was excommunicated therefor by Father Fustu, who was an eye-witness of what was to him a scandalous and sacrilegious act. In those times and under the circumstances such an anathema was a serious matter, and Moncada in order to obtain absolution went to Junipero, then at Monterey. Not obtaining it, he appealed to the authorities in Mexico, and was soon afterward transferred to Loretto, in Lower California. Nothing could have struck deeper into Junipero's heart than to lose a mission or see the work into which he was throwing his whole soul retarded for a moment, and as soon as possible he started for San Diego. Arriving there, sailors, neophytes, soldiers, and people of all classes were soon engaged in the rebuilding of the mission.

Junipero labored with the rest, quarrying stone, making adobes, and pushing the work forward with feverish haste. A short time would have sufficed to have completed it, but again Moncada hindered him by issuing orders calling off the soldiers, pretending to believe another attack was planned by the Indians.

Father Junipero was firm, but pending the time before orders could be received from Bucareli he suffered martyrdom in spirit. When the decision was rendered that the Indians be pardoned, that twenty-five additional soldiers had been ordered, and that the building be not further delayed, Junipero's joy was so great that the bells were rung and a thanksgiving mass said. Moncada submitted, soldiers were appointed as guards for the different missions, and the building at San Diego was finished as planned.

Zealous as ever, Junipero pushed on to the site of the intended mission at San Juan Capistrano and dug up the bells that had been previously buried there when tidings of the trouble at San Diego had caused a cessation from work.

To further secure the peace and prosperity of the new missions, without intrusting the task to others, aged in years as he was and stricken with a painful disease, he undertook a

journey to San Gabriel in search of food. Though the Indians were hostile and the way laborious, yet rather than take one man from the work on the buildings, he chose as only companions one soldier and an Indian boy.

They were stopped by a band of painted Indians and would undoubtedly have been murdered had not his Indian boy cried out that a large body of soldiers were following them. The ruse was successful, and Junipero made his journey in safety, driving the cattle before him that he had obtained for the new mission. Meantime his work in the north had been neglected. Missions at San Francisco and Santa Clara had been planned before his departure, settlers were expected, explorations and surveys intended, and yet no news had reached him of any description for months. Once more the weary but unconquered man set his face toward Monterey, and reached there in January, 1777. He had blessed an expedition destined for San Francisco before called to quell the troubles at San Diego, and returned to find that the flag was flying at the Golden Gate. He had labored with all his soul since he assumed command in 1769, and for the few years yet remaining to him he found no rest. What he had accomplished, his many journeys, and his watchful care, all seemed as nothing to his ambitious mind. He was ceaseless in his efforts to obtain more missionaries, that he might realize the noble plans he had formed for further spiritual conquests. His watchful eye was ever on the alert for advantageous sites for missions, and the judgment that he and his followers exercised upon these occasions has never been questioned, and to-day still challenges the admiration of men who from long acquaintanceship with the entire country are familiar with all its favored sites for wealth and beauty.

He had met with great success in making converts. In all his plans the ultimate end sought to be attained was the conversion of the Indians, the salvation of their souls, and finally fitting them to be loyal subjects of the Spanish crown; and to accomplish this end he labored among them with an unflagging zeal and a patience truly saint-like at times. He had long mourned his inability to confirm. As a priest he had authority only to baptize; he studiously refrained from all efforts to be raised to the dignity of a bishop, which would have carried this power with it; but a bull was issued by the Pope on July 16th, 1774, which gave him authority to confirm for a period of ten years. Formalities and delays retarded its transmission, and the patent founded on this bull and under which Junipero acted did not reach him in California until June, 1778.

In 1779 he received news of a great political change. The territory of California, among others, had been ordered withdrawn from the viceroyalty and erected into a separate jurisdiction under the government of a comandante-general. It gave him serious alarm. He had become an old man by this time, was nearly seventy years of age, and still much afflicted in body from the severe hardships and perils he had undergone. His friend Bucareli no longer in charge, the impossibility of another journey to Mexico was manifest, and he had a new government to deal with, which might at any moment give the death-blow to his life-work. Upon receiving permission to confirm, he had undertaken without delay the arduous task of administering the rite of confirmation to all in the State, and had commenced at San Carlos. After finishing there he proceeded to San Diego, and went northward from mission to mission until he reached Monterey, worn and exhausted by the journey and the spiritual excitement under which he labored while administering the rites.

His recent efforts, and again the

old trouble from the ulcerated limb had rendered him very feeble, but in a short time he was on his way to San Francisco. At Santa Clara he was met by the officers of the government exploring expedition and found barely able to stand. With unflagging enthusiasm he pursued his work even here, and from thence to San Francisco, remaining there three weeks at labor; then hastened back to San Carlos, arriving November 9th, 1779. He had confirmed all those ready to receive the ceremony, and the consciousness of having performed his whole duty gave him strength to meet the troubles now fast approaching.

Upon Bucareli's death he had charged the new governor, Felipe De Neve, to cherish the missions, but De Neve's first act, almost, was to question Junipero's power to confirm on account of the change of governors. The question raised was largely technical and was referred to the college at San Fernando. Decision was given in Junipero's favor, with orders that he was not to be interfered with, and when going from mission to mission an escort of soldiers should be furnished him. In 1781 he was able to renew his duties, and at once made another journey to the northern missions, administering the rites as before.

A new source of trouble soon arose in the shape of a conflict with the Colorado Indians. Under the new *régime* a mission had been founded upon a new principle; *i.e.*, the missionaries were now simply religious teachers; no government was placed over the Indians; no food distributed to them brought in that close relationship with the Church that Junipero had so striven for, believing that the temporal and spiritual go well together, and both to be important factors for each other.

Provisions ran short, the supplies obtained were inadequate, the settlers encroached upon the good lands of the Indians; a train of soldiers with their animals in an exhausted condition arrived; the stock injured the Indians' fields and a massacre took place; the buildings were burned and the settlers, priests, and soldiers killed after a brave resistance.

De Neve was called south to assist in the pursuit and punishment of the Indians, but was far from successful. This unfortunate trouble retarded further progress of the proposed three new missions on the Santa Barbara Channel. It was necessary to have a colony near San Gabriel in case of further trouble in the south, and Governor De Neve, taking recruits that had been sent from Lower California for that express purpose, founded the city of Los Angeles. He wrote Junipero, as soon as the danger at San Gabriel from the Colorado Indians had passed, to come with missionaries, and the long-delayed settlements on the Santa Barbara Channel could then be made. Junipero arrived in San Gabriel in March, 1782. Not being able to supply the needed missionaries, Junipero felt called upon to serve as one himself, rather than lose a moment, and so a mission at San Buenaventura was founded. Later, on April 12th, 1782, Junipero had the joy of blessing an altar and performing the usual ceremonies of consecration at Santa Barbara; but notwithstanding all his efforts and urgent appeals, Junipero could not procure the six new missionaries for these two new missions and a third one he had also projected. The governor refused to proceed without them, and Junipero, almost in despair, hurried on to Monterey in search of help and of his expected supply-ship. A courier met him on the road with dispatches that proved to be a death-blow to Junipero. The ship had arrived, but no missionaries. Affairs were badly mixed in Mexico. The government refused to grant any of the usual governmental supplies for the missions, as the new viceroy said the governor of California had informed him they were unnecessary.

The college at San Fernando, therefore, refused to send the missionaries, and wrote Junipero to suspend the foundation of new missions until the government took a more liberal view and allowed them their supplies, as in the former times, until they could be made self-sustaining. Had his worst enemy planned the blow, it could not have afflicted Junipero more. However, he retained the mission at San Buenaventura, though being short of missionaries, and two being necessary to each mission, he was obliged to devote his time and energies to his church at San Carlos, and forego his essential visitations to the other missions.

The good fight was almost ended. While able to proceed with his work, no floods or storms of nature nor bodily ills of the flesh were ever able to check his career or his usefulness. That his life had been prolonged to his present age was a wonder to all. His limb was ulcerated and his chest much weakened, and caused him great suffering, for in his later years, as he saw the end approaching, so intensely did he feel the need of improving the hour and so enthusiastic was he that when preaching of purgatory he would tear aside his gown and hold a lighted four-wicked taper to his breast until the sight was almost sickening. He would lift a huge stone and strike himself so hard when excited by his over-fervid oratory that his friends often looked for his death. He wore the coarsest clothing and scourged himself with an iron chain. Few people were so dull as not to understand these tortures, and Junipero would endure anything to save the soul of the lowest Indian in his congregation.

Such things could not always be. The shattering of his hopes and bodily ills brought on a serious sickness. He rallied from this, and two new missionaries having arrived, he felt he could now leave San Carlos for a final visitation to his loved missions. He was seventy-one years old. Yet he proceeded at once to San Diego, and though he expected every moment to sink by the way, he went from mission to mission, carefully examining into its administration and confirming all those ready for the ceremony.

At San Gabriel he nearly died, but recovered when he heard of the good progress made at San Buenaventura. In five months he travelled, thus constantly employed, over a hundred and seventy leagues, still very weak, and safely reached his home at San Carlos. His power to confirm would expire in a short time, and without delay, as soon as the winter streams were fordable, he proceeded to San Francisco. No rest for him here. His old friend, Father Murguia, had died; so as soon as he could finish his labors at the Mission Dolores he at once proceeded to Santa Clara, and in the dead priest's church said a mass for his soul, then preached most eloquently, and afterward confirmed his people. This loss was a cruel blow to the now suffering priest, and before parting from San Carlos he made final arrangements for his own death and then bravely resumed his travels and his works.

On July 16th, 1784, the day his power to confirm expired, he had confirmed five thousand three hundred and seven persons. He honestly believed that each soul had been saved from a burning hell, and, so far as he knew, he had not been unfaithful to his trust by omitting a single soul in all the vast territory he ruled over as President of the California Missions.

The same day a ship arrived and he learned that the missions on the Santa Barbara Channel must be abandoned. It was his last hope, and with a broken heart he dispatched couriers to his friends to visit him and say the eternal farewells. Father Palon alone reached him as he lay weak and suffering in a narrow cell. A surgeon newly arrived from a vessel suggested the application of the

cautery and Junipero submitted to the excruciating torment without a murmur. He passed a bad night, prayed during the day, and upon another day he was assisted to the church, where he knelt at the altar during the ceremony, while sobs resounded through the edifice from the mourners who had already assembled to say farewell. He could not sleep that night from pain, so he spent it in the arms of his neophytes. In the morning he received the captain of a vessel then in port. He made it as the request of a dying man that in death he be laid by his old friend and co-worker, Father Crispi. He asked to be allowed to rest, and when Father Palon returned after a short absence he found him exactly as he had left him; the body was motionless, but the suffering was over, and Father Junipero Serra, the greatest of them all, was gone.

He was seventy-one years of age at his death, and for nineteen years in Mexico and thirteen long, weary years in California he had labored as no man before him or since has labored in the line of his work. The funeral was solemn and imposing. He left absolutely no earthly possessions; his robe and sandals were divided among the sorrowing survivors. The tapers were lighted round the simple coffin; Indians adorned the bier with flowers, and long processions of Spaniards and natives reverently passed beside the wasted form, touching it with rosaries and medals, that they might be blessed by mere contact with one now regarded as a saint. At the burial the soldiers, sailors, and civilians united in the solemn ceremonies, and as the dead man was laid to rest beside his friend, the tolling bells were answered by the cannon from the ships.

Such, in brief, is a bare outline sketch of this Franciscan priest. The amount of work performed and the results accomplished still challenge the admiration of the world, though its tangible part, owing to the rapacity of the Mexican and Spanish officials and the spoliations of the American settlers, aided by vexatious lawsuits, have reduced the once powerful and flourishing missions to the condition of ruin in which the tourist now sees them. During Junipero's life he held the missions together with great executive ability, and so wise were his acts and so far-seeing his plans that it excited the avarice and cupidity of the government officials. As soon as the wise care and reverent feelings toward the priests and the missions vanished and greed took its place, their doom was sealed. If Junipero did wrong, it was in planning so well that he placed his missions upon the high road to prosperity and so invited the world to a rich treasure-house where there was no power to repel the invader.

Junipero was loved by his subordinates and obeyed generally with that disinterested devotion to the great cause that so marked the early missionaries in those new fields of work, though the same zeal that made his friends love him often sorely tried the patience of the military authorities when a question of priority of authority arose between them. He was a formidable adversary when the rights of the Church were intrusted to him, absolutely fearless so far as physical danger was concerned, and unflinching and untiring in his efforts when moral suasion was necessary.

His character was a strange compound of courage, enthusiasm, patience, zeal, love, and superstition. He was thoroughly educated in the doctrines of the Church and the rules of his order. His zeal allowed him no rest in his journeys, and his diplomacy in Mexico and in dealing with the military and sailors, when he chose to exercise it, was far superior to the best among them. No man could induce a refractory captain to put to sea in winter weather or a sulking soldier to labor as he could. All love and gentleness with his

friends, he could rule with a rod of iron when necessary.

His enthusiasm was so great at the founding of a mission or when laboring for converts that, hanging his bells on the boughs, he would ring them until exhausted, hoping that the sounds might penetrate the whole land and call all to the service of God. His courage was beyond question; he, a non-combatant, had braved death at all times and in every form —hunger and thirst, the scurvy of the ship, the wildness of unknown mountains and the attacks of Indians were all known to him, and one night when huddled in a hut expecting every moment an attack and massacre he spent the long hours until morning in recounting to his friends the greater dangers he had passed through in safety. It seemed at times as if he courted martyrdom by journeyings with only one companion among hostile Indians, or through unknown regions when sick unto death and too weak to walk and almost to ride. He was simple in his tastes, dressed in the coarsest gowns, and was abstemious in his living. A man of reason also, for when on the voyage from Spain all were suffering from thirst and loudly complaining he alone was silent, and in reply he said substantially: "I do not suffer from thirst so much because I have learned to eat little and speak less and thereby save my saliva." Though president of the missions, he asked no man to do what he would not do himself, and by his constant daily labor in working the soil, making bricks, and participating in the details of building he stirred all men to emulation.

He never sought for temporal power; the presidency was conferred upon him because of his merits and without solicitation, and while he could have probably been raised to a bishopric he made no effort toward the same.

A salary was originally allowed the priests from a fund known as the Holy Fund, but he gave his to the cause he worked for and died without worldly wealth. His power as a preacher in Spain and then in Mexico gave him great fame. His earnestness is shown in the lacerations of the flesh before alluded to as a means of more deeply impressing his auditors. His life was a constant struggle for existence against the painful ulcer upon his limb, contracted from a wound received while journeying to Mexico. That he was filled with enthusiasm and fully believed that the Lord was directly assisting him to do his work cannot be denied. Often, especially in his younger days, he saw a miraculous intervention in happenings where, had he chosen to look deeper, a simpler explanation might have been found: for instance, when a man appeared and rescued him from a flood and then disappeared, he thought an angel had been sent; when, the commander being about to desert the port of San Diego, he asked him for an extension of time to a certain day, and on that day the supply-ship was seen, then disappeared and then three days later came into port. The vessel was passing on her way to Monterey, but meeting with an accident in the Santa Barbara Channel put back to San Diego for repairs, and so almost by a miracle saved the starving colony which had been unable to reach Monterey. That in all things he may not have acted as calmly and soberly when harassed and thwarted by unsympathetic military commanders in defiance of what he honestly and sincerely believed to be their orders and their duty, may be true; but that human foresight could do more than he did under the conditions in which he found himself placed, or that one could be more faithful to his trust, more sincere in his beliefs, and fight the good fight better than this old unconquered priest is much to be doubted and has never been proved.



BY

ROBERT F. WALSH.

IN a bulletin of the United States Fish and Fisheries Commission there occurs a paragraph which, though it particularly concerns the fish food supply of the Pacific coast, is of national importance. This paragraph refers to the methods of fishing employed by the Chinese in Californian waters. It appears that these Mongolians are peculiarly fond of shrimps and young fish—much too young and small to be considered available as a food product by Americans or Europeans—and for the capture of such immature fishes, shrimps, and prawns they use fyke and bag nets, the meshes of which are so small that "prodigious quantities of small crustacea and other small fry such as large fish of commercial importance subsist upon" are daily taken from the waters around the Californian coast.

Commenting upon this condition of affairs, Mr. Richard Rathbun, in the paragraph to which I have referred, says that the fishing methods of the Chinese "for shrimp and small fish" should be restricted "not only because of their great value as articles of food and profit to mankind directly, but also for the reason that they form a very important part of the food of fishes—the supply of which has become very nearly exhausted in San Francisco Bay."

Surely no subject should demand more attention from the legislature of the State of California than this. It affects not alone the food supply of the State, but importantly concerns the prosperity of one of California's greatest export industries. State legislation, stringently enforced, can alone put a stop to this wholesale capture of immature fishes and fish food; and in order that the seriousness of the position may be better understood, I shall briefly explain the extent of the Chinese fisheries on the Pacific coast, the kinds



ONE OF THEM—A TYPE.

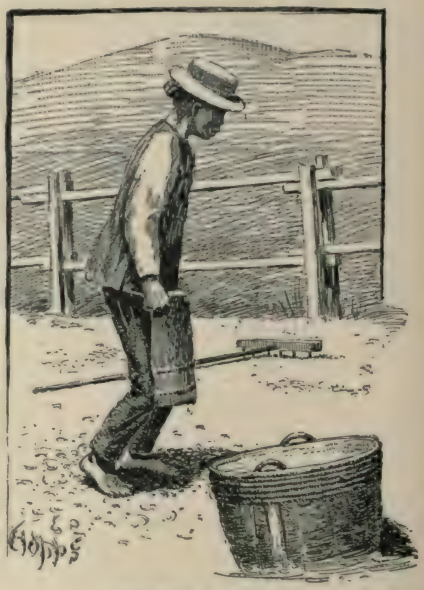


ANOTHER OF THEM.

of fishes sought for, the methods employed for their capture, and the uses to which they are put.

The entire number of fishermen employed in the fishing industry of San Francisco and the adjacent regions embraced in this section is 2,512, of which 807 are Chinese. Only 620 are American-born, and the remainder is comprised of natives of British Provinces, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Italy, and of almost every nation of Europe. It will, therefore, be seen that the Chinese fishermen form nearly one-third of the entire number engaged in the fisheries, and as we proceed it will be evident to the most obtuse reader that the energies of this one-third are chiefly directed toward capturing those small fishes which in time supply the waters with fishes of commercial importance, and which form the chief part in the food supply of these fishes. In this connection Captain J. W. Collins says: "It is generally agreed that the Chinese fishermen have little regard for the law (if they can evade it) and absolutely no consideration for the preservation of young fish from destruction. 'All is fish that comes to their net,' in the strictest sense of the term, and the apparatus they use is specially designed to take the smallest forms of aquatic life." They capture a good many sturgeon and flounders, in fact all kinds of fish that frequent the Californian coast are taken by them; but their principal catch consists of shrimp, small fishes, and prawns—without respect to season, size, or quality.

Describing their apparatus, the report of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries says that "it varies in character, is exceedingly destructive of minute forms of marine life, particularly young fish, and is generally distinctively Oriental." The bag-net is the form most extensively used; but they also use fykes, sturgeon trawls (most destructive as well as inhuman contrivances), and many other modes of fishing, "either to obtain the best results *or to secure secresy, since the Chinese commonly use illegal forms of apparatus.*" The bag-net itself, which is allowed by the existing laws, is a most formidable as well as destructive fishing appliance. This net is usually about forty-two feet long and is formed like a great cone-shaped

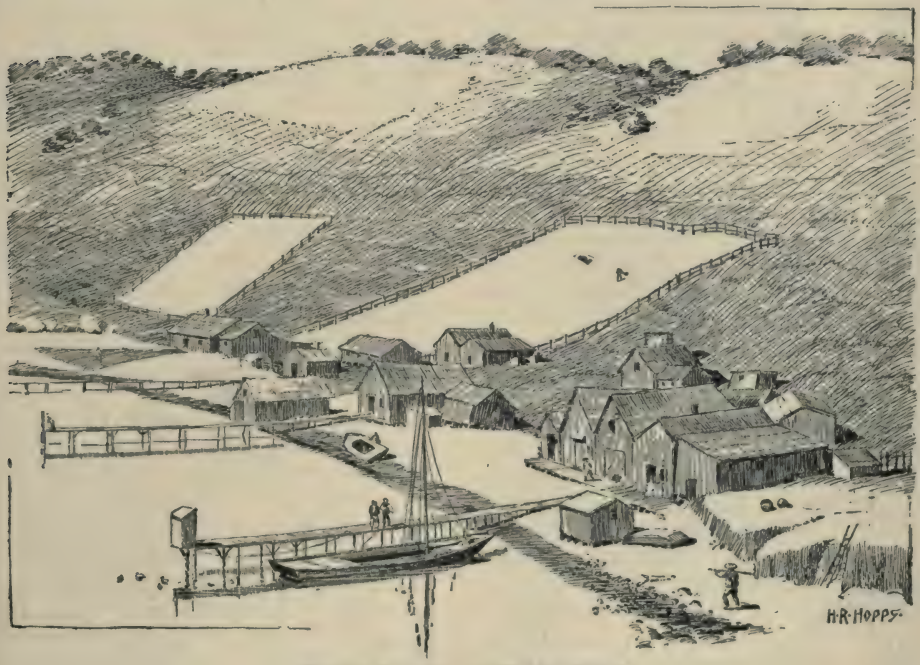


STAMPING SHRIMPS.

sack or bag. It is twenty-four feet wide at the mouth and tapers toward the end or apex, where it is from three to four feet wide. The end is open when not in use, and is tied up with a "puckering string" when set. Half of the net, next the mouth, has a two-inch mesh; the middle section (about twelve feet) has a one-inch mesh, and the remainder, forming the lower end, has a mesh measuring only one-fourth to one-half inch. "Considering the contraction caused by tying up the smaller end of the bag, it will readily be seen that scarcely any marine life is minute enough to pass through the meshes."

The Chinese do not affiliate with the other fishermen, but form colonies of their own race close to the fishing-grounds. These settlements are called "camps;" they are devoid of all suggestion of comfort or cleanliness and afford the most meagre shelter for the Mongolian fishermen, who, as a rule, remain but a few seasons, and then return to China with the proceeds of their illegal and destructive fishing. Mr. W. A. Wilcox estimates that the number of bag-nets in use averages "five or six to a man;" so that there are employed in the fishing industry of San Francisco and the adjacent regions at least four thousand of these most destructive fishing appliances. The favorite method of setting these nets is to set them in rows, the mouth of each fastened between two poles driven into the bottom. By this means the mouth of the net is fully distended, while the body of it swings away with the tide. In some localities these bag-nets completely cover the bottom "across a wide area," so that no kind of marine life that comes in or goes out with the tide can escape.

When the Chinese use gill-nets their mode of fishing is very peculiar and amusing. Having set the nets they remain close by in their boats to watch the approaching schools of fish; if they see the fish close to the net but not disposed to enter, they set up a terrific babel of shouting, pounding the sides of the boat with



FISHING VILLAGE, POINT SAN PEDRO.

clubs and splashing oars in the water "to frighten the fish, so that they will, in their wild rush to escape, plunge into the meshes of the nets." This custom is decidedly Oriental; for in a report of the Inspector-General of Maritime Customs of China I find mention made of many devices used for this purpose in China—notably trained otters, who drive the fish into the nets with the same skill and patience that a collie dog drives sheep into a fold.

Having briefly explained the numbers and conditions of the Chinese fishermen, the kinds of fishes they capture, and the methods they employ, I shall now describe their peculiar and interesting method of curing their captures for export to China. And I shall explain, as well as I have been able to estimate it—from an examination of the reports of the San Francisco customs and of the Inspector-General of Maritime Customs of Shanghai, China—the extent of the exports of shrimp and small fish by Chinamen from San Francisco to the Flowery Kingdom.

As shrimp is their chief capture and forms the bulk of their export business with China, and other fishes are cured and dried by them in almost precisely the same way, a description of their method of preparing shrimp for export will here suffice. Mr. Alexander says, however, that the curing of the immense quantities of small fish from one to two inches in length "is performed in a very discreet manner, especially when an unusual amount of illicit fishing has been going on."

The shrimp are first placed in a vat of boiling water, where they remain for about ten minutes. They are then spread "to dry, upon gently declining or level stretches of hard ground which has been previously stripped of grass and rendered quite smooth." For this purpose a hoe-like broom is used in order that the layers of shrimp can be properly adjusted without bruising or mutilation. When they have been exposed to the sun for four or five days they are considered to be sufficiently dried, and they are then crushed under large wooden pestles or trod upon by the Chinese, who wear wooden shoes specially made for the purpose. This crushing process is for the purpose of loosening the meat from the outer chitinous covering. The shrimp are then taken up and placed in baskets which are violently shaken until the shells are removed from the meats; but the most approved method is to remove the shells by placing the dried shrimp in a winnowing machine. Mr. Rathbun says that "this fanning mill, which is a rather crude affair, is constructed of wood by the Chinese on precisely the same principle as the one used for winnowing grain." The meats and shells are then packed for exportation, reserving a small quantity for sale among the Chinese of San Francisco. The shrimp shells are utilized in China as a fertilizer for the tea plant, rice, etc.

The determination of the exact amount of shrimp and other kinds of fishes captured by the Chinese can only be approximated, for they never give true returns, not even of their exports to the customs authorities. They know that they have fished illegally, and are consequently "disinclined to discuss what they have done," evidently "dreading ill-treatment at the hands of the legal authorities or others." In this respect the Chinese fishermen of California seem to rival "Ah Sin" of card fame; they are accomplished liars, and seem to be able to hide illicit captures and nets with quite as much ease as he is supposed to have hidden the cards. However, from the customs returns we can safely estimate upon Captain Collins' calculation that in 1888 there were shipped to China 769,660 pounds of shrimp meat, valued at $76,966, and 3,842,200 pounds of shrimp shells, valued at $38,422. Besides this there were used

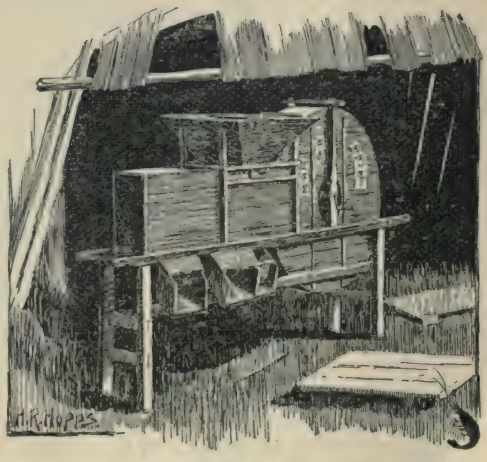


BEATING SHRIMPS.

in and around San Francisco 290,000 pounds, valued at $23,200; so that the estimated shrimp catch of the Chinese in that one year amounted to over 1,000,000 pounds of shrimps, worth $138,588. The quantity of small fish captured by them is unascertainable; and I am forced to believe that even the figures given by Captain Collins are far behind the true quantities shipped to China.

All of the shrimp imported into China "from foreign ports" comes from San Francisco, and here is a summary of the amounts which I have culled from the voluminous reports of the Inspector-General of Imperial Maritime Customs at Shanghai. I was forced to select the reports for the first two quarters of 1892, as no details of individual imports were previously given; but from my examination of those of 1885, '86, '87, and '88, I feel convinced that these figures will very nearly average the imports of 1888. The returns include reports from the twenty treaty ports and ports of entry; but only eight of these seem to have received shrimps, viz., Ichang, Kinkiang, Ningpo, Foochow, Tamsui, Tainan, Swatow, and Chunking. For the six months ending June 30th, 1892, there were received into these eight ports, from San Francisco, 9,974 *piculs* of dried shrimp and prawns, or about 1,239,864 pounds; and estimating that the imports for the other half of the year would be twenty-five per cent less (although in the third quarter the imports of Tamsui and Foochow were more than double the previous two), we have an importation into China of about 2,000,000 pounds as against the San Francisco customs estimate of 769,660 pounds.

There is a grave error somewhere unless the returns of the Shanghai inspector-general included the shells with the meats; but this would not balance the account, for the average amount of shells annually exported from San Francisco exceeds 2,000,000 pounds, and this would make the quantity received in China nearly a million pounds less than the amount exported from California. But it would be impossible to discover the exact amount of either shrimp or any other fish captured by the Chinese, and we may safely lay our forced ignorance of the matter at the doors of those cunning Mongolian fishermen who "for ways that are dark" certainly excel their compatriot,



SHRIMP MILL.

"Ah Sin." In 1891 there were 284,676 *piculs* and 35 *catties* of "fish and fishery products" imported into China from "foreign countries," or in other words 12,316,007 pounds, valued at 2,640,444 *haikwan taels*, or $3,168,520. This did not include *béche de mer*, isinglass, or seaweed, which come chiefly from Japan; and I think it can be safely assumed that many thousands of pounds of immature Californian fish were included in that immense importation of fish and fishery products.



SHRIMP-CATCHERS' VILLAGE, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

There is still another fishing industry of the Pacific coast which is almost wholly confined to the Chinese, and in this they pursue the same ruthless capture that I have shown marks their bag-net fisheries. This is the collection of *haliotis*, or abalone shells. These shells are not found on the Atlantic coast nor anywhere in South America, but they are very abundant on the Pacific from Cape Saint Lucas to Kamtchatka. The Chinese dry and salt the meats and send them to China, where they are much prized; but the chief value of this fishery lies in the shells, which are used for ornaments and even jewelry—a fine, well-polished *haliotis* shell being worth anywhere from $1 to $25. In 1888 there were 2,600,000 pounds of shells and meats, valued at $55,000, collected on the Californian coast, nearly all of which went to China—only selected shells being purchased by dealers in San Francisco. This shell is the mother-of-pearl or "Norman shell" of old English writers, and is found in abundance in the Channel islands. The Indians of the Pacific coast use *haliotis* shells as ornaments, and they were formerly used by some of the tribes, cut into different sizes, as coins. The present market value is $90 per ton for the shells and $40 per ton for the meats. But, as with all fisheries on our coast which are controlled by

the Chinese, the *haliotis* or abalone fishery is so depleted by their indefatigable exertions that "fears are felt for its future, and these mollusks are being rapidly exterminated along the whole coast."

The question, therefore, arises: What could or should be done to preserve the Pacific fisheries from the ravages of the Chinese? But before suggesting a remedy, I shall recapitulate what I have written and add new evidence of the enormous damage done to the prosperity of the Californian fisheries by the unrestricted extermination of food-fish and fishes' food in these waters.

The total value of the fisheries of San Francisco in 1888 was $4,463,369, of which $2,490,373 was for whalebone, whale oil, and furs; leaving $1,972,996 as the value of the Californian coast fisheries. Of this $509,175 was for oysters and $372,423 for crustaceans and mollusks — chiefly shrimp, prawn, *haliotis*, and clams; so that there remains $1,091,398 worth of fishes of different kinds — salmon, shad, etc., etc. It is this last class that forms the chief fish food supply of the Western States; the quantities obtainable were far greater ten years ago than they are to-day, and one and all of the representatives of the United States Fish and Fisheries Commission lay this depletion and deterioration of the fisheries at the door of the destructive and illegal fishing of the Chinese. As Mr. Rathbun says, "The supply [of food-fishes] has become very nearly exhausted in San Francisco Bay," and he adds that this is caused by the Chinese methods of fishing—capturing, as they do, not alone edible shrimp and other fishes, irrespective of their condition and size, but also all minute marine life which forms the most important and practically the sole food of salmon, shad, and other commercially valuable fishes.

Commenting upon the growing scarcity of fish in Californian waters, a writer in the San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "Another explanation which is now given is the ravages which the Chinese are making upon the young fish. Hundreds . . . are employed constantly in catching the young fish, including every species in the bay, just developed from the ova, in which work they employ fine nets, scoops, and other effective methods. This material is esteemed a prime delicacy among the heathen, large quantities being consumed in the city, and the business of preserving the young fish and shipping them to China has become an important industry. Thousands of young salmon, from two to four inches in length, may be found among the large supplies brought



ALTAR IN A FISHING VILLAGE.

in daily to the fish shops in the Chinese quarters, and this is undoubtedly the true explanation of the alarming decline in the quantities of the best fish. The process continued for a few years will render salmon and other favorite species a rarity in these waters." Mr. Alexander says that the Chinese "seem to take pride in transgressing all laws established by the State." The question naturally arises: Why are these laws not strictly enforced? Or, if they are inadequate to cope with the "scourge," why does not the California State Legislature enact some measure to afford the food-fishes protection from those Chinese depredators?

It has been estimated that if the fisheries of California were properly conserved by judicious State legislation (*which should be strictly enforcea*), the quantity of salmon, shad, etc., obtainable in these waters could be more than trebled in a few years. I believe that there cannot be a doubt about this, *i.e.*, if the Chinese are prevented from using such fine-meshed nets and the indiscriminate capture of immature fish and fish-eggs and fry is made punishable by severe fines and imprisonment. It seems to me to be the duty of the State to insist upon the passage of some such law. This fishery affects the people of a very large territory outside California; but it chiefly concerns the people of this State, and I cannot see why the legislature of California does not take prompt and energetic steps to protect an industry which would yield to its citizens an increased fish production of from two to three million dollars annually.

TO THE QUEEN OF NIGHT.

BY F. V. McDONALD.

Thou silent watcher o'er a sleep-bound world,
Thou fount of mystic faith and hope and fear!
Beneath thy silvery mellowing rays unfurled,
Life's rugged outlines molded soft appear.
I love to watch thy restful, changeless way
Across the ever-changing, restless sky,
And after each uncertain, troublous day,
To feel thy love beam softly from on high.
While God, in his all-wondrous majesty,
His symbol in the Orb of Day doth place,
The tender love that lights his heart and face
He leaves for gentle Night to show in thee,
As on thou sailest in thy starlit grace,
Thou radiant Queen of Night and Destiny.

IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA.

BY WILLIAM A. LAWSON.

IRRIGATION has become one of the chief factors in the development of California. Much has already been accomplished through this agency, but the improvement through irrigation is small compared with what will be accomplished by the same agency during the coming century. So far the employment of irrigation in this State has been rather local than general. Its use has been confined chiefly to districts in which the rainfall is too scanty or uncertain for safe and profitable farming or fruit-growing. But gradually knowledge of the benefits of irrigation is extending, and the use of water for increasing the productiveness of the soil is spreading to districts in which irrigation is regarded as not necessary to successful agriculture. It is perceived that irrigation may be a valuable aid, even where the natural precipitation suffices for the production of good crops of the cereals. Such use of water enables the farmer or the fruit-grower to diversify his crops, or to successfully till lands that in their natural condition are inferior or even worthless for agricultural purposes.

While the climate of California varies greatly with latitude, altitude, and distance from the sea, it has certain characteristics common to all parts of the State. Everywhere the summer is dry and warm. With but slight exception, the summer months are rainless. For this reason irrigation may be practised with benefit in all counties of the State, on all upland soils receiving no moisture by infiltration from rivers, lakes, or other bodies of water. Striking examples of the value of irrigation may be seen in the counties of Shasta and Siskiyou, where the annual rainfall exceeds thirty or forty inches, as well as in portions of San Diego and San Bernardino, at the opposite end of the State, in which localities the rainfall may be in some years as slight as five or ten inches.

The question as to the value of irrigation in any region is not to be determined by the amount of its annual rainfall. It is the seasonal distribution as much as the quantity of rain that makes agriculture secure and enables the cultivator to dispense with irrigation. In many localities in California the idea has prevailed that because crops of winter wheat and barley can be grown successfully without irrigation, such use of water is not desirable for general rural development. But it is to be noted that in those districts of the State in which no irrigation is practised, and where the lands are devoted to wheat and barley almost exclusively, little or no progress has been made in the past ten or twelve years. Dry farming has tended to decrease the number of farmers and to enlarge the area of farms through the absorption of small farms by the larger ones. The substitution of machinery for hand labor has helped to bring about this unfortunate condition of things. Small farming for wheat has become unprofitable, and the tendency of wheat-growing is still to enlarge rather than to decrease the area of ranch properties. On the other hand, where irrigation has been introduced upon plains formerly devoted exclusively to the production of grain, a remarkable improvement has been brought about, as in the southern part of the San Joaquin

Valley. There the construction of irrigation canals and the boring of artesian wells has made wonderful changes for the better in population and wealth. The irrigated districts are peopled by small farmers and fruit-growers, whose prosperity has built up large towns and given vastly increased traffic to railroads. Southern California, likewise, presents marvellous proofs of the great advantages of irrigation over dependence upon rainfall. Similar examples of prosperity and progress through irrigation are to be found in scattered localities of Northern California, as at Florin, Brighton, Woodland, Vina, Oroville, Newcastle, the Santa Clara Valley, and numerous other localities, particularly in the foot-hills on the eastern border of the Sacramento Valley.

In the course of time irrigation will accomplish as much for the Sacramento Valley as it has for the plains of Lombardy, whose far-famed fertility and productiveness are chiefly due to the intelligent use of water for irrigation purposes. The natural conditions in this noted Italian region make irrigation less necessary than in the valley of the Sacramento. On the Lombardy plains the temperature rarely rises as high as ninety degrees (Fahr.), and the average annual rainfall is greater than at Sacramento. Yet half the flow of the rivers of Lombardy is used for irrigation, being distributed, through more than 4,500 miles of canals, over 1,400,000 acres. The canals of Lombardy represent an investment of $30,000,000, and have increased the annual rental value of the lands watered by $4,500,000. Irrigation has added enormously to the productiveness of the country and made a varied agriculture practicable, such as promotes the multiplication of rural homes and gives large employment to labor. The great dairy interests of Lombardy are supported mainly through irrigation. In further illustration of the fact that the amount of the annual rainfall does not determine the question as to the utility of irrigation, it may be remarked that in Madras, India, where upward of 5,000,000 acres of land are under irrigation, the average annual rainfall is about thirty-five inches, or about twice that of the Sacramento Valley.

It is not, however, necessary to look abroad to find ample evidences of the immense value of irrigation in promoting subdivision of lands and giving rise to varied agricultural industries, such as support a large population on a relatively small area. In the irrigated colony tracts of the upper San Joaquin Valley and of Southern California are hundreds of twenty and forty acre farms, each giving a better support to a family than it is commonly practicable to obtain anywhere from one hundred and sixty acres of ordinary farming land not irrigated. The use of water permits of a succession of crops throughout the year, while under the system of summer fallowing generally practised in this State for wheat-growing, the land produces but one crop in two years. By the aid of irrigation, alfalfa, that most valuable of hay or forage crops, may be successfully grown on almost any soil, and particularly on rich sandy soils that in a state of nature lack the moisture necessary to the plant. In Kern and other counties of the San Joaquin region lands once little better than desert are now, through irrigation, producing from eight to ten tons of alfalfa to the acre each year, obtained in four or five cuttings, sometimes also affording pasturage for stock for a month or two.

The present murderous system of wheat-farming in California is gradually exhausting fertility and will ultimately compel a general resort to irrigation. Wheat is grown without any sort of fertilizing to restore to the soil the elements taken away with each successive crop, and there is followed no system of rota-



THE BEAR VALLEY DAM.

tion to lessen the steady drain upon fertility. The expedient of allowing ploughed land to lie idle each alternate year, called summer fallowing, in reality restores no fertility to the soil, merely rendering more available for the needs of plants a portion of its native store of the mineral elements necessary to production. If the farmers were obliged to replace, in the form of commercial or other fertilizers, the potash, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen shipped away with each crop of wheat, the present margin of profit in wheat-farming would be completely wiped out or converted into a net cash loss. And these elements must ultimately be restored, or the land will become barren. Already some of the poorer valley lands are practically exhausted for wheat-growing.

Fortunately in irrigation there is a ready means of averting exhaustion of the soil. By the use of water on the lands now exclusively devoted to wheat it will be practicable to grow alfalfa, root, and other crops, so as to provide rotation. With the use of water, the wasteful and antiquated practice of summer fallowing will no longer seem necessary, and the farmers will be enabled to gather two or more crops in one year where they are now obtaining but one crop of wheat in two years. Alfalfa may be used to restore fertility, for, in common with red clover, the plant possesses this property. Its roots penetrate to great depths, bringing up stores of plant food, while its leaves absorb nitrogen from the air. By ploughing under a growth of alfalfa, a "green manuring" is obtained which quickly restores productiveness to soils worn out by incessant cropping with wheat. This art of fertilizing, as yet almost unknown in California, has been practised in the Atlantic States and in Europe for centuries, and with marked success.

Were the greater portion of the wheat area of the State converted through irrigation into small farms producing a variety of crops, vast benefits would result. Irrigation would enable the production of grass crops to be indefinitely expanded along with their attendant industries. It may not be generally known that the grass crops of the United States, with their products such as butter, cheese, and live-stock, equal the combined value of all other crops in the country; yet such is the fact. The establishment of a large meat-packing house in Los Angeles has enabled the farmers of Southern California to learn that there is far more profit in raising hogs and cattle on irrigated lands or lands naturally moist than in growing grain even under the most favorable conditions and in the best seasons. In the production of sugar-beets, likewise, through the aid of irrigation, another most important source of agricultural prosperity is unfolded to California farmers.

In all parts of the State, on plains or hills, irrigation makes practicable the production of fruit from soils naturally too dry for the successful establishment of orchards or vineyards. While thousands of carloads of choice deciduous fruits are grown on unwatered lands, yet but a small percentage of the tillable area of the State is suitable for fruit-growing without irrigation. The notion once prevailed that fruits from watered orchards or vineyards must be inferior in quality, but the testimony of the most expert horticulturists, shippers, and packers is positively to the contrary. There are no finer deciduous fruits than those shipped from the irrigated foot-hill orchards of Placer County; no better grapes than those grown in the irrigated



A BIG WATER-PIPE.

vineyards of Sacramento or Fresno. The production of some 2,000 carloads of superior raisins in the Fresno district in a year, all as the result of irrigation, is unanswerable evidence that the judicious use of water involves no impairment of the quality of fruit. As to the 6,000 carloads of oranges produced in Southern California in the season of 1892–93, it is scarcely necessary to say that all were from irrigated orchards. Without irrigation the immensely valuable citrus industry of this section of the State would have no existence. Through this one channel millions of dollars flow into Southern California from the East, as the result of the intelligent application of water to lands once regarded as worthless for agricultural or horticultural purposes. The very finest of this fruit is grown on high and dry soils that



AN OPEN RUNWAY.

without irrigation would be practically worthless for horticulture.

Irrigation in California had its first beginning in the establishment of missions by Spanish priests, from 1770 to 1783. Sixty years ago there were in connection with the missions about 700 miles of canals or ditches for purposes of irrigation or general water-supply. Most of these old ditches have disappeared, but some still remain, examples of superior workmanship in primitive masonry. Following the mission era and during the early years of the American occupation, little attention was paid to irrigation. Nearly all of the great irrigation development in California has been accomplished in the twenty years since 1873, and most of it within a decade. Less than twenty years ago the upper San Joaquin Valley, inclusive of Kern, Tulare, Fresno, and Merced, was thought to be unfit for any better purpose than range for cattle and sheep during a part of the year. The township in which the city of Fresno stands was valued seventeen years ago at only $23,000, while now, because of irrigation, its value is more than $10,000,000. Irrigation in Fresno County has created not less than $20,000,000 of substantial values.

Little over a score of years ago the Riverside tract in San Bernardino County was assessed at about seventy-five cents an acre, and complaint was made of this by the owner as an over-valuation. Now the realty embraced in the same tract is worth upward of $5,000,000, including a thriving town of about 6,000 inhabitants—all the direct result of irrigation. Four thousand acres of irrigated Riverside lands have produced in one year 1,000 carloads of oranges and 225,000 boxes of raisins, worth, collectively, upward of $1,000,000. The orange shipments from Riverside in 1893 have amounted to 2,300 carloads. More than 7,000 persons are living on the irrigated Riverside tract, which in 1870 was a treeless, barren, uninhabited plain. Now the San Bernardino Valley is dotted with prosperous and beautiful horticultural settlements or colonies, created through irrigation. Some of these vie in loveliness with Riverside, whose miles of shady avenues and orange groves have made it famous as one of the most charming places in the world. Ontario, Redlands, Pomona, Pasadena, and many other noted centres of horticultural beauty in Southern California owe their prosperity and fame to water. But for irrigation in Southern California Los Angeles would to-day be little more than a sleepy Mexican town, instead of a bustling, ambitious city of 70,000 inhabitants, of world-renown for her attractions. It was the unexampled prosperity resulting from irrigation that gave rise to the great Southern California boom, which collapsed about five years ago, and it was irrigation that enabled this division of the State to pass safely through the ordeal of readjustment. Values had been largely inflated, but there was no mistake regarding the certainty of continued growth and development through irrigation. Many of the best and most costly improvements in Los Angeles and in other parts of Southern California have been created since the boom, and capital continues by investment to demonstrate its faith in the future of the chief city and the surrounding territory.

It would be a mistake to infer that Southern California as a whole is unproductive without irrigation. The county of Los Angeles alone produces each year wheat and barley to the value of more than $1,000,000, without irrigation; also large quantities of corn, deciduous fruits, alfalfa, and root crops on soil needing no irrigation. In fact, save that the soils of Los Angeles and Orange counties are in general of a more open or friable character than those of the Sacramento Valley, there is no more need of irrigation in these southern counties than in the county of Sacramento, there being no great difference in the average rainfall of the two districts compared, and Los Angeles having the advantage of proximity to the sea. But what may not be necessary is often highly desirable, and the farmers and horticulturists of the country about Los Angeles have learned how to use water to the best advantage in increasing productiveness of the soil and for the growth of the most profitable crops and more of them than could be had without irrigation. In some localities irrigation enables the farmers to get in rotation during a single year a crop of barley hay, another of potatoes, and another of corn, while six cuttings of alfalfa during twelve months are by no means uncommon. The production of early potatoes and other vegetables on irrigated lands fills thousands of cars each year for shipment to the Eastern markets. With lower rates of transportation, this production of early vegetables for Eastern shipment promises to become as great a source of income to this part of the State as the citrus fruits now are.

Irrigation works in California consist of storage reservoirs, canals, artesian wells, submerged or bed-rock

dams, tunnels, and pumping systems. The storage-reservoir system is employed in Southern California to a much greater extent than in other parts of the State, while the greatest development of the canal system, taking water directly from river channels, is seen in the southern part

mountains. They are fed by streams and the storms of winter, and in summer receive large volumes of water from the melting of snow on the peaks and ridges above them. The Arrowhead system, in course of construction, will consist of three reservoirs, to contain sufficient water



AN ARTIFICIAL BROOK.

of the San Joaquin Valley, in the counties of Fresno, Kern, Tulare, and Merced. Among the chief storage works are those of the Bear Valley, Hemet Lake, Arrowhead, Sweetwater, and Cuyamaca systems, in San Bernardino and San Diego counties. These reservoirs are all of large capacity and are situated in the high

for the irrigation of 80,000 or 90,000 acres, and will cost $1,000,000. The Bear Valley works constitute the largest storage system of irrigation in the United States Its distributing system is regarded as the best and most economical in use, consisting of pipe lines. This system supplies water to the town and colony of



BEAR VALLEY LAKE.

Redlands, where upward of 4,000 people are occupying a tract of land that had but one house nine years ago. In this locality unimproved land commands, through irrigation, from $300 to $500 an acre, while bearing citrus orchards at this place and Riverside bring upward of $1,000 an acre. Some orange orchards at Riverside have brought as much as $2,000 an acre.

The water used for irrigation at Riverside is derived partly from canals heading in the Santa Ana River and partly from artesian wells whose flow is conducted to the colony tract. In the neighborhood water is likewise developed by means of tunnels or "horizontal wells" bored into the hills or mountains to tap hidden sources of supply. A number of such tunnels have been successfully driven in other localities of Southern California. In a region where the right to a constant flow of water is valued at $1,000 a miner's inch, such costly work is well rewarded when a good flow is obtained. When economically used, from cement pipes and ditches, an inch of water may be made to suffice, as at Ontario, in San Bernardino County, for the irrigation of ten acres of orange orchard. This flow of water is equal to about 13,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, enough to cover one acre half an inch deep or to cover ten acres eighteen inches deep in one year. And it is to be observed that the control of water-supply, enabling the cultivator to apply the water only when needed and in precisely such quantity as may be desired, makes this one miner's inch fully equivalent to thirty-six inches of annual rainfall as usually distributed from the heavens.

The irrigation works of Los Angeles and Orange counties, though numerous, are not severally of great magnitude. In several localities water is developed by means of dams constructed on the bed-rock of streams, so as to intercept the invisible flow through the cobbles and sand, and so divert it to ditches. Tunnels have also been successfully run under the beds of streams with the same object.

About all the visible supply of

water in Southern California has been appropriated for irrigation, but much more may be developed by means of storage systems or the other works mentioned. Water rights are commonly sold with the land that is or is to be irrigated, so that the buyer is in no danger of being deprived of the use of water. The same plan is followed in most other parts of the State in which irrigation is used. Riparian rights still exist, but the law recognizes the right of appropriation, and most of the difficulties formerly existing between riparian proprietors and appropriators have been adjusted by litigation or otherwise.

The principal development of artesian wells in California is in Kern County, though other counties also have many such wells. In Kern there are many wells which have a daily flow of from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 gallons. Their average depth is over 500 feet. Thousands of acres in Kern Valley are irrigated by this means. In the Sacramento Valley borings have been made to as great a depth as 2,000 feet for artesian water, but no flowing wells have been developed, though an abundant supply of water is obtained in many localities by pumping from wells sunk from 15 to 150 feet, the water in some places rising nearly to the surface.

In Kern County there are 35 large canals, capable of supplying water to half a million acres. Of these the most important is the Calloway, which is 120 feet wide and from 6 to 10 feet deep. The magnitude of this canal may be better appreciated by comparing it with the Erie Canal, in the State of New York, which is 70 feet wide and 7 deep.

Fresno has 16 or more irrigation companies, taking water from the Fresno, Kings, and San Joaquin rivers. These companies have upward of 750 miles of main canals, constructed at a cost of $2,000,000 and "covering" 350,000 acres. Of the irrigated area in Fresno more than 75,000 acres are in vineyard, yielding raisins to the value of $100 or more to the acre annually. Under the Fresno canals there are upward of 20,000 acres in alfalfa, credited with the production of hay to the extent of $40 an acre each year.

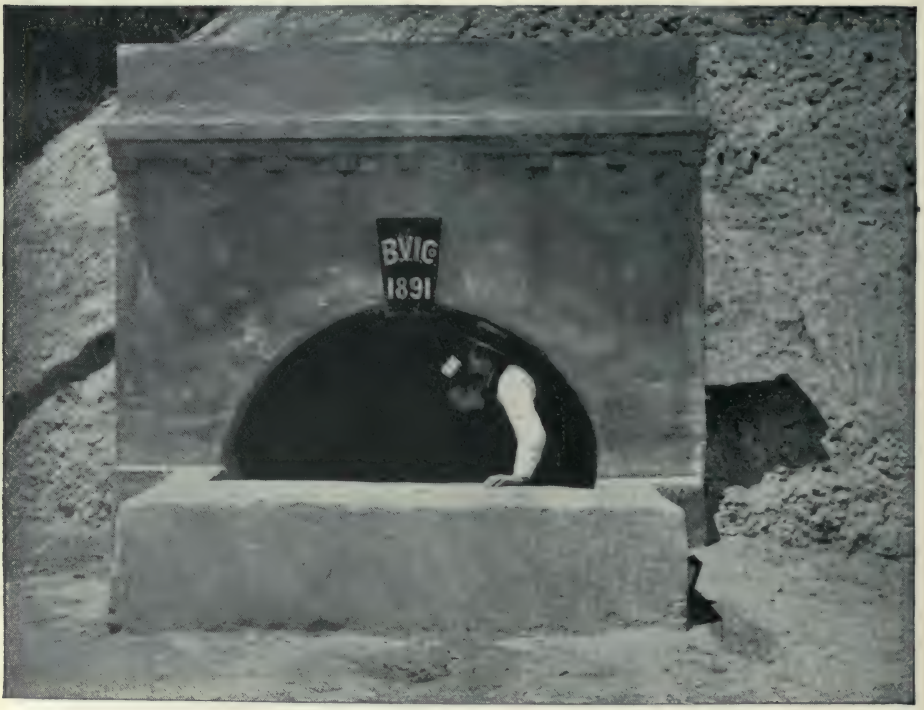
One of the most interesting and important irrigation works in the San Joaquin Valley is the Crocker & Huffman canal and reservoir. Water from the Merced River is conveyed twenty-seven miles through a canal 100 feet wide and 10 feet deep to a reservoir constructed five miles from the town of Merced. This reservoir lies in a basin between hills, the natural outlet being closed by an embankment of earth and gravel 4,000 feet long, 275 feet thick at the base, and with a maximum height of 54 feet. This reservoir covers several hundred acres and holds 5,500,000,000 gallons, sufficient to irrigate 30,000 acres. The canal and reservoir cost $1,000,000. Water rights under this system have been sold at the rate of $10 an acre.

In Tulare County is an extensive system of canals supplying about 100,000 acres. In the new counties of Kings and Madera irrigation is making rapid progress, as in other localities of the State mentioned in this article.

One of the great helps to irrigation development in California is an act of the legislature known as the Wright law. This act provides for the organization of irrigation systems by the owners of lands susceptible of irrigation from a common source. It authorizes the issue of bonds, constituting a lien on such lands, to provide for the construction of waterworks or the purchase of water rights; also provides for a system of district taxation to redeem the bonds and for the payment of interest thereon. Under this law land-owners are enabled to obtain irrigation at its actual cost. Thirty districts organized under this act embrace more than 2,000,000 acres, valued at $45,000,-

000. Bonds have been voted in these districts to the extent of about $13,000,000, of which about $5,000,000 have been sold. The cost of developing water under the district plan varies greatly, according to the situation of the lands to be irrigated. The average has been estimated at about $6 an acre. A very slight annual tax usually suffices to maintain the works in proper condition and to pay the cost of distributing the water.

It has not been practicable within the limits of this article to more than touch the outlines of this great subject of irrigation in California. Though much has been done, it is safe to say that irrigation is still in its infancy in the State. Rivers of water in Central and Northern California are suffered to run idly to the sea. These waters, if used only in part for irrigation, would multiply many times the productiveness of the soil, permit great diversity of crops, compel subdivision and settlement of large tracts now held by absentee owners, prevent exhaustion of fertility, and furnish means for the rapid growth of villages, towns, and cities. The chief obstacles in the way of irrigation are ignorance, prejudice, and inertia. People accustomed to farming without water are apt to think there is no better way. But the man who has farmed with irrigation knows there is no other way of agriculture so productive and secure. He prefers control of water-supply to reliance upon rainfall, with its attendant risks and anxieties.



BEAR VALLEY IRRIGATION COMPANY.



MOTHER OF J. J. GLOVER.*



FATHER OF DR. DEAN CLARKE.*

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY DEAN CLARKE, M.D.



MOTHER OF DR. DEAN CLARKE.*

IN the September, 1892, issue of the CALIFORNIAN MAGAZINE, Dr. Elliot Coues presents an interesting essay under the caption "Can Ghosts be Photographed?" After considerable circumlocution about the nature of ghosts, the various ideas entertained regarding them, and the several means that have been devised to evoke and hold intercourse with them, he says: "Among the means used to take ghosts in the very act of their ghostlings is photography." He affirms that he has examined hundreds of alleged spirit photographs, but is not yet committed to the theory that they are real pictures of decarnated spirits. "If I do not believe it," says Dr. Coues, "neither do I disbelieve it; I neither affirm nor deny it. I am simply agnostic; I do not know. I do not deny the possibility of spirit photography. Direct and demonstrable evidence in my own person I lack. I have been shown many ghost pictures which were said, and fully believed by the sayer, to be genuine. But I have yet to see one which, when I had ascertained all the facts in the case, did not prove to be bogus—a mere sham; a trick of the operator—in a word, a fraud." After making this forcible declaration, the doctor mitigates it somewhat by saying: "Yet the reader must not be misled into hastily assuming on the strength of this that spirit photography is all a delusion and spirit photographs all fraudulent." A fair and candid concession surely, but as the writer devotes the greater part of his article to exposing the "shams" he has seen, his witness seems to the average reader to be substantially on the negative side of this question.

Although the evidence presented in this case is all second-hand, and therefore would be ruled out of a court of justice, yet "the fraud" is apparent *on the face* of much of it, and the honest truth-seeker should thank him for this showing-up of those shameless impostors who have counterfeited what hundreds of intelligent investigators know to be a reality, by rigid personal experiment.

* The portraits above are taken from life. The subsequent "spirit photographs" bear a striking resemblance to them.

The question: "Can ghosts be photographed?" is not an idle one; it has a profound significance. Its affirmative demonstration scientifically settles another, the most momentous ever asked, viz., "If a man die shall he live again?" "To be, or not to be," is no longer a question with those who are sure they have obtained genuine spirit photographs. But as there are comparatively so few people who have been thus blessed, and as there is so much of bogus material extant, it becomes necessary to present very positive proof to reasonable doubters that all are not such as Dr. Coues has so amply illustrated.

Fortunately, among many others whose testimony he has personally received, the writer of this article has had opportunities to test this matter by careful experiments, which will be detailed after adducing other important testimony.

Dr. Coues cited what he admitted to be strong testimony in support of the reality of spirit photography from the distinguished naturalist, A. R. Wallace, F.R.S., but he gently hints that Professor Wallace's test evidences of genuineness are not invulnerable. In fact, he questions the validity of all by saying: "I am convinced that every so-called 'test' of genuineness can be fraudulently imitated to perfection." After making this sweeping declaration he quotes Professor Wallace from the *Arena* as saying: "At all events, it will be admitted that an experienced photographer who supplies the plates and sees the whole of the operations performed, or even performs them himself, cannot be so deceived. This test has been applied over and over again!"

In his able "Defence of Modern Spiritualism," page 41, Professor Wallace further says: "The test of clearly recognizable likenesses of deceased friends has often been obtained. Mr. Wm. Howitt, who went without previous notice, obtained likenesses of two sons, many years dead, and of the very existence of one of which even the friend who accompanied Mr. Howitt was ignorant. The likenesses were instantly recognized by Mrs. Howitt; and Mr. H. declared them to be 'perfect and unmistakable.' Dr. Thompson, of Clifton, England, obtained a photograph of himself, accompanied by that of a lady he did not know. He sent it to his uncle in Scotland, simply asking if he recognized a resemblance to any of the family deceased. The reply was that it was the likeness of Dr. Thompson's own mother, who died at his birth; and there being no picture of her in existence, he had no idea of what she was like. Many other instances of recognition have occurred, but I will only add my personal testimony. A few weeks back I myself went to a photographer and obtained a most unmistakable likeness of a deceased relative." What more conclusive "test" could Professor Wallace or Dr. Coues ask than the above? If Dr. Coues had read this positive proof of genuineness from Professor Wallace, no wonder that it gave his sense of the amenities of hospitality a twinge to say "it can be fraudulently imitated to perfection."

In his extensive travels as a lecturer through thirty-two of the United States, the writer has learned of many cases of spirit forms appearing, sporadically as it were, on the negatives or plates of artists who knew nothing of and believed nothing in spirit photography till such forms unaccountably appeared. In two cases of this sort, where these forms persisted in appearing against every effort to prevent, the artists, who were educated in superstitions, abandoned their business, believing that "the devil was in it," as they said. Prof. W. D. Gunning, a distinguished lecturer on geology, relates an instance coming under his observation in 1867, where a spirit hand appeared on the photograph of a



EXPERIMENTS OF A SCOTCH SCIENTIST IN PHOTOGRAPHING GHOSTS.

young girl. He says: "While sitting before the camera she was smitten with partial blindness. She spoke of it to the artist, who told her to 'wink and sit still.' In developing the plate he noticed an imperfection, but did not observe it closely. He posed the girl again and took a sheet of eight tintypes. She felt no blur over her eyes and there was none on the pictures.

"The artist now examined the first sheet, and found hands on the face and neck of every tintype, eight in all! I have examined four of these, and find the hands in precisely the same position on each picture. Now the artist affirms that no human being but himself and the girl was in the room. He has no theory. What, then, shall we say? The theory that the plate was an old one and the hand had been photographed there before is absurd. As well talk of making an Iliad by throwing down a ton of type at random!" Other explanations he rejects as equally unsatisfactory, and says: "The best part of my life has been spent in the study and interpretation of science; and, in all humility, I should be able to weigh and interpret facts so simple as these. . . . Our loved ones now and then lift the veil and reach forth a hand from out that world of light and beauty—from that world a hand clothed with the elements of this; and art, in her new era, ministers again to our hope of immortality."

Thus positive was Professor Gunning of the reality of spirit photography.

Among the frauds in spirit photography, Dr. Coues classes W. H. Mumler, of Boston (now in spirit life), saying: "Mumler seems to have been the pioneer in this kind of fraud," etc., and characterizes his work as "very stupid impostures which should deceive no one." He further states that in 1869 he was arrested in New York and tried for swindling "on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences, but got off by some means." That Dr. Coues has "counted without his host" of evidence to convict Mumler of his charges we shall now proceed to show. Mr. Epes Sargent, a distinguished littérateur of Boston, once formed a similar "snap" judgment concerning Mumler and his work, so we will quote what he says in his "Proof Palpable," page 221: "In the second edition of 'Planchette' I expressed some doubt of the genuineness of the spirit photographs obtained through Mr. Mumler. . . . Having satisfied myself by abundant testimony that Mr. Mumler has been instrumental in producing genuine spirit photographs, I stated the fact, and in a third edition of 'Planchette' withdrew the charge of fraud. Renewed investigation has satisfied me that many genuine spirit photographs have been produced through his mediumship, and I am happy to have my opinion confirmed by Mr. Gurney, the experienced photographer of New York." He cites a conversation of Mr. Gurney with Dr. Eugene Crowell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who says: "Mr. Gurney took clean plates and examined them with closest scrutiny, and prepared them for the camera. The camera itself he took apart, examined the interior, the object-glass, etc., and when all was prepared for taking the picture—a friend of Mr. Gurney being in the chair—Mr. Mumler placed his hand upon the camera, the lens was uncovered, and in a minute or two the photograph was taken. Upon proving the negative, a spirit form was visible beside the likeness of the sitter. The process was repeated with like results, Mr. Gurney managing everything from beginning to end, Mr. M. not touching an article, excepting when he placed his hand upon the camera at the moment of taking the picture.

"Mr. Gurney, some time afterward, providing himself with plates and chemicals of his own, visited Boston again, went through the process, using his own materials, with similar

results. He spent some hours in scrutinizing everything about the room and everything pertaining to the process, and he was perfectly satisfied there was no deception."

It would seem that such testimony as this from the oldest photographer in this country ought to give Dr. Coues another "twinge" for his hasty judgment of Mr. Mumler! In addition to this, the writer had the personal testimony of Mr. Gurney, whom he met at his gallery on Fifth Avenue, New York, in 1873. During a two-hours' conversation regarding this subject, Mr. Gurney told him that at the time of Mr. Mumler's trial he, together with five other experts in photography, prepared everything in readiness for taking a picture in Mr. G.'s own gallery. Then they led Mr. Mumler into it with his arms folded, and while he stood thus beside the camera, touching nothing, they obtained spirit photographs of persons that were unmistakably recognized; and it was these photographs, presented to the judge, which caused him to dismiss the case from the court. Right here it may be well to introduce Mr. Mumler's sworn statement made in court.

It is as follows: "In 1861, in the city of Boston, while engaged in business as an engraver, I was in the habit of visiting a young man who was employed in a photographic gallery kept by a Mrs. Stewart in Washington Street. Occasionally I would experiment with the instrument and chemicals. One Sunday, when entirely alone in the gallery, I attempted to get a picture of myself, and then it was that I first discovered, while developing it, that a second form appeared on the plate. At this time I had never heard of spirit pictures, although I had been somewhat interested in the doctrine of spiritualism. At first I labored under what is now the general impression, that the plate upon which the picture was taken could not have been clean, and that the form which showed itself beside my own must have been left on the glass, and so I stated to my employers and others. Subsequent attempts, however, made under circumstances which preclude such a possibility, have confirmed me in the belief that the power by which these forms are produced is beyond human control, and the experts that have been called by the people have failed to produce a picture made in that manner. I wish to state that at the time I developed the shadow or form above alluded to, I was a complete novice in the art of photography and had no experience whatever in the composition of chemicals used in the business, and that my use of them in my experiments at that time was simply in conformity to what I had seen my friend do while himself engaged in the business. After getting the form on the plate, at the suggestion of several friends to whom I showed it I made other attempts, and generally with most remarkable results. I then determined to leave my business and devote myself to photography. Before long the subject of spirit photography, and particularly of my success, became the theme of every tongue, and I was overrun with people of inquiring minds, and obliged to go through, over and over again, for their pleasure, the routine of taking and developing the pictures. For a long time I never refused any one who came to investigate; it soon became apparent, however, that I must either stop it or cease to support myself, for, as a general thing, these savants, while greedy themselves for intellectual food, seemed entirely oblivious of the fact that I myself was a material body. However, I can truly say that I have never refused intentionally any person who desired to have a picture taken from making every examination or inquiry they chose to make, and had I been in this examination allowed to have produced evidence from abroad, I could have shown by scientific men whose names

would have satisfied every one that the most careful and minute examinations have been made in all the details of my business while I have been engaged in taking pictures. I solemnly assert here that I have now but comparatively little knowledge of photography, or chemicals, or sci-



DR. CLARKE AND INDIAN CONTROL.

ence of any kind, further than is needed to take ordinary photographic pictures. I positively assert that in taking the pictures on which these forms appear I have never used any trick or device, or availed myself of any deception or fraud in producing them; that these forms have appeared in each and every instance when they have been presented, without any effort, except my will power to produce them."

Many more testimonials from photographers and other scientific people who experimented with Mumler could be added by the writer, but want of space forbids, so he will now state his own experience.

In the autumn of 1871 I went to 170 West Springfield Street, Boston, where I found Mr. Mumler, and asked the privilege to test his powers to produce a spirit photograph for me. He readily consented to try, saying he could warrant nothing. He had no gallery, but used his parlor. I requested him to allow an examination of his instruments and to be permitted to see the entire process. He consented. I had him cut a new sheet of glass for the negative,



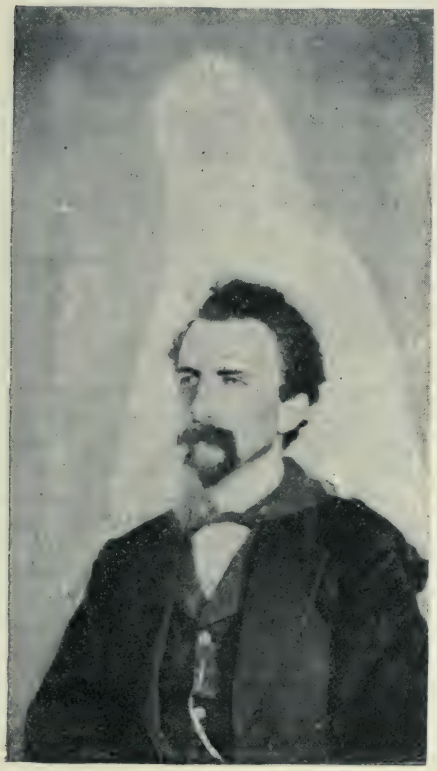
J. J. GLOVER AND MOTHER.

and I watched with eagle eyes every motion from beginning to end. Hoping to get a picture of my mother, if any, I fixed my thought upon her as I took my seat. But just as Mumler uncapped his instrument, the name Angeline was as vividly impressed upon my mind, as though

spoken audibly, three successive times. I followed Mumler into his closet and saw him develop the negative, and as soon as washed he held it up to the light and I recognized at first sight my cousin Angeline's likeness, as shown in plate.

She never had a picture of any kind taken of herself, but her family and all acquaintances have recognized it as correct.

On the following week, accompanied by Mr. John J. Glover, of Quincy, Mass., with whom I was stopping for a rest from public labor, I again visited Mr. Mumler, and he cheerfully allowed us to make a crucial examination of the room, apparatus, and all appurtenances. We then had him cut a new sheet of glass for the negatives, and, as I had done before, we both watched critically the entire process. I sat for my picture first,



DR. CLARKE AND SPIRIT MOTHER.



DR. CLARKE AND "ANGELINE."

and while the negative was dripping with water Mumler showed it to us, and I was overjoyed to see on it a clear likeness of my mother, who had been in spirit life about nine years. The only picture of her at that time was a daguerreotype in the possession of my father, in Vermont, one hundred and fifty miles away. That has since been photographed, and the reader can here see a copy of it by the side of the spirit photograph.

The artist then prepared another negative under our inspection, and Mr. Glover sat for his picture. Following him at every step, we saw the negative developed, and Mr. G. at first view recognized on it a perfect likeness of his mother as she appeared just before her demise, at over eighty years of age. On arrival at his home he gave me a photograph of his mother, taken just be-

fore her death, and I saw it was a *fac-simile* of the spirit photograph Mumler had just taken. A reproduction of this will be found on page 856.

After Mr. Glover had had his sitting I requested Mumler to let me sit again, to see if he could not get a more distinct picture of my mother. He assented. When the negative was developed, much to the surprise and chagrin of the artist, but greatly to my surprise and pleasure, a picture of an Indian instead of my mother was found on it. This was as great a test to me as though my mother had appeared again; for more than a score of clairvoyants in various parts of the country had described such a spirit as one of my guardians, and for seventeen years I had felt his healing magnetism, and often had been psychologically controlled by him to speak his language. One year afterward, in New York City, I met an educated Indian woman and was controlled by him to talk with her, before about fifty people, for over an hour. She interpreted what both had spoken, and informed me that it was the dialect of "the Delaware Indians." The reader can see this likeness on page 856. It is needless to say that when not under this spirit's control I know nothing of the language. The only verification I have of its correctness is the recognition of many clairvoyants who have seen both the spirit and the photograph, and also my own strong impressions from the spirit himself, which, of course, are not *proof* to others.

After getting the negative of the Indian, Mr. Mumler, who had been so flustrated and disgusted at his appearance, proposed that I should sit again, to see if my mother would not appear, as he was desirous that I should have complete satisfaction. Another negative was prepared, and when developed, instead of another picture of my mother, a beautiful hand was seen above my head, holding a large rose over my forehead. This was another disappointment, but not so much so as the accident that soon followed, when, as Mumler was drying it by a lamp, it flew into pieces and was lost entirely. I shall always carry a memory of it, however, for a few years afterward I revisited my nativity, and one day, going to the grave of my cousin whose spirit photograph I had obtained, I found on her grave-stone a carved hand and rose exactly like the one shadowed on that negative. I had seen it years before, but had entirely forgotten it.

I will here say that previous to the two visits to Mr. Mumler, already described, I had met him but once, and he knew nothing of my family connections.

Mr. Glover also informed me that Mr. M. had no likeness of his mother, and even if he had one, our visit was unexpected and he could have made no preparation to deceive us. Besides, we gave him no opportunity whatever to do so had he been so inclined. If such evidence as we then obtained does not overwhelmingly prove the genuineness of spirit photography, none has ever been given. We were both familiar with the various methods by which counterfeits are produced, and took special precautions that Mumler should have no opportunity to use them if so disposed; but it is simply justice to him to say he cheerfully gave us every opportunity to detect any attempt at deception we desired. For his sake, I trust this evidence will give the conscience of so eminent a man as Dr. Coues just enough of "a twinge" to cause him to acknowledge that his condemnation was just a little "too previous." Doubtless no one will be more glad than he to have spirit photography thus demonstrated.

In 1863 Andrew Jackson Davis, the great seer, while editing the *Herald of Progress*, engaged Mr. Wm. Guay, a practical photographer, to test Mr. Mumler, and here follows

the result as given in Mr. Guay's own words:

"Having been permitted by Mr. Mumler every facility, I went through the whole process of selecting, preparing, coating, silvering, and putting into the shield the glass upon which Mr. M. proposed that a spirit form should be imparted, never taking off my eyes and not allowing Mr. M. to touch the glass until it had gone through the whole of the operation. The result was that there came upon the glass a picture of myself, and to my utter astonishment, having previously examined and scrutinized every crack and corner, plate-holder, camera, box, tube, and inside the bath, etc., another portrait. Having since continued, on several occasions, my investigations as described above, and received even more perfect results than on the first trial, I have been obliged to indorse its legitimacy.

"Wm. Guay."

Another photographer, Mr. H. Weston, 31 Providence Street, Boston, gives similar testimony. In fact, such evidence is cumulative *ad libitum*. While in Boston, after obtaining my spirit photographs, I called on Mr. Moses A. Dow, editor of the *Waverley Magazine*, and he showed me a spirit picture he had obtained of an adopted daughter by the name of Mabel Warren. She communicated to him through a medium requesting him to go to Mr. Mumler and she would endeavor to give him her picture. He went as directed, giving his name to Mr. M. as Mr. Johnson. The result I will give by copying a letter he sent to Mr. Mumler:

"Boston, Jan. 20th, 1871.

"Mr. Mumler:—On Saturday last I found a packet from you in the post-office in which was inclosed the proof of my negative. It is perfectly satisfactory as regards a likeness of my friend. She told me at 12 o'clock last Thursday, through a medium, that she would stand by my side, with her arm on my shoulder and a flower in her hand. If you will look over my left shoulder you will see faintly the impress of her hand with a flower.

"I will drop the name of Johnson and give you my true name. With much esteem,

"Moses A. Dow."

Mr. Dow informed me that he obtained the spirit photograph in half an hour after he got the message. The writer has been informed that unmistakable spirit photographs have been taken by one of the leading photographers in San José but a few months since. The photographer first tried to conceal the fact. Similar reports are made of a photographer in San Diego, and very recently the *Spiritual Press* is giving reports of this wonderful phenomenon taking place with a Miss Della Admen, of Helena, Montana, who, it is said, gets accurate spirit likenesses of the friends of whoever will send her a lock of their hair. A Mrs. Carter, of San Francisco, advertises to take these photographs, but as the writer has never investigated her work, he is not prepared to express an opinion concerning it, other than that some specimens he has seen look quite similar to Keeler's work which Dr. Coues has exhibited. If the reader will thoroughly scan and weigh the facts and testimony already given, a further presentation will be superfluous. One such photograph as that of the writer's mother ought to "settle the question" beyond doubt in every reasoning mind, and cumulative facts by the thousand which can be added are useless to convince those who "having eyes see not," because they will not. Every true scientist and philosopher and every Christian ought to rejoice that science and art have now so wonderfully combined to demonstrate objectively the fundamental claim of all religions, that man has a substantial existence after so-called death.

"TAM."

BY LILLIAN E. PURDY.

"Would that a man would arise in me,
That the 'woman' I am might cease to be."

SEATED around a rough table in a small log cabin were the forms of four persons whose attention seemed riveted upon a few cards that lay before them. The flame from a single candle furnished the only means of light in the room, and but for an occasional exclamation or chink of money one would have thought the apartment unoccupied.

My brother and I had been belated in the forest while on one of our long journeys in the Sierras, and were now enjoying the kind hospitality of an old miner and his son, whose cabin we had discerned through the thick timber when at a considerable distance away. They gave us a hearty welcome, provided a supper for us, and then invited us to join in a game of cards.

Our host was a genial fellow, full of life and cheerfulness. His long white beard and silver hair harmonized well with the soft brown eyes and even contour of his features. His generous spirit prompted him to offer us unhesitatingly the best his board could supply, the most comfortable seat his cabin could afford.

The younger man was presumably of a different character. He was tall, lean, and lank, and his ungainly, crab-like hands clutched avariciously at the coins whenever he held the winning cards. His keen, searching eyes, which I felt fastened upon me, aroused my suspicion at once, and I thought almost the instant I met his inquisitive gaze, "What if he should find me out?" But fear is not a part of my nature, so I soon succeeded in banishing the suspicion from my mind, and continued to win the little pile of coins that glittered on the rude table.

It is surprising with what fortune I play cards. Mine is always the winning hand. With no difficulty at all, the stakes always come to me.

Whenever I spoke, which I tried seldom to do, I noticed his piercing eyes flash, a shadow steal over his dark, malicious countenance. Yes, I surely am detected. My voice betrays me, although my short hair, rather large features, and masculine manners are a good disguise. There is not one in a hundred who could know that I am a woman!

The male attire which I have worn for the past year has become so much a part of me that my brother, Vance, is often led to say, "Tam, you fill your clothes like a man." However well I fill them, I try to make them appear like those worn by the mountaineers.

A pair of dark corduroy trousers, supported at the waist by a buckskin belt, are tucked into my yellow, laced hunting-boots. Above this, I wear a light flannel shirt, and my crowning glory is a tan sombrero with a band formed by a rattlesnake skin, a relic of one of the many snakes I have killed.

A Colt revolver is my nearest companion, and is carried in my hip-pocket. More than once it has saved me from the attack of wild animals who have always fallen at my shot, for my aim never fails, my hand is wonderfully steady, and my judgment of distance accurate. The best mountaineers have been amazed at my shooting, and have been forced to speak a word of praise.

I remember that one time, during a tramp, we chanced into a town in which a shooting-gallery seemed to be the chief attraction. Several groups of idlers loitered about, observing the game that ensued between two or three blundering marksmen, when Vance, proud of my unnatural superiority in the masculine sports and pastimes, proposed that I should have a hand in the game. I shot, and lo! could ever marksman have made a more clever hit!

"Hurrah for you, Tam!" shouted Vance enthusiastically, and in an instant the voices of the men rang out in a mighty chorus of cheers for "Tam."

My brother Vance is a good-natured fellow, strong, hearty, not particularly intelligent, and, like the family into which I was born, quite ordinary. I shall not bore you with a description of him, for he is only a fair sample of the majority of his sex.

But to return to the cabin in which you first found me: after several games of cards, in which I won all the stakes, Vance and I spread our blankets in separate corners of the cabin allotted to us by our host. At daylight we rose, rolled our blankets and lashed them on our pack-mule, then turned our attention to the mules we rode. My sturdy little animal fairly howled under the pressure of the cinch, as I jammed my knee into him and pulled the latigo strap with all the strength I could command. After shaking hands with our host, who, with bland, smiling, sunburnt face stood without the cabin door, and after nodding to the dark-browed son, I swung into the saddle and spurred up the hill, leaving Vance to attend to the pack-animal and follow, as was the custom. Somehow, as this all happened, a vivid recollection came to me of a former experience similar in nature; yet my human memory can recall nothing coincidental.

Now, you may wonder at the roving, unwomanly life I lead. But it is through a perfect uncongeniality with everything that pertains to woman, my sympathy only for that which is masculine—in short, my mannish nature, strong, robust physical frame, and unfeminine tastes—all these have led me to pursue the life of the forest instead of that of "the city," for which I have been trained and educated. Perhaps my natural aptitude for study and my early display of a sort of mysterious knowledge rather awed my parents into allowing me a college education. However this may be, I was well educated, while my athletic tendencies were constantly crushed until my very existence was one of unrest, dissatisfaction, torture. And so finally, like a bird freed from its cage, I flew with my brother to my element, the mountains, where, in order to escape comments and hampering from skirts, I assumed the disguise of a man, and travelled many a jolly mile through the densest forest and most deserted wilds. Yet am I remembering, remembering!

We climbed to the top of a ridge of pine-covered mountains, and had begun to descend the almost perpendicular height on the opposite side. My sure-footed Ajax slipped, the saddle-girth broke, and before I had time to collect my thoughts, I plunged forward over the animal's head and landed twenty feet beyond, rolling a few feet farther until I reached something to which I might cling.

"Tam, oh, Tamarack!" screamed my brother in a huge tone, which sent my mountain name echoing and re-echoing through the canyons.

"All right," I returned fearlessly, for I was merely surprised and not even "shaken up" by the fall.

Vance was by my side when I returned to faithful Ajax, who stood transfixed on the spot.

I raised the saddle from the ground, slung it over my shoulder, and led Ajax down the mountain to the canyon below, where repairs were soon made and our journey resumed.

That evening we camped in a small grove of maples that spread their umbrageous branches protectingly about us, intercepting the strong moonlight that fell in patches beneath. How delicious the calm, clear, moonlight night, with only the trees and the stars for a canopy, the mossy bank for a bed!

Inconsistent as it may seem (though I am inconsistency itself), I have formed the habit of carrying in my pocket a note-book and pencil, which I use in giving vent to the throng of thoughts that crowd my mental gaze, of massive stone bridges, colossal arches, and last and most prominent, spacious arenas, full of the odor of delicate perfumes, sweet strains of music floating in the air, while men clad in armor march in pairs before an excited populace. The signal is given—the gladiators begin the combat. Emperors, magistrates, and scholars are among the combatants. One stout, muscular man seems always to tower above the others in strength, for every one falls under his mighty hand. Deafening shouts from the frenzied people only encourage his bloody work. I am filled with fire—the vision is too real, I can look no longer! Then a sad, sweet voice continually whispers in my ear a song of a better life, a lesson of something true, something infinite. I think deeply and long; and the more I meditate, the more definite do my thoughts become. And what seems stranger, nothing is altogether new, for I am apparently picking up only what seems to belong to me by nature. Now I use my book for jotting down all that comes to me by vision or by what appears to be "memory" or a "recollecting." I employ only the evening for this kind of occupation—when Vance lies lazily near our roaring camp-fire thinking, or, more likely, dozing.

The moon was so strong, the air so warm, that the small fire we made for preparing our supper sufficed for the night. I gave myself up to revery until a late hour, when, overcome with sleep, I "turned in."

Following our rule, we left the grove of maples just at the break of day. On and on we travelled, riding our patient mules, with little of interest to mark the day, until, emerging from a thicket of dense undergrowth, I saw a panther crouched about ten yards before me, just about to spring, his eyes gleaming like two balls of fire. With the rapidity of lightning I stopped my mule, reached for my rifle, which I had that morning swung across my shoulder with the anticipation of killing some game for dinner, took rapid aim and fired. One terrific cry, and the animal lay dead before me. The bullet had passed through the left eye, penetrating the head. I had dismounted from my mule and was examining my victim, when Vance came up.

"Hello, Tam, what have you there?" he asked, eying the panther that lay sprawled upon the ground.

"Only a panther," I laughed, "that would have put an end to your Tam if she had not taken your advice and carried her rifle."

We camped at this point and prepared a noonday meal. In the middle of the afternoon we proceeded onward, never ceasing our rather rapid pace until darkness surrounded us, when, 'mid the grateful cool of the evening, we partook of a light supper in a shady nook and built a cheerful log fire.

The warmth and comfort of our new camp soon overpowered Vance, who fell into a doze before we had been seated ten minutes. I was writing.

A rustle of leaves behind caused me unconsciously to drop my pencil, place my hand upon my hip-pocket, and turn my eyes in the direction of the sound.

"Vance," I whispered, when the noise grew nearer and nearer every instant.

Accustomed to rousing himself at the slightest provocation, Vance

opened his eyes and was on his feet instantly.

We peered forth into the darkness, but could discern nothing.

"Excuse me," at length spoke a rather gentle voice, as a man finally appeared before us. "I have lost my way. Can you tell me what direction N—— is from here?"

"You are 'way off the track," replied Vance quickly, at the same time scanning the stranger from head to foot. "N—— is twenty miles south of here."

"Thank you," said the man, and was just about to turn away, when Vance interrupted:

"But stay with us until daylight. You are perfectly welcome to the best we can offer you."

"No," said the stranger, calmly though decidedly, casting one long, lingering look into my face. "I am due at N—— early to-morrow morning and must cover some of the ground to-night. My man has charge of my mule-train and packers about three hundred yards below. I saw the light from your fire and came to seek information. Thank you." And he vanished as quickly as he had appeared.

I had stood motionless and speechless during this brief dialogue between my brother and the stranger, and had caught his eye but once. But in that glance spoke volumes!

I cannot explain the sensation that almost overwhelmed me. I seemed to be struggling for expression, but words would not come; I seemed to be gasping for breath, but a stifling atmosphere surrounded me; I seemed to be striving to call the man's name, but nowhere in my memory could I find his proper appellation; I felt that I knew him, yet was positive that I had never before looked upon his face.

All these thoughts and feelings flew through my mind in a perfect whirlwind; and when the stranger was out of sight and hearing I still stood like a statue with the gleam from the fire lighting up my pallid face and staring eyes.

"Tam," said Vance in alarm, "what is the matter with you?"

"I do not know," I replied, endeavoring to conceal my emotion.

"Fie, Tam," he continued, forcing a jovial tone, "you were frightened. This is the first time I have ever seen you grow pale at a strange sound or man."

"Nonsense!" I returned, and we settled again into a silence. We were undisturbed the remainder of the night.

But just as we were about to "dig out" at daylight, the same fair stranger revisited our camp, giving as an excuse for his reappearance that an accident had happened to his favorite mule.

Apparently fatigued, he threw himself upon the ground in a half-reclining position, resting his head upon his hand. The growing daylight revealed a comely form, rather delicate than sinewy, and a face that was almost effeminate, so regular were the features and softened the expression. Yet there was a strength to his face. The eyes were blue and expressive, the light hair fell in waves about his forehead, while firmness spoke in the lines of the mouth, which was partly concealed by a light mustache.

We had greeted our guest and had listened to the story of the accident. Vance, remembering some work he was doing preparatory to our departure, left me alone in the august presence of our visitor.

I had hitherto remained silent, and now shrank from speaking, as I feared my voice would hardly pass undetected by one whose scrutinizing eye had more than once been fastened upon my smooth, beardless face. There was something inspiring about this man, yet I felt a certain freedom with him, for it seemed as if we were not strangers.

After a long pause, he broke the silence by remarking: "There is

something in your face and manner most familiar to me."

"Indeed," I said, assuming surprise.

"Yes, I feel as if we had met before, but I cannot recall the place. However, I am not infrequently meeting people with whom I seem to be thoroughly acquainted, so I am not greatly surprised. My faculty of detecting resemblances may have led me into error."

"Perhaps," I said, then ventured to add, "though our first impressions are not always groundless."

The stranger fell to thinking. At length he resumed the conversation:

"And may I ask where you are bound?"

"My brother and I are only on a tramp through the mountains. We tire of the city and enjoy nothing more than a few months 'roughing it' in the Sierras. I love the freedom of the mountains, and only in this kind of life do I find sympathy and happiness."

"Yet are you not compelled to undergo a mental starvation in a roving mountain life?"

"In one way, yes; though the groves and the cliffs, the streams and the canyons all breathe their lesson of truth. My thoughts find food in what I see and in my recollections."

"Your disposition is an odd one," he said, looking steadily into my face, "and you interest me."

I moved from where I was standing and threw myself into a man-like attitude upon a log near by the stranger.

"Pray, what do you mean by your recollections?" he asked.

"That I can hardly explain. A never-ceasing train of thoughts and pictures, familiar, yet not 'placeable,' if I may use the term, is passing through my mind. Vivid and real, they seem a part of my own life, yet in no way can I link them with the present. These visions entertain me for many an hour, and although I live in the mountains, my thoughts are hardly those of the common mountaineer."

"But what is the character of the pictures?" he asked, with a serious expression upon his face.

Glad to unburden my mind to a sympathetic listener, I said: "One vision that seems almost to haunt me is that of a beautiful garden, containing romantic walks through vine-entwined trees and dense shrubbery. In one turn of the walk an open space through the foliage reveals a lake of clear, blue water. Sometimes it is night, and the moonlight streams down upon the smooth surface of the water in a sheet of silver. But always do I see that same couple, perhaps lovers, strolling about arm in arm. At first this vision was extremely vague, but now it has become so real that I almost feel as if I were that man, so thoroughly do I seem to know him and understand him. How absurd, though, for me to be repeating something that is probably only the result of a strong imagination!"

I stopped to glance at him and was amazed to note the expression of his face. He was ghastly! In his eyes was a penetrating look, his head was bent forward, and he seemed to devour every word I uttered with the voracity of a starved animal.

"I sometimes think I hear him speak the name of the lovely woman by his side," I continued, apparently paying no heed to the change in his appearance, though I was almost overpowered by a conflict of emotions. "He calls her——"

"Hypatia!" he interrupted, starting convulsively, and only then, as he took the word from my mouth, did I detect in his face the very picture of the woman in my vision.

It was with the greatest effort on my part that I gained sufficient control of myself to hide my surprise and emotion; and I could readily understand, by the contortions of his once placid face, the difficulty under which he labored to conceal his

thoughts and account for the name that seemed accidentally to have escaped his lips.

"My dear friend," said the stranger, rising and reseating himself by my side, "I thoroughly understand your mental condition, and it is only through years of patient study that I have solved the great mystery that is presenting itself gradually to you. Those waking dreams *are* a part of your life—they belong to you, and are only remembrances of a former life. Each new incarnation produces its causes and endures its effect, and like the snowball rolled upon the snow-covered ground gathers to itself its kind—constantly heaping up experience upon experience. The spiritual ego passes through many stages of development before it has gained sufficient experience to enable it to carry from one terrestrial life to another the impress of that life's events. But our environment is often such that, even though our psychic powers have been formerly cultivated, they seem dead until something happens to develop them, when they burst upon us in a perfect torrent. In this way may be explained 'genius,' which is nothing more than the sudden exhibition of a power of displaying what is in the soul acquired by former hard and bitter experience. We are creatures of circumstance in so far as we create our own circumstances—not in one life but in many successive reincarnations—by good and by evil doing, always paying the penalty for the one and reaping the reward from the other; and it is only by patience and forbearance and development of thought power that we may be led to the light, that Nature will reveal her secrets to us, that our eyes may be opened to the truth."

"I have thought on these subjects," I said, "but my thoughts were vague and indefinite. As you speak, the truth dawns upon me. There seems to be, though, a strain of mysticism in what you say."

"I do not doubt it. I am more or less of an occultist. My progress in study is greatly impeded by my surroundings and circumstances. However, I try to gain all the knowledge I can. Karma has given me my environment, so I must do all in my small way to advance and pave the way for a better future."

As he finished the last sentence, he smiled and placed his hand upon my shoulder. Involuntarily I started and shrank from him.

He only leaned forward, and said, with a questioning look in his clear, blue eyes, "There is something almost womanly in your face."

The color rose to my cheeks and faded away as quickly as it had come, leaving a deathly pallor in place of my usual glow of health. I gasped for breath, my breast heaved, the trees swam before my eyes!

He grasped my hands and held them, whispering in my ear, "I believe you are a woman!"

I heard no more, for I fell prostrate upon the ground in a faint!

When my consciousness returned, the stranger was slowly retreating. My eyes followed his vanishing form; hardly knowing what I did, I stretched forth my hands as if by gesture to call him back. I would have given worlds to have seen him turn—to have heard once again his soft, musical voice.

He left me wondering, silent, saddened yet uplifted. His presence had shed its wholesome influence into my life as the sun sheds its beams upon a plant that has grown in the shade, strengthening it and giving it vitality.

The stranger had evidently acquainted Vance with his discovery, for my kind brother never alluded to the incidents of that morning.

Vance sat on a log by my side, supporting me with his arm.

"Do you feel well enough to start?" he asked, satisfied with the return of color to my face.

"Oh, yes!" I replied, springing up

and mounting my mule cheerfully. "Come along, Vance, let's out of here."

How I galloped from the spot! How poor Ajax was trotted up hill and down! How cruelly I used the spurs! I dashed over the ground like a wild animal. I turned corners and dodged between trees at a reckless speed.

My panting Ajax was almost exhausted when finally I "pulled up" upon an open stretch of country, dismounted, loosened the cinch, and sat down to await my brother's coming, for I was several miles in advance of him.

Well, five weeks of travel had passed by. We had killed several deer, considerable game, had experienced encounters with Indians, but had met few travellers.

We were now travelling a most wild and desolate region. Nothing but huge boulders and ragged cliffs loomed up around us.

In passing over mountains that were dangerous of travel, Vance always followed me closely for fear of accident. He evinced a most manly protection of me at all times, and shielded me from harm with almost motherly care.

We chanced upon a narrow pathway that led in among the rocks, with a tall bank on one side and an almost perpendicular precipice on the other. The mules' hoofs slipped and slid on the shining, broken granite, and it was with difficulty that we made any progress at all.

Suddenly a shuffling and a scream caused me to turn in my saddle. To my horror, I saw Vance dash over the precipice, thousands of feet below into the crevice of a glacier! I uttered a cry, I called his name, but the winds only took up my mournful tone and echoed it from mountain to mountain. I heard the dull sound of his body as it struck upon a rock, and my head reeled! I was dazed! I was stupefied!

The trail was so narrow that I could neither turn my mule nor dismount. My first impulse was to follow Vance, to terminate my ill-favored life, for I now was destitute and alone, robbed of the only friend in whom I had sympathy and trust; but upon second thought I concluded first to care for my poor brother's remains. I took my map and compass from my pocket, located the spot (we had kept an accurate schedule of our travels), and sorrowfully started forward.

For three days I wandered about, taking little food and sleep that I might lose no time in reaching the spot where Vance's body lay.

I finally arrived at the base of the precipice, where I found the disfigured body. The face was torn and mutilated almost beyond recognition; one arm was entirely severed from the body, while the other limbs were horribly crushed and mangled.

I fell upon the snow! I writhed and grovelled in it! I wept and moaned piteously, but in nothing could I find consolation.

After sobbing myself into a sort of stupor, I rose, used a small trowel and my hands to dig a grave near by, and dragged the body from where it had fallen to the grave I had prepared. Before covering it with earth and snow, I took from the pockets all the papers and money I could find, and thrust them carelessly into my own pockets. I then made the burial mound, placed some wild-flowers upon the grave, and started for home.

Home! Where on earth is home for me? Without Vance there is no home, for my heart can find no solace in the family of sisters, mother, and father to which I unfortunately belong.

Yet is it love that prompted the display of emotion at my brother's grave and the lonely feeling I now experience? I think it is not. My utter dependence upon him for support in what by the gauge of the conventional woman would be called "wild schemes" and "unwomanly

conduct," left me grieving for him as I should grieve for the loss of anything that served me or was necessary to my contentment. How different my grief for the loss of the stranger! With what tenderness do I remember his every word and expression!

Three years have elapsed since the tragic death of my brother. When compelled to return to the city and adopt woman's attire, what more fitting field of work should I choose than that suggested by the stranger! I have given my undivided attention to the study of occultism in some of its various branches, with the ultimate aim of spending several years n India. I am constantly discovering "unhappy souls" like myself *seemingly* misplaced, for, like the tree after which I was named, my very nature seems twisted and writhed from its proper symmetry—and it is my strongest hope to try to alleviate their suffering. But I have discovered that there are no mistakes; for, as the stranger in the mountains said, we reap only what we sow, we are now paying for our past misdeeds and producing new causes.

I never saw the stranger again! Among the papers Vance left I found a little slip upon which was written the stranger's name and address. I read of his death a few months ago. He left a wife to whom he had been married six years. This solves a problem!

MUSIC ON THE MARKET.

BY J. L. STEFFENS.

THE broker had been trying to persuade the banker to make him a loan, but without success.

"I am sorry," the banker said. "I know your position and I have no doubt it would all turn out as you say. But I don't see how I can let you have even the temporary aid you need to carry you over the worst. I too think the change is coming soon, but the drag of our own customers is heavy, and it is all we can do to meet their claims upon us."

"But," urged the broker, "if I am not a regular customer, I am your friend, and what is, perhaps, of more present importance, I am a link in a chain of related interests, all of which will suffer if I don't hold out."

"True enough," came the firm reply. "In such times as these, however, we are——"

Music interrupted them. From the street below a peculiarly sweet and strange melody arose. Often organ-grinders pass through Wall Street, causing little more than a frown to business. But this was the round, pure voice of a woman, borne upward on the sustaining voices of men, and as it echoed through the deep side street it caused vibrations in some hearts. It was a foreign laughing song, the expression of a momentary joy in a life of sadness, and the singers beneath the banker's window sang the laughter with never a smile. There was no need of seeing the upturned faces, to feel the melancholy of their hearts. And the banker felt it.

The broker walked to the window, and looking down into the street said impatiently:

"Italian song peddlers; an old hag woman and two black beggars."

"Singing Napoli, Napoli," added the banker as to himself.

It recalled to him the scenes and the feelings of Southern Italy and his family, who were there at that moment. He had heard that song there so often that he had sometimes cursed it. But now it soothed him, gave him a moment of the sweet, sad indolence which had rested him in

his months of leisure in poor beautiful Naples. He listened, remembered, rested; and a few old thoughts, old foolish ideals passed through his mind.

He pinched his cigar till it went out.

After all, he thought, what does it matter, this constant toil and care? There is beauty in life and purposes ultimate and fine. I forget that the uses of all my labor are other than the labor itself. I am winning for my wife and our happy children. And so this broker, too, is pleading for his invalid wife, my daughter's friend, and his one poor sickly boy; all without knowing it.

"How's your wife now?" he asked the banker suddenly, but gently.

"My wife? My wife? Oh, she is very ill again. I shall send—I intended to send her away to Southern Italy in the fall; for her lungs, you know."

The music ceased. A window here and there went up and a few pennies jingled on the pavement. The banker threw out a coin, then walked thoughtfully to the "ticker." He slipped the "tape" between his finger and thumb for a few minutes, and saw that the market was weak and feverish.

The broker too had been listening to the song. But he cast aside the feelings the music had left upon him and, turning to the banker, said:

"You were just about to say——"

"Yes," resumed the other, "I was saying that at this particular time, when all values are fluctuating so wildly, we are compelled to be unusually conservative. I am sorry, very sorry, but I don't see how I can accommodate you at present."

So the music came, was heard, was felt; then it passed, and was gone from the market, leaving no remembrance after it.

YUMA, ARIZONA.

BY R. A. L. ROBINSON.

YUMA COUNTY was one of the four political divisions established by act of Congress creating the Territory, in 1863, and the city of Yuma lies in the southwestern portion on the Colorado River, the boundary between Arizona and California. In the matter of water, an essential question in the southwest, it is better supplied than any other county in the Territory. The Gila River crosses it from the east to the southwest, a distance of about one hundred and ten miles, furnishing drainage during the rainy season and water for irrigation during a large part of the year, and finally forms a confluence with the Great Colorado at the city of Yuma. Since the days of 1849 the Gila River has been an important factor in a commercial sense and as furnishing a supply for irrigating purposes.

By means of dams and storage reservoirs, now under construction on this river, a portion of its spring flood waters will be stored and made available for summer use, as is done in India where the reservoirs are constructed by the English government. The soil of the valley of the Gila is second only in quality to that of the Colorado.

The Colorado runs from north to south, forming the western boundary of the county and carrying a volume of water larger than that of the Columbia, with excellent economic possibilities for irrigation.

The topographical configuration of the county includes a series of wide plateaus gradually rising from the



YUMA FROM THE RIVER.

Gulf of California about fifty miles south. These plateaus are crossed by numerous ranges of mountains, especially in the northern part, between which lie large, fertile valleys. The mountain ranges are for the most part abrupt and rugged, but highly mineralized, yielding gold, silver, lead, iron, and copper in paying quantities. The Harqua Hala Mountains in the northeastern part of Yuma County contain the "Bonanza," one of the best-paying gold mines in the United States. The ore is what miners term "free." It is milled at the mine, and during the last year the shipment of gold bullion averaged about $50,000 per month.

These mountains are most valuable for their production of mineral. In the gulches considerable placer gold is taken out, and though such mining has been going on since the occupation by the mission fathers, the supply in the rocky, gravelly canyons does not seem to have diminished. The metal is bright yellow and very rich, bringing eighteen to nineteen dollars per ounce.

It was once thought that all that portion of the county lying north of the Gila was worthless because of the absence of perpetual streams from which to draw a water-supply, though the country consists of beautiful valleys and plateaus that are very productive when irrigated. In the last few years wonderful strides have been made by engineers and irrigationists toward the reclamation of this vast area.

A gigantic scheme is at present on foot, by which it is proposed to bring the water through the very heart of the country, by means of a large canal, to be brought out one hundred miles above Yuma near the juncture of Bill Williams Fork with the Colorado. Many engineers of note think it feasible, and when it is done it will redeem a larger acreage of fruit and grain lands than is contained in the entire Salt River Valley of central Arizona. The topography of Yuma County is comparatively unknown through the channels of government report, and scarcely one-tenth of it has been surveyed other than by private enterprise. Individuals acquainted with its resources and wonderful possibilities have pushed investigation, and now statistics concerning it have been collected and widely circulated.

A large portion of the county, which was part of the Gadsden purchase, lies south of the Gila. This includes the vast valley on the east side of the Colorado and extending from Yuma to the Mexican line, a distance of twenty-five miles. It was one of the finest large bodies of land in the United States, adapted to the raising of all kinds of grain, fruit, and vegetables. This valley and the vast plateaus in the north give to Yuma County the largest extent of arable lands in the Territory, and a water famine is impossible. There is no section of the Territory so well supplied. Low water in the Colorado has an average depth of five and a width of six hundred feet, while at its highest it averages fifteen feet, with a width of one-half to three-fourths of a mile.

During January and February the rainy seasons occur, though it is a period more in name than fact, and the average fall for the last eighteen years has only been two and one-half inches. Everything depends upon irrigation, and people are not disappointed when there occurs a year with three hundred and sixty-five cloudless days.

During the dry, hot months, when water is most needed, it will be seen that the Colorado is running full, feeding the forests of cottonwoods and willows along its course, watering the Indian's corn and melons, and furnishing such a supply for the canals and ditches that no matter how much it may be drawn upon no visible diminution can be apparent. The great rise of the Gila occurs



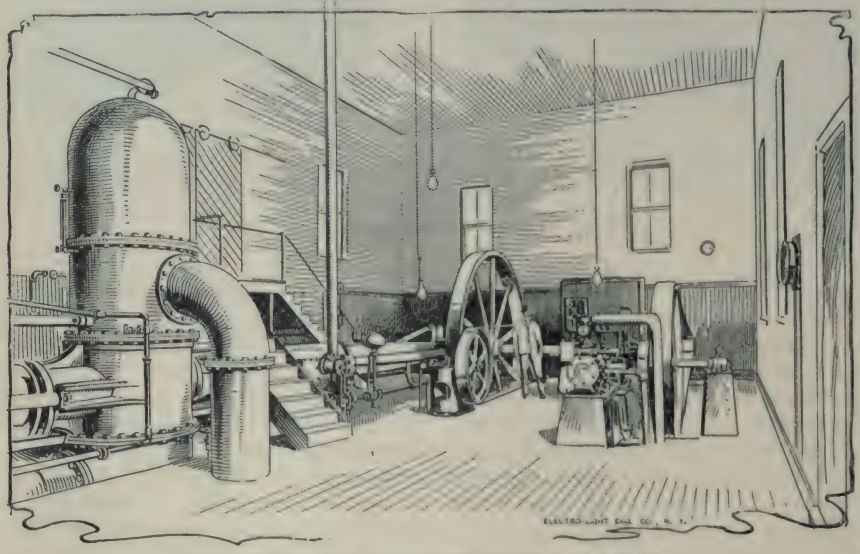
CANAL SCENE—COLORADO RIVER IRRIGATION COMPANY.

during the months of January and February. The latter stream, rising in the mountains of New Mexico, catches the winter rainfall, which often reaches thirty inches, and pours an immense amount of water into the Colorado, after meandering for one hundred and ten miles through the county of Yuma. At that time the Colorado is at its lowest.

The Colorado, however, is the Nile of North America, and in many ways the two streams resemble each other. Rising amid the snow-capped peaks, the one in the centre of Africa and the other in the heart of the Rockies, they course away in the light of the sun like molten silver fringed with the green of forests, until, after winding around the ruins of extinct peoples, the one by Memphis and Karnac, the other those of the cliffs and the more ancient ones of the valley, they are lost in the wastes of the sea. Each is fed by the melting snows; they rise about the same time of the year, pass through countries similar in topographical and climatic conditions, and deposit a silt and detritus which government chemists pronounce the same. This detritus, when deposited over the valley of the Colorado in both Arizona and California, is larger than that of the lower Nile through the distribution of water used for irrigating purposes, and does away forever with the necessity of fertilizers. Upon irrigation depends the future agricultural success of Arizona. This is especially true of the central and southern portions. Several years ago it was found that tapping the Colorado with canals would entail an enormous expense—more than the people at that time were able to put into such enterprises, consequently they began to cast about for a cheaper method by which to get the water on the land.

It has long been the dream of the residents of Yuma to see the fertile Colorado River water made available for irrigating purposes on the beautiful, level mesa land which adjoins the town on the south, and this dream has at last been realized through the energy of Hiram W. Blaisdell, C.E., who has been identified with the development of Yuma County for a

number of years, ably assisted by Lewis A. Hicks, C.E. Eastern capital was interested in the enterprise, and the Yuma Water and Light Company formed to carry out the work. Construction was commenced in September last and completed in February, since which time the pumping plant has been in constant operation, sending an immense stream of fertile Colorado water to the thirsty mesa. What a surprise it must have been to those arid lands to be given such a bountiful supply of the life-giving fluid! The resultant growth has proven their gratitude for the gracious draught.



YUMA WATER AND LIGHT COMPANY'S PUMPING PLANT.

The pumping plant is situated immediately in the town on the bank of the Colorado River. The exceptional elevation of eighty feet to which the water had to be raised for irrigating the heights prevented the use of the ordinary centrifugal irrigating pump, and compelled the designing and construction of a special form in which durability and economy of operation must be combined. The pumping plant adopted consists of a 175 H. P. high-duty, automatic cut-off condensing engine, which is connected with the plunger of the pump by extending the piston-rod through the rear cylinder-head of the engine. By this method of connection, the power generated by the engine is transmitted to the pump without the intervention of cranks.

Another monster irrigation scheme, of which Arizona at large and Yuma in particular has just cause to be proud, is that of the Colorado River Irrigation Company. This plant is also situated in the town of Yuma, runs both day and night, and has a capacity of 6,000 gallons per minute, while arrangements are being made to increase it to 30,000, which will make it the largest irrigation pumping plant in the world. The land upon which the water is carried lies below the town, extending from the Gila to the Mexican line, a distance of about twenty-two miles by an average of six in width, containing 60,000 acres, 40,000 of which are subject to irrigation without any considerable outlay of expense.

Some time ago Coe Brothers, capitalists of Denver, became interested



JUDGE J. L. WANDERWERKER.

in this portion of the Colorado Valley, and Captain Ingalls and Mr. J. H. Carpenter formed a stock company with the object of developing that immense section. The present pumping plant was put in, water distributed over the nearer portions, and four hundred acres planted with oranges, lemons, figs, grapes, apricots, and various kinds of vegetables. Great success attended the experiment, and with the increase of the pumping capacity thousands of acres more will be brought under cultivation. A limited amount of water is needed for irrigation, and where the ground is once saturated fourteen inches to the acre will be sufficient to grow all kinds of fruits and vegetables. No finer land for the growing of grain, melons, vegetables, and all deciduous fruits exists anywhere than this portion of the Colorado Valley. The soil is a rich loam, made by the sediment of the river. Immense groves of mesquite grow on the uncleared portions, furnishing an almost inexhaustible supply of firewood, which is only needed, however, for cooking purposes and during the mornings and evenings of winter.

Actual trial has proven this section superior to any other in the world for raisins. Two-year-old vines yield about three tons, while those seven years old average about seven. A close estimate on the selling price is $20 per ton, which gives an idea of the early and large return. Raisins grow as luxuriantly, ripen more quickly, and cure with less trouble than in any country in the world. The climate seems perfectly adapted to them, and all things concurring as they do, it seems that in a little while this section of Arizona will be able to produce the supply for the United States now shipped from the shores of the Mediterranean.

Unlike Southern California, there is no fog in this section. By the time the Gulf winds have passed over the desert lying south of the line they have been robbed of all the moisture they contained, and instead of causing decay they are conducive to the

preservation of all kinds of fruit, which accounts in a great degree for the fitness of the country for raisin culture.

Another fruit for which the Colorado Valley is especially fitted is the fig. The trees are of rapid growth, begin bearing in two years, and produce bountifully. Trees average a production of one hundred and fifty pounds per year, and the Colorado River Irrigation Company has been selling them from its orchard since the 10th of May, weeks ahead of any other locality. Considering the fact that three crops per year are practical nature grow and thrive well. The Persian date fruits heavily and at an early age, and there is always a good market for its production. The lands of the Yuma Fruit Company are the natural home of the olive, and the great success that has attended its culture in California is proof of what may be done with it here. The time is not far distant when between the Gila and the Gulf every portion of the valley belonging to this company will be settled and cultivated in these early fruits, for which the demand is always greater than the supply.

Another enterprise which, while it



VINEYARD—COLORADO RIVER IRRIGATION COMPANY.

duced, in time the production at Yuma of this fruit alone promises to be enormous.

Apricots, peaches, and pears are the leading deciduous fruits. They are hardy, vigorous growers, bearing at two years as much as the trees can support, and requiring attention to keep them from breaking. In sweetness, size, flavor, and color the fruit is unsurpassed, and ripening as they do weeks ahead of California fruit, they find a sure market and the highest price. All fruits of a semi-tropi-

is in California, owes its success to Yuma, is the Colorado Irrigation Canal, and deserves mention as one of the great undertakings to redeem the desert. This line has only been surveyed during this year, but as much as $60,000 has been spent in that work, and the location has been permanently settled. The canal will be taken out at the *Pot Holes*, the old mission mines, and will run southwest to Flowing Wells, a distance of about eighty miles, redeeming some of the finest lands in South-

ern California. Work has been laid off for the summer, but in October it will begin again and will be pushed to completion.

Judge E. M. Sanford, who owns land south of Yuma on the Arizona side of the river, is president of the Cocopah Fruit Company, with headquarters in the city. Five hundred acres are being planted with early fruits of all kinds, with the object of supplying the Eastern markets. The earliness of ripening insures its success beyond doubt.

The pumping plants just described are the only ones now in active operation on the river in the interest of irrigation, though canals are being surveyed from both sides at points above, and on the Gila several reservoir and storage systems are being put in. When completed, they will redeem thousands of acres of very valuable land and will open up an agricultural section of great benefit to the town of Yuma. The Mohawk, the South Gila, and the Farmer's Canal are among the prominent ones, all of which are now furnishing water for certain distances.

Several new propositions are being talked of, one of which is to dam the Gila a few miles above Yuma, but it is yet in embryo and its construction not certain. With sufficient capital reservoirs can be built along the Gila, so that every foot of its valley area may be cultivated, and at the same time sufficient water be held in reserve to work the placer mines, now handled by a system of "dry washing," by which they yield considerable. In the matter of climate, Yuma in many respects excels any other portion of the United States. Situated in the same latitude as Charleston, S. C., and San Diego, Cal., any one acquainted with the climate of these localities may form some idea of the relative degrees of heat and cold. In some respects, as is proven by the United States weather statistics, there is a slight difference in favor of Yuma. The Yuma weather bureau is careful and conscientious, and observations have been made regularly for the last fourteen years. The record shows a combination of the highest barometer with the height of temperature to be found anywhere in the world. This is an invaluable attribute of climate, especially for those who are afflicted with any pulmonary trouble, as it is comparatively no exertion for the lungs to breathe the dry atmosphere. At Yuma the air has the barometric pressure of the best health resorts, without the attendant dampness found at the sea-shore. For eighteen years, in winter the average temperature has been 59 degrees, which is not excessive. The highest shade temperature ever recorded was 118



HON. S. S. GILLESPIE.

degrees. This may appear high to one unacquainted with the climate, but it is modified by the low relative humidity, so that 118 degrees at Yuma is not so oppressive as 85 degrees in San Francisco and at the coast health resorts or the cities of the East. It is to the humidity of the atmosphere that oppressive heat is due. At San Diego the maximum humidity is about 84, and it seldom falls below it; at the resorts of southern Florida it is about the same, while at Yuma the highest maximum ever recorded was only 44, and this was during the early morning, when the thermometer registered very low. During the hot hours of the day the humidity is only about 7, which accounts for the fact that no matter how high the thermometer, even 118 degrees, the heat is not intolerable. Yuma has less rainfall than any other point on the habitable globe, the total annual fall being only one-third as great as the precipitations that have fallen in a single day at places known as health resorts. Snow is unknown, there are no foggy days, few clouds, and a totally cloudy day is a thing of rare occurrence.

In the afternoon and throughout the evenings a breeze blows constantly from the Gulf, taking away the heat, absorbed by the earth, and leaving the inhabitants to begin the new day entirely refreshed and ready for its labor. There are no extremes of heat or cold, such as are feared by invalids. The low humidity obviates the heat and the mountains to the north break off the cold, while the Gulf breeze assists in moderating, and gives Yuma the appearance of a country more than half tropical.

The local government of Yuma County is administered about the same as similar governments in the Eastern States. The county officers are the probate judge, who is *ex-officio* county school superintendent; the sheriff, tax assessor and collector, treasurer, recorder, county attorney and surveyor.

The city of Yuma has a municipal government, and its affairs are conducted in a very progressive manner. The mayor and board of aldermen are Hon. A. Frank, S. S. Gillespie, Charles Baker, F. Fredley, and W. T. Gondor. The city attorney is Judge J. L. Vanderwerker. In politics the county is divided, as is the city, both Republicans and Democrats electing members of their respective parties.

The council has inaugurated a system of government conducive to the welfare of the city, and by which progress and enterprise are insured. The land on which the city stands was granted to it by the Government, and at the beginning of the present municipal administration the corporation owned 1,100 lots, some of which have been sold and the money devoted to improvements. There are several thousand dollars in the city treasury, and the amount is continually increasing, so that in a short time there will be enough to grade streets and driveways, placing Yuma far ahead of any other town in Arizona in the matter of public improvements.

The city attorney, Judge J. L. Vanderwerker, who has been of valuable assistance in all the progressive measures of the city, is one of her best citizens and a lawyer known throughout the Territory. Judge Vanderwerker was born in New York, August 18th, 1852, received his literary education at Albany, and took the degree of B. L. in the University of Michigan in 1876, since which time he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession. Some time ago he located in Yuma and at once took his place in the front rank of Arizona attorneys. He was twice appointed city attorney, which office he now holds, is attorney for the Southern Pacific Railway Company, the Colorado River Irrigation Company of California, the Farmer's Canal of Arizona, and other wealthy corporations. In addition he is vice-president of the Building and Loan Association and secretary of the

Commercial Club, which in Yuma corresponds to a board of trade.

The city of Yuma is the county-seat and has a population of about 2,000. It is situated south of the Gila at its junction with the Colorado, therefore in the territory covered by the Gadsden purchase, and dates its origin among the early mission settlements.

In 1700 Father Kino established a mission on the California side of the river where the post of Fort Yuma now stands. It was soon destroyed by the natives, but was rebuilt by Father Garces, who also founded another nine miles above on the same bank. In 1781 they were both destroyed and the Spanish settlement of 170 people massacred. It was not till Gen. Phil Kearny passed down the Gila with his command in 1847 that Americans began to know anything about this locality. In 1852 Fort Yuma was occupied by Heintzelman and Stoneman with six military companies, and after the Gadsden purchase the post was maintained for some time, but with the subjugation of the Indians it was abandoned and the buildings turned over to the Sisters of St. Joseph, who are now conducting a government Indian school. But the atmosphere of the army and its memories and records will ever cling about Yuma. The buildings of the quartermaster's department stand on the Arizona side and are now unoccupied. Large, dark, and dreary, with bats at dusk whisking hither and thither in swarms, they present an appearance of loneliness that moves one to thoughts of "banquet halls deserted," and he can almost hear the tread of martial feet in the vaulted halls and corridors.

The city rudely dashes aside the visionary's dream, for it presents an entirely opposite appearance. Activity and bustle are noticeable on every hand. New and handsome stone and brick business houses are being erected in place of the Mexican adobes, which are rapidly being torn down. The noise of the railroad, the activity on the street and at the river brink, the loading and sailing of steamers with cargoes of supplies for the towns and mining camps as far north as Utah, present a scene that would startle the stranger, who is most likely imbued with the one idea that Arizona is a waste of sandy desert, inhabited only by lethargic half-breed Indians and Mexicans.



YUMA.

At one time Yuma was the distributing-point for the army in Arizona, and in fact for everybody, the supplies being brought around Cape San Lucas and up the river by steamers. But with the completion of the Southern Pacific Railway, which passes through the city, the steamer line

was discontinued between that point and the Gulf, though the *Mojave*, *Gila*, *Aztec*, and *Electric* constantly ply up the river as far as Eldora Canyon in Utah, carrying supplies and bringing out ores. Yuma's river commerce is no small matter, and when little towns will have sprung up all along the Colorado it will be one of her greatest trade resources.

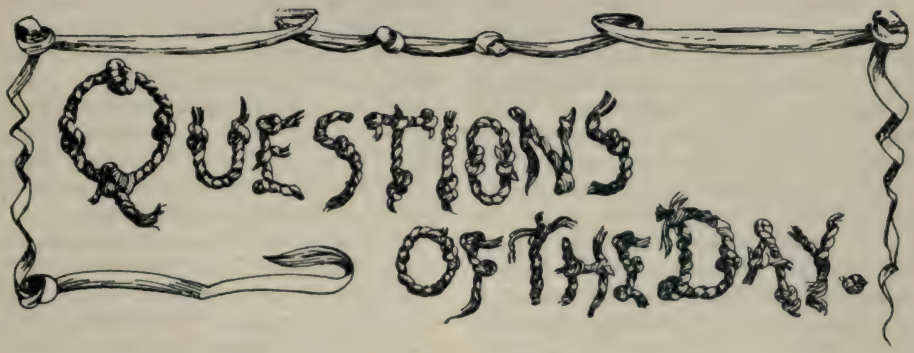
Many of Yuma's citizens are of Spanish and Mexican descent, both the English and Spanish languages being spoken by almost every one. The style of the buildings, around which are gardens luxuriant with oranges, lemons, and pomegranates, and the liquid accents of the southern language, suggest to a romantic fancy cities of the South far removed from American activity; but here American activity and the languor of the tropics are combined and united.

Everybody seems to have the interest of Yuma at heart, and it is manifested in a general spirit of public improvement. Educational facilities are becoming more extensive, and the city has recently completed a public-school building which is a great credit. The public schools of the town and county are conducted much as they are in the States, and the system is on a good substantial financial basis. There are also private schools possessing all the advantages of those of other localities, open to all who do not wish to patronize the free institutions. In the matter of churches, the Catholic and also various branches of the Protestant faiths are represented. They all have very good buildings, and services are held regularly and are well attended.

The only first-class hotel in the city stands on the bank of the river, and is kept by S. S. Gillespie. The building is large and commodious, and surrounded by verandas, a style of architecture especially suited to southern countries. On the upper gallery one can always get a cool breeze, though it may be hot below.

The Southern Pacific Railway Company is at present making surveys and preparing to erect a hotel worth $60,000 on a hill overlooking the city, river, and valley. Dr. C. L. Gregory, a physician from Yreka, Cal., has recently purchased a piece of land on Yuma Heights, and will erect a sanitarium, the most extensive thing of the kind in Arizona. Work will begin on this structure at an early date, and it is expected to be complete by midwinter. This will give Yuma all the advantages necessary for a health and winter resort, and will soon bring into prominence the many attractions that it possesses.

Excursions up the Colorado River from Yuma are sometimes arranged with any of the steamers. The scenery is both weird and beautiful. First, the forests of willows stretching back over the valley, fresh and green as an oasis, watered by the rushing river, then rising cone upon cone the Castle Dome Mountains, the Picachos and the Harqua Halas, great rugged mountains of lava, basalt, and trap spewed out in ages past by mighty volcanos. Blended here are the great antitheses of nature, the strong, mighty, and rugged with the gentle, peaceful, and beautiful. The alternating charms of the day playing over the rich and variegated landscape are succeeded by such moonlight nights as have made the Alhambra of Spain the synonym for all there is poetical and picturesque in the whole of Latin Europe. The hardships that were undergone for the possession of the country are amply repaid by the beauty of the land bathed in the day's radiant sunshine, and the night's soft, insinuating moon that seems to re-create all the old passionate romances of Spain and Sicily, and add a fresh and potent charm to the old-world guitar under rose-covered porches, while in the northwest the Purple Hills and the Castle Dome range of mountains appear in bold relief, a scene of grandeur upon which numbers of tourists have seen fit to bestow their praise.



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THIS document is brief, clear, and apparently non-partisan. This is all that can be said in its favor. Regarding the money power and the people as arrayed against each other the message is partisan, being strongly in the interest of the former. The President seems to have discovered that there are financial distress and business depression in the country, and it is to be regretted that he does not comprehend the causes as clearly as he sees the condition. Business depression has not been caused by a restricted production of food articles or of raw materials for manufacturing, for the country has surpluses of them, nor has the condition arisen from a falling off of the number of consumers, The cause of the present uncomfortable condition is chiefly an insufficient volume of the circulating medium.

This is proved in many ways. The banks of the country have in numerous instances succumbed to the demands of depositors, because, whatever may have been their assets and securities, the currency was not to be had because it did not exist. The clearing house of New York has been driven to the issuance of certificates to the amount of many million dollars to supply circulation, a thing done to some extent in Boston. Manufacturers have had to resort to the issuance of checks to pay their laborers. Though there were millions of bushels of wheat in store in Chicago and a good export demand for it, still it could not be moved for the want of money; the banks of that great commercial metropolis could not supply it. A similar state of facts prevails all over the country.

The President ascribes the so-called Sherman law as the cause of this condition, a law which requires the purchase of 54,000,000 ounces of silver annually and the issuance thereon of certificates which shall pass as a legal tender for all public and private dues, and to that extent it did expand the circulating medium and supply the wants of business. The only evil that flowed from the Sherman law was through an erroneous interpretation under which the Secretary of the Treasury has redeemed the certificates in gold coin instead of silver coin, which had the effect to increase the gold stringency, alarm the gold-holders, and shake the confidence of the country. Added to this the administration stands pledged to a radical change of the tariff, which prevented the investment of new capital in manufacturing, caused the withdrawal of old capital, and all manufacturers to curtail production that they may not be caught with large stocks on hand when the change is made. The result has been that we have not produced sufficiently to supply home demand, and consequently have been compelled to purchase of foreign nations much that otherwise we would have produced. And this is the reason why we have in the last fiscal year imported $194,000,000 more than ever before, and why a balance of trade in our favor of $102,000,000 the previous year has been changed to an adverse balance of from fifty to a hundred million dollars to be paid in gold. Thus the gold stringency has been further increased and the volume of circulating medium to that extent reduced.

The President suggests no remedy for the ills from which the country is suffering ex-

cept a repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law. Should Congress carry out this suggestion we will be left without any law for expanding the circulating medium except that for free coinage of gold, which will not give the country an increase of more than $25,000,000 per annum, and which under the tariff policy of the administration will cause it to flow out of the country to pay balances of trade in a fourfold amount. This policy will also further check manufacturing, lessen the price of raw materials, and throw a greater number of laborers out of employment. The President would subject the country to the pinching gold standard, when he should know that it is impossible to supply the wants of business with a circulation wholly redeemable in gold. It is incomprehensible that a man of observation and thought can suppose that business can flourish on such a basis and that the country can prosper when its money resources are constantly reduced through a policy that destroys domestic industries and compels us to rely on foreign nations for supplies of what we can practically produce.

The issue is between the producing and capital classes, and may lead to a serious conflict, for the country will hardly submit to a policy that enhances the power of money and crushes every other interest.

L. A. S.

SOME DANGEROUS PRECEDENTS.

IT is probably not true that Mr. Cleveland refuses to execute the Chinese exclusion laws, but it is apparent that he has no heart in the work and that the administration does not lend a helping hand and does discourage their execution. The laws are made by the representatives of the people, and the Executive is without discretion, his duty being to carry them out in letter and spirit. It is not his business to inquire into their wisdom or propriety. It was President Grant's theory that to execute a bad law would disclose its character more plainly and sooner lead to its modification or repeal. Mr. Cleveland seems to think that as the head of the nation he has large discretionary powers and is not strictly bound by the Constitution and laws. Andrew Jackson said that he executed the laws as he understood them, but Mr. Cleveland does not claim that he understands the Chinese exclusion acts differently from others or that there is doubt as to their meaning. He is simply opposed to them and means to modify them as far as he can without positive refusal to render obedience to them. Such an attitude is fraught with danger as a precedent, and if it is followed without punishment or rebuke the autocratic principle will be established in the Government.

Political parties have been in the habit of making declaration of their principles in platforms and pledging themselves to their execution if voted into power. The people have relied on such declarations and have expected that parties would keep their faith. There could be no intelligent voting if a promulgation of principles were not made. As is customary the Democratic party, in national convention at Chicago in 1892, declared itself in favor of bimetallism in a manner that led the country to believe that coinage of gold and silver would be placed on the same basis and on the ratio always established in our coinage laws. Mr. Cleveland was nominated on the platform, and in accepting the nomination impliedly indorsed it and pledged himself to faithfully carry it out. His first act in connection with legislation was to strike down silver coinage and place the country on the narrow basis of the gold measure. The great object to be attained in silver coinage is an enlargement of the money volume, which the country so much needs. If the precedent is established that a platform is not to be strictly observed, we shall be all at sea with reference to the policies that shall be pursued by the Government. It will be a sad day for the republic when it becomes understood that platforms or declarations of principles have no meaning. It is only when conditions have materially changed between the time when the declaration was made and the time for action that can justify any departure from the policy promulgated. It cannot be claimed that such change has taken place, except that the needs of the country for enlargement of the volume of the circulating medium have become more pressing since the Democratic convention adjourned and since the election which resulted in Democratic success.

A President is required to give information to Congress touching the condition of the country, and may recommend such legislation as he deems advisable. This is the extent of his constitutional power, so far as influencing the action of Congress is concerned. Until Andrew Jackson became President, no attempt had been made by any President to bully or influence Congress through the use of patronage or otherwise, except within constitutional limitations. John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Andrew Johnson used their patronage freely to control Congress for personal purposes, and Pierce and Buchanan did the same thing to protect and strengthen slavery, but since Andrew Johnson no President has attempted to control legislation except as plainly authorized by the Constitution. It is charged, and there is much evidence to prove it, that President Cleveland has resorted to methods more reprehensible than any of his predecessors to secure particular legislation, methods bolder and more autocratic than those pursued by Andrew Jackson. In every instance these tactics have sooner or later been rebuked by the people. If Mr. Cleveland succeeds and is not unmistakably rebuked at the first opportunity, a most dangerous precedent will have been established, and general political demoralization will ensue. Nothing can be more essential to the perpetuity of free institutions than the preservation of the independence and virtue of the representatives of the people.





BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

DOCTOR PASCAL.

"THE experienced novelist," says Zola, "should work upon the characters, passions, human and social facts as the physicist and chemist work with organic bodies, as the physiologist works with living organisms . . . showing by experiment how passion exhibits itself in social surroundings." On these principles he has produced the series of the "Rougons-Macquarts," which has just been completed by the publication of "Le Docteur Pascal."[1]

In this book Zola has summed up the results of his experiments in observing and depicting the natural and social history of a family whose various members ramify through all grades of French society. And these results as expressed by Doctor Pascal would seem to be a faith in man as a part of nature, a respect and a hope for him, despite his weakness and his baseness, as an organism among other organisms in the great, ceaseless, ever-advancing flux that still bears on the mass however oft and far the individual may fall behind. In this Zola shows how deeply he has been influenced by the scientific movement of his time. Evolution, heredity, with all their train of bold investigation and bolder hypotheses, which for the last half-century have been penetrating deeper and deeper into the secrets of life, have found in him an eager and fearless disciple, who has taken them up and applied them in a series of studies on men in their social relations, more searching and profound than any ever before made for purposes of fiction. Through science has Zola, the so-called realist, approached nature as expressed in man, and it is from the scientist's standpoint that he has construed him.

Now the science that particularly concerns itself with man is medicine, and medicine views man pathologically. And so has Zola viewed him. He has felt his pulse, sounded his heart and lungs, laid bare his stigmata, and the inevitable diagnosis has been disease. It is but natural, therefore, that the last of the "Rougons-Macquarts," this Doctor Pascal with his genealogical tree arranged on pathological principles and his quest after an elixir to heal the ills of the flesh, should be a physician. He is the necessary result of the principles upon which Zola has written. But he is a betrayal of the author and of the author's standpoint. Zola has let his science, in leading him to the study of life, determine his interpretation of its phenomena. And in so doing he is not a realist in the true sense of the word, or rather he is a realist with limitations.

But in judging thus an author, one should always take into account his surroundings, and nowhere in the world are the pathological details of life so apparent and the investigations and researches of science in regard to them so public and popular as in Paris.

The medical lectures and cliniques are free and open for any who will to enter. The writers on these subjects are many; their books are cheap and exposed conspicuously to catch all buyers' eyes. Abnormality and disease, the unfailing result of the excesses the hot-blooded French are so prone to, are in the very air, and all Frenchmen take a personal or general interest in them. To one who has lived in Paris, therefore, or who has followed the investigations

[1] "Le Docteur Pascal," par Emile Zola. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier. C. Charpentier et E. Fasquelles, editeurs, 1893. English translation by Mary J. Serrano. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

Frenchmen are making in heredity and disease, Zola's work will be more comprehensible and defensible; and much in this last volume will not be new. His Doctor Pascal does but follow, in the importance he attaches to heredity, the distinguished alienist, the late Dr. Charcot; and the elixir of life with which he would rejuvenate himself and all mankind is but the result of a series of experiments made by Brown-Séquard. Indeed Zola, perhaps more than any other writer, is a part of his *milieu*, and he should not be judged without it or without taking it into account.

Though he has won by his genius an immense audience beyond his native land, he writes and has written, first, last, and always, for his own people. He is a Frenchman writing for Frenchmen, with the purpose of showing them, in the only way they perhaps can be brought to see, the dangers, the ruin to which their excesses expose them. That his books appeal as they do to a more universal audience is due to the art with which his genius enables him to interpret and the fidelity and fearlessness with which he reproduces so much of the truth as he sees.

As a story "Le Docteur Pascal" is, like its predecessors, powerful, unusual, and interesting, and though it is in a way a synopsis of them it is independent of them, even as the individual is differentiated by personal traits from the race to which he belongs. The characters are attractive; the scene they are set in unique and refined. Indeed, there is no more delightful figure in fiction than Doctor Pascal with his passion for scientific research and his naïve omission of himself from the terrible category of degeneration and disease he makes of his family, the "Rougons-Macquarts." Both he and Clotilde, the leading female figure, are highly ideal. Throughout the book, in fact, there is a remarkable blending of the ideal with the real, the mystical with the actual, and there is a delicacy and grace of treatment fine as the white hair the author's master-touch makes us see waving softly about the sexagenarian doctor's face. There is a strong suggestion of Faust in this character of the doctor. Like Faust he has given a whole life to the acquirement of knowledge and the pursuit of science, like Faust he would wrest from nature her last secret, and like Faust he too wakes in old age to the romance and passion of youth. Here as in all Zola's books the strongest of human passions plays its part and is unreservedly portrayed, but with an emphasis on the finer sentiments that ennoble and spiritualize it. And that other passion of the human heart, the mother-love, is exquisitely expressed. There is no sweeter or more gracious scene in all literature than Clotilde with her babe at her breast, at peace in her maternity.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA.

Like Zola, Lew Wallace makes elaborate studies for his novels, but the similarity ends there, and nothing could well be more different than the results they obtain. In the "Prince of India,"[1] which he has been engaged on some years, the author of "Ben Hur" has produced an historical novel of the old school with all the usual characteristics—romance, adventure, mystery, and much description. There is perhaps a modern motive underlying the religious disquisitions with which the book is plentifully besprinkled, and certainly there is a modern application in the absurd religious dissensions depicted. The place and period chosen, that stormy and pathetic moment when the empire of the Greeks, reduced to one city, was tottering to its fall, was the culmination of the schismatic disputes that through centuries had rent the Christian Church, and Constantinople was a hot-bed of bigotry, prejudice, and violent faction. Not even Rome has ever offered so tremendous and so appalling a spectacle of the weakness and imbecility of men as did Constantinople in the middle of the fifteenth century. Then as now the most cosmopolitan city in the world, with people of almost every race making up her heterogeneous population, she was, nevertheless, governed by two narrow religious factions utterly opposed to and intolerant of each other. The court sided with one faction, the people with the other; and the quarrels of dogmatic disputants formed the sole business of life. The young men were all monks, and the women and old men were their partisans or opponents. There was no interest in anything outside the city walls, and little within them for anything but the prayers and riots in the churches. Meantime two peoples, the Jews and the Turks, believers also in the Christians' God, looked on in amazement at and profited by their divisions. The Jews exploited the trade and commerce of the town, and the Turks closed in their victorious lines around the last stronghold of the Cæsars.

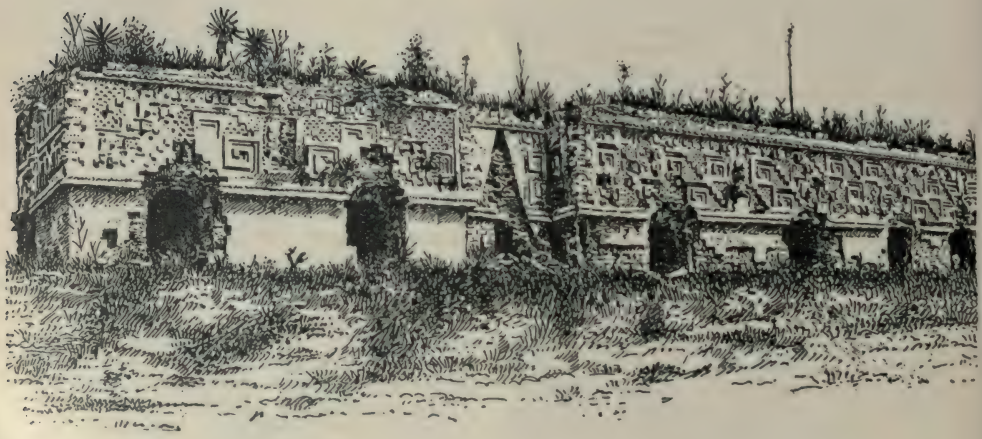
This picturesque and fateful situation has been immortalized by Gibbon, and from Gibbon General Wallace has evidently drawn his inspiration. That his presentation of it is to be compared with Gibbon's can hardly be said, but he gives an adequate idea of it, and for the sentimental the flavor of romance he has added will doubtless add to the attraction. Given that period and those conditions, it was of course unavoidable that religion should play the prominent part that it does in his book, but the discussions are somewhat long and might well have been abridged with benefit to the purposes of the story. In making the Wandering Jew the

[1] "The Prince of India," by Lew Wallace. Harper & Bros., New York, 1893.

central figure of his book the author has shown a fine confidence in his undoubted ability to handle an old subject in a new way. The mysterious Jew with the curse of Christ upon him is a familiar figure to readers, having already been incorporated twice into the literature of this century. Neither Eugene Sue nor the author of "Salatheil," however, succeeded in making a reality out of this strange ghost of tradition, and it must be confessed that Wallace has not succeeded much better. The Prince of India is very much a *deus ex machina*, and he is not especially relevant to the story the author has wreathed about Constantinople's crumbling walls. There is, moreover, an almost banal reflection of the wonders of "Monte Cristo" in the untold wealth he is able to command and the mysterious sources whence he draws it. The description of his visit to the tomb of Hiram, King of Tyre, is not particularly imposing, and his exit at the end of the story is ignoble.

In the treatment of his material the author has shown the same art as in "Ben Hur." The narrative is generally lively, the descriptions good, and the grouping picturesque, but the book as a whole is not equal to its predecessor. Besides length and discursiveness it has serious defects of style. Indeed, it must be said that this author lacks entirely the literary gift called style, which makes whatever Henry James, for instance, writes delightful in itself. But no man, not even a writer, should be criticised for not showing talent that he does not possess. There are, however, certain lesser graces and refinements of style that are within the ability of all, and even these General Wallace neglects. His diction is inexcusably careless; throughout the book there are errors a schoolboy, as Macaulay would say, should not commit. The infinitive is divided whenever division is possible, and there are other inaccuracies and inelegancies too numerous to mention. It should be added, however, that these faults are common to most English and American writers of fiction. The severe literary standard and requirements that make a French novel, however poor otherwise, in this respect a work of art, are not as yet operative on writers in the English language. But the movement must begin with the writers themselves if ever at all, and consequently, however unnecessary it may appear, their attention should be called to the fact. To appreciate these strictures the reader has but to compare "The Prince of India" with "Le Docteur Pascal" *in the original*. Yet Emile Zola is not by any means what the French call a stylist.

Nevertheless, despite defects and redundancy, "The Prince of India" contains much for almost any reader to enjoy; and that it has already passed successfully its test of popularity is proved by the fact that the first edition is even now exhausted.



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Since its very first issue the newspapers have passed favorable comment upon the CALIFORNIAN. The verdict of them all may be summarized in the exquisite compliment paid to the Editor by M. Octave Thanet:

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Better than this the Editors could not say for themselves; but better than it ever has been readers may be assured the magazine always will be.

The Californian Illustrated Magazine

47 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK CITY

THE AUTONOMY OF WOMAN.

IN these later years of the nineteenth century woman begins to emerge into the new social condition of autonomy; after many hundreds—who shall not say "ages?"—of years evoluting from dependence to absolutism. Had she been originally the equal of man, by nature his compeer, social organization could never have placed her in the secondary position; for she would have contended for the dominance and co-operated in the evolution. On the contrary, however, in the making of laws and in the controlling of peoples she has been but an auxiliary factor, not a prime motor.

Isolated instances of exceptions to the generality have been apparent in history; but these are premature, abnormal offspring of the course of nature: prophets of future possibilities. Cleopatra, of these, was the signal one: she who established a nation by the force of her own personality. Semiramis is another: the martial queen of the Western East. Judith, another: vindictive sponsor of the subordinate. Joan of Arc: priestess of the sanctities: inviolable. Jenny Lind: vocal dictator of the manly passions, overswayer of the human emotions. But it is only within the last decade that woman universal, reaching the age of declaration, has arisen to claim equal share with man in creation and control.

From the position of physical servitude, bestial capacity (still remnant in the Eastern Orient), she advanced to that of treasure or value in the Western East (where her face is still veiled from the public lest she be wantonly looked upon). Then in Greece—intelligent Greece—her motherhood capacities were recognized, the children consigned to her nurture, and she, in grateful offering for the gift, reared them in admiring emulation of the men. The first real stage in the approach to independence was thereby accomplished.

The mother of the Alexanders, rudely presuming on the gain already made, inspired in her children the spirit of passion that, transported over into Africa, reinflamed and set alive the Cleopatra, the sensuous mistress;

Thanksgiving Dinners.

North, South, East and West contribute representative Menus.

"Yankee."—*By Mrs. Carrie M. Dearborn, Principal of the Boston Cooking School.*

Oysters on Half Shell—Clear Soup with Custard—Olives, Pickles, Salted Almonds, Celery—Fresh Boiled Cod, Oyster Sauce, Potato Balls—Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy, Cranberry Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Squash, Turnip, Creamed Onions; Sorbet—Broiled Ducks, Orange Sauce—Lettuce Salad, Cheese Straws—Plum Pudding Mince Pie, Apple Pie, Edam Cheese—Assorted Nuts, Raisins—Coffee.

"Southern."—*By Marion Harland, Author of "Common Sense in the Household."*

Raw Oysters on the Half Shell—Old Hare Soup—Rock Fish (boiled) with Egg Sauce, Potatoes *au naturel*—Fried Chicken, Escalloped Oysters (baked in scallop shells), Black Eyed Peas, Stewed Tomatoes—Roast Turkey with Cranberry Sauce, Sweet Potatoes, Mashed Turnips, Boiled Ham (at the head of the table)—Sherbet—Partridges (quail at the North), roasted whole, each with an oyster inside. Salsify Fritters, Currant Jelly and Sweet Pickles—Cold Slaw, Crackers. Cheese and Olives—Apple Meringue Pie, Transparent Pudding, Plum Pudding—Ice Cream, Snow Balls and other Cakes, Wine Jelly, Blanc Mange—Apples, Oranges, Grapes, Nuts, Raisins—Black Coffee—*Hors d'Œuvres*, Olives, Bon-Bons, several kinds of Pickles, Candied Orange Peel and Ginger.

"Western."—*By Miss Campbell, Friendly Inn Cooking School, Cleveland, Ohio.*

Oyster Soup—Cranberry Jelly, Pickles, Olives—Hot Roast Turkey, Baked Sausages, Venison Pie, Cold Roast Turkey, Pickled Oysters, Cold Biscuit, Hot Squash Muffins, Salsify Fritters, Mashed Turnips—Celery, Chicken Salad, Pickled Quinces—Pumpkin Pie, Mince Pie, Apple Turnovers, Cheese—Fruit—Coffee.

"New York."—*By Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Prin. Chautauqua School of Cookery.*

Clear Soup—Celery, Italian Sticks, Olives—Scalloped Oysters, Cold Slaw—Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy, Cranberry Sauce, Mashed Turnip, Boiled White Potato, Browned Sweet Potato—Lettuce Salad, Salted Almonds, Cheese Straws—Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie, Pine Apple Cheese—Mixed Fruit—Coffee.

"Philadelphia."—*By Mrs. Rorer, Principal Philadelphia School of Cookery.*

Oysters on Half Shell—Clear Soup—Celery, Olives, Almonds—Roast Turkey, Bread Stuffing, Oyster Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Boiled Onions, Cranberry Jelly—Celery Salad, Wafers—Mince Pie, Pumpkin Custard, Cheese—Coffee—Nuts, Fruit, Raisins.

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against whose tyranny revolting Rome installed vestal virgins in her temples, sanctified the purities, and for future moral precept set womanly virtue fundamental: a new value of woman in the estimate of man. Nomadic Gaul invaded Rome and to its exaltation of femininity added the romance of chivalry, the feudalistic adulation of the Middle Ages; which led to the enthronement of royal female lineage in established England, associate enthronement (with insidious arrogance of sovereign power) in France. And now in democratic America the subtle force of the physical capacity, of which none is lost in history, the indisputable nurtural superiority, the beauty of the virginal idealization, the charm of the chivalric fiefdom, all combining wrest from man irrevocably the concession of independence.

Through a long history man himself has struggled for autonomy. He is only just now acquiring it absolutely. In the security of it he does not begrudge woman her independence of him. For, after the desperate and difficult contention that he has waged, the desire for peace is come upon him, the horror of arrogance, which is the enemy of peace. In the acquiring of liberty woman has learned her capabilities. Physically she has conquered man (in Egypt) and is satisfied with the consciousness thereof. Nurturally she is his mother (as she learned in Greece), responsible for him: therefore he has enshrined her; therefore he loves her. That she can rule she knows, because she has tried it. One thing more remains, then: universal suffrage. Shall she have it?

Courting peace and rest, man looks for that which shall minister them to him. Seeking power and activity, woman yearns for that wherewith she shall exercise them. The elements of peace are repose, grace, beauty. The elements of power are strength, courage, endurance. Reciprocally gaining the two, the natures of man and woman approach nearer the one to the other. In autonomy, losing submissiveness, woman lives and labors side by side with man. Forsaking and forgetting arrogance, man, in autonomy, becomes gentle and is as one with the woman. And there is an end to dissension and a beginning of peace.—*Anon.*



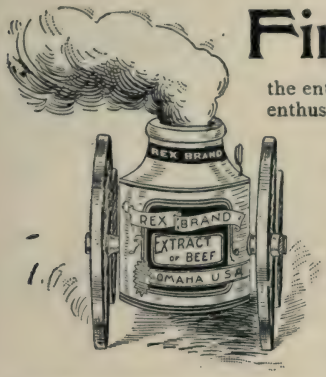
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BY F. V. MCDONALD.

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There blink, with shadow hand,
With singing and with ringing,
Weird signs of wonderland,

Where giant flowers glory
In golden evening light;
And live love's tender story
With bridal faces bright.

Where all the trees communion
In speech and song do hold,
And springs laugh too, in union,
Like dancing elves of old.

Where sounds of love, belonging
To fairy life and ways,
With strangest, sweetest longing,
One strangely, sweetly craze.

Oh, could I, free from sorrow,
But there my joy outpour,
Where happier dawns each morrow
On that blest golden shore!

Ah, fairest land elysian,
I see thee oft in dreams,
But lose thee, charming vision,
With dawn of daylight gleams.

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ONE COMPENSATION FOR HARD TIMES.

From the Northwest Magazine for September.

It was the theory of Emerson that for every good there is compensating hurt, and that for every evil there is a compensating good. Whether or not this rule applies to the whole round of human affairs, it is certain that for the evil of hard times under which we all now suffer there are to be expected—so experience teaches—some good consequences. We have only to go back to the results of the panic of 1873 to be satisfied of this. That panic and its sequence of reduced consumption, curtailed trade and prostrated industries was followed by a great movement to the new lands of the West. Multitudes of industrious, competent men were thrown out of employment by the closing of factories and the reduction of force in stores and offices. A large number of these men had savings-bank accounts or small real estate properties which they could sell. They saw no prospect for the early recovery of the depressed business energies of the country, and they thought it a wise course to realize on what they had saved and invested and strike out for the West in search of new homes and opportunities. The ten years following 1873 were years of enormous progress in the West. Those years brought to Kansas and Nebraska their second great wave of immigration. They filled up western Iowa and western Missouri. They converted the prairies of Minnesota and the eastern part of Dakota into well-settled and prosperous communities. They sent a great throng across the continent to develop agriculture and fruit growing in the valleys of California.

If the experience of the years following the panic of 1873 is now repeated we shall see, probably next spring, the beginning of a new westward movement of population. There is plenty of room for more people all along the western border of the humid region; room, too, in the many irrigable valleys in the vast arid region that lies on both sides of the Rockies, and room on the rich, open plains and in the great wooded districts of Washington and Oregon. In fact there is not a State west of the Mississippi that does not invite additional population. The life of a farmer, in these days of low prices for farm products, is not as attractive as it might be, but it at least gives assurance of food, fuel and shelter, and that is more than the life of an unemployed factory operative or mechanic can do. Besides, the world has touched the bedrock as to the prices of food. Agricultural machinery has exerted its full influence. There will be no more bonanza farms to add to the wheat surplus. There are no more unoccupied plains and foot-hills to pasture cattle and sheep. The intelligent workman knows these facts and believes that there are better times ahead for Western farmers. Many of the young men thrown out of employment in factories, mills, stores, and on railroads came from the farms and will naturally gravitate back to farming now that their former occupations no longer yield them a support.

A tide of new settlement will be a great blessing to the West. Every community is stronger for having its vacant places filled up. A well-settled district means good roads, good school facilities, home labor for gathering the crops instead of tramp labor, an active social life, more cheerfulness and less loneliness. The taxes yield more money for public purposes, churches and newspapers are maintained, the little towns become more attractive, railway facilities are improved, and the whole community moves up a peg or two on the scale of civilization. If all this comes about as a result of the present hard times, then, certainly, compensation will not be lacking for the troubles which now oppress us.

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The Life of Agassiz,

BY

Charles Frederick Holder, LL.D.

Editor of the "Californian."

Author of a "Life of Charles Darwin," "Living Lights," "Elements of Zoology," "The Ivory King," "A Strange Company," etc., etc.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS:

This book is a valuable contribution to our biographical literature, and the work is most carefully and admirably done.—*American Journal of Education and Natural Educator*, St. Louis.

The book is brilliant and discriminating, and will no doubt serve as a stepping-stone by which young Americans will be led into the pleasant paths of science.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A worthy biography of a most worthy subject.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Professor Holder's volume is written in his usual attractive style, and will be found of interest not only to the younger people, to whom it is more particularly addressed, but to older readers also.—*Book Chat*, New York.

Dr. Holder is already well known from his numerous works on natural science and his lately-issued life of Darwin. No one could be more thoroughly in touch with his subject or better fitted to do it justice.—*Boston Journal of Education.*

Mr. Holder is a very pleasant writer; more than this, he is painstaking and discriminating. He has made a most interesting biography of the life and works of the devout philosopher. The author's purpose has been to give the story of the philosopher's life in brief and to call attention to its salient features and helpful lessons.—*New York Observer.*

One of the most useful and entertaining of the Putnams' Series of Leaders in Science is the "Life and Work of Louis Agassiz," by Charles F. Holder. Like the author's life of Darwin it is freely illustrated and supplied with maps from the scenes of the philosopher's investigations. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

It is difficult to believe that any one having a taste for natural science can read this biography without becoming fired with a new zeal, reflected from the love of nature which Dr. Agassiz had from his early years to the day of his death.—*Buffalo Express.*

In the matter of scientific equipment Charles Frederick Holder was well qualified to write the life and work of Agassiz for the Putnam "Leaders in Science Series," being by this knowledge better able to understand the capacity of the subject of his sketch. . . . A feature of it which will be welcomed is the lavish introduction of letters of Agassiz and quotations from his works.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The biographer is an enthusiastic scientist who possesses the faculty of making his facts intensely interesting, and in this work he has added not a little to the facts already recorded in Mrs. Agassiz's "Life."—*Times-Star*, Cincinnati.

Taken as a whole no more useful life of Agassiz has been prepared, and this volume can be warmly recommended to all who wish to gain familiarity with one whose name and fame will live always.—*Boston Times.*

A graphic, readable account of the great savant.—*Republic*, St. Louis.

We commend this book to our younger readers who will be captivated by the story of this hero's life and by the charm of the style of him who tells the story. The volume is richly and copiously illustrated.—*Living Church*, Chicago.

The lover of biography will find every page of this neat little volume charmingly interesting and instructive.—*Inter-Ocean*, Chicago.

Professor Holder is most fortunate in his selection of a subject for his latest work, and in his graceful, scholarly style, has succeeded in bringing forward all the most attractive and ennobling qualities of one already much beloved.—*Baltimore American.*

The author has furnished a clear and connected account of the principal features of the career of the great "theistic philosopher of the scientific world in which he lived." —*Boston Gazette.*

A compact, well-arranged book, a handy contribution to American biographical literature.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

As a biography and character sketch this is a deeply interesting work, while scientists will find in it much of special interest to them.—*Indianapolis News.*

The book will prove a valuable addition to every library, both public and private, and its interesting account of the life so beneficently crowded with activity and usefulness will be read and reread.—*Boston Herald.*

Not so much an elaborate analysis of Agassiz's life and its effect upon the scientific world, as a rather brief story of its salient features, and an impression of the good he accomplished, destined for younger as well as older readers.—*Book Chat.*

The student and general reader are indebted to Mr. Holder for a charming sketch of the life of a great, true man, whose career possesses a strong fascination for all. —*Utica Press.*

The book has interest for young and old alike, but it is especially a volume to be read by young people, because it presents to them in concrete form a noble life dedicated to high ends, and lived with a singular purity and fidelity. —*Christian Union.*

This review of the life and attainments of the renowned Louis Agassiz is as interesting as fiction could ever be, since its incidents are of the kind that teach us to marvel at the work of one man. The volume, as a whole, is handsome enough for any library.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

One of the cleverest books in G. P. Putnam's Sons' "Leaders in Science" series is "Louis Agassiz; His Life and Works." The author, who has invested it with an interest rarely found in works of this character, has evidently considered it a labor of love, and has devoted considerable space to showing the human side of the scientist's character. Aside from its value as a contribution to the scientific literature of the day, the work is a valuable addition to *belles lettres.*—*San Francisco Post.*

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THE HAWAIIAN SITUATION.

[From an interview with H. W. Whitney, published in the *Hawaiian Gazette*, September 26th, 1893. Mr. Whitney is the manager of the *Hawaiian Gazette* Company and an old resident of Honolulu.]

"My papers have supported the Provisional Government because we believe that the revolution—if the deposition of the Queen and her ministers can be so called—saved the white population from great injustice and was in the best interests of the whole people. In ex-Queen Liliuokalani's ministry there were two whites and two natives, and in the legislature of forty-eight members about half the number were whites. The principal judges and other important officials were mostly white men. The immediate source of the trouble was that the Queen proposed, by a new constitution, to dispossess the whites of their offices and to disfranchise them. This could not be tolerated, and the whites would, if necessary, have fought for their rights, but fortunately they were able to secure themselves without bloodshed.

"The men who took office were not adventurers. Associate Justice Dole of the Supreme Court, who left the bench to become president of the new government, was one of the most respected judges, and his colleagues are men of standing in the commercial world, who personally have nothing to gain, but much to lose, through giving up their time to the public affairs. Their government has been the best in twenty-five years, a fact readily admitted by Minister Blount, who came from Washington if anything prejudiced against them, but after a thorough investigation went away quite satisfied that the public business was being very wisely conducted.

"The Queen's intention had been to deprive the foreigners of the very concessions which they had forced her predecessor, King Kalakaua, to make, when in 1887 the popular indignation drove the then prime minister, the notorious adventurer Gibson, out of the country. She intended to do this by means of a new constitution so sweeping in its unjust provisions that at the first indication of trouble the only four copies in existence were destroyed or hidden. Though a reward of $500 is offered for a copy of that document the Provisional Government has not been able to secure one.

"The Queen listened to very bad advice, for she would have been handsomely dealt with after deposition had she not been so stubborn. The crown lands gave her an income of about $60,000 a year, and her salary was some $20,000, and she might still have been in receipt of these amounts but for her open hostility to the Provisional Government, which led to the cancellation of her salary some four or five months ago, but having a good income from her personal property she is still well off.

"The annual revenue of the government is about $1,500,000, made up, roughly speaking, of $500,000 from customs, $500,000 from the personal tax of $5 per head and the property tax of one per cent. on the assessment valuation, and $500,000 from rentals of government and crown lands, trade and other licenses, the school tax, land sales and miscellaneous receipts. There is only one governing body in the Islands, there being no municipal institutions, so that these figures represent the whole taxation.

"The schools are administered by a bureau of the general government. There are about 250 schools and over 10,000 scholars, with 260 teachers, half of whom are natives. English is taught in all the schools, and as education is compulsory, the rising generation will all be thoroughly familiar with the English language. The school system is admirable, and will bear comparison with that of any other country. It was one of the best achievements of the old government, which established it.

"The population of the islands is as follows: Japanese 20,900, Chinese 15,300, Hawaiian natives 34,000, besides 6,500 half-whites. Of other foreigners there are 18,500, including the Portuguese. This gives a present total population of 95,200, against 90,000 at the census of 1890. Besides the natives only the white foreigners have the right of franchise. The Japanese government has been strongly urging lately that the Japs should be given the right to vote, but to this the Hawaiian government refuses to consent.

"Though the American population is considerable, the interests of the United States are much greater in proportion; in fact they overshadow all other interests. The American capital invested is about $28,000,000, against $5,000,000 British and $2,000,000 by Germans and others. The exports are almost exclusively to the United States, and the imports from the country amount to a very considerable value.

"This capital is invested mainly in the sugar plantations, the first of which were established about fifty years ago. The sugar crop this year will be about 135,000 tons, which at $75 a ton, represents upwards of ten million dollars. All this sugar is sent to the United States, under contract made with the United States sugar trust, of which Claus Spreckels is the San Francisco agent. There is no trust in the islands, and the contracts are made with the individual planters, for five years, commencing January 1st, 1893, and under these the price paid for Hawaiian sugar, delivered in San Francisco, is to be the ruling price of Cuban sugar in New York on the same day. The sugar is sent in sailing vessels as well as in the steamers. More than one-third of the whole amount is carried in Claus Spreckels' ships. All the plantations are on a large scale, and operated mostly by incorporated companies, but in these there are a great number of small shareholders.

"Bananas are another source of wealth. They also are grown mostly by foreigners, and the Chinamen thrive on this industry. Most of the export business is handled by one firm—Marshall & Campbell. They send out about 150,000 bunches a year, worth, say, $75,000. The whole trade was with San Francisco until the new steamers gave connection with Victoria and Vancouver.

"The rice raised is largely for home consumption, this being about two-thirds of the whole crop of 30,000,000 pounds. The rest is sent to San Francisco. The rice is grown almost exclusively by Chinese, who have done wonders in this line, reclaiming great tracts of swamp lands in which the rice thrives, but which had hitherto been regarded as quite useless. The Chinese rent the lands, often paying from five dollars to ten dollars a year per acre, and get rich upon the proceeds.

"Sheep raising is another important industry, and the family of Sinclairs alone have 150,000. The wool produced is of superior quality and commands a good price. It is sent to San Francisco.

"Other articles of export are molasses, hides, pineapples, oranges, and other fruits. The alligator pear, which grows in great profusion, is very much in favor, but is not yet exported except in small lots, for want of cold storage facilities. As an instance of the value set upon this fruit by those who once acquire a taste for it, it may be mentioned that cases are shipped in the refrigerators of Spreckels' boats on each trip for the use of his family and friends.

"The total exports of the islands amount to some $10,000,000 a year on the average, and the imports to $5,000,000. At this rate the Hawaiian Islands would soon become very rich, but as the producing capital is partly owned abroad, of course a portion of this profit goes out of the country in interests and dividends. There remains, however, enough to appreciably increase the general wealth year by year.

"The native Hawaiians have the reputation of being spendthrift and improvident, and they very generally deserve it, for it seems an impossibility for them to keep money. A change for the better is gradually being worked, thanks to the savings-bank system, which is popular and producing good results. The number of accounts open for natives, and the amount on deposit, are growing annually, and to encourage the habit of thrift the government allows on small accounts a very liberal interest, lately increased to as high as six per cent., so that the money would not be withdrawn because of the general disturbance of business."



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HISTORY OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA.

The large profits realized by California fruit-growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter-section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF.

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES.

The fact of such large profits from California lands makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent. profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain-growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40 unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money-making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time, is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION?

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five-acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land, when it is then deeded to the purchaser costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land, nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment, not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessens the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for, when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured; besides every one knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land-owners.

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1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.

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3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.

4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet) of the purest and best quality.

5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.

6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.

7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.

8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.

9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.

10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer, and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.

11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.

12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.

13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.

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15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.

16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.

17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.

18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.

19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.

20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centres, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.

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The contents are masterly essays on important questions of the day—topics of importance and interest to every public spirited person on this coast—written by Richard H. McDonald, Jr., vice-president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, and reprinted from previous numbers of the *Californian Magazine*.—*Ojai*, Nordhoff.

Those who are at all familiar with Mr. McDonald's method of grappling with these important problems will hail the appearance of these essays with delight. They are admirably written and get at the root of the matter with charming distinctness.—*New Era*, Monterey.

Mr. McDonald is a constant student, thinker and writer upon the great questions of the day. In speaking of the writings embraced in this volume, he says: "If they aid in establishing better standards in political, commercial and social usage, in influencing any citizen to take a firmer stand for all that is good and right in public, then the purpose of the writer will have been served."—*Appeal*, Marysville.

Richard H. McDonald, Jr., vice-president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, has during the past few months contributed to the *Californian* a number of interesting and scholarly articles on the Nicaragua Canal and other political and economic topics.—*New Era*, Benicia.

These essays, besides discussing the Nicaragua Canal, cover quite a range of economic subjects, the topics being "Is Labor in Danger?" "Regulation of Railway Charges," "How to Secure Good Municipal Government," "Political Duty of Californians," "Our Commercial Growth and the Tariff," from both a Republican and Democratic standpoint: "Ballot Reform" and "The Danger to the Republic." There is much matter in the pamphlet for thoughtful people to consider.—*Times*, Los Angeles.

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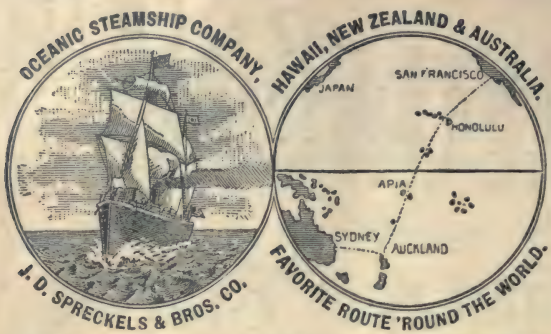
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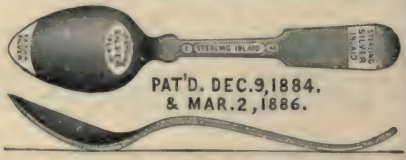
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